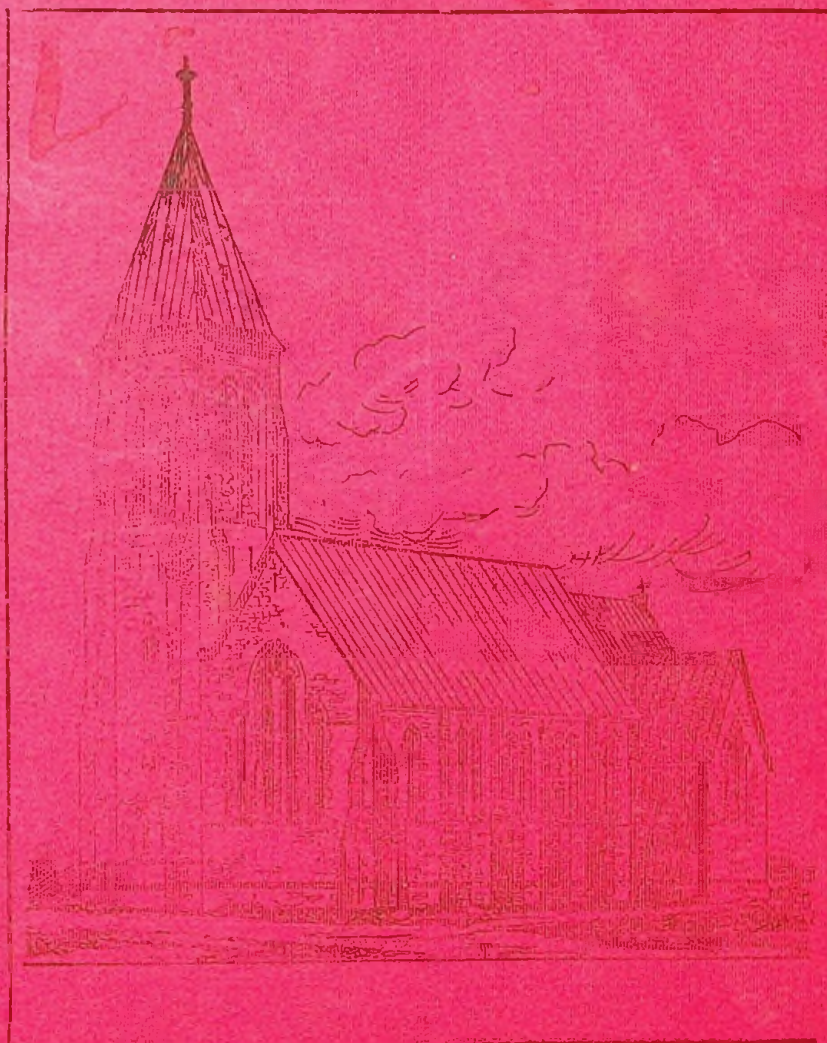


THE
Falkland Islands Magazine
AND
CHURCH PAPER

No. IX. Vol. XXVIII.

JANUARY, 1917.

PRICE SIXPENCE



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, PORT STANLEY, F.

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Temporarily in Charge

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J. Stanley Smith M.A.
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The South American Press, Ltd
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London W.C.

January.

Moon

Full Moon 8th.
Last Qtr. 16th.
New Moon 23th.
First Qtr. 30th.

Moon

FEBRUARY

Full Moon 7th.
Last Qtr. 15th.
New Moon 21st.
First Qtr. 28th.

1st.	M.	The Circumcision
2nd.	Tu.	
3rd.	W.	
4th.	Th.	
5th.	F.	
6th.	S.	The Epiphany.
7th.	S.	1st. Sunday after Epiphany.
8th.	M.	S. Lucian, P.M.
9th.	Tu.	
10th.	W.	
11th.	Th.	
12th.	F.	
13th.	S.	S. Hilary, B.C.
14th.	S.	2nd. Sunday after Epiphany.
15th.	M.	
16th.	Tu.	
17th.	W.	
18th.	Th.	S. Prisca, V.M.
19th.	F.	
20th.	S.	S. Fabian, P.M.
21st.	S.	3rd. Sunday after Epiphany.
22nd.	M.	S. Vincent, D.M.
23rd.	Tu.	
24th.	W.	
25th.	Th.	Conversion of S. Paul.
26th.	F.	
27th.	S.	
28th.	S.	4th. Sunday after Epiphany.
29th.	M.	
30th.	Tu.	
31st.	W.	

All Matter for the Magazine must be sent in by the 10th. of each month. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by the name and address of sender, not necessarily for publication. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

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NOTICE.

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It is requested that subscribers will notify to the Editor any change of address.

Cathedral Services.
(as usual.)

EDITORIAL.

A happy New Year to our readers, and may 1917 see the conclusion of an honourable and lasting peace for the nations of the world.

At the moment of writing it seems doubtful if the January number of the 'Sign' will arrive in time to be included as an inset to this issue of the magazine.

The wall Kalendars have come. More copies were ordered than in previous years, but even so the supply is not sufficient to meet the demand. We are gratified to find that the Kalendars are appreciated, and hope

that next year there will be enough for all

Elsewhere is printed the scheme of work in the Sunday School for the present year. It is based on the Winchester Syllabus of Religious Instruction, which is generally admitted to be one of the most thorough and scientific works of its kind. We take this opportunity of mentioning with gratitude the efforts of the Sunday School Teachers, whose unselfish and conscientious work deserves the highest praise. The majority of the children attend with splendid regularity, but it seems that the number of scholars on the roll ought to be larger. The school is deficient in equipment, but when Church funds increase we hope to remedy this defect. We call the special attention of parents to the short prayers suitable for children. Copies of Mr. Mackies book, which seems to us in every way admirable, are on order.

The Vestry has asked the Ladies' Committee to organize a Bazaar to be held on or about May 22nd. and 23rd. This date is subject to the arrival of goods ordered from England, and in this connection we may anticipate some difficulty in these uncertain days. Full details will appear later. A successful Bazaar, such as that of last year, ought to clear the Church of all debts, and perhaps to make possible the starting of a General Purposes Fund. Such a fund would prove of inestimable benefit, but for the moment we must concern ourselves with wiping out existing debts.

—:o:o:— J.S.S

Commemoration Services.

On December 1st a short ceremony was conducted at the cemetery in memory of the eight members of the F. I. Volunteer Force who lost their lives on that date in 1914 through an accident while returning from duties at an outpost. The weather unfortunately was unfavourable, and it was in a heavy drizzle that the Force paraded at 8.15 p. m. and marched to the cemetery, forming up in single rank on the narrow path that traverses the slope. The Chaplain of the Force, the Very Rev. Dean Stanley Smith, recited a short commendatory prayer and the Lord's prayer, after which the National Anthem was sung. The Force then presented arms while Bugler Bradbury sounded the "Salute" followed by the "Last Post", and when the lingering strains had died away the Force reformed in file and marched out.

All the graves were decorated with floral tributes.

In spite of the bad weather there was a good gathering of the residents of Stanley who attended to do honour to their late comrades. Mr. Condell, the Colonial Secretary, represented the Government, Mr. Harding and Mr. Oswald were present on behalf of the F.I.C.

The main commemoration was held on the 8th, the anniversary of the naval battle. A special service was held at 10 a. m. which was very largely attended, in commemoration of the victory which meant so much to the Falkland Islands and in memory of those who gave their lives in the service of their country. After the singing of the National Anthem the "Last Post" was sounded.

By each Memorial tablet was hung a handsome wreath sent from Government House "in sacred and honoured memory from the Governor and people of the Falkland Islands", and a similar wreath was laid on the grave of the Navy men in the cemetery on which were also many wreaths and floral emblems contributed by residents of Stanley.

F.J.N.

Seven Miles Race.

A seven miles race under the auspices of Stanley Football Club, was held on the Race Course on the afternoon of the 8th. December. A large crowd assembled and six competitors R. J. Dettleff, A. I. Fleuret, J. Goss, G. Pauline, A. E. Smith and B. Walsh - toed the line. During the first mile, which was completed in 6 minutes, Dettleff set a very fast pace with Pauline close behind and both turned for the second mile together. Goss rounded the flag about 40 yards behind the leaders, and Smith and Walsh, running together, about 40 yards behind Goss. Fleuret dropped out during the first lap. Dettleff appeared to be in difficulties during the second lap and after running about 1 1/4 miles he stopped. Pauline completed his second mile in 6 min. 40 sec. followed by Goss, Smith and Walsh. Pauline continued to run splendidly gradually lengthening the distance between himself and Goss, and it was early seen that, barring accidents, he would be an easy winner. He continued running at a very steady pace as may be judged by the time of his fourth, fifth and sixth miles of each which he ran in 6 min. 25 sec. During this time Goss had drawn away from Smith and Walsh who ran together until the fifth mile when Walsh had a stitch and stopped, but took up the running about 300 yards behind Smith. During Pauline's last lap, which he ran in 6 minutes 4 seconds he lapped Walsh and Smith and finished in magnificent style completing the seven miles in 44 mins. 45 secs. The race for 3rd place produced a tough struggle Smith getting home in front of Walsh by 5 yards.

Pauline's running was greatly admired and he was in splendid condition when he finished. This was his first success on the running track but with care it promises to be the first of many. Great credit is due to Goss who also ran splendidly and whose only training was on the peat bog. Smith and Walsh maintained a steady pace throughout.

The Football Club hope by next year to revive the Marathon Race to the Lighthouse and back and make the race an annual event on the 8th of December.

W.E.C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Captain Reid's many friends in the Colony will doubtless be interested in the following extract from a letter recently received from him "somewhere in France":—

"I was given a job as Recruiting Officer in December last after being relieved of the command of the 20th Lancashire Fusiliers (Bantams) which I had raised and got into order, 1200 men and 40 officers. I had this Recruiting officer post from December to March, and am glad to say did allright and gave complete satisfaction to the authorities. It meant 12 to 15 hours work every day, and having to combat starved and reserved men, munition workers etc, everyone trying to keep all their men whether wanted or not. It was somewhat heartbreaking but I got on top hole with all the people in Bolton and made some real good friends there. The Lancashire people are toppers when you get to know them, and I like them very much. Bolton is something like the Falklands inasmuch as it is nearly always raining, and bad for boots.

I then received a wire from the War Office asking if I would accept command of a Labour Battalion to go to France; on wiring back "Yes" I was ordered to report at Oldham on March 13th. On the 16th 500 men arrived and by the end of that week I had 1000 men and 6 officers. We were ordered to be ready to leave for France on the 24th, but as I had not got all my officers, men and equipment it was postponed, and we entrained on April 1st, very quick work for we had to hurry considerably to get things out of chaos into working order.

We had two medical inspections to weed out unfit, and our new drafts arrived only on the Saturday. We were put on board two boats and mine with half the Battalion was kept back by submarines, arriving 3 days after the rest of the men. Next day we were ordered up to the Front where we were pounced upon by a Staff Officer, and split up into no less than 9 detachments over an area of 70 square miles. This was trying us pretty hard, for I had only seen some of my officers two days before, and where discipline

was coming in I scarcely knew. However we overcame all difficulties and have done real good work in road repairing, making new roads, bridges and all sorts of things. The men did jolly well considering that 70% of them had been clerks etc, and had never had a spade or pick in their hands before. Further some of the officers had never made a road before, but luckily I had had some experience of this in South Africa.

The Government gave me a two-seater Singer car, and I had to speed all over the place averaging 50 miles a day, finding my detachments and getting them into shape. It has been a struggle, but I am quite proud of the results; I am glad to say that we have been just behind the firing line all the time and many of the men work in the trenches and at night work on roads that are unsafe by day.

I like it all immensely, and it has been very interesting and most useful necessary work we have been brought together more now and are in 6 detachments only. Have seen some grand bombardments, and am so glad that I have got out even with a Labour Battalion.

Mr D. Lehen wishes to thank sincerely his many kind friends for their sympathy in his recent sad bereavement, also for the many nice wreaths and flowers sent.

HYMN LIST for January 1917.

7th. Morning	74, 323, 316.
Evening	218, 76, 79, 219.
14th. Morning	290, 285, 236.
Evening	298, 301, 266, 306
21st. Morning	207, 4, 220.
Evening	271, 257, 20, 304.
28th. Morning	448, 6, 340.
Evening	192, 24, 228, 438.

TE DEUM.	Quadruple Ps. 78
BENEDICTUS.	Turle Ps. 56.
MAGNIFICAT.	Turle
NUNC DIMITTIS.	Foster Ps. 42.

III. THE REGENERATION OF THE NATION.

Christ, he is the Way, the only Way, by which mankind can get freedom from sin and obtain union with God, that is, fulfil the highest ideal of his creation and existence.

Now we are to consider HOW this can be done. Remember that Christ, by his Atonement, has removed that which stood between God and us; and He has opened the way to God once more, which sin had closed. No one else could, or can, do this. "He only could unlock the Gate of Heaven, and let us in."

How then can this great Fact help and regenerate our Nation's life?

Thus—Salvation, that is, freedom from the power of sin, and our attainment of the highest ideal, has two counterparts: God's part and man's (or our) part. There must needs be co-operation, or there can never be Salvation.

God, in Jesus Christ, has done and is doing His part. The Cross is the Key to Heaven; and Jesus, by His Cross and Passion, has unlocked the Gate of Heaven to let us in, if we will follow Him. That is to say, having removed the barrier that kept mankind from God, He gave us the means of union with Himself (and so with God, for He is God) in Prayer and Sacrament and the consequent possibility of Righteousness of Life.

"I am the Door (He says); by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

For this purpose He founded His Church created a means, instituted a method, a way, a plan; founded a Society to be the divine Dispenser of His Gifts of Power and Life.

"I will found My Church," was His promise, "I will not leave you comfortless" (i.e., strengthless). And true to His promise (for He never fails), He has "built His Church upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, He Himself being the chief corner-stone."

In the Church of Jesus Christ, the Society, we have so to speak the Ark of Salvation of which Holy Baptism is the Door of Life, Holy Confirmation the source of New Strength, and Holy Communion the Spiritual Food, with which we can grow "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness

of Christ."

The Church of Christ then, is put before you as Jesus Christ's Own Method (and surely He knows best!) of bringing us into union with Himself, and of keeping us in union with God the Father (His and ours) through Him.

And the Power within the Church, He who gives the vitalising force to the Methods which Christ ordained, is the *Holy Spirit*; that is, the Living Spirit of Christ Himself, moving and working within us, bringing us by leading us to God.

This Church then, unified, quickened, dowered with new life, can regenerate the Nation, not individuals in the Nation, but the Nation itself. What is needed is a *Christian Nation*. There never has been such a thing yet in history, but there is no reason why there should not be. This is what the Mission is aiming at, a new thing, a Christian Nation.

Do believe it. The Church, as representing Christ, can by God's grace and your effort, regenerate the Nation, give the whole Nation new life, enable it to develop all its splendid possibilities, realise itself as never before. "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

IV. THE EVANGELISATION OF THE WORLD

The Regeneration of the Nation is a grand possibility.

Now we are to consider God's purpose in this vocation of ours. The Reason why He has called us as a People and as a Nation even more than as individuals, unto this state of salvation.

What is God's Object for our Empire, think you? Has He any purpose for us? Any reason for our existence? Are we but a page of history, a phase, an accident?

Surely not! The greatest Empire the world has ever known, whose history shows impress of Divine care and guidance on every page, cannot be an accident, an objectless and a passing phase. God is working His purposes out in all "the changes and chances of this mortal life," and surely it is a reasonable thought, as well as an inspiring and ennobling idea, that through us and by means of

our great Empire, "shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

Can Materialism be God's plan for us? Can a mammon prosperity, mere riches and power, be the end for which God's hand has been upon us for good during ten centuries of national life? Can we honestly conceive of a selfish self-aggrandisement as being the object for which we were created and made?

No! If in social life privilege means responsibility, surely in national life this is a greater truth; and we are in God's mind "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that we should show forth the praises of Him, who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light."

Think again, what a dignity it gives to our national life, if we in all honest and manly humility can realise that we are instruments in the hand of the most High God!

Our history would seem to shew that we possess a unique influence as a nation among the peoples of the world; why may we not think that the influence has been given to us in order to show forth the praises of Him who hath called us into His most marvellous light?

The proclamation of "the Fact of Christ" in a world where "the Fact of Sin" is all-prevailing, "the Regeneration of the Nation," the evangelisation of the world, what a magnificent possibility; how ennobling an idea; but "if the salt hath lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" Peter denied the Lord and repented, and so became God's chosen one in the Apostolic band; on the other hand, Judas betrayed our Lord, but did not repent, and so came to nothing. Contrast the two; the one "went out and wept bitterly," the other went out and hanged himself."

Repentance is the key to Hope for us as a People of God. It is the promise of a magnificent possibility, the blessing of a National Regeneration, or of a Master's "Well done, though good and faithful servant."

This then is the conclusion of the whole matter. May we entreat you as a unit of our national life to make a new effort to bring the Nation to God?

CRICKET.

The following match was played upon the new ground at Goose Green on Nov: 11th, and after much excitement, ended in a win for Darwin by 10 runs. Mr Waterson batted well for the visitors, while Mr Townson made top score for the home team. The fielding of Goose Green was very good indeed, and Mr Redmond bowled well throughout. Ford bowled in great form for Darwin taking 8 wickets.

DARWIN.

S. Griffiths	b. Redmond.	0.
G. Nicholls	Run Out	0.
G. Waterson	St. Weiss b. Townson	41.
Rev. C. McD.	Hobley Run out	15.
W. Craig	b. Redmond	0.
C. Ford	b. Redmond	8.
H. Jennings	b. Townson	0.
W. Earle	Not Out	2.
W. Myles	b. Redmond	2.
A. Hookings	C. Weiss b. Townson	7.
G. Smith	b. Townson	5.
Byes		3.
No Balls		1.
Total		84.

GOOSE GREEN.

F. H. Weiss	b. Ford	8.
H. W. Townson	b. "	18.
A. R. Runacre	b. "	0.
J. Redmond	b. "	16.
J. Ryan	b. "	3.
W. Scott	b. "	13.
N. Tucker	b. "	0.
F. White	b. Waterson	6.
G. Brechon	b. "	4.
C. Ramsey	Not Out	3.
F. Bonner	b. Ford	2.
Byes		2.
Total		75.

After the match the teams adjourned to a sumptuous repast in the Cook House.

Sunday School.

Scheme of Lessons -- Advent 1916 - Advent 1917.

HIGHEST CLASSES.

1. OLD TESTAMENT.

- (A) The Creation. (B) The Fall.
(C) God's Plan of Redemption :—
(1) Abraham. (2) Isaac.
(3) Jacob, (4) Joseph.
(5) Moses.

2. NEW TESTAMENT.

Christmas. Wise Men.
Holy Innocents. Visit to Temple
Baptism of Jesus. Temptation of Jesus.
Miracle at Cana in Galilee.
Healing of Daughter of Jairus.
Parable of the Prodigal Son.
Parable of the Good Samaritan.

3. PRAYER BOOK.

Catechism. Collects.

N.B. Special attention should be given to teach the finding of places in the Bible and Prayer Book.

MIDDLE CLASSES

1. OLD TESTAMENT.

- (a) Abraham. (b) Isaac.
(c) Jacob. (d) Joseph.

2. NEW TESTAMENT.

Christmas, Wise Men, Holy Innocents,
Visit to Temple, Baptism of Jesus, Temptation of Jesus, Miracle at Cana in Galilee,
Parable of the Prodigal Son.

3 PRAYER BOOK.

Catechism.
Finding places in Morning and Evening Service.

LOWEST CLASSES

1. OLD TESTAMENT.

- (a) Abraham (b) Isaac. (c) Jacob.

2. NEW TESTAMENT.

Christmas, Wise Men, Holy Innocents' Visit to Temple.

3. REPETITION.

Catechism or Hymns.

PRAYERS.

MORNING PRAYERS.

O Almighty God, I humbly thank Thee for keeping me safe through the past night. I pray Thee keep me this day from all sin and danger for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Bless, O Lord, my Father and Mother, my Brothers and Sisters, my Friends and Relations. Bless the Clergy. Have pity upon the Sick and Suffering. Bring the heathen to know and to love Thee, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

O Almighty God, I humbly thank Thee for all Thy goodness to me during this day. Keep me this night and evermore from all sin and harm, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Lord, keep us safe this night

Secure from all our fears;

May angels guard us while we sleep,

Till morning light appears. Amen.

PRAYER BEFORE SERVICE,

O God, our Father in Heaven, I am now in Thy House, help me to remember that I am in Thy Presence. Make me reverent and attentive. Teach me by Thy Holy Spirit to pray to Thee, to sing to Thee, and to hear Thy Holy Word aright, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

PRAYER AFTER SERVICE

O God, our Father in Heaven, I thank Thee for letting me take part in this service. Pardon all my wandering thoughts, forgive me all I have done wrong, and accept my prayers and praises for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

NOTE. The above prayers are taken from "My Prayers" compiled by Rev : O.G. Mac-kie M. A., and published by Richard Jackson, Leeds; price one penny.

J.S.S.

Stamps.

Stamps.



Stamps.

Save your Falkland Islands used stamps and send along to us. We pay the following Prices :—

1½d a dozen for ½d stamps.

3d	"	"	"	1d	"
6d	"	"	"	2d	"
7½	"	"	"	2½d	"
16	"	"	"	6d	"
3/-	"	"	"	1/-	"
9/-	"	"	"	3/-	"
15/-	"	"	"	5/-	"

Stamps must not be torn or dirty.

R. & A. Hardy. "Kelper Store" Stanley.

BIRTHS

- BLAKE. October At Estancia Coronel, San Julian, Argentina. The wife of Robert Blake Junr of a son.
- MCCARTHY. At Darwin Harbour, Dec. 10th the wife of Michael McCarthy of a son.
- MCGILL. At Dec. 10th, at Swan Inlet, the wife of James McGill, of Twins, son and daughter.

- Dec 2nd. Albert Richard Hill.
- " 3rd. William Peter Thomas Burns.
- " 13th Margaret Ada Sinclair Harper.
- " Arthur Dallas Harper.
- " John Hugh Harper.
- Dec 17th Harold Bennett.
- Received into the Church.
- Nov. 26th. Lucy Emma Jay.

BAPTISMS.

- Oct : 31st. Dorothy Selina Eliza Alazia.
- Nov : 4th. Mary Ann Reives.
- " 8th. Ada Mabel Holland.
- " 8th. Ann Fraser Holland.
- " 9th. Bertram George Waterson.
- " 11th. Sydney Arthur Griffiths.
- " 11th. Joan Mercy Nicholls.
- " 15th. James Murdoch Finlayson.
- " 17th. Murdo John Edgar Morrison.
- " 18th. Mary Ann Middleton.
- " 26th. William James Simpson.
- " 26th. Sarah Emma Maud Duffin.
- " 28th. Isabella Charlotte Bowles.
- " 28th. John Henry Halliday.
- " 28th. Gladys Elizabeth Halliday.
- Dec : 1st. Mary Isabella Mackay.
- " 2nd. Norman George Hill.
- " 2nd. Emily Mary Hill.

IN MEMORIAM.

In loving Memory of my beloved husband John S. Bragg, who died at Punta Arenas, October 11th. 1916. Age 25 years.

Gone but not forgotten.

A loving husband and father dear
God's taken from our homestead here
No more we'll see his loving face
There is none on earth can take his place.

In loving Memory of my dearly loved wife Elliott Myles, who died at Darwin, December 5th, 1915.

Age 54 years.

Days of sadness still come o'er us,
Tears of sorrow silently flow,
For memories keep our loved ones near us,
Though heaven claimed her a year ago.

MARRIAGES.

- PARKER-ROBSON. Dec. 21st, at S. Mary's Chapel, by Rev. Fr. Migone, Clifford C. Parker to Margaret Robson.
- BROWN-ROBSON. Dec. 21st, at S. Mary's Chapel, by the Rev. Fr. Migone, George Alfred Brown to Mary Agnes Robson.
- GODDARD-HALL. Dec 23rd, at Christ Church Cathedral, by the Dean, Thomas Nelson Goddard to Beryl May Hall Hall.

LOCAL NOTES.

THE EXTREMELY PRACTICAL and patriotic suggestion of His Excellency the Governor to present an armed Airplane from the Colony to the Royal Flying Corps, through the Imperial Government, is one which will commend itself to every patriotic Britisher, and has been passed by the Legislative Council.

A FURTHER practical suggestion of His Excellency is that the sum equal to ten per cent of the annual revenue of the Colony derived from Custom's Duties etc, commencing from Jan. 1st 1917, should be contributed for ten years towards the Interest & Sinking Fund of the Imperial Loan: This is also to be most highly commended.

IN A LETTER from Admiral Sir D. Sturdee to the A. S. M. of the local Troop of B. P. Scouts he says, — "It gave me great pleasure to become Patron of your Troop, and it will be a further source of gratification to me if I may be allowed to commemorate the event by presenting a Challenge Shield — to be known as the Admiral Sturdee Challenge Shield — to the Troop. I should like this Shield to be held by the best Boy Scout of the year, and will leave the awarding of it each year in the hands of the Scout Master observing that I should like Rifle Shooting to be one of the points on which the award is made." — We hope, in response to the evident interest the gallant Admiral takes in the welfare of our local Boys, that all parents

will encourage their boys to join up the Troop, which now welcomes Mr A. E. Smith as joint Scout Master

OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY is extended to Mr Dan Lehen and family in his very sad bereavement. Mrs Lehen will be very much missed by all who knew her in Stanley.

THE VERY SERIOUS ILLNESS that overtook Mr Creece has, we are glad to say, run its course, and he is now well on the road to recovery. C. Mc.D.H.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL

There was a very pleasant little function at the Government School on Friday, the 22nd December. At 11.30 a.m. the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Condell, visited the School, in accordance with an arrangement made before hand with the Government Schoolmaster, Mr. Hoare. The boys and girls looking very neat and tidy, were all massed in the central hall. Mr. Condell informed the children it had been intended to have the Prize Distribution before the School broke up for the Christmas Holidays, but, owing to the delays caused by war conditions, the prizes themselves had not arrived and as a Prize distribution without prizes would have been a curious function it had been decided to postpone it until after the holidays. Mr Condell then warmly congratulated Mr & Mrs Hoare and their assistants on the excellent work which had been done during the year and advised the children, by regular attendance, good behavior, and hard work, to make the most of their opportunities, so that they might grow up into useful citizens of the great British Empire. After a few words on the War and its causes, Mr Condell concluded by wishing Mr and Mrs Hoare, the Teachers, and the pupils of the School a very happy Christmas and hoped they would all enjoy the holidays they well deserved on account of the good work done. Proceedings terminated by the singing of "God save the King", followed by three cheers for the King, three for the Navy and Army, and three for the Christmas Holidays. The School then broke up for the Christmas Vacation.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, SOUTH AMERICA.

Roll of Honour

1913 & 1916.

Charles Alazin.
Henry Aldridge.
Horace Aldridge.
Richard Aldridge.
Shirley Aspinall.
William Armstrong.
John Armstrong.
Norman Adam.
Arthur Barnes.
Louis Barnes.
Wilfred Baillon.
Ernest Boothroyd.
Singleton Bonnier.
Bernard Buckley.
William Biggs.
Peter Backley.
Thomas Bean.
William Campbell.
John Coleman.
Edward Cobb.
Hubert Cobb.
John Dean.

William Douglas.
Rupert Durose.
George Dean.
William Dettloff.
David Frazer.
Evelyn Felton.
Stanley Goss.
Sydney Goss.
Ernest Goss.
Barry Girling.
Chris Girling.
George Gordon.
William Gleadell.
Claude Hardy.
Valentine Hardy.
Hugh Harding.
George Morris.
Peter McEwan.
Archie McTravers.
William McCall.
Donald McPherson.

John Matthews.
Edmund Matthews.
James McCall.
Edward McAtasney.
Thomas Martin.
Henry Ogilvie.
Arthur Ogilvie.
Gillie Phillips.
Henry Phillips.
Walter Phillips.
William Rutter.
Jack Turner.
Richard Uwins.
George Williams.
Douglas Williams.
Stuart Williams.
Maxwell Williams.
Phillip Williams.
Jack Williams.
Norman Watt.
Stanley Watt.

Died in the Service of their Country
Dec: 1st 1914.

Norman Atkin.
Frederick Biggs.
Herbert Gaylard.
Walter Shires.

James Allen.
William Blyth.
Charles Newing.
Ernest Spencer.

Peter McKay, January 28th. 1916.

"Fight the good Fight."

GLOBE STORE.

Millinery Department.

GREAT REDUCTION IN LADIES' TUSSORE SILK AND ALPACA
COATS LESS THAN COST PRICE.

A NEW STOCK of **GOODS** has been received for the above
consisting of —

Ladies and Maids Costumes, Girls Semi - Trimmed Hats, Ladies untrimmed Felt Hats
Ladies Wool Cotton and Merino Vests, Ladies Tagel Hats and Dress Shoes, Brassiere Bust
Bodices, Ostrich Bunches and Mounts, Fancy and Sporting Mounts, Lace Flouncing,
Cretonne, Gold Gimp Trimming, Black silk Tassels, Sateens, Green Bajze, Wool Khaki
Flannel, Fingering Wool, Jap Silk Mufflers, Unbleached Swansdown 27" and Bleached 28"
Hornbees Flannelettes, Wiyella, Seroll Gimp, Mercerised Blue Tobralen, Merv Silk,
Ceylon Elamuel, Fitzall Bandeaux White and Black, Ladies black velvet one bar Shoes.

Childs Cotton, Silk and Wool Frocks, Princess Petticoats, White Curacao Hats,
Girls Kitties, Navy Jerseys, Boys Braces, Patent Leggings, Pyjamas, Youths natural
form tan lace Boots,

Keeper Rings, Earrings with screws, Silver Locketts, Sleeve Links.

Silk Handkerchiefs with "Presents from Falkland Islands" in corner.

Ardens Crochet Cotton, Rubber & Honeycomb Sponges, Celluloid Hair Pins, Scrap
& Post Card Albums, Candle Shades, Song and Dance Albums, Ink and Pencil erases
Mapping Pens, Auto Albums, Gift Books, Folding Nail Scissors, Hair Nets, Perfumes

Memorial Wreaths in cases

General Store.

White & coloured Blankets for Single & Double Beds, Gents Black silk socks with
embroidered clocks, Soft Felt Hats, Soft Double collars, American Leather in colours of
Brown, Blue & White, 1 plate Imperial and Special Rapid, 1/2 & 1/3 plate Gaslight and
Wellington Paper also P. O. P. 1/2 plate Nectona Satin paper & Post Card size, Horse Bits
with cups at side, Claw Hammers, Cocks Knives 8" & 10", Galvanised & enamelled
Basins, Glass Plates and Cake plates, Edington Pens, Ink, Nugget sets Black and Brown,
Bread boards and boxes, Pocket Knives, Carpenters Pencils, Iron Chest Locks 24 3 & 31.

A large variety of long & short Cigarette holders ranging in price from 1/9 to 2/6 each
Cahoon Pipes, ranging in price from 9/6 to 15/6.

Illustrated Postboxes, Broom Cars, Loco Mats and Vandyke Border mats, X L All
Fumigating compound, Wire Sponge Baskets, Small Padlocks suitable for Travelling
Trunks &c. Fireproof China Hot Water Jugs 1 and 1 1/2 pints, Brass Hinges 1" 1 1/2" and 1 3/4"
Brass Drawer Locks 1 1/2" and 1", Enamel Toilet Pails, Enamelled Dinner and Soup
Plates, Bedding Boxes, Clay Pipes, Fish Hooks for Trout.

Keplers Malt and Old Blend 100 Grain Malt, Chloroform, St. Jacobs Oil, Thénacran
Tablets, Malt Extract, Syrup of Figs, Sodas Ammonia, Toning Salt Rinsing Solution,
Edwards Acol, Lemonade Powders, Dr. Cassels Tablets for Indigestion.

"Ruso" the great cleanser for clothes, washes without rubbing

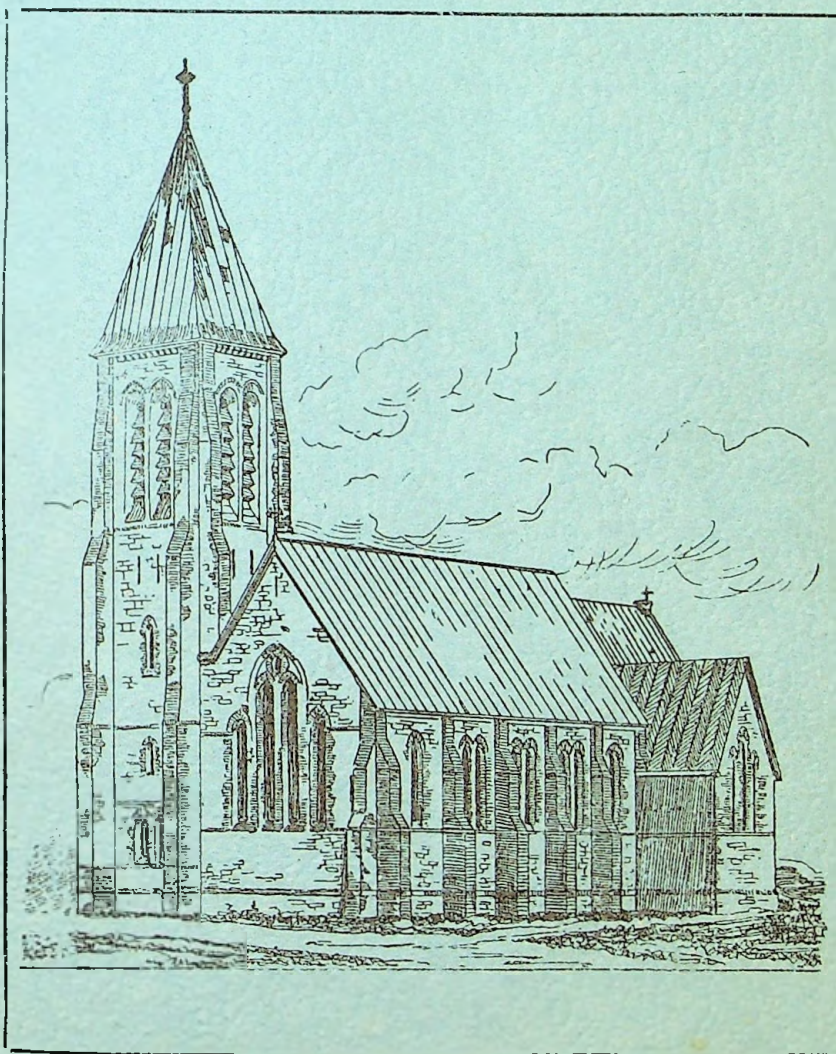
A new collection of Post Cards - views taken in the Islands 1/3 the packet of nine,
Welbanks Boilerettes which give splendid results in steaming Food.

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine
AND
CHURCH PAPER

No. X. Vol. XXVIII

FEBRUARY, 1917.

PRICE SIXPENCE



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, PORT STANLEY F. I

BISHOP
 Right Rev. E. F. Every D.D.
 Temporarily in Charge

DEAN.
 The Very Rev.
 J. Stanley Smith, M. A.
ASSISTANT CATHEDRAL
CHAPLAIN
 Rev C. McDonald-Hobley.

ARCHDEACON
 Vacant.
HONORARY CANONS
 Four Vacancies.

SELECT VESTRY
 Mr J. G. Poppy, Churchwardens
 Mr W. Atkins senr.
 Mr W. Parslow, Hon. Secretary
 Mr P. Mills, Hon. Treasurer
 Hon. W. Harding, Mr R. Hannaford

CAMP REPRESENTATIVES
 East Falklands. A. L. Allan, Esq.
 West Falklands M. Buckworth, Esq.

ORGANISTS.
 Miss L. Rowlands
 & Miss S. Wilson.

VERGER and SEXTON.
 Mr. J. F. Summers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS
 Mrs C. McD. Hobley Miss L. Lanning.
 Miss L. Rowlands Miss C. Poppy
 Miss S. Wilson, Miss. M. Binnie Hon. Sec.
 Miss D. Rowlands. Miss M. Thomas'

CHOIR.
 W. Carey: L. Hardy, J. W. Hublard,
 R. Hannaford F. Hardy.
 The Misses M. Hardy, E. Lanning, E. King
 C. Poppy, L. Rowlands, S. Wilson, M. Thomas
 H. Wilson, D. Rowlands, S. Summers, I.
 Atkins, L. Summers, V. King, D. Aldridge, A.
 Newing, D. Biches, M. Aldridge, I. Pearce,
 S. Skilling, M. Bradbury.

SOLE ENGLISH AGENTS.
 To whom all particulars concerning ad-
 vertising, literary, and other business
 may be addressed.

The South American Press, Ltd.
 1, Abchurch Lane,
 London E.C. 4.

February.

Moon

Full Moon 7th.
 Last Qtr. 15th.
 New Moon. 21st.
 First Qtr. 28th.

Moon MARCH

Full Moon 8th.
 Last Qtr. 16th.
 New Moon 23rd.
 First Qtr. 30th.

1st.	Th.	
2nd.	F.	The Purification of the B.V.M.
3rd.	S.	
4th.	S.	Septuagesima
5th.	M.	S. Agatha V.M.
6th.	Tu.	
7th.	W.	
8th.	Th.	
9th.	F.	
10th.	S.	
11th.	S.	Sexagesima.
12th.	M.	
13th.	Tu.	
14th.	W.	S. Valentine B.M.
15th.	Th.	
16th.	F.	
17th.	S.	
18th.	S.	Quinquagesima
19th.	M.	
20th.	Tu.	
21st.	W.	Ash Wednesday
22nd.	Th.	
23rd.	F.	
24th.	S.	S. Matthias A.M.
25th.	S.	1st-Sunday in Lent
26th.	M.	
27th.	Tu.	
28th.	W.	

All Matter for the Magazine must be sent in by the 10th. of each month. Communi-
 cations should be written on one side of the
 paper only, and must be accompanied by
 the name and address of sender, not necess-
 arily for publication. The Editor is not re-
 sponsible for the opinions of correspondents.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Save your Falkland Islands used stamps and send along to us. We pay the following Prices :—

1½d a dozen for ½d stamps.

3d " " " 1d "

6d " " " 2d "

7½ " " " 2½d "

16 " " " 6d "

3/- " " " 1/- "

9/- " " " 3/- "

15/- " " " 5/- "



Stamps must not be torn or dirty.



R. & A. Hardy. "Kelper Store" Stanley.

BIRTHS

FELTON. At Stanley, January 9th, the wife of Arthur Felton of a daughter.

SMITH. At Stanley, Jan. 13th. the wife of T. Smith of a daughter.

STEWART. At San Carlos North, Jan 24th. The wife of D. Stewart of a son.

SMITH. At Stanley, Jan 27th. The wife of Capt. Smith of a daughter

BAPTISMS.

Dec. 27th Mary McLeod.

Dec. 28th Henry Curran.

DEATH.

Jan. 14th At Cricklewood, London, N.
Elizabeth Patterson Greenshields.

IN MEMORI M.

In loving Memory of my beloved husband John S. Bragg, who died at Punta Arenas, October 11th. 1916. Age 25 years.

Gone but not forgotten.

A loving husband and father dear
God's taken from our homestead here
No more we'll see his loving face
There's none on earth can take his place.

In loving Memory of my dear beloved Cousin Archie Ross, who was killed in Action July 10th. 1916.

Sleep on dear Archie in a far off land,
In a grave I shall never see
But as long as life and memory last
I will remember thee.

No Mother's care did him attend.
Nor over him did a Father bend ;
No Sister by, to shed a tear ;
No Brother by, his words to hear.

Sick, dying in a foreign land,
No Father by, to take his hand
No Mother near to close his eyes ;
Far from his native land he lies.

[Inserted by his Cousin, Marion McLeod, Hillside, Falkland Islands.]

In ever loving Memory of Willie, eldest son of Henry and Elizabeth Hannaford, of Ufton Reading, who was drowned at Port Howard. Jan 14th 1906. Age 23 years.

On that happy Easter Morning,
All the graves their dead restore
Father, Sister, Child and Mother,
Meet once more.

A Memory of Dec. 27th 1915.



THE STANLEY SPORTS.

THE FINISH OF THE 100 YARDS OPEN
IN LAST YEAR'S MEETING, SHOWING
MR. LES. HARDY (IN WHITE,) WINNING
IN 12 SECONDS. THE SECOND PLACE
WAS WON BY MR. S. BROWELL, AND
THE THIRD, BY MR. S. NEIGHBOR.

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine

AND
CHURCH PAPER

No. X. Vol. XXVIII.

FEBRUARY 1917

NOTICE.

This Magazine is published monthly, and may be obtained from the Editor, the Deputy Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. Subscription 4/- per annum, or by post 5/0, payable in advance, to Argentine - 5/-.
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Advertisements (subject to approval) are inserted at the following rates :-

Short Notices. 1/- per line with minimum of 2/6

Trade Notices or Repeat orders, by arrangement.

It is requested that subscribers will notify to the Editor any change of address

Cathedral Services.

SUNDAY.

HOLY COMMUNION 8. 0 a.m.

MATTINS AND SERMON 11. 0 a.m.

HOLY COMMUNION (First Sunday in the Month) 12. 0 a.m.

CHILDREN'S SERVICE 2. 30 p.m.

EVENSONG AND SERMON 7. 0 p.m.

WEEKDAYS.

MATTINS 10. 0 a.m.

EVENSONG (Wednesday) 7. 0 p.m.

HOLY BAPTISMS on Sunday at 3. 15 p.m., and by arrangement.

CHURCHINGS, before any service.

EDITORIAL.

Definite arrangements as regards travelling are always hard to keep in the Falklands, despite good intentions : and this past month has proved no exception to the general rule.

It had been decided that the northern part of the East Island would be visited by the Clergy early this month, but owing to the movements of the "*Falkland*", the Dean was forced to bring forward his visit to the West and he sailed for Port Stephens on January 10th. This has meant that the camp on the East will probably not be visited until his return. The month of January is passing uneventfully, and the clerk of the weather has not proved too kind to us. This has seemed unfortunate in one respect, and that is, the school holidays : but we are hoping that the last week of the latter will make up for the deficiencies of the first three.

February ushers in the solemn season of Lent, and it is hoped that Lent 1917 will be used by everyone as a special time of self denial, and its converse, of doing more for God. The power of united intercession is far greater than many can realize, and it would form a good Lenten resolution if all were to make up their minds to attend the services of the Church more regularly, especially the Holy Communion, and the short Intercession service on Wednesday Evenings for the War, and our men fighting at the Front. Before coming to the Holy Communion, let us frame a definite Intention for the service : it may be for some one we know who is at present in the trenches in Flanders : it may be for some special need or desire on our own part : it may be for some friend or relation ; & let us offer the Service in that spirit, pouring out our soul in real earnest prayer before the Throne of Grace, - then shall we feel the true worth of intercessory prayer, for "there are more things wrought by prayer than this world ever dreams of."

—:oro:—

LOCAL NOTES.

WE HAVE BEEN GLAD TO WELCOME several visitors in from the Camp, including Mrs J. G. Felton, Mrs Roy Felton, Miss P. Allan, Miss A. Felton and others.

R M S. "*Falkland*" had a slight mishap just recently: she struck a rock near West Island, but luckily only broke some of the blades of the propellor, and on examination in Stanley, was found to be otherwise perfectly alright. She was put on the beach and the new propellor was soon fixed, and she left again for the West on Jan 10th.

BY THIS LAST MAIL we were glad to welcome back to the Falklands, Miss E. Campbell and Miss G. Aldridge, after an extended visit to the coast.

THE SAND is becoming a big question in some parts of the Falklands: Fox Bay West has already suffered a great deal, but during the past two years Speedwell Island has undergone the worst visitation.

GOOD, AS MANY people seem to think the results of sand grass are, yet it seems a pity there is no other method of staying the plague.

WE WERE GLAD to hear in the Prize Distribution of the English School at Punta Arenas, that Desmond Hardy had not only gained the First Prize in the top Class, but had also gained the Bronze Medal for having obtained the highest marks in all subjects.

WE HEAR from a reliable source that mustard is a fine addition to a cup of coffee: — "some" coffee!!

WE HAVE BEEN ASKED to enquire who it is that burns the Camp of other shepherds, because, his own being burned off he feels he must do something?

WE EXTEND a very hearty welcome to Mrs T N. Goddard to the Colony, and sincerely trust her stay in the Colony may be both prosperous and happy.

NEWS HAS REACHED US from Lient. Barry Girling. He has been in the thick of the fighting in Flanders, but was, at the time of writing resting in a dug-out. He has named it his "Little Grey Home in the West."

NEW YEAR, 1917, was ushered in, in the customary fashion, with the addition, this year, of a small party who "did the rounds" One local sportsman distributed oranges wherever he called, and when he ran short of these, gave away cake. — Please don't ask his name, children!

WE HEAR that an Official Notice has been posted up warning all colonists to use the strictest economy in soap and starch, because it is probable that no more will be shipped from England.

POTATOES ALSO, will have to be economized: probably the day will not be far off when a local Food Dictator will have to be instituted.

Mrs. Norman McLeod, Hillside, Darwin has received news that her nephew Private Samuel Davidson, Grenadier Guards, has been awarded the Military Medal for a conspicuous action on the field of Battle on 10th September. Pte. Davidson is 26 years of age, and joined the Army at the out-break of war, going to France in February, 1915. He resided with his Sister-in-law Mrs R. Davidson, Council Crescent, Neilson Street, Bellshill. Previous to enlistment he was employed at the Wilson and Clyde Colliery, Bellshill.

WE HEAR that the much discussed graphite or lignite seam at Port Sussex is now supposed to be bituminous shale. If that is the case investigations should be furthered as soon as possible.

NOT SO LONG AGO we had to complain about the mutton stealing epidemic in Stanley: now we regret to hear that fowls and chickens have been mysteriously disappearing: householders, please note.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stanley Sports Association was a record success: but

it *did* seem strange not seeing Mr Townson amongst us

—o—

WE REGRET TO HEAR that we are losing Miss E. Pearce from Stanley, but congratulate her upon her appointment as Governess to the children of the Hon. J. G. & Mrs. Felton at Teal Inlet, she leaves for her new duties towards the end of the month.

—o—

THROUGH THE KINDNESS of Mr. Browning, a patrol of the local troop of B. P. Scouts have been encamped for a week on his farm. We gather that the weather at times was so boisterous that the tent blew down twice: still, the lads managed to enjoy themselves.

—o—

IN CONNECTION WITH the above troop, we hear that the Concert, arranged to take place in December, on behalf of the Funds is to be held on Jan : 26th.

—o—

THE STANLEY FOOTBALL CLUB suffered two reverses on consecutive Saturdays though at the hands of a much stronger Team. Still, they have only lost five matches throughout this past year, which stands easily as a record. The result of the Season being Played 18, won 12, Lost 5. Drawn 1. 52 Goals for v. 36. It might be stated that 13 of the latter goals were against the Club in the last two matches. Among the goal scorers were Mr W. E. Conway 20, and Mr. C. G. Allan, 12.

—o—

A GRAVE OBJECTION seems to have been lodged against the introduction of the Wireless system into the West Falklands. We hear that it may be the means of conveying the notorious cold into the aforesaid district!

—o—

STILL OUR LOCAL installation has not yet been responsible for yellow jack, though it may have been the means of staying, to a certain extent; the wretched disease of scandalitis.

Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place on Dec : 23rd, when Mr. T. N. Goddard, Chief Clerk to the

Colonial Secretary, was married to Miss Beryl Hall Hall, daughter of the Rev. Canon Hall Hall, Rector of Chevening, Sevenoaks, Kent. The wedding took place from Government House, where the Bride had been staying as the guest of His Excellency and Miss Young. The Very Rev. The Dean officiated, and was assisted by the Rev. C. McDonald-Hobley. The service was fully Choral, and the Dean gave the address at its conclusion. The Bride was dressed in a pretty pale tussore silk costume, with a soft teal hat to match, trimmed with blue ribbons and pink rosebuds: she carried a handsome bouquet composed of lilies, roses and carnations. She was attended by Miss Pearl Allan as Bridesmaid, who wore a becoming frock of dove grey, and a black hat trimmed with blue: her bouquet was of sweet peas. These handsome floral tributes were executed by Mr Benton, Head Gardener at Government House, to whom the greatest credit is due. The Bride was given away by His Excellency the Governor, and Mr J. Houston was Best Man.

A reception was held at Government House immediately after the ceremony, when His Excellency and Miss Young welcomed a number of Guests, who drank the health of the happy couple and sampled the Cake which had been made on the R.M.S. *Oronsau*.

We wish the happy pair every success and prosperity in the future, and especially during their life in the Colony.

Passenger List

ARRIVALS.

From Monte Video. Dec. 27th. Mr. & Mrs. Benney and child.

From Punta Arenas. Jan. 5th. Miss G. Aldridge, Miss Dorcen Hardy, Miss E. Campbell, Mrs W. Hardy, Mr. & Mrs. D. McMullen, Mr. Watson, Mrs E. Biggs, Mr. M. Biggs.

DEPARTURES.

For Monte Video. Jan. 5th. Mr. L. S. Plank, Mr. A. Harris. For Buenos Aires Mr. A. Kirwan. For Punta Arenas. Jan : 26th Mr Weiss, Mrs W. R. Hardy, Mrs W. Hardy, and the Misses D. and L. Hardy.

STANLEY SPORTS ASSOCIATION ANNUAL MEETING.

By our special Correspondent.

The Association Committee under the joint Secretaryship of Dr. Craddock and Mr. T.N. Goddard are to be congratulated on the results of their efforts. Rumour had it that the entries this year were to be considerably less than those of the previous Meetings; on the contrary the entries all round were greater than in any other previous year.

San Carlos contributed more than 20 entries, Douglas Station also put in more than usual. These Stations are particularly mentioned because of latter years the entries from these stations have been small. It is hoped that they will maintain this year's numbers.

A word in passing, as to the alterations of the Course would not be out of place. The length has been considerably increased to permit of a Mile race being run in the Horse Events. This was only done with extreme difficulty on the part of the contractor, engaged, and with constant supervision of the Secretaries, large masses of rock were removed and the course in consequence very much improved. A fence has also been erected on the north side, extending from the finishing post in an easterly direction, this is a distinct improvement as the spectators are kept from wandering on the Course.

We are informed that The Hon. G. J. Felton and Mr. D. Pitaluga have kindly offered to bear the expense of having a slip rail fence put up continuing the present one on the north side in a westerly direction, the motive being to prevent the horses from running off the Course, which has happened previously and has been the means of spoiling a good race. The attendance was not so large this year, owing perhaps to the exodus of Cubbitts' men some time back; the local enthusiasm however showed no signs of dwindling, and the numbers who turned out on both days were excellent.

The sheep dog trials were quite a success this year, there being more entries than last year, and in spite of the wretched day, a goodly attendance.

The Boat Race produced three entries and the favourite boat was beaten. A word of praise to the Volunteer boat is worthy of mention; although 90% of the crews on the water were members of the Corps, it was thought by some to put on a "Khaki Crew" entire; under short notice this crew was formed and a boat improvised for the occasion. They rowed well and all credit is due to them.

—:0:0:—

MOUNTED EVENTS.

The entries far exceeded those of 1915, and thorough good sport was witnessed. It is well to mention that there were a good many horses running quite new to the Course, these may be looked to for even better results next year. As usual Messrs J. & W. Aldridge were responsible for most of the places, taking between them no less than 17 prizes. Another surprise was to see Mr. D. Watson's "Atrevido" come in behind another horse, somehow we are inclined to think that will not happen again.

The Course was in excellent condition and the weather, perhaps not all that one would wish, was pleasant enough.

MAIDEN PLATE, 600 yards.

1st. prize Silver Irish Bowl presented by G. Greenshields Esq. 2nd. 30/- 3rd. 15/-

1. W. Aldridge with Mr. Watson's "Cherry".
2. J. Aldridge with Mr. R. Felton's "Anona".
3. A. Earle with Mr. McGill's "Flirt".

MOUNT WILLIAM PLATE, 300 yards.

1st. prize Pair Candlesticks, 2nd. 30/- 3rd 15/-

1. E. Buckley with Mr. Robson's "Sandy".
2. J. Dettleff with Mr. Waterson's horse.
3. P. Paice with Mrs. J. Felton's "Mudlark".

3. MAIDEN TROTTING RACE.

1st prize presented by men of Fitzroy and Port Louis 2nd 30/- 3rd 15/-.

1. W. Aldridge with "Blossom".
2. R. Reives with "Sappy".
3. P. Craig with Hon. J. Felton's "Elsie".

4 PONY RACE.

1st prize Watch.

1. W. Anderson with Sedgwick's pony.

F. I. MAGAZINE AND CHURCH PAPER

5. SAN CARLOS PLATE 600 yds.

1st prize Watch presented by F. Langdon, Esq. and employers of San Carlos North. 2nd 30/- 3rd 15/-.

1. J. Aldridge with Mr R. Felton's "Anona"
2. W. Aldridge with Mr Watson's "Atrevido"
3. P. Craig with Hon. G. J. Felton's "Spot".

6. VICTORIA CROSS RACE.

1st prize Case of Razors

1. F. Lang with Mr Langdon's horse.

7 WEST FALKLAND PLATE. 800yds.

1st prize Desert Service 2nd 30/- 3rd 15/-

1. J. Aldridge with Mr. Pitaluga's "Yatto"
2. W. Aldridge with Hon. J. Felton's "Secret"

8. TROTTER RACE. 2 miles.

1st prize polished oak Tray 2nd 30/- 3rd 15/-

1. W. Aldridge with "Blossom".
2. P. Craig with Mr J. Felton's "Ramona"

9. MURREL PLATE. 500 yds.

1st prize Cigarette Box presented by W. K. Cameron Esq. 2nd 30/- 3rd 15/-.

1. W. Aldridge with Mr Watson's "Cherry".
2. E. Buckley with Mrs Robson's "Sandy".

10. THE GOVERNOR'S CUP. 700 yds.

1st prize Silver Cup presented by His Excellency W. D. Young, C.M.G., 2nd £2. 3rd £1.

1. P. Craig with Hon. J. G. Felton's "Spot"
2. J. Aldridge with Mr Pitaluga's "Yatto"
3. F. Lang with Mr Langdon's "Manchado"

FITZROY PLATE. 500 yds.

1st prize presented by R S. Felton Esq. 2nd 30/- 3rd 15/-

1. W. Aldridge with Mr R. Felton's "Sandy"
2. E. Buckley with Mr Robson's "Tulip"
3. J. Aldridge with "Sultan"

12 LADIES RACE 440 yds.

1st prize presented by Mrs Packe 2nd 15/- 3rd 10/-

1. G. Davis with Mrs Felton's "Mudlark"

13. ONE MILE RACE.

1st prize Silver Cup presented by Messrs R. & A. Hardy 2nd 30/- 3rd 15/-

1. A. Earle with Mr McGill's "Flirt"
2. R. Reives with Mr R. Felton's "Blucher"

3. J. McLeod with Mr Pitaluga's "Swallow"

14. STANLEY CUP 500 yds

1st prize presented by the Stanley Football Club, Silver Rose Bowl.

1. Mr Langdon with his Manchado.

15 NOVICES RACE 500 yds

1st prize Silver Salt Cellars 2nd £1 3rd 10/-

1. David Allan with F.I.Co's "Charlie Chaplin"

16. LADIES TROTTER RACE. One Mile.

1st prize Flower Stand 2nd £1. 3rd 10/-

1. Mrs Hobley with Mr Felton's "Ramona"
2. Mrs McLeod with Mr R. Felton's "Horney"
3. Miss Gertie Davis.

17 MALVINAS PLATE 800 yds

1st prize Silver Cup presented by Vere Packe Esq. J. P. 2nd 30s. 3rd 15s.

1. W. Aldridge with Mr R. Felton's "Sandy"

18. CONSOLATION RACE 440 yds.

1st prize Teapot 2nd 10s. 3rd 5s.

1. J. Dettleff with Mr Waterson's "Tastado"
2. M. Morrison with Mr Langdon's "Orita"
3. G. Jennings with F.I.Co's "Jos"

19. SALVADOR CUP 800 yds.

1st prize Silver Cup presented by A. Pitaluga, Esq.

1. W. Aldridge with Mr R. Felton's "Secret"

FOOT EVENTS.

December 28th.

1. Cart and Horse Parade. 1st. prize Pair Field Glasses, 2nd. £1.

1. Mr. R. S. Felton.

2. 100 yards Race. Boys under 16. 1st. Set Studs & Links, 2nd. 3/-, 3rd. 2/.

1. Ralph Buse, 2. Lawrence Sedgwick, 3. Douglas Fleuret.

3. One Mile. 1st. prize Rose Bowl, 2nd. £1. 3rd 10/-.

1. E. Aldridge, 2. G. Pauline, 3. S. Browell.

4. Putting the Shot. 1st. prize Hot Water Jug. 2nd. 10/- 3rd. 5/-

1. K. S. Felton 32ft 1½ inches 2. A. Sedgwick 29ft 11 inches G. J. Felton 28ft. 7½ inches.

5. Sack Race. 1st prize Set of Carvers, 2nd. 7/6. 3rd. 4/-
1. W.E.Conway, 2. S.Summers, 3. J.Robson.
6. 100 yards. 1st.prize Cigarette Box. 2nd £1. 3rd 10/-
1. E.Aldridge, 2. H. Jennings, 3. S. Browell
7. Boot Race. 1st. prize Silver Cigarette Case, 2nd. Flask, 3rd. 5/-
1. S.Summers, 2. A.Biggs, 3. W.Hutchinson
8. 30 Yards, (married ladies) 1st. prize Chain Mesh Purse, 2nd. 10/- 3rd 5/-
1. Mrs. Grierson, 2. Mrs. V. Summers.
9. Three-Legged Race. 1st. prize Cigarette Cases, 2nd 10/- 3rd 5/-
1. L.&E.Hardy, 2. W.Conway & E.Aldridge, 3. A. Felton & A. Peck.
10. Walking Race, 2 miles, 1st. prize Carriage Clock, 2nd £1. 3rd 10/-
1. R.Bailey, 2. V.Summers, 3. W.Sedgwick.
11. Long Jump. 1st prize Entire Dish, 2nd. prize 10/- 3rd 5/-
1. H. Jennings 16ft. 13in. 2. W. Bartram 15ft. 12in, T Hardy 14ft. 9in
12. 100yards (Ladies under 18). 1st prize Hot Water Jug. 2nd 10/- 3rd 5/-
1. Emma Aldridge 2. Lilian McGill, 3. Eva Aldridge.
13. Obstacle Race. 1st prize Watch, 2nd. 15s. 3rd 10s.
1. Leslie Hardy, 2. Walter Summers.
14. One Mile Race (boys under 16.) 1st. Watch and Chain. 2nd. 10s. 3rd. 5s.
1. S.Luxton, 2. L.Sedgwick, 3. R. Buse.
15. High Jump. 1st.prize Writing Cabinet presented by G.I.Turner, Esq. J.P. 2nd. 10s. 3rd. 5s.
1. David Allan 4ft. 7½in. 2. W. Conway 4ft. 5¼. T. Hardy.
16. 100yards (girls under 16.) 1st. prize Tea Spoons. 2nd. 3s. 3rd 2s.
1. M.Gleadell, 2. A.Grierson, 3. R.Anderson
17. 100yards (boys under 10.) 1st. prize Watch Chain. 2nd. 3s. 3rd. 2s.
1. C. Enestrom, 2. M. Buse 3. W. Spencer.
18. Throwing the Hammer, 1st prize Egg Biler. 2nd. 10s. 3rd. 5s.
1. G Perry 73ft.8in. 2. J.Grierson 72ft.8in. 3. G.J. Felton 70ft. 7½in.

19. 440 Yards. 1st. prize Tantalus. Spirit Stand. 2nd £1. 3rd 10s.

1. E Aldridge, 2. S. Browell, 3. A. Peck.

20. Tug of War. 1st. prize Challenge Shield presented by Messrs V. A. H. Biggs and D.R. Watson, and £2. 10. 0.
Mr. Felton's Team.

21. Ladies Sack Race 1st. prize 10s. Presented by Mr. R.Dettleff, 2nd. 6s. Presented by Messrs Aldridge and Houston, 3rd. 4s.

1. L. McGill, 2. L Davis, 3rd. E Aldridge.

Monday December 25th.

BOAT RACE.

1st prize £5 2nd £2. 3rd £1.

1. Mr W. Ratcliff's Boat.

2. Mr H. Jones Boat.

SHEEP DOG TRIALS.

1st prize Hunting Flask & Canteen 2nd £1 3rd 10/-

1. Mr C. Gleadell 2. Mr F. Lang.

3. Mr R. Felton

Sad Accident at Salvador

A very sad accident occurred at Limpet Creek, on Thursday, Jan. 18th. Mr. J. McLeod left for his work early in the morning, and it appears that about 8. a.m. his wife had a seizure, and fell into the fire. She had her young baby on her lap at the time, and the infant was badly burned upon the face and hands, while Mrs. McLeod, who had unconsciously put out her right hand for protection, evidently thrust the limb into the blazing fire in the grate, for it was very badly charred up to the elbow. Mr. McLeod did not arrive back till 8 p. m. that evening, and on his return his wife came out to meet him, and he at once rode away for assistance. The Doctor arrived next day and the two patients received every attention possible. The family arrived in Stanley on Jan 27th, and Mrs. McLeod and the baby were at once taken to the K. E. M. Hospital; they are both going on as well as can be expected, and are receiving every care and attention. This accident seemed to come as a sad conclusion to a happy holiday spent in Stanley, for both Mr. and Mrs. McLeod had only been back home a short

Continued on page 11.

THE SPORTS CONCERT.

The Annual Sports Concert, which was held on Dec 27th was a greater success, in the general opinion, than ever hitherto. For the first time, the usual rendezvous was changed, and it was held in the Town Hall.

Then was a large and appreciative audience and the gross takings proved a record! It is a pity that arrangements have not been made for darkening the hall if necessary, for in this case, considerable delay was caused through some of the artists desiring to wait till darkness set in, and thus gaining the full effect of the Stage Lighting, which of course, is most important to all "make up." All Artistes did well: Mr. Bartram was as good as ever, both in his new songs, and also in two old favourites, given by request. For the first time, we were glad to welcome Mrs. Strickland to a Stanley audience, and ably supported by her "Chorus", she did well. The old favourite, Mr. Tom Hardy was in good form, and also his namesake Mr. Ray Hardy, in his character impersonation was heard to better advantage than before. Owing to the non arrival of one of the artistes, Mrs. Hopley gave "Mrs Ruggles", by special request; later, in conjunction with Miss M. Thomas, she gave a most effective castanet dance. Mr Goddard was in excellent voice, and many said they had never heard him to better advantage. The dancing interlude, given by Miss M. Thomas, together with the Misses I Hardy and E. Parrin, (the two latter being dressed as black boys) elicited such rounds of applause, that not only did it score an encore, but by general request from back and front of the Hall, the turn was repeated in the second half of the programme. Mr G.W. Royle was in good form, and his telephonic conversation was amusing. We should have liked, however, to have heard him earlier in the programme.

During the interval, Mrs G. J. Felton distributed the prizes, and each winner was well applauded as they went up to receive their prize. The customary speeches followed and a most successful and enjoyable evening terminated about eleven o'clock. The main part of the hard work in organizing the whole concert, and making the general

arrangements as regards scenery, lighting, seating etc etc etc. fell upon the shoulders of Mr. Royle, who is to be very heartily congratulated upon the results. Never have we local stage lighting as good as it was: in fact with the Kitson lamps, it would have been hard to imagine that there were not the customary lime light effects. Mr. Royle was well backed up by a working Committee, who must also receive their due share of recognition and credit for the general effect and arrangements which all went to make the Sports Concert of 1917 a record success.

CORRESPONDENCE.

St Helier's
Bassaleg Road,
Newport, Mon,
England.
Nov: 4th 1916.

Dear Sir,

I am a British soldier invalided from Gallipoli with enteric fever, from the effects of which after nearly a year's interval I have not recovered.

During the weary months of inaction forced on me by this serious illness, I have found the collecting of stamps an enjoyable pastime, which has helped to pass the time, and I now write to ask whether any kind and sympathetic readers of your valuable paper would be good enough to send me some, for which I should be deeply grateful.

Hoping that you, Sir, will kindly see your way to the publication of this letter.

I remain,
Your faithfully,
E.G.C.B. Banks.

The Editor of the F. I. Magazine,
Port Stanley. F. I.

—o—

HYMN LIST for February 1917.

5th.	Morning	34,	3,	178.
	Evening	346,	210,	214, 477.
11th.	Morning	270,	109,	242.
	Evening	19,	546,	260, 24.
18th.	Morning	270,	107,	220.
	Evening	27,	38,	172, 19.
25th.	Morning	92,	108,	215.
	Evening	96,	91,	95, 436.

The Red Cross Concert.

AN EXCELLENT CONCERT took place in the Town Hall on Friday Jan: 5th, in aid of the Red Cross Funds, when a large & appreciative audience were present. The whole arrangements were in the hands of Mr. Bishop, and the programme reflected the highest credit on him. Mr Briggs, in his "Whit Cunliffe" songs was excellent, and Mr. Small, who was also new to Stanley Audiences, proved a host in himself. The Variety turns, which consisted of Mr. Coxon and twelve lads in a Swedish Drill; Messrs Titcombe & Phillips, in a Blackboard sketch, and ventriloquist act, respectively, were more than good. Messrs Venables and Pennington each contributed items that were very well received and Mr. Bishop himself sang "The Bedouin Love Song," and "My Ain Folk," very effectively. The duet "Dixie" was splendidly rendered by Messrs Atkinson and Cantrell, the latter making a betwixting girl. Mr. Stokes gave a novel, but taking rendering of "Gunga Din." Great excitement was caused when Mr. D. Sullivan was asked to strap Mr. Williams up in a straight Jacket: In less than five minutes, the latter managed to free himself without assistance. The Orchestra which had only been got together a few weeks previously, acquitted themselves admirably under the leadership of Mr. Stagg, and one of their members, Mr. Coates, gave a pleasing rendering of "The Broken Melody" Altogether, it was a concert we should like to have repeated, for it was indeed "some stunt."

CATHEDRAL NOTES.

The Very Rev. the Dean left early this month for a visit to the lower part of the West Falklands.

—o—

The customary services took place at Christmas, and were very well attended: the Cathedral looked pretty, with its festive decorations which were executed by Mrs. J.S. Smith, Mrs. Hulford Mrs. Nosworthy and

other helpers.

—o—

The Carol Service was held on Dec: 31st. and a good congregation assembled to hear the old favourites which were greatly appreciated.

—o—

The Watchnight Service was held the same night at 11.30. when the Very Rev. The Dean gave the Address.

PRIZE RAMS FOR THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

—o—

The Ashford Ram Show and Sale attracted 290 entries, representing twenty of the leading flocks. Messrs A. Waldron and E. J. Matthews, Falkland Islands, with Mr E.W. Hobbs, of Punta Arenas, officiated as judges in the class for the best woolled ram: and a number of other colonial and foreign breeders were present. Messrs Waldron and Matthews, and the Falkland Island Company, purchased 51 rams for the Falkland Islands.

In the yearling class, the ram - (a particularly good one it was) that was placed sixth was purchased for the Falklands at 43 guineas.

A new class, for rams shorn bare after 1st of February 1916, was won by Mr John File, his winner going to the Falklands at 36 guineas: while Mr File's ram which was placed third was purchased at 50 guineas for the same destination. The second prize-winner in the class for the best woolled ram was bought by Mr Matthews for 65 guineas.

Mr Waldron secured the fifth animal in this class for 26 guineas. In addition to those purchased at the sale, there were also bought during last week for the Falklands twenty other rams from Mr J. Egerton Ques- ted, who carried off chief honours at the show.

OFFERTORIES

November	£	s	d	
5th.	2	11	4	Church Expenses.
12th.	2	7	11	" "
19th.	1	15	11	" "
26th.	3	17	9	Foreign Missions.
	£:8	15	7	

Continued from page 8,

time. In the Stanley Sports, Mr. McLeod won a place in the One Mile Race. And the day before they left, the baby was baptized in Christ Church Cathedral.

The accident seems to prove more and more the necessity, — (as we have so often advocated in these columns) — of having every Camp House, both in the East and West Islands, — linked up by telephone. Some Stations, such as Teal Inlet, Fitzroy, Port Howard and portions of the F.I.C.'s. Stations, have already adopted it. We hear Douglas Station and San Carlos North, and South are soon falling into line: and we earnestly trust that both for emergency and convenience, the system will soon come into vogue throughout the whole Colony.

ITINERARY.

The Rev. C. McDonald-Hobley left Stanley on Oct 26th.

Oct: 26th Teal Inlet, 30th The Bombilla & Thim Corral, 31st Campo Verdi.

Nov 1st San Carlos South, 3rd The Head of the Bay, 4th Port Sussex and Darwin, 6th Canterra, 7th Camilla Creek, 8th High Hill, 9th Darwin and Goose Green, 13th Walker Creek, 14th Island Harbour and Upper Walker Creek, 15th Walker Creek, 16th Myles Creek, 17th Arrow Harbour & the Sound, 18th Mappa and North Arm, 19th Blecker Island, 25th Hawk Hill and Horne Hill, 26th North Arm House and North Arm Settlement, 28th North West Arm and Fanny Cove (Boll Point) 29th Lion Creek and Dawson Harbour, 30th Speedwell Island, Dec 1st George Island 2nd Speedwell Island, 3rd Moffat Harbour and Finley Harbour, 4th Egg Harbour, the Congo and Maraquita, 5th Hope Cottage, 6th Darwin and Black Rock, 7th Hill Side, 8th Stanley.

Houses visited (including Cookhouses) — 63
Bible Readings — 18. Services (including Holy Baptisms) — 37.

— :o: — :o: — :o: —

STOP PRESS.

WE REGRET to have to announce, on going to press that Mrs Greenshields, mother of Mr G. Greenshields of Douglas Station has passed away. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved relations.

—o—

LOCAL NOTES.

(continued.)

WE CONGRATULATE Mr. M. Robson upon his success in drawing the First Prize in the Sweepstake for the Governor's Cup. It has meant a sum of no less than £70.

—o—

ALSO, we congratulate Mr. W. Tudor upon drawing second prize £40 and Mr. T. Lee, third prize £25.

—o—

AND WE IN THE EAST, — say — Oh! Lucky West!!

—o—

THE CART AND HORSE PARADE was a triumph this year, and a record. Mr. Roy Felton came out in a new role as a Carter, and we hear—

—o—

THAT THE PRIZE given was not a silver Tea and Coffee set, but a Rag Doll!! we also hear —

—o—

THAT THE HORSE was too big for the shafts of the cart, and that —

—o—

IF A LOAD OF PEAT is ever delivered in that size cart, it will be returned with thanks: also that —

—o—

IT WAS INTENDED to hold a second parade of the winner in the afternoon, but.

—o—

This did not come off — Why??

—o—

FLASHES.

During a discussion with respect to a suggested picnic recently, the proposition was made ladies should not be invited Phosphorine is believed to be a good cure for nervousness.

—:o:—

At a recent election of officers for a certain Club in Stanley, a change was made in the holders of various offices; new broom sweep clean—sometimes, —

—:o:—

The remark was overheard at a recent moving job in Stanley. "Why take the trouble to put boards under the wheels"? It is presumed that the reason is that the article in question is wanted to reach its destination and not to be a permanent fixture in the centre of the common.

—:o:—

Well done "Opponents" two games played, two games won; buck up Stanley.

—:o:—

It has been suggested that the game of follow my leader is well understood in Stanley, and is often played at various meetings.

EN PASSANT.

—:o:—

The Scout Concert.

On Friday Jan: 26th, in the Church Hall a very interesting Concert was held in aid of the funds of the local Troop of B. P. Scouts; it is a good thing to be able to say that the Concert was a success, and great credit is due to all artistes for the way they worked both at the rehearsals and on the night to make everything to go with a swing. Several old and tried favourites were present, and were, as usual well received, also there were one or two new recruits to the Concert Platform who were also accorded a hearty welcome; to give each artiste the amount of recognition that his or her due would be impossible in the small space available. Mr. Goddard was quite up to the old standard and his songs were well received as is always the case. In the first half a pretty little scene was enacted entitled "Give me a Piggy-Back" in which Miss M. Thomas acted with her usual grace supported by the Misses Betty Hobley, Irene Oswald and Irene Hardy who all three, contrary to expectations, acted their parts well and did not suffer in the least from Stage fright. Miss Poppy in "Arrah Wanna" was also very effective. Mr. G. W. Royle also staged another of his well known stunts and was ably seconded by his usual company. Mr. W. Bartram was accorded a right royal welcome

and in his speciality "I Did Run", with the new words specially composed for the occasion fairly brought down the house. Of course no concert would be complete without a dance from Miss M. Thomas who as usual received great applause and fully maintained her reputation as a dancer. Two other artistes who appeared for the first time on the concert platform in Stanley, Messrs G. Brown & C. Lewthwaite were well received and it is hoped that it will not be their last appearance. One of the outstanding features of the Concert was a short display by the Scouts themselves that conclusively proved that they were something more than ornamental, and that for a boy to join the Scouts is not all play. One of the items given was an illustration of how an unconscious person may be lowered from a window of a burning house in which one of the Scouts was lowered from the roof to the stage by means of the Fireman's Chair; during the preliminary preparation of the rope, the Scoutmaster, Rev. Hobley took the opportunity of explaining to the audience the aims and objects of Scouting and stated that the Troop had had an uphill fight but was now on a firm basis and that all the troop needed was recruits and the slight debt cleared, and he took that opportunity of asking the ladies and gentlemen present to let their lads join up. Great credit is also due to Assist. Scoutmaster Lewthwaite for the way that he had trained the boys in physical drill in the short time at his disposal. It is hoped that the Scouts will at some future date be able to give a display that will more fully illustrate the fact that a Scout's training aims not only at being amusing for the lads but that it is instructive and of practical use as well.

The thanks of the troop are due also to these ladies and gentlemen who so kindly undertook to give their services for the sale of programmes, sale of Tickets at the West and Globe Stores, etc., and for the various other work that all goes to make a concert.

—:o:—:o:— EN PASSANT.

NOTICE

Owing to pressure of space, the account of the S.F.C. Annual Meeting is held over till next month.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, SOUTH AMERICA.

Roll of Honour

1915 & 1916.

Charles Alazia.
Henry Aldridge.
Horace Aldridge.
Richard Aldridge.
Shirley Aspinall.
William Armstrong.
John Armstrong.
Norman Adam.
Arthur Barnes.
Louis Barnes.
Wilfred Bailloa.
Ernest Boothroyd.
Singleton Bonner.
Bernard Buckley.
William Biggs.
Peter Buckley.
Thomas Bean.
William Campell.
John Coleman.
Edward Cobb.
Hubert Cobb.
John Dean.

William Douglas.
Rupert Durose.
George Dean.
William Dettleff.
David Frazer.
Evelyn Felton.
Stanley Goss.
Sydney Goss.
Ernest Goss.
Barry Girling.
Chris Girling.
George Gordon.
William Gleadell.
Claude Hardy.
Valentine Hardy.
Hugh Harding.
George Morris.
Peter McEwan.
Archie McTravers.
William McCall.
Donald McPhee.

John Matthews.
Edmund Matthews.
James McCall.
Edward McAtasney.
Thomas Martin.
Henry Ogilvie.
Arthur Ogilvie.
Gillie Phillips.
Henry Phillips.
Walter Phillips.
William Rutter.
Jack Turner.
Richard Uwins.
George Williams.
Douglas Williams.
Stuart Williams.
Maxwell Williams.
Phillip Williams.
Jack Williams.
Norman Watt.
Stanley Watt.

Died in the Service of their Country
Dec : 1st 1914.

Norman Aitkin.
Frederick Biggs.
Herbert Gaylard.
Walter Shires.

James Allen.
William Blyth.
Charles Newing.
Ernest Spencer.

Peter McKay, January 28th. 1916.

"Fight the good Fight."

GLOBE STORE.

Millinery Department.

GREAT REDUCTION IN LADIES' TUSSORE SILK AND ALPACA
COATS LESS THAN COST PRICE.

A NEW STOCK of GOODS has been received for the above
consisting of:—

Ladies and Maids Costumes, Girls Semi - Trimmed Hats, Ladies untrimmed Felt Hats
Ladies Wool, Cotton and Merino Vests, Ladies Tagel Hats and Dress Shoes, Brassiere Bust
Bodices, Ostrich Ruches and Mounts, Fancy and Sporting Mounts, Lace Flouncing,
Cretonne, Gold Gimp Trimming, Black silk Tassels, Sateens, Green Baize, Wool Khaki
Flannel, Fingering Wool, Jap Silk Mufflers, Undeached Swansdown 27" and Bleached 28"
Horrockses Flannelettes, Viyella, Scroll Gimp, Mercerised Blue Tobrileo, Merv Silk,
Ceylon Flannel, Fitzall Bandeaux White and Black, Ladies black velvet one bar Shoes.

Childs Cotton, Silk and Wool Frocks, Princess Petticoats, White Curacao Flats,
Girls Kilties, Navy Jerseys, Boys Braces, Patent Leggings, Pyjamas, Youths natural
form tan lace Boots,

Keeper Rings, Earrings with screws, Silver Locket, Sleeve Links.

Silk Handkerchiefs with "Presents from Falkland Islands" in corner.

Arden's Crochet Cotton, Rubber & Honeycomb Sponges, Celluloid Hair Pins, Scrap-
& Post Card Albums, Candle Shades, Song and Dance Albums, Ink and Pencil erases
Mapping Pens, Auto Albums, Gift Books, Folding Nail Scissors, Hair Nets, Perfumes

Memorial Wreaths in cases

General Store.

White & coloured Blankets for Single & Double Beds, Gents Black silk socks with
embroidered clocks, Soft Felt Hats, Soft Double cellars, American Leather in colours of
Brown, Blue & White, $\frac{1}{4}$ plates Imperial and Special Rapid, $\frac{1}{4}$ & $\frac{1}{2}$ plate Gaslight and
Wellington Paper also P. O. P. $\frac{1}{4}$ plate Noctona Satin paper & Post Card size, Horse Bits
with cups at side, Claw Hammers, Co's Knives 8" & 10", Galvanised & enamelled
Basins, Glass dishes and Cake plates, Fountain Pens, Ink, Nugget sets Black and Brown,
Bread Boards and knives, Pocket Knives, Carpenters Pencils, Iron Chest Locks 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 3 & 3 $\frac{1}{2}$.

A large variety of long & short Cigarette holders ranging in price from 1/9 to 2/6 each
Calabash Pipes, ranging in price from 9/6 to 16/6.

Electric Torches, Butler Pats, Cocoon Mats and Vandyke border mats, X. L. All
Fumigating compound, Wire Sponge Baskets, Small Padlocks suitable for Travelling
Trunks &c. Fireproof China Hot Water Jugs 1 and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints, Brass Hinges 1" 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Brass Drawer Locks 1, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " and 1", Enamel Toilet Pails, Enamelled Dinner and Soup
Plates, Pudding Basins, Clay Pipes, Fish Hooks for Trout.

Keplers Malt and Cod Liver Oil, Pink Pills, Chlorodine, St. Jacobs Oil Phenacetin
Tablets, Malt Extract, Syrup of Figs, Scrubbs Ammonia, Toning and Fixing Solution,
Edwards Astol, Lemonade Powders, Dr Cassels Tablets for Indigestion.

"Rinso" the great cleanser for clothes, washes without rubbing.

A new collection of Post Cards, views taken in the Islands 1/3 the packet of nine,
Welbanks Boilerettes which give splendid results in steaming Food.

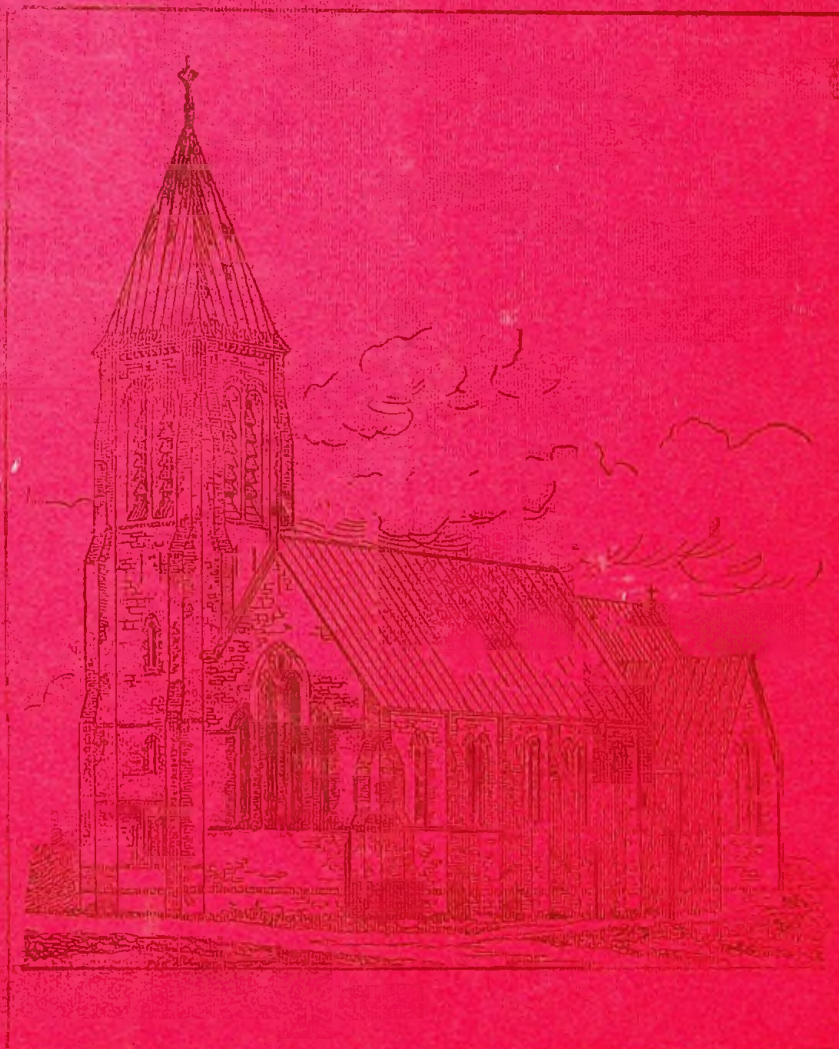
W. John Hatchell
P/FIM/17#03

THE
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CHURCH PAPER

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MARCH 1917.

PRICE SIXPENCE



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL PORT STANLEY, F. I.

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The Very Rev.
J. Stanley Smith M. A.
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CHAPLAIN
Rev C McDonald-Hobley
ARCHDEACON
Vacant.

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Hon W. Harding, Mr R. Hannaford

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The South American Press, Ltd.
1 Arundel Street,
London W. C.

March.

Moon

Full Moon 8th.
Last Qtr. 16th.
New Moon 23rd.
First Qtr. 30th.

Moon

APRIL.

Full Moon 7th.
Last Qtr. 14th.
New Moon 21st.
First Qtr. 29th.

1st.	Th	Ember Day
2nd.	F.	Ember Day
3rd.	S.	
4th.	S.	2nd Sunday in Lent.
5th.	M.	
6th.	Tu.	
7th.	W.	S. Perpetua, M.
8th.	Th	
9th.	F.	
10th.	S.	
11th.	S.	3rd Sunday in Lent.
12th.	M.	S. Gregory B. C.
13th.	Tu.	
14th.	W.	
15th.	Th	
16th.	F.	
17th.	S.	
18th.	S.	4th Sunday in Lent.
19th.	M.	
20th.	Tu.	
21st.	W.	S. Benedict Ab.
22nd.	Th	
23rd.	F.	
24th.	S.	
25th.	S.	5th Sunday in Lent.
26th.	M.	Annun. B. V. M.
27th.	Tu.	
28th.	W.	
29th.	Th	
30th.	F.	
31st.	S.	

All Matter for the Magazine must be sent in by the 10th of each month. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by the name and address of sender, not necessarily for publication. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Save your Faikland Islands used stamps and send along to us. We pay the following Prices :—

1½d a dozen for ½d stamps.

3d " " " 1d "

6d " " " 2d "

7½ " " " 2½d "

16 " " " 6d "

3/- " " " 1/- "

9/- " " " 3/- "

15/- " " " 5/- "



Stamps must not be torn or dirty.



R. & J. Hardy. "Kelper Store" Stanley.

BIRTHS

BUTLER. At Hill Cove, Dec 1st the wife of J. Butler of a son.

HUTCHINSON At Stanley, Feb 2nd, the wife W. Hutchinsch of a son.

JACOBSON. At Stanley, Feb 10th, the wife of K. Jacobson of a daughter.

TURNER. At Stanley, Feb: 22nd, the wife of G. I. Turner of a daughter.

BAPTISMS.

Feb. 13th. Mabel Regina Pearson.

Passenger List

ARRIVALS.

From Punta Arenas. Feb 2nd. Mr F. Weiss.

DEPARTURES.

For Liverpool. Feb 2nd. Mr and Mrs A. L. Allan, Miss Pearl Allan, and Mr David Allan.

For Punta Arenas. Feb 3rd. Mr and Mrs McMullen, F. Devandas, Carlos Romero.



Religion in Schools.

The following is an extract from the leader by Mr. Thomas Curtain in the *Overseas Daily Mail* Dec: 2nd. 1916. on "Ten months in Germany."—".....There are some traits in German children most likeable, for example the kindness towards anybody older than themselves. There is a genuine love for music. On the other hand there is very much dishonesty, as may be witnessed by the proceedings in the German Police Courts, and has been proved in the gold and other collections.

The elimination of real religion in the education of children and the substitution of worship of the state is, in the minds of many impartial observers, something approaching a national catastrophe. In any other community it would probably be accompanied by anarchy. It certainly has swelled the calendar of German crime, and German statistics prove that every sort of horror has been greatly on the increase in the last quarter of a century.

A CHOIR PICNIC.



A FEW YEARS AGO, INCLUDING, THE VERY DEAN
BRANDON, MRS. BRANDON, MISS FELTON & OTHERS.

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine

AND
CHURCH PAPER

No XI. Vol. XXVIII.

MARCH 1917

NOTICE.

This Magazine is published monthly, and may be obtained from the Editor, the Deanery Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. Subscription 4/- per annum, or by post 5/0, payable in advance, to Argentine - 5/-. Single Numbers 6d. each.

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It is requested that subscribers will notify to the Editor any change of address.

Cathedral Services.

SUNDAY.

HOLY COMMUNION	8. 0 a.m.
MATTINS AND SERMON	11. 0 a. m.
HOLY COMMUNION (First Sunday in the Month)	12. 0 a. m.
CHILDREN'S SERVICE	2. 30 p.m.
EVENSONG AND SERMON	7 0 p.m.

WEEKDAYS.

MATTINS	10 0 a.m.
EVENSONG (Wednesday)	7. 0 p.m.
HOLY BAPTISMS on Sunday at 3 15 p. m, and by arrangement.	
CHURCHINGS, before any service.	

EDITORIAL.

At the time of writing, the Dean has not yet returned from the West Falklands, though

we are expecting him by this next mail. March finds us well into the Lenten season, and the last week will bring us close upon Easter. During Lent 1917, may we one and all use every endeavour to hold our intercourse with God more and more, especially in our private prayers? We spoke last month in this column about having a definite Intention in our hearts each time we prayed in private, or attended public worship. Let us try to further that each month. What a grand thing it would be if we could feel that all the Colony had in their mind some definite Intention to lay before God each day in the week! For instance, the General Intention throughout, might be twofold :- the Peace of the World, and the Peace of our souls with God. Special Intentions.— On Monday, - Our Soldiers. Tuesday, - Our Sailors. Wednesday, - The sick, wounded and dying. Thursday, - God's work in the Colony. Friday, - Our enemies, national and private. Saturday, - Our own own besetting sin, and the besetting sin of our Colony. Sunday, - "Our dearest and our best." What a help it would be to each individual soul, - from the man in business in Stanley to the shepherd isolated away on some far off Island, or our women in the Camp or our others in Stanley, were we to feel that the above resolutions were held to the fore each day during the week before God. "Unity is strength." - and "When two or three are gathered together" - (in soul as well as body) - we know that God "will grant their request."

"Christian! seek not yet repose,"

Hear thy guardian Angel say;

Thou art in the midst of foes;

"Watch and pray."

Mr & Mrs A. L. Allan.

By our special Correspondent.

By the last homeward Mail, the Colony lost some friends who will be greatly missed in Darwin and Lifouia. Mr and Mrs Allan arrived in the *Liguria* on Dec. 26th 1901, and have thus completed a stay of no less than fifteen years. Mr Allan was appointed as Camp Manager on that date, by the F.I.Co. Ltd, and succeeded Mr Matthews.

He was selected by the F.I.Co, after exhaustive enquiries in New Zealand for a Manager with a wide experience of sheep farming, and the improvement of the Company's flocks amply justified the selection. Mr Allan had the advantage of a thorough training at the Agricultural College at Christchurch, New Zealand, and therefore brought to his work a valuable scientific knowledge of grasses, and the feeding and habits of sheep.

During Mr Allan's management of the camp belonging to the Company, the large Canning Factory was built at Goose Green, making a big advance in the disposal of surplus sheep which had hitherto been boiled down merely for tallow. Some old houses in Darwin Settlement have been pulled down and new ones erected. The fine new Cook-houses at both Darwin and Goose Green together with the excellent men's quarters have been built: and a new Cookhouse on the same lines is contemplated for North Arm. Many Camp houses have been either rebuilt, or replaced entirely with buildings of a modern character, and the Camp throughout has been generally noted for its cleanliness.

A personal note from us in the Church is not out of place: for many years Mr Allan has been the Camp Representative of the Church on the East Falklands, and many are the clergy that have experienced the kindness and hospitality of Mr & Mrs Allan.

During his tenure of office the old Church was pulled down and the new building erected: Mr Allan always used every endeavour possible to facilitate the travelling of the Clergy around the Camp. We shall also miss Mrs Allan, who for many years past,

worked the Sunday School for both Darwin and Goose Green Settlements. Miss Pearle Allan also materially helped on the services in the Church, by playing the Organ: to her also our thanks are due. May God bless and prosper their future life: and we can heartily assure them that though they have left the Colony, they are by no means forgotten.

LOCAL NOTES.

THERE HAVE BEEN some local changes in the Government School, at the commencement of the New Year. Miss A. Lanning and Miss M. McNicoll have resigned, and Miss M. Short and Miss D. Rowlands have been elected in their places.

THE MANY FRIENDS of Capt Kinnear D. S. O. late of R.M.S. *Ortega*, will regret to hear of his death, which took place after an operation in the hospital at Valparaiso.

BY THE LAST MAIL Mrs. W. Hardy and Miss Iris Hardy left for a holiday on the Coast.

WE CONGRATULATE Mr Nigel Dobree upon the arrival of a son and heir on Jan: 23rd Mrs Dobree, (nee Miss Flossie Hardy) and her husband are both well known in the Colony.

CONGRATULATIONS also to our English paper at Sandy Point — the *Magellan Times* — upon its fourth anniversary. The paper seems to improve with each issue.

THE STANLEY FOOTBALL CLUB have used every endeavour to get a public patriotic dance on the way to their late 'Opponents' on the field of play, but owing to local circumstances and conditions, the project had to be given up.

THE PEAT in Stanley seems to be in better condition this year than ever. It seems a pity that some easier means of transit, from the actual peatbogs to the road, could not be managed.

MR. & MRS. Allan ask us to say on their behalf that owing to the very short interval between their arrival in Stanley and the sailing of R. M. S. *Orissa*, they regret that they were unable to say goodbye personally to all their friends in Stanley.

—o—

THE DARWIN SPORTS will take place on Feb. 15th, and the following two days. A full report will, we hope, be issued in our next number.

—o—

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED that the Falklands should adopt the Standard time: should this take place, it will mean that the Colony's clocks will be put forward eight minutes.

—o—

THE QUESTION OF FLOUR is beginning to get serious: we hear neither of our local Bakers have had any out again this last mail.

—o—

ON THE OTHER HAND, we hear from many sources that the potato crop of 1917 may prove to be a local record, for crops appear to be good all round.

—o—

IS IT TRUE there is to be a local "corner" in potatoes??

—o—

THE CANNING FACTORY at Goose Green has started work earlier this year, owing to the irregular Mail Service. We hear that everything tends to bid for a good season at Goose Green.

—o—

THE PRIZES for the Stanley Sports arrived quite safely by R. M. S. *Ortega*.

—o—

THE WEATHER during the first part of the month, has been quite tropical. Several old residents say that they have never known such heat out here: of course, this means —

—o—

A WATER FAMINE was once again experienced here: And Bender's Stream still seems as full as ever, thousands of gallons of the purest, coolest and best spring water being wasted daily by flowing into the harbour.

—o—

AS SAYS *John Bull* - "Oh! for a ————
—glass of spring water!!

—o—

SOME LOCAL ENTHUSIASTS have been bathing off the Jetties in Stanley. Probably soon a swimming club will be formed.

—o—

WHAT ABOUT our Swimming Baths???

—o—

WE HEAR WITH PLEASURE THAT at a recent Court of Honour of the Stanley Troop of B P. Scouts, it was suggested that a War Shrine, containing all the names on our Roll of Honour, should be offered by the Troop to the Town. If this is accepted by the Government it will be the first war shrine in the Falklands.

—o—

THE SUGGESTION OF A FOOD DICTATOR to fix the local prices for stores has, we hear, been received with much approval. Such an institution would be a help to the sellers as well as to the buyers.

—o—

THE MAIL FROM THE WEST brought the news of the tragic death of Mr Farquhar McRae, of Weddell Island. It appears that he has been in indifferent health for some little time, but still continued at his work.

On Feb 1st, when they were all at work in the wool shed, he was missed for some little time, and on one of the men going to look for him to ask his advice about a certain question, he was found outside, with life almost extinct.

The Doctor and the Dean went down at once to Weddell, as soon as the news was received. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his widow and family. Mr McRae had worked for very many years in the Falkland Islands, and had married Mrs Duncan's daughter, of Beaver Island.

He was always held in the highest esteem by all who knew him, and especially by his manager, Mr W. Seccombe Williams.

—o—

BY THE SAME MAIL, we heard of the sad death of Mrs. A.G. Skilling at Port Howard. Mr. and Mrs. Skilling were only married on June 8th. 1916 at San Carlos North, but for the past few months she had not enjoyed the best of health. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to her sorrowing husband and relatives.

—o—

DURING THE FIRST WEEK in this past month smoke and flames were reported in the

direction of Lively Island. At first it was thought that the Settlement was on fire but later news to hand proved the conflagration to be a camp fire made in Walker Creek Camp.

— o —

How to fish in Stanley. Firstly, borrow a boat : then borrow a net : After that, go and fish for an hour in the harbour, make a good catch; give the kind person who lent you the boat and net, a bucket-full of fish, - and sell the rest !— And we don't blame the fishermen either !

— o —

TALKING ABOUT FISH, In 1729, Mr. Vernet sailed down 80 tons of fish taken from Port Louis Harbour, partly rock cod; he sold them in Brazil for £1600, in those days !— But we had better say no more, or else there may soon be a scarcity of labour in the Jetty gang in Stanley on hearing that £2000 may be made in the year from fish, but—

— o —

HAVE'NT WE often said that fishing was a lost industry out here ? Think of the thousands of tons that must be in these waters ! How much does it take to keep a sea-lion going daily ? Then consider the number of sea-lions and penguins that infest these shores ! — Some fish !

The B. P. Scouts.

THE STANLEY TROOP of B. P. Scouts has been quietly but unostentatiously going ahead during these past few months, and we are glad to be able to report good progress. Practically all the boys have passed their Second Class tests, and before the end of the month, we hope to have some First Class. Twelve efficiency Badges have already been won, and out of that number three are for Ambulance. The "Admiral Sturdee Challenge Shield" has been won for 1916 by Patrol Leader D. Fleuret, who was very closely followed on points by three other boys : apparently there is going to be a pretty strenuous competition for the Shield this year. The Football Team has also done

well and has, so far, not been beaten. Under the reorganized system, the boys do not have to pay anything for their uniform, which is provided by the Troop, and as the boy grows, he is thus enabled to get his uniform changed. Should he leave, the full kit is returned to the Troop, which is a very necessary thing out here, especially when one considers that it takes three months at the very least, to get out new. The Troop have strictly observed Sir R. Baden Powell's wishes, and have never asked for a subscription, but have earned all their funds, or subscribed to them themselves. During this past year, however, three kind friends have kindly given unsolicited donations, which have not only been most gratefully accepted, but which have very greatly helped forward the Troop's funds. The first year is always a specially heavy one, owing to many things having to be purchased which will not have to be bought again. The Kit as ordered came, for instance, to £5. When it arrived in the Colony, the bill was £18 - 13 - 10½, - mainly owing to the new war prices, and a muddle by the agents at home. Still, the boys took it smiling, - and worked up and paid off the lot ! - Now, they have only a little debt on their Head Quarter's Rent etc. and the Troop is solvent. We very much wish to extend the great movement to the Camp Districts, and if any boy or parent who is interested in it will write to the District Scout Master or the S. M. they will hear of something to their advantage. Let us all remember that the boys of to-day are the men of the future, and in spite of what many may say, our Stanley lads have *proved* that they are capable of showing as much pluck and grit as any boys in England or elsewhere.

HYMN LIST for March 1917.

4th. Morning	92, 108.
Evening	240, 335, 223.
11th. Morning	142, 224, 537.
Evening	88, 107, 231, 555.
18th. Morning	282, 111.
Evening	277, 247, 31.
25th. Morning	96, 197, 164.
Evening	96, 92, 221, 541.



The Message of Hope : A Thought for the New Year.

JANUARY, 1917. Again, it seems likely that the grey veil of uncertainty about the coming of peace will not be lifted as the third New Year of the great war dawns. And yet there is a difference from the real

causes for grave anxiety in 1915, and from the intense strain of 1916; for, in 1917—please God—we see that we are on the way to victory. The difference is that, perhaps, of March from January. The weather may be colder, on this day or that, at Easter than at Christmas; but we know and see by many a well-known sign that the worst is over. Hope is a different virtue from faith. She can scarcely live without faith; she cannot grow beautiful without love's education; but there is no Christian completeness without that virtue which goes cheerily forth to—"Greet the unknown with a cheer."

Perhaps we may recall to aid us in the New Year some of the differences of view in the writers who have been called to give us Christian standards by being inspired of God the Holy Ghost and collected into the "canon," or rule, of the New Testament. On one day S. Paul helps us most, and at another time S. John; here we listen to "practical" S. James, and there to the equally practical but "philosophic" writer who taught his friends to meet a crisis in which nothing was going to remain of the world as they had known it. So with us. We need Faith as all those writers knew it. We need the personal faith which, especially with S. Paul, starts each life that knows and

comes to God; and we require the personal faith, as the writer to the Hebrews knew it, which has (Dr. Nairne says) as a very war cry—"Jesus CHRIST, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and thus is ever renewing "that headlong spirit of adventure which faith in God inspires." By

faith the heroes paid the heavy price of heroism, as our country is paying it.

It is the heavy price we are feeling in 1917. Even if relief from war should come this year, perhaps just in proportion as in some way there has been "a hero's reward" for the hero, or for the men and women who made that heroism possible for other people, we shall have to be looking out for special guidance. Trifles will still have power, small things are yet important. Small people count, small details must be thought of. Life must go on; people will revive to old joys and to old griefs. Great things are before us, and we are reduced in strength. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit" is the old message of "the Lord

of hosts"; and when it was repeated by one of our missionaries last century he added to help his fellow Christians a little homely counsel which many of us may adopt for 1917: "Take care what you do or say when you are tired."

Yes, we are "tired." But each Christian soul can try to say—in the best moments all who have been with God can say:

"For now I wait the end of all my prayers,
Of all that have to do with old-world things:
What new things come to wake new prayers, my God,
Thou knowest, and I wait in perfect peace."

The New Year : A Prayer.

LORD, in this coming year
Be Thou my Guide;
My trembling heart doth fear
What may betide;

The way is all unknown that I must tread,
Pitfalls and hidden snares may lie ahead,
Saviour of man, oh, let Thy light be shed
Upon my way;
Take Thou my hand and lead me,
Lest I fall or stray.

Somewhere there waits for me
Work Thou hast set;
Though what that work may be
I know not yet;

Give me the insight, Lord, that I may know
What Thou wouldst have me do. Direct me, so
I find myself where Thou wouldst have me go.
Some humble task
Is all that I can hope for,
Lord, or dare to ask.

Dear Lord! I do not seek
Great things to do;
For that I am too weak,
Just keep me true;

So close that I must lean hard on Thee, Lord,
So hushed that I can hear Thy softest word;
Keep me just standing still
Ready to use,
Emptied, that Thou mayst fill,
And through me do Thy will
As Thou shalt choose.

J. S. C.

What He Discovered.

By Eleanor C. Price,
Author of "A Michaelmas Boy," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THREE MEN AND A DOG.

DON'T be such an ungrateful ass!" The young fellow on the hearthrug turned fiercely on the speaker.

"Why do you interfere? It is no business of yours."

Then the old man in the armchair, red and frowning, shouted in his turn, "Look here, Leo. You don't speak to your cousin in that tone. He is perfectly right. You are an ass, and you are ungrateful. You wish to throw up your whole prospects in life for this silly fancy of exploring and soon, and you expect me, after all I've done for you, to give you a blank cheque for the North Pole. Even if I thought you would have your fling and settle down afterwards! But that is not your notion. You want to cut yourself loose from me and the business for evermore, and you think I shall be soft enough to give you the means to do it—ungrateful ass as you are!"

"Not from you, grandfather. Only the business."

"I am the business, sir, as you know very well. Yes, it would suit you nicely to hold on to me, to see me go on slaving to my last breath that you might amuse yourself. Much obliged. No."

The atmosphere was electric. The crude and dazzling light from the heavy gas brackets, with the great blazing Christmas fire, lit up every corner of the large room, dismal in spite of its rich Turkey carpet and handsome furniture. On the black marble mantelpiece, a black marble clock was flanked by two black marble vases.

Young Leonard Mills, the old man's grandson and only direct heir, his natural successor as head of the firm of Mills Brothers, corn-merchants, which John Mills had founded, and of which he was now the only representative, stood on the hearthrug with both hands in his pockets, staring at the floor. Slightly built, yet strong; chestnut hair, with a curl in it, falling over a good square brow; skin a healthy brown, now deeply coloured by heat of argument

and of fire; the lad, in his dark blue suit, looked like a grandson to be proud of.

At his feet lay a white wire-haired terrier, listening to the dispute with anxiety, and keeping a watchful eye on the other young man in the room. For Nick shared Leonard's feelings. Grandfather was within his rights, and could say what he pleased. Cousin Simon was a different affair.

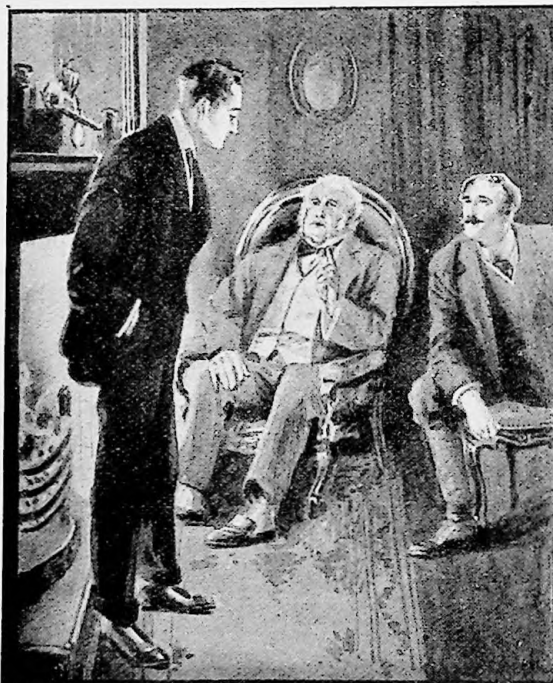
But Mr. Simon Mills was a very presentable person, and so thought every one who had business

dealings with the firm, in which he held a strictly subordinate position. Further than this, he was highly respected in the city of Marminster, where many people compared him, to his advantage, with the future head of the firm. He was nearing thirty, some years older than Leonard, tall, pale, good-looking, well-dressed. Unmarried, his chances might have been of the best; but he was handicapped by several young brothers and sisters, and life was something of a struggle to this great-nephew of old John Mills, though his grandfather, at the beginning, had been a partner in the firm.

Simon bore a hearty grudge to the memory of his own father, a dull, plodding person, who had sold his interest in the business to John

Mills, thus cutting out his own family from all share in its excellent profits. And Simon did not love the young cousin, the son of a worthless father, whom John Mills meant to take into partnership on the first opportunity. He did not love Leonard; he envied him a position which might have been his own; and yet he could not rejoice openly in the restless spirit which threatened to wreck Leonard's career. On the contrary, he took his cue from the old man and showed more indignation than he felt. The more opposition Leonard met with, the more certain was he to insist on his own way. Then, when he had cleared off, would come Simon's opportunity.

"I don't want you to go on slaving," said Leonard, looking hard at the old man. "As to your last breath, you're as keen as you were thirty years



"Now look here, my lad, I've had enough of this rubbish," he said."

ago. You're the life of the old firm; you love the work, and you know it. Now I hate it, and you won't see—"

"It's you that won't see. I shall be seventy-seven if I live till next June. Where's the future for a man of my age? What's to become of the business, I ask you?"

"I've told you, grandfather, over and over again. Make Simon a partner instead of me. Give me what you please and let me go. Some Arctic expedition is sure to start in the spring. My share in the expenses, that's all I want. Not a blank cheque by any manner of means."

The touch of entreaty, the look in the boy's brown eyes as he rocked himself slightly from side to side, the appeal for freedom of a creature who had been alternately spoilt and tyrannized over, but always tightly held, since his mother's death nine years ago had left him alone with his grandfather, might almost have moved the old man to some compromise. But Simon was there.

"These things run easily into four or five figures," he said with a pleasant air. "Do you think you have earned it?"

"No," said Leonard honestly. "But I haven't cost the firm much yet, anyway."

"Don't know as to that," sneered Simon. "How about this Liverpool business, Uncle John?"

It had been a grievance at the office that Mr. Mills had lately entrusted a piece of important business to this inexperienced boy. He had sent him to Liverpool, as his representative, to conclude a difficult bargain with a firm known for sharp practice. Rank favouritism and foolery, Simon considered it, knowing himself much fitter for the job. But there was no remedy. Leonard had only just returned, quite aware, though his grandfather had said little, that his mission had not been a success. Now he glanced rather anxiously at the old man.

"Did I do so badly, grandfather? What was the damage?"

"Only a thousand pound or so. Never mind. You'll do better next time."

Leonard flushed more deeply, and was silent. Simon was laughing as he rose from his chair.

"Well, I must be going. I only looked in to wish you a Merry Christmas. A seasonable one, certainly. The snow is uncommonly deep; the town is a sight, and the lanes are almost impassable. I came up in the tram with Dr. Sharpe. He laughed at my big coat, and said he had been having a snowballing match with his little grand-

son. You and Leo had better set to, Uncle John. He will hardly beat this in the Arctic regions."

Simon laughed again, but neither of the other two smiled. And as he advanced to shake hands, Nick snarled furiously, flew at him, and did his best to catch him by the leg. He exclaimed angrily, the dog's master whistled him back, and Mr. Mills started from his chair.

"Take that beast away, Leo. Do you hear me? Take him away and shut him up."

Leonard was smiling as he caught up Nick in his arms.

"No harm done?" he said to his cousin.

"You should keep him in better order," Simon retorted. "Luckily my leggings are thick. Ill-behaved little brute!"

Outside in the hall, with his little dog in his arms, Leonard kissed the rough white head. Then, seeing Martha the parlourmaid at the dining-room door, he went across and gave Nick into her care.

"He wanted to bite Simon," he said. "Put him back in the library when he is gone. I expect I shall be gone too."

"Going out again to-night, Master Leo?" said the old servant reprovingly. "The master won't like that."

"Carol-singing with the S. Andrew's people," Leo explained. "And then the midnight service. You needn't trouble; I can let myself in. What's that on the table?"

He took up a square white parcel, smartly packed and of attractive appearance, its label showing that it came from Sweetland's, the large confectioner's shop in Marminster High Street.

"Hullo! who sent this, Martha? Is it for grandfather or me? Oh, I expect Mrs. Blunt ordered it for me. How jolly!"

"Nothing of the sort," said Martha grimly. "Mr. Simon left it there. He wouldn't be after bringing you sweets, or your grandfather either."

"Rather not!"

Leonard thought no more of the parcel; it mattered nothing to him where Simon was taking it, or whom it was meant for. He opened the front door and looked out into the snowy world outside, while Martha carried off struggling Nick to the kitchen regions.

The moon was now shining, casting mysterious blue shadows on the snow which lay in deep drifts and masses, weighing down the evergreens, partly blocking the drive. Up here in this lonely suburb of large houses and gardens, mostly inhabited by old rich folk connected with the city, was a stillness



"But Leonard, looking in, saw something quite unwelcome and unexpected."

only broken by the distant cathedral bells. Down to the left, towards the railway, rows of lights marked whole streets of small houses, which had sprung up in late years, to the indignation of old John Mills. He, in his smaller way, like the feudal lords of the Prophet's time and later, had laid field to field, with the same ambition of being "alone in the midst of the earth."

As Leonard stood there, he once more called his resolution together. It would be a harder task than he had thought, to make his grandfather see things as he did and consent to his taking up the career of adventure and travel on which his heart was immovably set. But it must be done.

"It shall be settled to-night," he said to himself. "What's the good of my stopping in trade, when I hate the whole thing and only make a mess of it. Grandfather *must* understand."

He swung back into the room with the gait of a seafaring man on a ship's deck; a trick of swagger not unusual with him, and specially displeasing to his grandfather. Thus he walked to his old place in front of the fire, and stood there as before, glancing from one man to the other. Both had fallen silent. Simon wore a faint smile; but the old man met his grandson's eyes with a face of obstinate sternness not at all softened by what seemed to him an air of careless, defiant frivolity.

"Now look here, my lad, I've had enough of this rubbish," he said. "Simon agrees with me. We are not going to listen to your nonsense, don't think it. Arctic fiddlesticks! Ridiculous baby fancies! You'll put them out of your silly head, and stick to the work that lies before you. There! that's settled. You did badly at Liverpool, but who expects an old head on young shoulders? You've gained experience, and you'll do better next time."

"There will be no next time."

Leonard spoke so low that only Simon, glancing quickly up, appeared to have heard him.

"Dinner ought to be ready," said the old man.

He looked at his watch and shut it again with a loud click, comparing it with the clock on the mantelpiece.

"That clock has been losing ever since it was cleaned," he said. "What time do you make it, Simon?"

"Grandfather," Leonard began again, loudly and distinctly. "Do you hear? There will be no next time. My mind is made up. I don't mean to stop in trade. I'm not ungrateful; I know you've been awfully good to me, but I must go. Simon knows how I hate it all. If you'd listen to him, he could make you understand."

"Nothing of the kind," muttered Simon. "My uncle's right, and you are a perfect fool. But you'll think better of it."

"Grandfather, do you understand?"

His voice failed a little, for the old man was gasping with rage, and then the storm really broke. He brought down his fist with a heavy thump on the table beside him.

"This has got to stop," he said. "Will you understand, you hopeless idiot? I won't give you

a penny piece towards your mad schemes, and I refuse my consent to them. Either you come to your senses and give them up, or you and I have done with each other. Stay at home and work—or go to the dogs your own way. Please yourself. I wash my hands of you."

Leonard hesitated an instant, then walked out of the room.

CHAPTER 11.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.



FURIOUS, but not exactly miserable, young Leonard tramped down the snowy drive and crossed the high road.

He wished to take one old friend into his confidence; he had often poured out his boyish heart to her, and he went straight to her now. Her gate was cheerfully lighted, and the long drive was swept of snow. It led to an old, low, black-timbered house, very unlike the Georgian building which was Mr. Mills's pride. Under the windows the snow lay thick and untrodden; from one of them on the ground-floor a bright light streamed, a kindly, welcoming light very familiar to the boy. Instead of ringing the bell, he plunged forward into the cold drift, and pressed his face against the latticed panes. It was the old, dear room; fire, lamp, books, all as usual; pictures decorated with sprigs of bright holly. But Leonard, looking in, saw something else, something quite unwelcome and unexpected. He withdrew hastily, and stepped back into the darkness, screening himself behind the branches of a friendly yew.

"What was that, Agnes?" said Mrs. Blunt.

"I—I don't know."

"Why did you start when you looked at the window?"

"I saw something that looked like a face."

"Open the window, and see if there is any one outside."

"Had I better, do you think?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"It might be a tramp."

"If it is, we will send him out some food. Do what I ask you, please, my dear."

It would be hard to find two prettier women, of their respective ages, than old Mrs. Blunt of the Grange and Agnes Malcolm, who had just come to live with her as help and companion. Mrs. Blunt was a soft, plump, round-cheeked woman of seventy years, with the kindest of blue eyes and luxuriant rolls of silver hair. Her features were delicate and small, and only certain decided lines about her mouth and chin gave any indication of a strong will and a resolute, fearless character. Her hands, once pretty, were much crippled with rheumatism, which kept her sometimes a prisoner on her sofa. But it always seemed that other people's troubles mattered to Mrs. Blunt much more than her own.

Agnes Malcolm came from the North. Her beauty had brought her little happiness, to judge

from the nervous and sad expression of a very sweet red mouth and dark velvety eyes. A cloud of dusky hair shadowed almost too deeply the small face, too thin, too ivory-pale, for a girl of eighteen. "She has not had enough to eat, or enough to wear," was Mrs. Blunt's impression when she first saw Agnes; and no one who knew Mrs. Blunt needed telling that she set herself at once to fill up these gaps in the girl's life.

Agnes Malcolm was the unexpected vision that made Leonard Mills draw suddenly back from his kind godmother's window. He could not explain things to her or say good-bye, possibly for years, with a stranger in the room. He remembered now some talk of her engaging a companion; the idea had not pleased him, for he was a young autocrat, and the Grange had been from childhood a favoured part of his kingdom. Evidently, during his few days' absence at Liverpool, this new arrangement had been carried out.

The girl moved unwillingly to the window, and pushed it open, so that a bank of soft snow fell in lumps on the gravel path. The light in the room glowed on her slender shoulders and graceful round throat, setting off a pretty blouse of white silk and lace, and a necklace of pearl beads, which Mrs. Blunt had given her. She turned her small head from side to side with quick, frightened movements, while Leonard held his breath behind the old yew. He thought she must see him, for he hardly realized how dark the outside world was to her; the glimmer of the snow made it light for him. She stepped back, shutting the window quickly.

"There is no one," she said. "But I did see—I really did. May I draw down the blind?"



"There is no one," she said."

"No; leave it as it is. Come and read to me. Where's the book?"

Agnes sat down with her back to the window, glancing nervously over her shoulder as she did so.

"A godson of mine sometimes looks in at my window," said Mrs. Blunt. "But he is probably eating mince-pies with his grandfather."

"I wonder your dog did not bark," said Agnes Malcolm.

"Dear old Muff never barks," Mrs. Blunt replied, with a smiling look at her fat spaniel, stretched in front of the fire.

He opened one eye on hearing his name, and moved his tail. Agnes went on reading.

The boy outside the window slipped past it again, and stared in on the peaceful little scene. But what was to be done? He could not talk in that girl's

presence—awfully pretty as she was—and if he couldn't explain everything, better not go in at all. Then a plan occurred to him. He would ring the front-door bell, and ask to see Mrs. Blunt alone on business. She would send the girl away, and he need not stay more than ten minutes. He wanted her to hear his side of the quarrel as well as his grandfather's.

But as he softly approached the door, his ears caught the click of the distant gate, and his eyes, well used to the dimness, perceived a figure coming through. Another moment, and the light from the gate-post showed him his cousin Simon, with a square white parcel in his hand.

"I'll teach him to come sneaking after me," the wild boy thought.

A new soreness and anger burned in him suddenly as he walked back through the shadows to meet his cousin.

(To be continued.)

"They also Serve": Prisoners and Captives.

YOU are doing your bit in your splendid endurance Through days of waiting—O weariest ones! Take this for comfort, 'mid insults and trial, Britain, the Mother, is proud of her sons.

You are doing your share, and we are not forgetting

Yours is the saddest, the hardest of fates; Long are the days, but not for you only—

Britain remembers—and Britain, too, waits.

D. H. M. R.

The Child of God: Practical Thoughts on the Religion of Little Children.

By Miss Whiteley and Miss Spencer Smith.

I. THE BEGINNING.



LITTLE boy was sitting under the kitchen table playing, while his mother was making a pudding. On the floor round him were bricks, soldiers, and a row of tall ninepins, but they had not been touched for some time. Presently his mother looked down to see why he was so quiet, and found that he was sitting with his chin on his knees, moving his lips noiselessly and occasionally whispering to himself.

"What are you doing, Bobby?" she asked.

"Don't interrupt" was the stern reply; "I'm in a foreign country, and I'm practisin' talkin' to the heathens."

In his game the little boy was doing very much what a baby does when he comes to this earth. He has come to a "foreign country," and he has to learn to understand foreign ways and to talk with the people among whom he lives. It is more difficult for him than it would be for us if we went to live in India. The houses, clothes, and food would seem queer to us, but all the same we have seen such things before. Even so, how hard we should find it at first! We should have to watch carefully and practise many times before we could dress ourselves in the strange clothes. We should have to listen and copy time and again before we could ask for even the simplest things. We should learn to live the Indian life as a baby learns to live our life.

A little baby lies in his cot near the fire. He has just opened his eyes, and feels warm and comfortable. He wriggles one small hand from under the covers, and moves the tiny fingers restlessly. A draught blows in through the open door, and its coldness on his face makes the tender skin feel vaguely uncomfortable. He screws up his face and is about to cry when the door shuts, the fire blazes up, distracting his attention, and he feels warm and happy again. Presently a little feeling of coming hunger disturbs him, and the fingers grip the blanket, and a little pink point of tongue moves between his lips. Some one bends over him. He has seen her so often, just when that

feeling has begun, that he has a dim idea that he knows her. She speaks, and he has

Baby's
"Quiet Time."

heard those sounds for just long enough for them to mean something.

She lifts him, and he feels out for her, and that touch, so often repeated, has something familiar about it, and he knows that in a short time he will be having his nice warm meal, and that the uncomfortable feeling will go away. The meal over, he is tucked back snugly again, and just before he drifts away into sleep he feels two hands gently holding his, and enjoys the feeling of safeness and warmth. He can see the face very near his own, and can hear the rustle of a dress and the sound of a soft voice speaking. He does not know yet that his mother is praying for him, he is too tiny. But somewhere in the mind that is getting a little stronger every day, a feeling is growing, and he begins to expect his "quiet time" just as he expects his bath or his meals, or to recognize his mother, and later his father.

Later on he finds out that there is something different about this "quiet time" from the other happenings in his day. He does not think about it, for he cannot think yet; but there, in the back of

the mind that is to be, is the beginning of

The Beginning
of Religious
Feeling.

a thought. All the other times that

he sees, feels, and hears his mother, it either gives him bodily pleasure or causes him bodily discomfort. This does not give quite the same effect. She does not attend to him when she prays. Perhaps in some dim way he feels this. Above all, the strength of her feeling as she speaks to God touches something in him, as the strength of her feeling when she was impatient or loving touched him, and baby grows able to have "religious feeling long before he is capable of religious thought."

By the time he is a little older the prayer-time has a fixed place in his long, happy day, and just as he has an active share in his meals, his games and his dressing, so he wants to take part in the prayers. Possibly he copies the way his mother holds her hands or murmurs quietly to himself baby-fashion while she is speaking. One little



A HOME SCENE.

[A. Wallace.]

baby girl, whose mother used to pray by her cot every morning, one day struggled up on to her knees, and sitting back on her fat heels watched attentively. A week or two later she came close to her mother and softly patted her head, whispering "Hushce-bushee-hush-shh." Not long after, when she was beginning to talk, it was "Aside you, p'ease," and then the saying of "Thank you" for all the pleasures of the day.

Some people say that this "quiet time" is so much wasted time on the part of a busy mother. One young mother with three children has decided that they shall not be taught to pray or be told anything about God until they can talk and ask questions. Yet she is very careful about their beautiful little bodies, and grudges no pains to keep them healthy and happy, though she knows the babies cannot understand the habits she is teaching them. She is also careful about their minds, for she sees that they have playthings that will help them to use their hands, to see colours, and to know how different things feel and can be used. But knowledge, unconscious knowledge, of God can begin just as soon as unconscious knowledge of daily life, and when we are planning food and good habits for the baby's body, and food and good habits for the baby's mind, we should also take thought for the food and good habits of the baby's soul.

Just as the baby's bodily life comes from his father and mother, so from them he gains his first knowledge of religious life. What the mother thinks, says, and does is making a difference in the baby, although he himself knows nothing about it. When the baby begins to talk comes the *second* stage of his religious life. The first began before he could walk, or talk, or copy people's actions, when he could only feel and was as dependent on his mother for his spiritual wants as he was for all his other needs.



And He healed them all.

THE sun was setting, grouped about His feet—
Those feet so soon to know the cruel nail—
Were laid the sick and weary, till complete
The cure to body—soul—which could not fail.

A perfect sight returned to blinded eyes
Which met a gaze where tears of pity stood:
The maimed stretched forth their hands in half
surprise
At that fresh proof of CHRIST's dear Brotherhood.

The deaf at last could hear those accents clear—
The crippled rose and stood around His door.
The fevered brow grew cool: while troubled fear
Oppressed the devils, powerful nevermore!

LORD, come to us and heal us here to-day,
Lay Thy touch calmly on the sick and sad,
Raise up the weakly, grant us, as we pray,
To feel Thy Presence so we may be glad!

LILLIAN GARD.



(Elliot & Fry.)

Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P.

A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

BEFORE the war Mr. Ian Malcolm was already well known as a man of varied interests and attainments. Besides his work as author and politician, he had served his country in the Embassies, successively, of Berlin, Paris, and Petrograd, and the Church as Churchwarden of All Saints', Margaret Street. Since the outbreak of war he has been still more prominent. At the very outset, when the first appeal for recruits was made, his "whirlwind campaign" in East Anglia produced in a fortnight two thousand recruits of a high quality "from Nelson's and Kitchener's counties." He then turned his attention to Red Cross work, and was a leading spirit in the "Wounded and Missing Department."

In his book *War Pictures* he graphically describes the adventures which befell him while searching the hospitals of France for traces of missing men, or identifying and tending the graves of the fallen.

Needless to say, he and his colleagues met everywhere with the greatest sympathy and kindness from the French, both soldiers and civilians. And this charitable work has no doubt played its part in cementing the friendship between ourselves and our Allies.

Later on the work took him to Switzerland and then to Italy, while Russia also has lain within the sphere of his activities. Here the congregation of All Saints', Margaret Street, co-operated with their churchwarden by sending last year a particularly generous collection for the relief of Russian prisoners in Germany, and received in return an autograph letter of thanks from the Empress Marie, as well as a grateful resolution from the Holy Synod of the Russian Church.

Church Life on Tyne-side in Time of War.

By John Garrett Leigh.

I. NEWCASTLE AND ITS CATHEDRAL.



DR. H. L. WILD,
Bishop of Newcastle.

THE visitor to Newcastle-on-Tyne who happens to arrive in the evening will wonder if there is some unusual event happening in or about the railway station. For the railway station seems to be the public promenade of Newcastle. Thousands are sauntering up and down, passing along the narrower portion which leads to the hotel, and back again along the wider part, from whence the long-distance trains depart. On a Saturday evening the crowd is even more dense, as if every one were seeing some one off or expecting some one to arrive. Passing out into Neville Street and up Grainger Street, and even as far as Gosforth Road the crowd is but little attenuated. Every city in England has its promenade streets and squares, but it is doubtful if the habit is anywhere quite so marked as it is in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

There is something aimless in this assembly, and a suggestion of giddiness in the behaviour; but it is an innocent giddiness, and the aimlessness is merely an accentuation of the failure of the ordinary industrial worker, as a class, to find indoor leisure occupation.

The Church and the People.

It sets one wondering, though. What is the Church doing with these vast multitudes? There is material success evident on every hand, the prosperity of war work in abundance. You see it in the prices in the shop windows. Cheap jewellery shops are curiously predominant, and there is an overflow of sweet-shops from beyond the Tweed. There is a long array of drapers and haberdashers of the popular type, and if one looks at the prices in the windows—a good occupation, by the way, for the economic student—one sees that there is plenty of money in these later days of 1916 in Newcastle. There are successful picture houses, though theatres are at a discount; there are music-halls which gather throngs, but little of real music; there are crowded cafés and restaurants; and there is the crowded railway station. All these are evident, unmistakable. What of the Church life? In John Wesley's Journal we read of "this lovely place and people," but Southey tells us that on "entering the town at evening, and on foot, the profligacy of the people surprised as well as shocked him." He was followed by a crowd surpassing that which had gathered on Kennington Common, and ultimately he got the affections of the people, and the fourth Methodist meeting-house was built at Newcastle. They were, he said, "a proud, loving people."



CANON E. J. GOUGH,
Vicar of Newcastle,
1894-1916.

Now I am not about to touch upon certain aspects of Church life which have been bitterly controversial. To do so might lead to a distorted picture of Church life north of the Tyne. Those aspects belong to the past, and though a mark has been left upon the life of the diocese, it must not be understood that the life of the diocese is indicated by that mark. Bishop Wild has already done much to heal a number of wounds and to clear up a number of misunderstandings. Not that it would be just to say that Church life in the diocese was what it ought to be. But it is just to say that, having regard to its special difficulties, some of them arising from blunders in the past (as in the case of the separated bodies, Wesleyanism in particular), the Church life has been much more vigorous and definite than is currently understood in the south; and, what is



NEWCASTLE CATHEDRAL.



GRANGER STREET.

of much more importance, it gives promise of being much more definite and vigorous in the future.

A Word about The new See of Newcastle was formed in 1882, and Dr. Wilberforce was the first bishop. He passed to Durham.

Chichester thirteen years later, and Dr. Jacob became bishop, passing in turn to St. Albans. Then Dr. Lloyd followed, and afterwards Dr. Straton and now Dr. Wild. I have heard it stated that not yet had Newcastle crept out of the shadow of Durham. In what may be called "university circles" in Newcastle there is a little feeling in the direction of separation from Durham University, of which Armstrong College, Newcastle, is a part; and I have heard the bearing of ecclesiastical matters used as an argument. "How can we be a real separate diocese when our university



GREY STREET.

life is wrapped up in Durham?" I am only a visitor to Newcastle, and I cannot express an opinion; but one thing strikes the stranger. Newcastle diocese is much less self-conscious than other dioceses formed about the same time—Liverpool, for example—where it is forgotten that once they were part of an older see. The tradition in Newcastle still has life and vigour, and it is a handicap to the most northerly see.

One sees S. Nicholas' Cathedral before arrival at Newcastle, for its lantern tower is a striking object

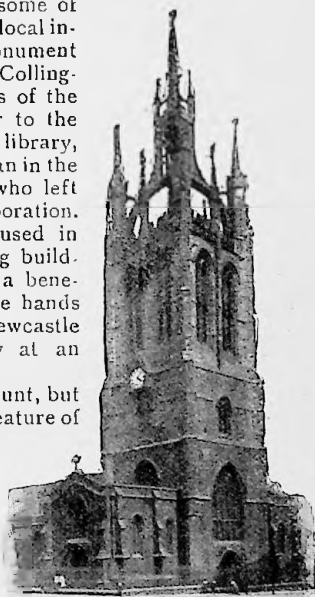
from the railway. This lantern was added to the cathedral by one Robert de Rhodes, a wealthy citizen. Poets have written of the glories of this lantern; architects and experts have S. Nicholas' waxed equally eloquent; other towers Cathedral. are said to be but imitations—S.

Giles's, Edinburgh; S. Dunstan's in the East, London. Historically the church throbs with interest. Tudor princes were here at Mass. John Knox preached here that the Mass was idolatrous. James I called here on his transfer from James VI of Scotland to be James I of England, and was duly lectured, just as his son, Charles I, was lectured by a preacher. Puritans battered the building; Scots assailed it; and then, in the 'seventies the work of restoration was carried out. There are precious tombs, some of national and more of local interest, including a monument to Nelson's friend, Collingwood, and memorials of the Ridley family. Near to the church is the church library, a gift from a clergyman in the eighteenth century, who left his books to the Corporation. The books were housed in this not very pleasing building, also the gift of a benefactor; so that at the hands of Churchmen Newcastle had its free library at an early date.

This is a dry account, but the most important feature of the cathedral is the fact that it is genuinely alive. Canon Gough has made it a living centre of Church life, and the daily services are quite as well attended as the daily services in the central churches of towns where we hear much more of the Church life. Indeed,

A Living Centre of Church Life.

I do not know a "civic" church which is conducted with less concern for civic opinion. Not that there is or that there is likely to be any dispute, but there is always a danger of Corporation churches falling under the domination of a nebulous type of Churchmanship. Year by year this church is growing more and more to be the focussing point of Newcastle Church life. Other churches are older; they have their special claims, as we shall see. But the cathedral church of this great northern city is, in its own way, a model of what a central diocesan church would be. That genial writer in the *Times* who protested that cathedrals were drifting into being museums might well visit Newcastle Cathedral. (To be continued.)



NEWCASTLE CATHEDRAL.

For illustrations in the above article the Publishers are indebted to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* for the portrait of the Bishop of Newcastle; to Mr. A. H. Herries, Clayton Road, Newcastle, for the portrait of Canon Gough; and to Mr. H. O. Thompson, Portland Road, Newcastle, for the other four subjects.

Our Village in War Time: (1) What the War means to Grannie Chalicombe.

By B. M. Girvin-Cosens.



GRANNIE Chalicombe is one of the oldest inhabitants of Little Winkle. She lives in a "cupboard" cottage, and the war makes a terrible lot of difference to her. "I have to pay eightpence a packet for my matches now," is what she tells you; "it comes hard on me with four shillings a week to live on."

That is all she has because she is sixty-eight years old, so is not eligible for the old age pension yet.

Poor Grannie has to pay more for her tea and her bread. Even potatoes have become more expensive; the soldiers are buying them in sack-loads, and so the price has gone up.

Grannie Chalicombe does not grumble. This is how she looks at it.

"It's the little bit that I can do for the war-r," and a smile spreads over her dear wrinkled face, for in her sweet simplicity she believes the extra pence she pays for her food make a deal of difference to the national revenue. "Why," as she put it one day, "I shouldn't be surprised if this war-r'n't costing several hundreds of pounds!"

This is only one instance of how Grannie Chalicombe comes to realize that the peace and quiet of her village is not universal. There are other things, trifles barely noticeable to those with busy lives who have seen so much of the war and its effects, but important to Grannie Chalicombe living always in Little Winkle.

Sunday mornings, when she sits in her cottage with the door ajar to listen for the sweet tones of the church bells to ring across the gorse-laden hill and the fresh green fields, she hears only a stumbling discord. The tone of the bells is still sweet, but the harmony of them is gone, for there is no rhythm in the ringing of them.

For ten years the bell-ringers have never missed a Sunday. Now every one of them has gone away to fight. The substitutes do their best, but they have to learn, and it takes time.

Even the verger has gone, and at the Early Service there is no one to collect. So Grannie Chalicombe on her way out has to place her small gift in the offertory bag as it lies in the last pew in the church.

Grannie Chalicombe may miss the harmony of the church bells as she sits in her cottage, but there is something else for which she listens more intently.

One day, six months ago, she was at the pump. She thought it was a motor coming up the road behind her, but it sounded as though the motor suddenly took a hop on to the top of the hill away to the right. She looked from where the sound of the whirr and the buzzing came. She was so frightened that she left her pithers, her knees shaking and trembling, and hardly knowing how to walk she stumbled back to her cottage. She had seen a silver-bodied machine, the shape of a big cigar, soaring over the ridge of the hill.

It was one of our airships. If it had not been for the war Grannie Chalicombe would never have seen it.

And if it had not been for the war she would never have had that unpleasantness with Mrs. Tucker.

It was all about that extra hour of daylight. It had taken Grannie some time to understand it, but when she had done so she had seen the wisdom of it. She had tried to make Mrs. Tucker see it too, but she would not. And all she had kept on saying was:

"It was nothin' but childish nonsense, and she wasn't goin' to bed an hour earlier a-wearin' out her sheets to please Grannie Chalicombe nor no one!"

The war has given Grannie Chalicombe many things to talk about. She used to tell you over and over again how once she had lived down Farminter's, and how it had been thatched and her husband had put on slates. It had always been little things out of the past she had spoken of because nothing new had come into her life.

Now there is so much happening that Grannie Chalicombe does not tell you old stories because she has something fresh for you each time she sees you.

One day she even had a telegram. It was the first she had ever received. It was from the War Office to tell her Dick was wounded. Two years ago a telegram in Little Winkle would have been an event. Now there are so many wives and mothers who receive them.

Dick is well now, but Grannie treasures her telegram, and takes it out to show the visitors instead of the wedding card the squire's daughter sent her with the bit of cake ten years ago.

Grannie Chalicombe has more in her life since the war. Some of it is sad, much of it is hard, but she manages to find the good in it. She sits by her cottage door and notices a great deal.

Yesterday, Mikey Blake went by in khaki, looking so trim and fine. He used to be a worthless scamp. Now, when he's home on a few days' leave, it's "Mother, can I do this for you? Mother, can I do that?" And when he's in the trenches there are loving letters home, such as he never wrote before.

Grannie had a bit of a talk with Mrs. Blake.

"It's done 'im a world of good," was what Mrs. Blake said. "There isn't goin' to be any more hangin' round when the war's finished. He's goin' into the police force. The war's been the makin' of 'im. As I told 'im, I can't be too proud of 'im now."

Grannie thought to herself, maybe there's hard bits to bear, but there's a great deal more love come into the world because of this war-r. Children isn't afraid to say they're fond of their parents now, and parents isn't afraid to say they're proud of their children. So the war-r's brought something into homes besides sadness, for certain, hasn't it now?



[Photo by A. J. Wallace.]

Weather and Health.

By Evelyn Dickinson, M.B.,
Ch.M., D.P.H.

I. SUN AND WIND.

IN these late months of war, I suppose, more persons than ever before have taken an intelligent interest in the weather. They have watched the skies for stillness and light airs, and the months for the phases of the moon. Zeppelin

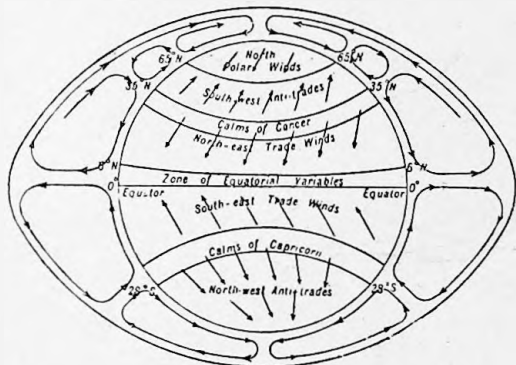


DIAGRAM OF AIR CURRENTS AND ATMOSPHERIC CIRCULATION.

raids have taught us this. But to most people still, and especially to those who live in cities, the weather is something to be put up with, and grumbled at, and talked about, incessantly, with a resentful helplessness. There is a story of a good woman who emerged slowly from her basement in a by-street at the terrible sound of falling bombs. She came up the area steps and looked through the railings at the great hole in the roadway, and the shattered windows on all sides, and then she shook her head and remarked, with solemn conviction, "This oughter be stopped!" Which is really exactly the point of view of most of us about bad weather.

To be sure there are the weather-wise—men who lead out-door lives, and who are often very wise indeed about local atmospheres; and there are those who watch the nearest weather-cock, and draw therefrom conclusions which win them respect from their female relatives (who never remember to look at it). And there are all the people who have a barometer in the hall—a respectable instrument, but wayward and disobliging, usually disliked, and most unjustly blamed. Yet it is comparatively easy to get a fair working knowledge of our atmospheric conditions, and they are really interesting.

The subject is a great one, for **Mystery and Romance.** weather is the result of so many great things—cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, and land and sea, and the motion of the sun and the earth and the moon between them. It tells the tale of the vast movements which go on round us, and of which we mortals are a part. In so far as we have exact knowledge of it, it is a science,

but there remains so much that is unknown that there is a mystery about it which makes it a romance.

To realize the romance of it, however, we must learn to think imperially, so to speak, about the weather. We must not be wholly exercised in our minds about the winds and skies of our own village or our own street. Even our own bit depends chiefly on the proud, ineffable sun of the tropics, whence rise the mighty waves of heat which set the atmosphere of the earth in motion. Sun and motion—let us make a beginning from these.

For as the earth spins round the sun she presents every day every part of her surface within the tropics to the direct action of his vertical ray, and the land and the water absorb his immense heat, and radiate it forth again, dry heat over the land, and moist heat over the water, with an average temperature of eighty degrees Fahrenheit all the year round. Heated air expands, and rises because it is lighter in weight, and vast tides of it move constantly towards the Poles, whence the colder, heavier air flows back to take its place, for, by the old phrase, nature abhors a vacuum. Thus arise all the prevailing winds of the globe, of which our British winds, capricious as they seem to us, are as it were side issues.

We can make a bold mental outline "Prevailing of an immeasurable ebb and flow of invisible winds." Winds." visible airs, due north and south, between the broad Belt of Calms which lies about the equator, and the ring of howling desolation which surrounds the Poles. But there are few outlines left in a finished picture. It is seldom we have occasion to rejoice in a balmy



CHART OF THE GULF STREAM.

breeze from the south, or to cower under an attack from the north.

Our second factor, motion, modifies the action of the sun's rays, as the earth whirls round on its axis every twenty-four hours from west to east. Now the widest part of the earth is at the equator,

where the rate of this whirl is about one thousand miles an hour, and this rate decreases steadily with the relative circumference till at the Poles there is no rotary motion at all. It is plain that in its sweep the great globe must drag upon the great thin veil of air which encompasses it, and the globe turns from east to west, and hence the prevailing winds near the equator blow north (or south) by east. They are the most regular winds we know; so regular that from immemorial days sailing ships have taken advantage of them for the purposes of trade, and those that go down to the sea call them the north-east and the south-east "trades," according to whether they are above or below the equator.

Now in England the prevailing winds are from west and south-west. **Our mild and humid "Envelope."** Again we must find their cause in sun and motion. Water heats more slowly than land, and gives up its heat more slowly,

therefore for the greater part of the year it is cooler than the land. The huge Atlantic Ocean lies to our west and south-west, therefore, as the warm air expands and rises over England, the cooler air drives in to take its place from the Atlantic. Again also, we have to consider the rotary motion of the earth, for this drags on the waters which lie on it in a similar way too, though not so quickly as it drags on the air. Warm ocean currents set from the equator to the Poles through the Atlantic, but these, like the winds, are deflected towards the east. Hence we have the Gulf Stream, of which every one has heard, which comes to us from Central America way, and encloses our islands in a much milder and more humid envelope than would be the case if we lived on a continent in the same latitude. The dampness of our envelope, indeed, is our bitterest weather wail, and this brings us to the subject of rain and moisture, which is much nearer to our hearts than that of wind.



A Legend of the Epiphany.

WHEN the star-led Eastern Kings
Came to worship Christ the Lord,
Each unstrapped his golden spurs,
Each unloosed his jewelled sword;
Robes and incense, gold and myrrh,
Kingly tribute, gladly paid,
All were brought to Bethlehem,
All were in the manger laid.

Lo! the first King, kneeling, said,
"Faith's bright star has guided me,
Thus I bring a golden crown
As my loyal gift to Thee;
When at last I fall asleep
And I pass beyond all strife,
Child, most blessed, bright and fair,
Give to me a crown of life."

Then the second monarch cried,
"Silken robes of royal red,
Woven fine in fairest hues,
Lay I on Thy manger-bed;
At the solemn day of doom
Give to me a robe of light,
So that I may ever be
Clad in vesture pure and white."

Quoth the third chief, bending low,
"Holy Child, this myrrh I bring,
Therewith would I fain anoint
Christ the everlasting King;
Costly incense, sweet and rare,
Blessèd Babe, I offer Thee,
When it floats before Thy throne
May its fragrance plead for me."

Then the Magi rode away,
Gifts are given, homage paid,
Robes and incense, gold and myrrh,
All are in the manger laid;
What can we bestow as gifts,
Holy Child, what can we bring?
Loving hearts and loyal wills—
These we offer to our King!

Alfred C. Fryer.

Church Life To-day: Some Points of Current Interest.

SPECIAL importance attaches to the speech in which the Archbishop of York recently summed up the results of the National Mission so far as those results can yet be recognized and approved. For his Grace has been in a better position than most people to judge the work of the Mission, especially in the Northern Province; and his cautious practice of weighing his words and avoidance of anything like exaggeration are well known.

The Archbishop said that from all he could see and hear, the call of the Church to the nation had been abundantly justified. The Mission had been a venture of faith, but, looking back, he did not think that any one could have felt any respect for the Church of England or its leaders if some such venture of faith and hope and energy had not been called forth on behalf of the nation. He was convinced that the Spirit of God was touching the hearts of the people, and from experience in the York diocese he could say that the Mission had deeply stirred and moved the hearts and wills of the members of the Church of England.



[Elliott & Fry.
BISHOP BURY.

AMONG the first efforts in continuation of the work of the National Mission will be the "Missionary Week" to be held from the 22nd to the 27th of January. It will consist of meetings of two sorts—full meetings at which addresses will be given by appointed speakers, in the way of information and exhortation; and sectional meetings, at which principles and methods will be discussed in comparative detail, all present being invited to take part. The aim of the scheme of addresses and discussions is to bring home to awakened consciences the duty of the Church as Witness for CHRIST to the non-Christian world. Among the chairmen and speakers will be the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Lichfield, Gloucester, and Stepney, the Earl of Selborne, the Dean of Westminster, the Rev. W. Temple, and the Rev. P. N. Waggett, S.S.J.E. All the meetings will be at the Church House, Westminster, except on the last afternoon, when there will be a mass meeting at the Albert Hall.

THE permission which Bishop Bury has received from the German authorities to visit the English prisoners at Ruhleben is a fitting recognition of his work on behalf of the prisoners interned during the war. As he is Anglican Bishop for North and Central Europe, Germany, of course, comes within his sphere of work in normal times. And in his recently-published book, *Here and There in the War Area*, he tells how in the early days of the war, "to my surprise I received a semi-official request from the German authorities that I would visit Newbury, of which the German papers were writing with

intense bitterness, and report upon the conditions prevailing there." This he did, and his favourable report upon the camp in question seems to have produced a satisfactory effect.

The bishop was subsequently placed "by the War Office in charge of all social and religious ministrations in the prisoners-of-war camps in Great Britain and Ireland." Some of his experiences in carrying out this work in various parts of these islands are recorded in the book quoted above.

HIGH praise has just been bestowed by Mr. Lloyd George on "the extreme usefulness of the Church Army Recreation Huts at home and in all the theatres of war." Writing to Preb. Carlile, the War Secretary said, "The combination of refreshment bar and games with the quiet corner shut off for devotion is a happy blend, directed by superintendents ineligible for the Army, men of high tone, many voluntarily helping from the highest motives. In the shell zone these huts are invaluable."

It is good news that a start has already been made with the re-endowment of the Welsh Church. Lord Llangattock, who died recently from wounds received in action, has left by will the sum of £100,000 to the Central Board of Finance, to be held in trust for the benefit of the Church in Wales. The Board has already received for the same purpose bequests amounting to more than £10,000.

THE movement for the conversion of bishops' palaces to other uses than that of residences appears to be making headway. Following on the action of the Bishop of Gloucester in giving up his palace to the Red Cross as a hospital for wounded soldiers, the Bishop of London recently made the suggestion that a moiety of his present income should be paid to the bishop himself and that he should live in a small house to be taken by the Diocesan Board of Finance, who should be responsible for the maintenance of the see houses. London House might be used as offices for various diocesan activities and societies. As for himself, the bishop continued, he had for six months lived in two rooms at Fulham Palace, which had been used as a retreat for the clergy during the Mission, while London House had served as the offices of the Mission. To himself personally it would be no sacrifice to live in a small house; it would, in fact, be

more comfortable. But he should like to make it perfectly plain that he should never consent to Fulham Palace being put to secular use, hallowed as it was by 1,300 years' association with the Church. "As far as I am concerned," added the bishop, "I am prepared to live where, how, and on what scale the diocese decides I shall."

A PORTION of the Ipswich Cemetery has been set apart in which the bodies of sailors or soldiers who die from wounds or disease in the local hospitals are buried. The field is to be known as the "Field of Honour," and will be maintained for ever by the women of Ipswich. It will eventually be laid out in grass, each grave being levelled and marked with a small marble cross and surround, and the whole enclosed in a yew hedge. At the end of the war it is hoped to erect a memorial. The badge of the Women's Guild is placed in the coffin of every soldier buried in the "Field of Honour." It is intended to hold an annual service at the Ipswich "Field of Honour" on All Souls' Day.

THE new Bishop of Exeter is the seventy-second holder of the Devon bishopric, since its separation from that of Sherborne in A.D. 909. The first eight bishops took their title from Crediton, but that town was found to be so exposed to the attacks of Danish pirates that about 1050 Bishop Leofric moved the see to Exeter, where it has ever since remained, with little alteration of the diocesan boundaries, save that in 1876 the county of Cornwall was separated from it and formed into the Diocese of Truro.

The new bishop, Lord William Cecil, as is well known, is the second son of Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, the third Marquess of Salisbury, and elder brother of Lord Robert and Lord Hugh Cecil.



[Speaight.
LORD WILLIAM CECIL.

IN a recent speech in the House of Lords on the occasion of the passing of a number of Non-conformist "Charity Bills," the Archbishop of Canterbury once more drew attention to the common error that the Nonconformist or "Free Churches" are less under the control of Parliament in doctrinal matters than is the Church of England. His Grace pointed out that Parliament is constantly called upon to pass, and does pass, Acts regulating and defining the doctrines which may or may not be taught in the chapels of the various denominations. And, while there is no desire to criticize this arrangement or to use it by way of a taunt, it certainly affords an interesting object lesson in the "freedom" which, in contrast to the Church of England, these denominations are often supposed to enjoy.

Our Query Corner:

Hints for some of our
Correspondents.

. RULES.—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Persons desiring, if possible, an immediate answer, should enclose stamped and addressed envelope, with their question, but they must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that THE SIGN goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (6) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that most of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (7) The pages marked THE SIGN are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.

MAY we offer our greetings first to the many, now quite old, friends of the Corner among the hundreds of thousands of readers of THE SIGN! It is a very real pleasure, as the years go on, to continue its special work.

A varied selection—it may be useful to tell any new acquaintances—is made from questions sent in and answered for real people according to their needs. Some may be thought needless by those who have always belonged to the Church of England. But we are specially glad to help people who have begun to think about having or getting a place in it, and when we publish questions put by one, or probably about the same time by several of such people, it usually turns out that this helps somebody who has always wanted to know. "THE SIGN," says one of our best-known occasional contributors, "gets at all sorts of people whom nobody else quite reaches." At the same time, though naturally we can only give them a very small space, we are specially pleased to help persons who know other educational work and wish to have finger posts to religious teachings on the same lines as good secular work. A little book called *Questions Asked*, as answered in THE SIGN, has been compiled and published from some of the most frequently answered questions; but where there are fresh readers and fresh needs we shall do our best once more.

1097. How can a man serve the Church?

People can serve the Church very acceptably as laymen, and especially if, being respected in their own position, they help in public offices. Also, in certain places, the Church Army at home and the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, etc., can employ laymen.

1098. Should somebody who has done wrong stop away from church because other people know it?

If a penitent wishes to attend a service, on the face of it there is no reason why she should not do so. If her penitence is "suspect" by somebody there is no way to allay suspicion

caused by past misconduct otherwise than by living it down. The penitent may meekly accept other people's bad opinion as deserved; but she has her

to the society of the Church for the admission of satisfactory members, and, being Christians, are expected to pray for and take interest in their god-children. Baptism should be looked at from a Christian and not a social point of view.

Our Notice Board.

"We do put our trust in Thee."

JANUARY, 1917.

DATE. FESTIVALS.

1. M. Festival of the Circumcision.
6. S. Festival of the Epiphany.
7. S. 1 Sunday after the Epiphany.
14. S. 2 Sunday after the Epiphany.
21. S. 3 Sunday after the Epiphany.
25. Th. Festival of the Conversion of S. Paul, A.D.
28. S. 4 Sunday after the Epiphany.

February.

2. F. Festival of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, commonly called The Purification of Saint Mary the Virgin. (Candlemas Day.)
4. S. Septuagesima.

+

FASTS.

Fridays, 5, 12, 19, 26, February 2.

Vigils. None in January.

Feb. 1, Vigil of Purification.

+

OLD DAYS NOTED IN CALENDAR.

Jan. 8. S. Lucian, P.M.; 13. S. Hilary, B.C.; 18. S. Prisca, V.M.; 20. S. Fabian, B.M.; 21. S. Agnes, V.M.; 22. S. Vincent, D.M.; 30. King Charles, M.

own cause for thanksgiving if it is known to God that the past is forgiven and the new life is begun.

1099. Should a child have three godfathers and three godmothers?

We have no knowledge of the special case you refer to; but we should merely say that the rule of the Church of England should be followed as far as possible. Perhaps we might add that it seems very absurd—and it might be perhaps rather "vulgar"—for ordinary people to emulate foreign royalties in this matter. Godparents are sponsors

1100. Can you tell me of some plain books on the position of the English Church which meet, for instance, the statement that it was founded at the Reformation?

See *The Special Bases of the Anglican Claim*, by the late Rev. G. F. Holden (2s. 6d. net); also *Everyman's History of the English Church and Everyman's History of the Prayer Book* (1s. net and 1s. 6d. net respectively), which would be very helpful to you. The assertion that the Church of England was founded at the Reformation is simply an absolute untruth.

1101. Why are there "Fasts" on certain days?

It is best to ask for personal advice or think out carefully what you can do as to "Fasting," just now. In the notice board the SIGN repeats the "Fast days" from the Prayer Book, which see. The Church of England leaves her children very free, but marks certain days definitely as in some degree "penitential." The Kalendar is in need of reform. But careful Anglicans mark Fridays more or less severely, according to the season of the Church. A Lent Friday is different from a Festival Friday.

1102. Can I get any training in definite study—Scripture knowledge and doctrine—when living at home?

An excellent "tutorial" scheme is now offered. Apply, the S.P.G. Office, 15 Tufton Street, Westminster, S.W., enclosing 1s. 4d. for information, and a book called, *The Steps of a Disciple*, by Miss Bevan and Miss Brewin, Licensed Teachers in Theology. Miss Bevan gives also information about the Archbishop's Diploma (University Honours Standard); but this is for the average person who wants to study on a more popular level. The book is useful to any one.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of THE SIGN, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.

Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage must be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., at their London House as above.



A USEFUL BOOK

Messrs. Savory & Moore, makers of the well-known Infants' Food, issue a little Book entitled "The Baby," which gives a great deal of useful information on the Care and Management of Infants.

The book contains hints on Feeding, Teething, Development, Infant Ailments, and such matters as Sleep, Exercise, and Fresh Air, which are so important for baby's well-being.

It also contains a chart for recording baby's weight, a dietary for older children, and recipes for simple nourishing dishes. It forms, in fact, a useful mother's guide, which should find a place in every home.

FREE TO MOTHERS

Those who are genuinely interested in the subject may obtain a Free Copy of the Book by sending name and address on a post-card, mentioning offer in THE SIGN, to—

SAVORY & MOORE Ltd., Chemists to the King,
143 New Bond Street, London.



HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU ARE ANÆMIC?

ANÆMIA is not an incidental state, it is the outcome of possibly months or years of Blood Starvation.

ANÆMIA IS POORNESS OF BLOOD.

The main symptoms are Breathlessness at the least Exertion, a feeling of Weariness, Pallor, want of Appetite, Irritability, and a general Rundown condition.

This is when Iron 'Jelloids' are needed to enrich and strengthen the blood. Thus, the blood restored to its normal state, the system becomes strengthened, the appetite improves, colour is regained, and a new feeling of vitality ensues. Start to-day and take a fortnight's treatment of Iron 'Jelloids,' costing but 1/3.

Ask your Chemist for a box of Iron 'Jelloids' to day.

For Anaemia in Women ... Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2.
Reliable Tonic for Men ... Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A.
For Growing Children ... Iron 'Jelloids' No. 1.
Of all Chemists; a Fortnight's Trial 1/3, large size 3/-.



Safeguard your Health with

Dr. J. Collis Browne's
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THE RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINE

Used with unvarying success for upwards of 60 years.

THE BEST REMEDY
KNOWN FOR

Coughs,
Colds,
Asthma,
Bronchitis.

Effectually cuts short
attacks of SPASMS, HYSTERIA,
PALPITATION.

A true palliative in NEURALGIA,
TOOTHACHE, GOUT,
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Checks and arrests
FEVER, CROUP, and AGUE.

Acts like a charm in
DIARRHŒA, COLIC, and
other bowel complaints.

Always ask for a "DR. COLLIS BROWNE."
Of all Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.



WHOOPIING COUGH

CURED BY VENO'S.

Mrs. PRINCE, 135 Hyde Park Road, Southsea, writes:—"My little girl had whooping cough very badly, and nothing I did seemed to ease her. She could not eat, and she got very little sleep. Naturally she became quite thin and cross. But at last I got Veno's, and there was a difference after the second dose. With the third dose she slept soundly all night, and ate a nice breakfast next morning. Then the coughing became less frequent, till the whooping was quite gone."



Mrs. Prince and Alice.

SIXPENNY BOOK FREE. Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information. Address: Box 513, The Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for:—
COUGHS AND COLDS, 112 **WHOOPIING COUGH,**
LUNG TROUBLES, 112 **BAD BREATHING,**
BRONCHITIS, 112 **HOARSENESS,**
ASTHMA, 112 **INFLUENZA.**
a bottle.

Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- Size is the most economical.
Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world.
Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING
COUGH CURE



Baby

The danger
of Improper
Feeding

BABIES are frequently over-fed. Their capacity for food is very small—at birth 1 oz. and at 2 months 3 ozs. Remember also it is the amount of food digested that nourishes.

Do not feed baby just because he cries—probably the reason is indigestion from overfeeding, not hunger.

It is important that the nature of the food be right as well as the quantity.

Doctors and Nurses throughout the world recommend

The
**Allenbury's
Foods**

The best alternative to human milk.

MILK FOOD No. 1—From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2—From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3—From 6 months upwards.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.



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IN the purchasing of Rameses Underwear every man or woman performs a double service to the Old Country.

In the first place every penny that is spent goes to the encouragement of British labour and skill, for Rameses is British-made throughout.

In the second place, the goods are durable and economical at a time when thrift is necessary to national existence.

RAMESES UNDERWEAR

Rameses garments are made to shape, not stretched to shape. For comfort, fit, and hygiene they are absolutely unsurpassed.

See the Head Trade-Mark.

In garments for Men and Women.



Practice Economy—use

PEARS, the soap of ancestral fame. In all the history of commerce no soap has such an inspiring record. Of transparent purity, beautifying the complexion, refreshing to a degree, and with a subtle fragrance all its own, PEARs for more than a century has been the chosen soap of the woman of refinement. It is also pre-eminent for its lasting qualities.



Pears' Soap

A beautiful coloured reproduction of "BUBBLES," by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A., 28 in. by 19 in., containing no advertisement, sent on receipt of 1/- in stamps or P.O.—A. & F. PEARs, Ltd., New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

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ISOLATION.

"It is a great pity the whole of the Government are not marooned upon one of our outlying islands, and then they would see what it is to be cut off from civilization." — And so the grouse goes on! But still, like the Curates' egg, there is something in it. The isolation on our Islands is extraordinary, and nobody can realize it unless they have experienced it. No news from one mail to another! Should it be bad weather, the local cutter may not be able to get over to the mainland. Should the cutterman fall sick or have an accident, it is sheer chance whether the others will be able to manage the journey! Yet, to a certain extent they are happy. But why the grouse against the Government? There is an old saying "Fate helps those, etc etc." And in the question of our intercommunication, this is pretty true. What have any one of our outlying Islands done to help themselves? Nothing whatever, save a small cutter service. What does this show? Surely, that up to the present, *to the present*, mark you, they have not worried much about things. But now, we know for a fact, that some of them *are* beginning to realize that where women and children are isolated away on a lonely spot, with a three hours or more sea stretch lying between them and civilization, it is necessary to have something more than a mere unreliable cutter service. But the solution? — Cable? No, a washout, owing to expense, unless the Home Government choose to try it. Wireless? Certainly possible, but still expensive. — What then? Why not a definite system of signalling? — Not by the antiquated methods of the year One A.D. by diddle-dee fires, but by flashlight. We cannot suggest the heliograph, owing to the doubtful appearance of the sun, but there is always a possibility, wet or fine of a definite and easy method of communication by the Flashlamp using the Morse Code.

Take the West Islands alone. In the S. W. a stated time could be arranged. Every night in the week, at a definite time, a watcher could ride round from the settlement at New Island, or even could be on the look out from the settlement itself — and look to-

wards Beaver. From the hill on the latter Island, another watch could be kept. That could be flashed to Chatham Harbour house in Weddell, and from there 'phoned into the settlement. Just above that settlement, one can see Port Stephens, the message could go across the water. From the back of Port Stephens, the mountain at the side of Double Creek is well in view.

The latter could send direct to Leicester Creek, who, in turn could flash to Fox Bay Head, and the latter could easily transmit to Egg Harbour which is on the 'phone to Stanley. This is not mere conjecture, it has been worked out by chart, and *can be done - if* — our islanders will only learn the Morse code. (Should any wish for a copy, write to some one in Stanley, or to this paper.) One would suggest that at the most convenient place for signalling on each station, a small shanty be erected, just one small room, so that all signalling could take place indoors, which would be a great help to the sender and receiver.

Some of our exceedingly wise prophets, whose hats have for many years been far too small for their water swelled heads, may be inclined to scoff at this idea: they did in March 1914, when we inserted an article on "Invasion". Yet, this took place on Dec. 8th of that year. Still, "he who laughs last laughs longest", and it may be true in this idea.

One wise acre scoffed at the idea of trains in the Falklands! — What a poor chump he must feel now! — So who is going to make a start? — It only needs a start. — which Island is going to be first?? East or West? We may have an inspiration as to which Island will be the most enterprising, but that is for a later number. Remember, the scheme is not impossible by any means, but one which is highly probable, and one which would prove an infinite boon to all concerned.

FOR SALE.

One cart, 1 set of Norwegian Harness, 1 double ended Plough, 1 Single Plough, 1 Planet Junior Cultivator, 1 Harrow & 1 Grubber Harrow. All in good condition, not had much use.

APPLY TO

Mr. G. Scott,
New Island.

The Government School.

THE Annual Prize Giving took place on Jan: 26th. and the function was largely attended by the relatives and friends of the Scholars being taught at the Institution. His Excellency the Governor accompanied by Miss Young, arrived punctually at 11 o'clock, and the programme immediately commenced. During his opening speech, H. E. the Governor congratulated Mr & Mrs Hoare, together with their Staff, upon the excellent report given on the School's work, and incidentally mentioned that Mr Hoare's suggestion as to the erection of an Honour Board, (on which would be painted the name of the Head Boy and Girl of the year), was to be accepted by the Authorities.

His Excellency distributed the prizes, at the conclusion of which, The Hon. The Colonial Secretary proposed a very hearty vote of thanks to H. E. the Governor for his attendance that day.

The whole schoolroom was gaily decorated by masses of flowers, seldom has it been so daintily arranged. Appended are the list of prizes: — (H.B. - Head Boy: F.G. - Head Girl: H.M. - Honorable Mention)

FORM VII. H.B. - L. Sedgwick. H.G. - M. Short. Form Prizes, H. Browning J. Mercer. L. Sedgwick, M. Short. H.M. - L. Sedgwick & C. Short. Needlework (Presented by Mrs Dean.) C. Short & M. Short.

FORM VI. H.B. - J. Browning. Form Prizes, P. Anderson, G. Short. H.M. - P. Anderson and L. Davis.

FORM V. H.B. - E. Thompson. H.G. - C. Reive. Form Prizes E. Thompson H. Sedgwick, D. Riches, C. Reive, T. Hooley. H.M. - T. Hooley. Needlework. C. Reive, A. Lanning and A. Nowing

FORM IV. H.B. H. Thompson. H.G. - Ada Kiddle. Form Prizes, M. McNicoll, G. Walsh, W. Thompson H. Thompson. H.M. - H. Thompson and W. Thompson. Needlework. Winnie Newing and Violet Lanning.

FORM III. H.B. - F. Bernsten. H.G. - Anna Peterson. Form Prizes L. Sullivan, J. Turner, F. Bernsten. H.M. - L. Aldridge and A. Summers. Needlework. Rebecca Rowlands.

FORM II. H.B. - D. Smith. H.G. - G. Reive. Form Prizes, N. Duncan, L. Peterson, J. Peck, D. Short. H.M. - A. Reive and A. Etheridge. Needlework. N. McNicoll.

FORM I. H.B. - R. Riches. H.G. - B. Anderson. Form Prizes, W. Hirtle, S. Atkins, G. Short, S. Saanum. H.M. - C. Jennings and P. Peck. Needlework. R. Luxton.

INFANTS. Form Prizes, S. Smith M. Evans, K. Lellmann, C. Browning, J. Bernsten, C. Smith. Needlework. M. Atkins, K. Smith, M. Hooley, E. Binmie.

LOCAL NOTES.

(Continued.)

MORE FISH! — On Feb: 19th, we hear Capt. Smith took no less than 594 mullet in one cast of the net in York Bay. Besides these, there were some smelt and rock cod. The catch was estimated at $\frac{3}{4}$ of a ton!

— 0 —

WE HAVE HEARD, through Captain Thomas, that Mr. H. Fredricksen, of the Rethval Thule Whaling Co. at Christiania, Norway, wishes all the shareholders of the above Company to send Coupons 6 & 7 to the above address in Norway.

— 0 —

THE STANLEY CUP which has been presented to the F.I.V. Force by the residents of Port Stanley in memory of Dec: 8th 1914, has at last arrived. The article itself is very handsome, and is of solid silver upon an oak plinth, which carries the miniature shields, upon which are inscribed the names of the winners.

— 0 —

WE CONGRATULATE Quarter Master Serg. D. Lehen upon being the first to have his name inscribed upon the Trophy, as the winner of the Minature, and holder of the Cup for 1915.

— 0 —

WE HEAR that the local Board of Health is rousing things up a bit in Stanley. The new carriage house erected by the Globe Store, and a hen house, built by a local poultry enthusiast, have already come under their notice.

— 0 —

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE ANNUAL CATHEDRAL Bazaar

will take place on or about May 21st, & 22nd, 1917.

and will take the form of

A Grand Spectacular Display

ENTITLED

“An English Country Fair.”

Contributions towards the stalls will be gladly received by Mrs. Dean, Stanley Cottage : Mrs. J. Stanley Smith, the Deanery, and Mrs C. McDonald-Hobley, The Church House.



Would every reader of this paper kindly send something for Sale?—whether Home-made or bought articles: readers abroad in the Colonies would greatly help by sending some of their local novelties.

Every Contribution Gratefully Received

THE HOLIDAY.

The general hope of most people throughout the Colony is that "after the War" they will go Home for a holiday. But how often many of our local born and bred folk lose a mint of interest, pleasure and education when on holiday through not knowing where to go or what to see. Some few set out with excellent intentions of "seeing England", but on arrival at the Prince's Landing Stage, Liverpool, they are so overwhelmed with the hurry & bustle, the crowds of people, the size of the buildings etc etc, that they are only too glad to accept the aid of a friendly policeman, and fly with all speed to Lime Street Station, - board an express, and hie away to Bonnie Scotland, where they settle down in a tiny Scottish village for about three months, where the sheep abound, the cattle & horses also congregate, and the dogs are not a few, - and there they stay till it is time to return back to the old Colony. Others, - more venturesome spirits - certainly get to London, but with the exception of a theatre or two, see practically nothing, and miss well nigh everything. They put up at some small boarding house where the landlady sees that she does her level best to relieve the "green colonials" of any superfluous cash or clothing she may be able to get hold of. To start with, every Britisher should make a point of seeing London : for not only is it the world's capital, but it is the hub of the Empire. Should you have friends living there, well and good, it will pay you to avail yourself of their services. If not, don't be afraid to strike out on your own, but if you do so, - be canny. Make no chance friends, and avoid all gushing would-be acquaintances. Do not go and put up at some small insignificant boarding house or little hotel ; it is very far cheaper, and more satisfactory in every way to go to a decent hotel, as the Imperial, Bedford, Tranter's, the Salisbury etc. etc. etc. At most of these places a good room, attendance and breakfast may be had from 5/- per night. The remaining meals of the day should be taken out at some other restaurant. The day itself should be given up to sightseeing which at the same time provides interest and education. But of course, the plea of £s.d. comes

in, and doubtless hinders many. They will tell you the entrance fees to the different places mount up so that it is far cheaper to simply roam about & do nothing. But certain days are set apart as cheap or free days, - and why not take advantage of them ? Here is a week's programme, the total cost of which is 4/3 in entrance fees, - worked on the system we have just mentioned.

MONDAY. The Tower of London. The Monument (3d) The Zoological Gardens. (6d) Total 9d. TUESDAY. The British Museum Kensington Palace, and Westminster Abbey, all free. WEDNESDAY. The Royal United Service Museum (6d) S. Paul's Cathedral (6d) and Carmelite House. Total 1/-. THURSDAY. The National Gallery and Kew Gardens free. FRIDAY The Royal Mint : Madame Tussauds (1/-) Total 1/- SATURDAY. The Houses of Parliament. The Crystal Palace. (1/6 return fare, including admission) Total 1/6. Grand total 4/3. To obtain necessary permission to visit the Mint one must write to the Deputy Master of the Mint enclosing a card. For the Houses of Parliament, to the Secretary, The Order Office, S. Stephen's Hall, W. For the evening, we would suggest a theatre every night, except Friday, when a visit to the Jewish quarter of London will repay itself in interest. Visitors, however, should *not* go attired in their Sunday best !!! To hear a Service at one of our great Churches, such as S. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey, at 11. and 4 any day, is well worth the experience. And so when we look at the above list of places of interest one can see what a lot *can* be done, if you know how to do it. We sincerely trust that the above may prove useful to some of our local people who intend, at a later period, to visit the old Country, and wish to spend a pleasant, yet economical week in old London.

OFFERTORIES.

Jan :	£	s	d	
7th.	2	18	5	Church Expenses
14th.	1	15	2	" "
21st.	1	3	1	" "
28th.	2	5	0½	" "
	£ 8	1	8½	

"Our Day" Fund.

—:o:—:o:o:—:o:—

We heartily congratulate His Excellency the Governor upon the magnificent response made by the people in the Colony to his appeal for "Our Day Fund"; we gather that no less than £722 - 6 - 6 has been forwarded to the Most Hon. The Marquis of Landsdowne the President of the Red Cross Society.

The above amount was made up as follows : —

	£	s	d
Collections in Stanley	154	16	0
Concert (organized by			
Mrs C. McDonald Hobley)	24	10	0
Other Concert	28	4	6
S.F.C. Fancy Dress Match	23	0	0
Carcass Island	65	0	0
Beaver Island	62	0	0
Hill Cove	60	0	0
San Carlos North	33	11	0
Teal Inlet	31	5	0
Douglas Station	28	2	0
Chartres	20	10	0
Roy Cove	20	0	0
New Island	17	10	0
Fitzroy	17	3	0
Weddell Island	17	0	0
Fox Bay East	16	10	0
Pebble Island	14	4	6
Darwin	11	14	6
Port Howard	11	0	0
Port Stephens	10	15	6
Bluff Cove	10	10	0
Fox Bay West	9	10	8
West Point Island	9	10	0
Johnson's Harbour	8	15	0
Great Island	6	0	0
Rincon Grande	3	0	0
Saunders Island	2	10	0
Bleaker Island	2	0	0
Moody Valley	2	0	0

Making the grand total of £722 6 6

THE STANLEY FOOTBALL CLUB.

—o—

The Annual General Meeting of the above Club was held at Headquarters on Jan 18th, when there was a fairly good attendance. The Chairman congratulated the members upon the splendid record of the past season, and also upon the good sporting spirit that had been displayed towards other things

such as "Our Day Fund", the gift of a Cup to the S.S.A., the Seven Mile Race on Dec: 8th, etc. etc. The following Officers were re-elected for the new year. President.

His Excellency The Governor. Vice-President R. S. Felton Esq Chairman. Rev C. McDonald Hobley. Mr J. Milne was elected Vice Chairman vice Mr W. Summers. (away in camp) Mr Les. Hardy, Secretary and Treasurer, and Messrs A.Kingsford, A.I. Fleuret, W. Carey and V. Summers were elected as the new Committee. Mr C. Allan was again elected Captain, and Mr W. Ewan Conway, Vice Captain. Messrs G. Kelway, Jnr., J. Milne, and D.R. Watson were elected as the Selection Committie. The late Treasurer was able to report that in spite of the very heavy and unforeseen expenditure during the past year, there was a small balance to start the new season. The Club are hoping, if it can be managed, to send a Team to Darwin for the Sports during February.

We wish the Club every success during 1917.

FLASHES.

—o—

We used to have a little ham
But now for it we sigh

We have to do without our ham
Because the price is high
Also some other things and prices as well, its
all good for Storekeepers.

—:o:—

Somebody has said that the recent bad weather is due to the "equinoxious" gales; without doubt the weather has been a trifle obnoxious.

—:o:—

The remark was overheard that a turn at the Scout's Concert was not as good as had been seen at home, probably not. Perhaps in the sweet bye-and-bye it may be possible to stage a first class company from one of the big houses at home, but till then it is to be feared that local talent will have to do the best it can, and an ounce of help is worth a pound of criticism; the management are only too glad to give would be artistes a fair trial.

—:o:—

The following hint on war-time saving may not be out of place. Do not waste your time in listening to well-to-do people telling

you how to save the money you do not possess. It seems that war time extravagance is only to be found amongst the working class.

—:0:—

It was rumoured a little while ago, that our mail steamer had been sunk : - probably by a vivid attack of imagination.

—:0:—

EX PASSANT.

SWIMMING.

—:0:—

For many years, the topic of Swimming has been held to the fore in Stanley, but like the Hun's gas bag, it has ended in smoke. Most people in the Falklands know quite well how very keen Dean Brandon was upon the subject, and how he actually planned out the suggestions and place for some local swimming baths, - and probably had he been here much longer, we should now have been in possession of them. Others again, have seen the suggested plans of a combined Swimming Bath and Institute, - but so far the plan stage is as far as the latter has reached. But surely the time has well nigh arrived when something might be done in earnest, and let mere words and suggestions be something of the past. Of course, there may be a few that would suggest that the time is not opportune for pleasure of any sort : but surely, the question of Swimming baths is not merely one of pleasure, but is of a practical educational value as well. How many of our local people can swim ? - or know how to save life in the water, in the Falklands ? The majority too have often something to do in connection with boats or cutters. Again, where examples are held up to us, it should not be out of the way for us to follow them, and for anyone to condemn the notion of swimming baths at this time, would also, to be rational, have to condemn the many recreation rooms that are springing up all over England at the present time for the benefit of our workers at home, both male and female. There are many ways in which the initial means of gaining this end may be

accomplished. Possibly, the estimated cost of the Baths, (according to present prices,) might be £3000. As they are for the benefit of not only Stanley people, but also people in the Camp, when in Stanley, - the matter should be a general question.

The building might be obtained in three ways, - firstly, by the gift of some one person, or Body of people : the first being the most satisfactory of course, and proving a life long memorial and benefaction to the donor : secondly, by the formation of a private Company, such as the Assembly Rooms Company; and thirdly by a general public meeting and the formation of a publicly elected Committee to work the scheme. As regards the money question in the latter case. There are roughly 40 farms in the Colony : should each farm give a donation of £10, that would give a start to the fund of £400. The rest should be raised by a public subscription, and the scheme could then be put in hand. Once the baths were erected, by means of entrance fees, season tickets etc etc. together with the hire of the baths for aquatic sports and Carnivals, they should be, as at home, entirely self supporting. Possibly should they be built, the Government might consider the suggestion of swimming as part of the School curriculum, (as in many districts in England) and thus make a capitation grant per head for each child. Would any members in the Colony who are keen on the subject write to the District Scoutmaster (the Rev. C. McD. Hobley) about the question ? And, needless to say, should any reader of this paper wish to become a public benefactor by giving the baths in question, the gift would prove one which would not only be very greatly valued by all, young and old for all time, but would be one which would fill a very much needed want in the life of our Colony. Don't forget, that given a small keen Committee *there is no reason whatever, why Stanley should not have Swimming Baths of its own by Xmas 1917.* It only requires a little energy to forward the scheme. Other places have done it — Why not the Falklands ?

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS. SOUTH AMERICA.

Roll of Honour

1915 & 1916.

Charles Alazia.
Henry Aldridge.
Horace Aldridge.
Richard Aldridge.
Shirley Aspinall.
William Armstrong.
John Armstrong.
Norman Adam.
Arthur Barnes.
Louis Barnes.
Wilfred Baillo.
Ernest Boothroyd.
Singleton Banner.
Bernard Buckley.
William Biggs.
Peter Backley.
Thomas Bean.
William Campell.
John Coleman.
Edward Cobb.
Hubert Cobb.
John Dean.

William Douglas.
Rupert Durose.
George Dean.
William Dettleff.
David Frazer.
Evelyn Felton.
Stanley Goss.
Sydney Goss.
Ernest Goss.
Barry Girling.
Chris Girling.
George Gordon.
William Gleadell.
Claude Hardy.
Valentine Hardy.
Hugh Harding.
George Morris.
Peter McEwan.
Archie McTravers.
William McCall.
Donald McPhee.

John Matthews.
Edmund Matthowa.
James McCall.
Edward McAtasney.
Thomas Martin.
Henry Ogilvie.
Arthur Ogilvie.
Gillie Phillips.
Henry Phillips.
Walter Phillips.
William Rutter.
Jack Turner.
Richard Uwins.
George Williams.
Douglas Williams.
Stuart Williams.
Maxwell Williams.
Phillip Williams.
Jack Williams.
Norman Watt.
Stanley Watt.

Died in the Service of their Country Dec: 1st 1914.

Norman Atkin.
Frederick Biggs.
Herbert Gaylard.
Walter Shires.

James Allen.
William Blyth.
Charles Sewing.
Ernest Spencer.

Peter McKay, January 28th. 1916.

"Fight the good Fight."

GLOBE STORE.

Millinery Department.

GREAT REDUCTION IN LADIES' TUSSEORE SILK AND ALPACA
COMES LESS THAN COST PRICE.

A NEW STOCK of GOODS has been received for the above
consisting of —

Ladies and Maids Costumes, Girls Semi-Trimmed Hats, Ladies untrimmed Felt Hats
Ladies Wool, Cotton and Marino Vests, Ladies Tagel Hats and Dress Shoes, Brassiere Bust
Dresses, Ostrich Ruches and Mounts, Fancy and Sporting Mounts, Lace Flouncings,
Cyclonias, Gold Gimp Trimming, Black silk Tassels, Satcons, Green Baize, Wool Khaki
Kilnash, Ringing Wool, Jap. Silk Mullers, Unbleached Swansdown 27" and Bleached 28"
Harroldes Thimblettes, Vivella, Scroll Gimp, Mercerised Blue Towelico, Mery Silk,
Ceylon Flannel, Fitzall Bandeau White and Black, Ladies black velvet one bar Shoes,
Children Cotton Silk and Wool Frocks, Princess Petticoats, White Curacao Hats,
Girls Kilnash, Navy Jackets, Boys Braces, Patent Loggings, Pyjamas, Youths natural
form ten inch Breeches.

Keeper Rings, Earrings with screws, Silver Cockets, Sleeve Links.

Silk Handkerchiefs with "Preserve from Falkland Islands" in corner.

Acidless Crocheting Needles, Rubber & Honeycomb Sponges, Celluloid Hair Pins, Scrap
& Post Card Albums, Camera Shaders, Soap and Dime Albums, Ink and Pencil erasers,
Mapping Pins, Auto Albums, Mill Hooks, Holding Nail Scissors, Hair Nets, Perfumes.

Memorial Wreaths in cases

General Store.

White & coloured Blankets for Single & Double Beds, Gentle Black Silk socks with
embroidered clocks, Soft Felt Hats, Soft Double collars, American Leather in colours of
Brown, Blue & White, 4 plates Imperial and Special Royal, 2 & 4 plate Gaslight and
Wellington Paper also P. O. P. 4 plate Economy Station paper & Post Card also, Horse Bits
with caps at side, Claw Hammers, Cocka Knives, Galvanised & enamelled

Brazing, Glass Jokes and Cake plates, Fountain Pens, Ink, Tongs & sets, Black and Brown,
Broad Heaters and knives, Pocket Knives, Carpenters Pounds, Iron Chisel Locks 2 1/2, 3 & 4 1/2.

A large variety of long & short Cigarette holders ranging in price from 1/3 to 2/6 each
Cigarette Pipes, ranging in price from 9/6 to 10/6.

Electric Torch, Butler Pans, Chea Mats and Vandyke border mats, 2 L. All
Fumigating compound, Wire Sponge Baglins, Small Padlocks suitable for Travelling
Trunks, etc. Fireproof China Hot Water Jugs, 1 and 1 1/2 pints, Brass Hinges 1", 1 1/4" and 1 1/2"
Brass Drawer Locks 1, 1 1/4" and 1 1/2", Enameled Toilet Pails, Enamelled Dinner and Soup
Pails, Padding Booms, Clay Pipes, Fish Hooks for Trout.

Koplers Malt and Cod Liver Oil, Pink Pills, Chlorodyne, St. Jacobs Oil, Phenacetin
Tablets, Malt Extract, Syrup of Figs, Sarsaparilla, Tonic and Pile Cure, Sarsaparilla,
Ejarsen Antid, Lamerack Powders, Dr. Cassell's Tablets for Indigestion.

Also the great cleanser for clothes, brushes, or cloth, ribbon.

A new collection of Post Cards, views taken in the Islands 1/3 the packet of nine
Wellbanks Boilerettes which give splendid results in steaming Food.

M^r J. Patchiffe

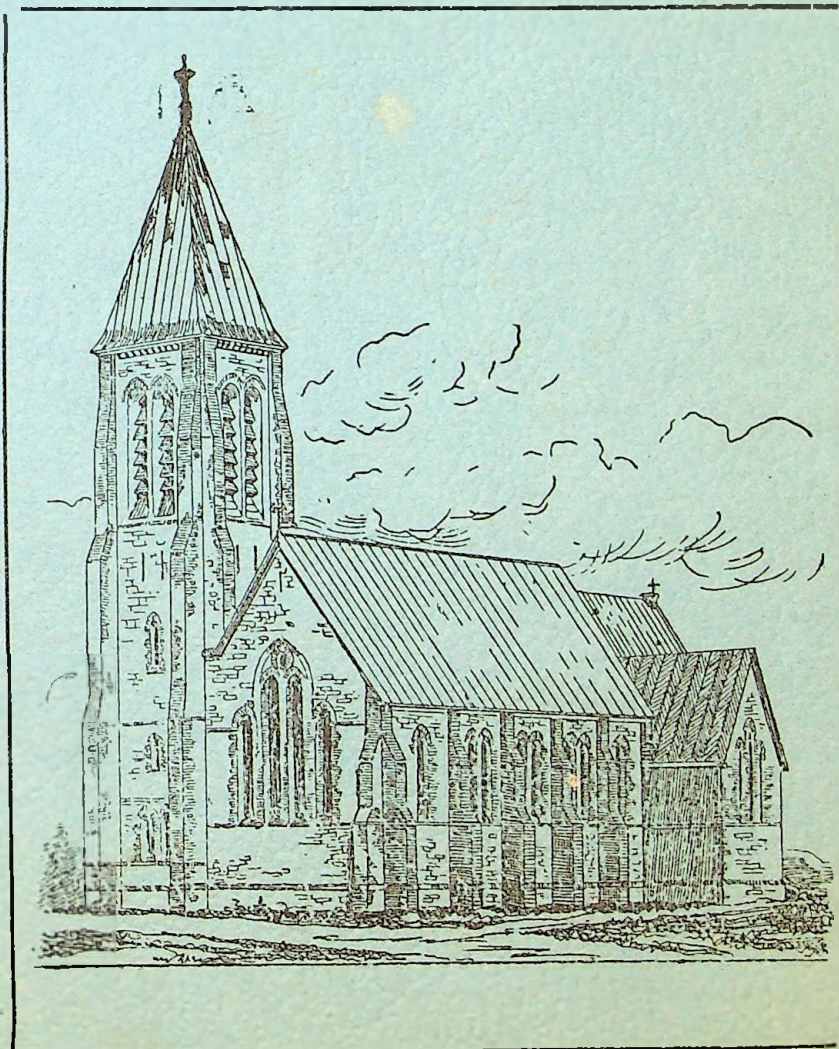
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THE
Falkland Islands Magazine
AND
CHURCH PAPER

NO. XII. VOL. XXVIII.

APRIL 1917.

PRICE SIXPENCE



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, PORT STANLEY. F. I

BISHOP
Right Rev. E. F. Every D.D.
 Temporarily in Charge

DEAN.

The Very Rev.
J. Stanley Smith M. A.
ASSISTANT CATHEDRAL
CHAPLAIN

Rev C. McDonald-Hobley.

ARCHDEACON

Vacant.

HONORARY CANONS.

Four Vacancies.

SELECT VESTRY

Mr J. G. Poppy, Churchwardens
Mr W. Atkins senr.
Mr. W. Parslow, Hon. Secretary
Mr P. Mills Hon. Treasurer
Hon. W. Harding, Mr. R. Hannaford

CAMP REPRESENTATIVES
East Falklands. Vacant.
West Falklands M. Buckworth, Esq.

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Miss L. Rowlands
& Miss S. Wilson

VERGER and SEXTON.

Mr. J. F. Summers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

MISS L. LANNING. MISS C. POPPY
MISS L. ROWLANDS MISS S. WILSON.
MISS. M. BINNIE Hon. Sec.
MISS D. ROWLANDS. MISS M. THOMAS.

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R. Hannaford F. Hardy. L. Hardy,
The Misses M. Hardy, E. Lanning, E. King
C. Poppy, L. Rowlands, S. Wilson, M. Thomas
H. Wilson, D. Rowlands, S. Summers, I
Atkins, I. Summers, V. King, D. Aldridge. A
Newing, D. Richea, M. Aldridge, I. Pearce,
S. Skilling, M. Bradbury.

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To whom all particulars concerning advertising, literary, and other business may be addressed,

The South American Press, Ltd
1 Arundel Street,
London W. C.

April.

Moon

Full Moon 7th.
Last Qtr. 14th.
New Moon. 21st.
First Qtr. 29th.

Moon

MAY.
Full Moon 7th.
Last Qtr. 14th.
New Moon 21st.
First Qtr. 28th.

1st. S. Passion Sunday.
2nd. M. Monday before Easter.
3rd. Tu. Tuesday „ „
4th. W. Wednesday „ „
5th. Th. Thursday „ „
6th. F. Good Friday.
7th. S. Easter Even.

8th. S. Easter Day
9th. M. Monday in Easter Week.
10th. Tu. Tuesday in Easter Week.
11th. W.
12th. Th.
13th. F.
14th. S.

15th. S. Low Sunday
16th. M.
17th. Tu.
18th. W.
19th. Th.
20th. F.
21st. S.

22nd. S. 2nd. Sunday after Easter.
23rd. M. S. George, M.
24th. Tu. S. Mark, E. M.
25th. W.
26th. Th.
27th. F.
28th. S.

29th. S. 3rd. Sunday after Easter.
30th. M.

All Matter for the Magazine must be sent in by the 10th. of each month. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only; and must be accompanied by the name and address of sender, not necessarily for publication. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Save your Falkland Islands used stamps and send along to us. We pay the following Prices :—

1½d a dozen for ½d stamps.

3d " " " 1d "

6d " " " 2d "

7½ " " " 2½d "

16 " " " 6d "

3/- " " " 1/- "

9/- " " " 3/- "

15/- " " " 5/- "



Stamps must not be torn or dirty.



R. & A. Hardy. "Kelper Store" Stanley.

BIRTHS

BARNES. At Stanley, March 7th, the wife of S. Barnes of a son,

SMITH. At Johnson's Harbour, March 5th, the wife of A. Smith of a daughter.

CHALLEN. At Stanley, March 18th, the wife of G.L. Challen of a son.

SWORD. At Stanley, March 23rd, the wife of A. Sword of a son.

BAPTISMS.

In Stanley.

March 4th Margaret Kathleen Jane Jacobson.

„ 10th Harriet Ellen Lees.

„ 11th Edwin James Hutchinson.

„ 17th James Darwin Middleton.

On the West Falklands

Jan 21st William Charles Hansen.

Feb 18th Horace James Binnie.

Feb 21st Frederick Lowther Edward Oli Butler.

Feb 28th Victor Leonard Summers.

March 6th William Alfred Charles Tudor.

March 14th Evelyn Emily McKay.

DEATH.

Mrs. James Fell of North Arm Station, Patagonia. Died at Liverpool, December 18th. 1916. Aged 58years

IN MEMORIAM.

In ever loving Memory of our Grandson, Nephew and Cousin who was drowned at Hill Cove, Dec. 16th. 1914.

You are gone but not forgotten
Never will your Memory fade ;
Sweet thoughts will ever linger
Round the spot where you are laid.

Two years have passed and gone
Since this great sorrow fell ;
Yet in our hearts we mourn the loss
Of one we loved so well.

ROLL OF HONOUR.



Private P. McKay. Died on Active Service.

January 28th 1916.

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine

AND

CHURCH PAPER

No XII. Vol. XXVIII.

APRIL 1917

NOTICE.

This Magazine is published monthly, and may be obtained from the Editor, the Dea-
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of 2/6
Trade Notices or Repeat orders, by arrange-
ment.

**It is requested that subscribers
will notify to the Editor any
change of address.**

Cathedral Services.

SUNDAY.

HOLY COMMUNION	8. 0 a.m.m.
MATTINS AND SERMON	11. 0 a. m.
HOLY COMMUNION (First Sunday in the Month)	12. 0 a. m.
CHILDREN'S SERVICE	2. 30 p.m.
EVENSONG AND SERMON	7 0 p.m.

WEEKDAYS.

MATTINS	10 0 a.m.
EVENSONG (Wednesday)	7. 0 p.m.
HOLY BAPTISMS on Sunday at 3 15 p. m, and by arrangement.	
CHURCHINGS, before any service.	

EDITORIAL.

It is now some weeks since the National
Mission of Repentance and Hope was brought
to a close. As we look back, there seem to

be a few thoughts which require emphasis.
The first is this. In the judgement of those
qualified to express an opinion the under-
taking was necessary. Of course, some
objections were raised, but these originated
principally from people who were not in
sympathy with the Church, and, as it
appears to me, such criticism as a rule in
questions of this nature can be ignored with
safety.

Then, to quote the decision of responsible
leaders of the Church, the Mission has
justified itself, and this fact can be proved
by results which have appeared already.

But the chief matter of importance is this.
The Mission was never meant to be an end
in itself. It was intended to arouse both the
individual and the nation to greater and
better efforts in the service of God for the
future. Many are saying "The Nation can
never be the same as she was before the war,
she has learnt her lessons : she has admitted
her past failures : she has discovered the
causes of weakness : the future will be mark-
ed by progress in every department of
national life. But "what guarantee have
we that these bright hopes will be realised ?
How do we know that the unclean spirit
will never return ? If the Nation adopts
Jesus Christ as her constant Guest and
Guide, there can be no misgiving as to the
future. It would be idle to suppose that
the Nation is already really christian. This
is the task of the Church of Christ. And
the Church consists of individuals. Hence
there is a renewed call to every patriot for
constant service and a loyal self consecration
to the task of the regeneration of the nation.

J.S.S.

West Falkland Sports Association

Races held on 15th & 16th February, 1917.
at the Chartres.

THE best meeting we can remember on the West, was the universal comment of the large crowd which assembled to take an active or passive part in the sports.

The weather on both days proved ideal.

The racing was excellent and provided many exciting finishes. All the events were contested in a good sporting spirit. The only disappointment was caused by the enforced absence of Mr W. Luxton. However, Mr Harvey, who acted on Mr Luxton's behalf, was so untiring in his efforts that no hitch of any sort occurred throughout the whole meeting.

After the racing, dancing was enjoyed, and on the second evening Mrs Miller presented the prizes to the successful competitors.

The greater proportion of the entrance fees was given to the Red Cross Society, and mounted to £20-4-0. For the same object a cake made by Mrs Luxton realized £9.

The duties of Secretary were performed with great efficiency by Mr Hulford.

Special praise must be accorded to Mr J. Muise for the capable manner in which he carried out his duties at the Cookhouse.

MOUNTED EVENTS.

JOCKEY. HORSE. OWNER.

1. MAIDEN PLATE. (Coasters) 600yds.

1st Prize £3. 2nd £2. 3rd £1.

- | | | | |
|----|----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. | J. McKay | "Alarm" | Mr Evans |
| 2. | R. Evans | "Ginger" | Owner |
| 3. | D. McKay | "Jezebel" | Fox Bay W |

2. MAIDEN PLATE (F.I. bred). 600yds.

1st prize £3, 2nd £2. 3rd £1.

- | | | | |
|----|------------|------------|-------------|
| 1. | G. Stewart | "Donolly" | Chartres |
| 2. | R. Evans | "Sunlock" | Port Howard |
| 3. | G. Paice | "Gollywog" | Chartres |

3. COLTS' RACE. 400yds.

1st Prize £2. 2nd £1-10. 3rd £1.

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|-----------|---------------|
| 1. | J. McKay | "Herring" | Port Howard |
| 2. | G. McKay | "Jean" | Chartres |
| 3. | R. Hutchinson | "Lyness" | Port Stephens |

4. 300yds. OPEN.

1st Prize £1-10. 2nd £1. 3rd 10/-.

- | | | | |
|----|-------------|-----------|----------|
| 1. | R. Evans | "Charlie" | Owner |
| 2. | W. Betts | "Gilpin" | Pebble |
| 3. | J. McAskill | "Drummer" | Chartres |

5. PONY RACE. Boys & Girls under 16.

1st Prize £1. 2nd 10/- 3rd 5/-

- | | | | |
|----|-----------------|------------|-----------|
| 1. | Elmor Buckworth | "Greggy" | Owner |
| 2. | Leah Langdon | "Kitty" | Hill Cove |
| 3. | W. Halliday | "Dotterel" | |

6. 500 yds. (Falkland Island Bred)

1st Prize £2-10. 2nd £1-10. 3rd £1.

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|-----------|-------------|
| 1. | W. Betts | "Kildare" | Pebble |
| 2. | W. Binnie | "Jest" | Chartres |
| 3. | R. Hutchinson | "Ohio" | Mr R. Carey |

7. 1 MILE TROTTING RACE.

1st Prize £2. 2nd £1. 3rd 10/-.

- | | | | |
|----|------------|------------|-------------|
| 1. | G. McKay | "Sunlight" | Chartres |
| 2. | G. Stewart | "Peru" | Chartres |
| 3. | J. McKay | "Strainer" | Port Howard |

8. 600yds OPEN.

1st Prize £3. 2nd 40/- 3rd 20/-.

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|----------|-------------|
| 1. | George McKay | "Sandy" | Chartres |
| 2. | R. Evans | "Ginger" | Owner |
| 3. | R. Hutchinson | "Ohio" | Mr R. Carey |

9. PONY TROTTING RACE.

Boys & Girls under 16.

1st Prize £1. 2nd 10/- 3rd 5/-.

- | | | | |
|----|--------------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. | Jack Langdon | "Kitty" | Hill Cove |
| 2. | Stella Paice | "Malvina" | " " |
| 3. | Annie Paice | "Chief" | " " |

10. 880 yds. OPEN.

1st Prize Silver Watch presented by Mrs Buckworth. 2nd 60/- 3rd 40/-.

- | | | | |
|----|-------------|-----------|-------------|
| 1. | W. Betts | "Gilpin" | Pebble |
| 2. | J. McKay | "Alarm" | Mr Evans |
| 3. | J. McAskill | "Rainbow" | Mr G. McKay |

11. OFF SADDLE RACE.

1st Prize 20/- 2nd 10/- 3rd 5/-.

- | | | | |
|----|-------------|------------|-------------|
| 1. | W. Llamosa | "Bess" | Port Howard |
| 2. | Alex Betts | "Countess" | Pebble |
| 3. | J. McAskill | "Lottie" | Chartres |

12. LADIES TROTTING RACE. 1,200yds

1st Prize Silver Teapot, presented by Mrs G.M. Dean. 2nd 20/- 3rd 10/-.

- | | | | |
|----|-----------------|------------|---------------|
| 1. | Mrs McAskill | "Sunlight" | Chartres |
| 2. | Miss H. Goodwin | "Lovart" | Port Stephens |
| 3. | Miss M. Paice | "Peru" | Chartres |

F. I. MAGAZINE AND CHURCH PAPER.

13. 500yds. OPEN.

1st Prize 50/-. 2nd 30/-. 3rd 20/-.

1. George McKay "Sandy" Chartres
2. R. Hutchinson "Ohio" Mr R. Carey
3. W. Betts "Kildare" Pebble

14. VICTORIA CROSS RACE.

1st Prize 20/-. 2nd 10/-. 3rd 5/-.

1. W. Llamosa "Bess" Port Howard
2. Alex Betts "Countess" Pebble
3. J. McKay "Roughsides" Port Howard

15. 600yds. OWNERS UP.

1st Prize 50/-. 2nd 30/-. 3rd 20/-.

1. R. Evans "Alarm"
2. Gid McKay "Rainbow"
3. George Paice "Dorothy"

16. 880yds. (Falkland Island Bred)

1st Prize 80/-. 2nd 60/-. 3rd 40/-.

1. J. McAskill "Pat" Chartres
2. R. Evans "Sunlock" Port Howard
3. W. Betts "Stedfast" Pebble

17. NAVVIES RACE. 400yds.

1st Prize 40/-. 2nd 20/-. 10/-.

1. W. Peck "Countess"
2. Alf Lee "Ben"
3. F. Johnson "Baion"

18. LADIES RACE 400yds.

1st Prize 40/-. 2nd 20/-. 3rd 10/-.

1. Mrs McAskill "Rainbow"
2. Miss L. Hall "Jezebel"
3. Miss Langdon "Countess"

19. CONSOLATION RACE. 600yds.

1. Geo McKay "Mudlark" Chartres
2. J. McAskill "Spearmint"
3. W. Peck "Sunster" Pebble

20. 1st & 2nd Winners. 600yds.

1st Prize. Canteen, presented by the Stanley Sports Association. 2nd 40/-. 3rd 20/-.

1. J. McKay "Alarm" Mr Evans
2. R. Hutchinson "Ohio" Mr R. Carey
3. J. McAskill "Rainbow" Mr Gid McKay

FOOT EVENTS

1. Mile Walking Race. 1st prize 20s. 2nd 15s. 3rd 10s.

1. J. Goodwin 2. J. Harries. 3. G. Stewart
2. Sack Race. 1st prize 10s. 2nd 5s. 3rd 2s 6d.

1. B. Sedgwick. 2. W. Peck. 3. T. Lee.
3. Quarter Mile. 1st prize 20s. 2nd 15s. 3rd 10s.

1. J. Rumbold. 2. G. Llamosa. 3. C. Skilling
4. 80yds Ladies Race. 1st prize 10s. 2nd 7s 6d. 3rd 5s.

1. Marion Paice. 2nd Elsie Llamosa.
3. Annie Paice.

5. Pole Jump. 1st prize 7s 6d. 2nd 5s. 3rd 2s 6d.

1. J. Peck. 2. W. Peck. 3. T. Paice.

6. Three legged Race. 1st prize 10s. 2nd 6s. 3rd 4s.

1. R. and J. Rumbold. 2. C. Skilling and R. Carey. 3. W. Peck and A. Lee.

7. Threadneedle Race 1st prize 7s 6d. 2nd 5s. 3rd 2s 6d.

1. J. McKay and Elsie Llamosa. 2. A. Halliday and Violet Llamosa. 3. B. Sedgewick and Beatrice Luxton.

8. 220 yds Race. 1st prize 10s. 2nd 7s 6d. 3rd 5s.

1. R. Carey. 2. W. Peck. 3. G. Llamosa.

9. Driving Nails - Ladies 1st prize 20s. 2nd 7s 6d. 3rd 5s.

1. Mrs J. Smith. 2. Miss H. Goodwin.
3. Mrs Betts.

10. 80yds Race. Boys 12-16. 1st prize 10s. 2nd 7s 6d. 3rd 5s.

1. J. Peck. 2. J. Lee. 3. V. Johnson.

11. Mile Race. 1st prize 30s. 2nd 20s. 3rd 10s.

1. C. Skilling. 2. R. Rumbold. 3. Donald McAskill.

12. Boys' Race. 1st prize 4s. 2nd 3s. 3rd 2s. 4th and 5th 1s.

1. W. Paice. 2. J. Langdon. 3. C. Halkott.
4. K. Luxton. 5. B. Harvey.

13. Boot Race for Ladies. 1st prize 7s 6d. 2nd 5s. 3rd 2s 6d.

1. V Luxton. 2. H. Goodwin. 3. L. Langdon.

14. High Jump. 1st prize 10s. 2nd 7s 6d. 3rd 5s.

1. R. Rumbold. 2. A. Lee. 3. J. McKay.

15. Throwing the Hammer. 1st prize 7s 6d. 2nd 5s. 3rd 2s 6d.

1. T. Lee. 2. J. Harris. 3. W. Peck.

16. Bolster Fight. 1st prize 15s. 2nd 10s. 3rd 5s.

1. J. Smith. 2. G. Llamosa. 3. F. Perring.

17. Hop, Skip and Jump. 1st prize 7s 6d 2nd 5s. 3rd 2s 6d.

1. J. McKay. 2. J. Peck. 3. B. Sedgwick.

18. Hurdle Race. 1st prize 10s 2nd 7s 6d 3rd 5s.

1. W. Peck. 2. G. Llamosa. 3. T. Lee.

19. 100 yds Race. 1st prize 15s, 2nd 10s. 3rd 5s.

1. G. Llamosa. 2. J. Rumbold. 3. R. Carey.

20. Long Jump. 1st prize 10s. 2nd 7s 6d. 3rd 5s.

1. T. Paice. 2. J. Peck. 3rd. B. Sedgewick.

21. 100 yds for Ladies, 1st prize 10s. 2nd 7s 6d, 3rd 5s.

1. Marion Paice. 2. Elsie Llamosa. 3. Leah Langdon.

22. Obstacle Race. 1st prize 10s, 2nd 7s 6d 3rd 5s.

1. G. Llamosa. 2. T. Lee. 3. A. Halliday.

23. 100 yds race for men over 40, 1st prize 15s. 2nd 10s. 3rd 5s.

1. G. Paice. 2. T. Paice. 3. P. Llamosa.

24. $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile Race. 1st prize 25s. 2nd 15s. 3rd 10s.

1. C. Skilling. 2. R. Rumbold. 3. J. Rumbold.

25. Girls' Race - under 12. 1st prize Silver Trinket Box, presented by Mrs G. M. Dean. 2nd 3s, 3rd 2s, 4th 1s,

1. V. Luxton, 2. R. Harvey, 3. Rosy May. 4. Elinor Buckworth.

LOCAL NOTES.

THE WEATHER this past month, has been exceptionally fine, with the usual result in Stanley,—a water famine!

—o—

WE CONGRATULATE Violet King upon gaining His Excellency The Governor's Prize for the best composition in S. Mary's School.

—o—

WE HEAR another periodical is being issued in Stanley called "The Penguin". Every good luck to it, and may it "fish out" many interesting items.

—o—

FROM THE "MAGELLAN TIMES" of March 1st, we see that all the Britishers are being called up, and their passages home will be defrayed by the Government.

—o—

NEWS HAS BEEN RECEIVED from the brothers McCall. We congratulate J. H. upon being promoted to Company Quarter Master Sergeant in the K.O.S.B. W.G. has also been promoted to Lance Corporal in the same regiment.

—o—

OUR CONGRATULATIONS are also extended to Capt. Edward Cobb, upon being awarded his D.S.O. in France. We hear he has had no less than seven operations upon his smashed thigh, and sincerely trust he will soon be well again.

—o—

CONGRATULATIONS also to Lieut. Arthur Blake upon being promoted to Signalling Officer to the Staff in Mesopotamia.

—o—

THE LOCAL TROOP of B. P. Scouts is still making good progress. On March 8th. they held a Jumble Sale in the Church Hall, and through it, managed to clear off all liabilities. The junior branch (or Wolf Cub Pack) has now been started, and is under the charge of Miss L. Poppy.

—o—

MRS LUXTON, SNR, is still very weak, and confined to her room: but Mrs J. McLeod is making good progress.

—o—

GOOSE GREEN SETTLEMENT was visited by the Rev. C. McDonald Hobley on March 24th, and Service held at the Cook House. The Very Rev. the Dean, on passing through on his way to Stanley, also held services both at Goose Green and Darwin on the following Sunday.

C. McD.H

—o—



Sunday in a Munition Factory.

By Brenda Girvin.

OUTSIDE the gates of a large munition factory—very new and very red—stands a little church—very old and very grey.

It dates back to a time when shells and guns were not yet thought of.

Its seats must have been filled through the centuries by many changes of fleeting fashions. I do not think, however, that its walls can ever have sheltered a more simply-dressed congregation than gathers there now every Sunday afternoon at five minutes past one.

This is the hour when the munition makers get their "bit of Sunday." The vicar has instituted this service for their benefit. It lasts for only ten minutes, and takes place during the hour's respite given from work in the middle of the day.

The Relief Hands.

On Sundays in our factory the lathes are taken over by what are known as the relief hands, i.e. women of leisure who have undertaken a short training to fit themselves for munition work over the week-ends, in order that the industrial hands may have their necessary rest and the output of shells not be diminished thereby.

So when the hooter sounds at one o'clock to announce the dinner-hour on Sunday you will see hurrying figures in blue overalls and blue caps running down the workshop, out through the big gates and across the road to the church. They go just as they are, their hands covered with grease and oil; for there is no time to wash it off.

Never, as I said before, have the walls closed round a simpler-dressed congregation. Nor do

I think they have ever enclosed one whose prayers are more whole hearted. There is not one of these women who has not a husband or a son or a cousin or a dear friend in the fighting line. As she has been turning her shell she has been saying to herself, "I am working for William." William has been very near her heart, and William's safety has been taking up all her thoughts. Making shells brings one very close to the battlefield. So in the little church the women's hearts are full of real prayer for those at the front.

On Sundays the relief workers make "worldly" guards in the factory and "heavenly" guards in S. Peter's for those they love.

The Sunday service is on the whole well attended, and though outsiders may say, "It ought to be considering it only lasts ten minutes," they do not realize how hard it is to spare even so much as ten minutes out of that precious hour of rest.

Sunday is a hard day for the relief hand. Before reaching the factory she has most likely to undertake a railway journey which necessitates her leaving home at half-past seven in the morning, although the shift does not commence until nine-thirty. She works without a break until one o'clock; then from 2 p.m. till 4.45 p.m., when half an hour's rest for tea is given; again from 5.15 p.m. till 7 p.m., when she leaves the workshop, seldom reaching home until close on nine o'clock.

In the factory with which I am best acquainted the Sunday workers are engaged upon the manufacture of shell bodies. It was a proud moment

Wild Swept the Wind.

"Then shall all the trees of the wood
rejoice before the Lord."

WILD swept the wind down the
steep of the hill,

I heard, and heard again
A murmuring chorus full and deep,
A sound of abundance of rain!
The tumult lessened, and grew, and
swelled,
And burst in rapture grand,
Like the tone of a great archangel's
shout,
Or the roll of an angel band.

"We bend," they sang, "to the King
of kings,

We bow to the Lord of lords;
To Him alone do we rejoice,
And tune our bursting chords.
Night by night, and day by day
We tell His power and fame,
One our measure, and one our theme—
'To the Glory of His Name.'"

JANET ATKINSON.

for us when we were told by the manager that the output of the Sunday shift was equal to that of any weekday, and that fewer "scraps" (i.e. shells spoiled through careless workmanship) were made.

Each relief hand brings her own food in an attaché case. On wet and cold days she eats her ham sandwich, her hard-boiled egg, or her sardines in the large wooden canteen which adjoins the workshop; but when it is warm and fine she prefers to picnic in the yard littered with copper shavings, discarded shell-bodies rusted from the damp, to the accompaniment of the clatter of the trucks as they travel along the winding single line. After the heat and dust of the workshop every second of fresh air is precious, that is another reason why she makes a real sacrifice when she spares time to go to church in her dinner rest.

Behind the factory winds a broad river, and the interval between the end of the meal and the moment when the hooter calls her back to work is spent on its banks.

On a fine Sunday afternoon passers-by will see a couple of hundred blue figures lying on the grassy slopes, sitting on the stone banks, or far out on the jetty watching the brown-winged boats, all wishing the time was not going quite so quickly before they must return to work.

The Sunday shift is not made up of voluntary, but of volunteer workers who are paid at the same rate

as the industrial hands. The scale of wages is 4d. an hour, and a war bonus is added for overtime. This does not mean a Sunday worker can stay beyond seven o'clock if she likes, merely that she is able to compress more work into the shift than is expected of her.

Rest for Tired-out Girls.

Every "hand" is given what is known as a basis number, i.e. she is told that in her eight hours she is expected—if she be on the process known as "screwing"—to complete eighty-eight shells. All she completes over this number is known as "overtime." It is possible if a "hand" works very hard to do as much as double the number.

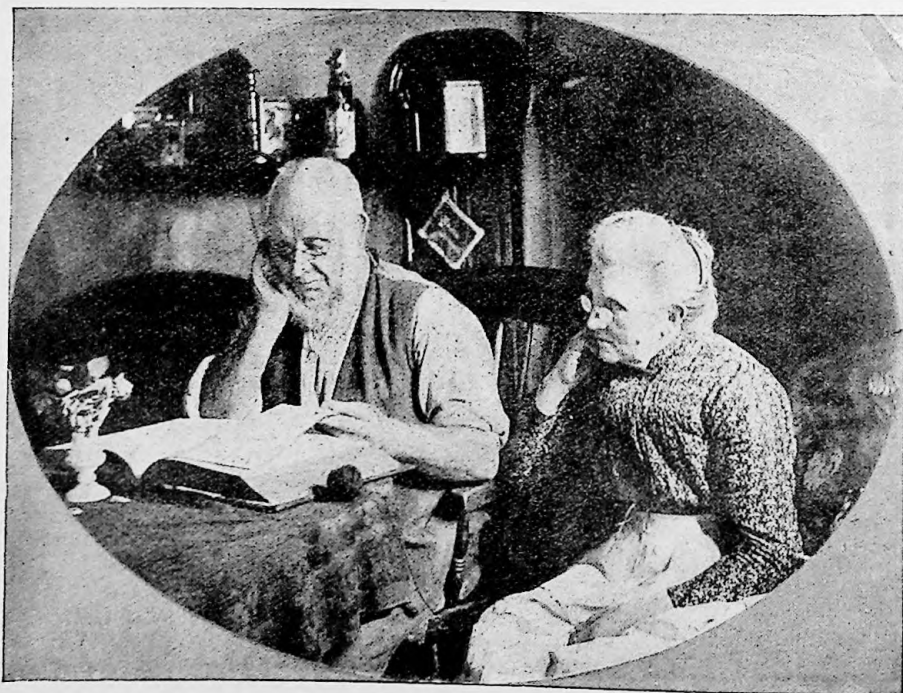
The industrial hands work on a twelve-hour shift—one week by day and one week by night; so when the relief hands give up their Sundays they provide sadly-needed rest for tired-out girls.

And oh, how appreciative they are of it!

On Saturday, when they leave the factory in their hordes, they are so glad, so happy, so light-hearted to think they can stop in bed a little longer in the morning. And they need a little rest—more than a little, just as much as they can get.

It is weary work standing all the shift long (it is bad enough for one shift, but think of six shifts every week!), lifting heavy weights and working, as the night-workers must, under the glare of electricity.

So the Sunday Relief Workers are doing a great deal when they take over the factory on the first day of the week.



THE OLD COUPLE AND THE OLD BOOK.

(A. Wallace.

Church Life on Tyne-side in Time of War.

By John Garrett Leigh.

II. IN AND OUTSIDE NEWCASTLE.

SAINT Andrew's is said to be the oldest church in Newcastle. It is said that one of its chantries was founded by the benefactor who gave the Town Moor to Newcastle, a precious gift, indeed, which to this day declares his commendable fore-

the listeners, for they cover some deep problems in philosophy.

Some local characteristics.

And there we have the clue. Call Newcastle men hard-headed if you will, and they are certainly not emotional, but they want to struggle with the intellectual aspects of religion. Not readily will they believe: their faith is too precious a thing to be given at any easy invitation. That, I think, is why the Church in Newcastle has to face the living problems of the hour or she will not gain the people. Canon Gough, Mr. Osborne, and Mr. Moll have faced these problems in their own separate ways. The deeper thought of the time touches the Church life of Newcastle more quickly than the Church life of other provincial cities. One can tell this at once by the book-shop windows. I have seen copies on sale in Newcastle of books of which I thought only those concerned in the first notices were aware. There is little aesthetic or beautiful in the Church in the northern Tyneside; there is something rather deeper. Let us not forget that historically it is a fiercely democratic district. Mr. Joseph Cowen in the *Newcastle Chronicle* fought long the battle of the people. It left its mark, just as the emotional movements left their mark.

Religious discussions form a more frequent feature in Newcastle newspaper correspondence than elsewhere—Liverpool alone excepted, where it is a tradition from the inroads of Irish oratory in the 'seventies, and is largely controversial.

Hence it is true, I think, that though the Church



S. JOHN'S CHURCH. [H. O. Thompson.

sight. An organist is buried here, of whom Robert Browning wrote the epitaph:

"On the list
Of worthies who by help of pipe or wire
Expressed in sound rough rage or soft desire,
Thou, whileom of Newcastle, organist."

But for my own part I have a special regard for S. John's. There is something in that old tiny building in the heart of commercial Newcastle which does one's heart good by its worldly incongruity, much as Trinity Church in Broadway, New York, warms one's heart by its mute protest against skyscrapers. And in the tree-shaded churchyard there lie the poets of Newcastle—Chicken, who wrote "The Collier's Wedding," Watson, and Thompson, and John Cunningham who came here from Ireland and tried play-writing. There is not room to speak here of the indigenous literature of the district. It is read and loved, and its human glow is much as the human glow of Yorkshire and Lancashire literature. But of S. John's I would say that it is one of those city churches which touch commercial life, like S. Anne's, Manchester, and S. Nicholas', Liverpool. In Lent this year Mr. Osborne delivered here his series of lectures on Catholicism and the war, which have attracted so much attention in their expanded shape. They must have been pretty tough for



S. ANDREW'S CHURCH. [H. O. Thompson.

in Newcastle, as elsewhere, has largely failed to reach the workers, I have seen a greater proportion of what I take to be artisans in Newcastle churches

than elsewhere. They are evident at the churches I have mentioned, but even more evident at several more suburban churches, S. George's, and the little church of S. Luke, for which, also, I have a warm corner. Nor would I ignore the great Evangelical centre, Jesmond Parish Church, where Mr. Inskip wrought so well, though on lines which perhaps find me a little unsympathetic. But that lack of sympathy is chastened by the reflection that this church is a glorious missionary centre, and I am sure Mr. Inskip will continue that good work at Southport.

Lindisfarne and Hexham.

This is only a rapid vision. There are many other churches which ought to be mentioned. But we must take a hurried glance outside of Newcastle. We might begin at incongruous Berwick, with its odd position in what may be called secular ecclesiastical law; but we must come to Lindisfarne. Holy Island. Lindisfarne gives its name to one of the archdeaconries of the diocese, and the archdeacon is assistant bishop, part of the anomalous arrangement by which nowadays we provide more bishops. It is rather unfortunate that Lindisfarne is so far from a considerable town and that it calls for a special journey. Were we a pilgrim-loving race it would be one of the most precious centres; for here S. Aidan built his priory and fixed the centre of what was then the most northerly see. Lindisfarne should be an affectionate spot for all Churchmen, especially when loving hands have done so much to make it worthy.

At the other end of the diocese is Hexham Abbey, which fortunately has the convenience of position to allure hundreds of visitors; and the abbey church of S. Wilfrid will bring back scenes of his day when that untiring, zealous bishop, with his great gift for organizing, inflamed the zeal of the clergy by his devotion and built Ripon

Cathedral and Hexham Abbey. Alnwick, too, in the centre, has its memorials of old abbeys, while throughout the remote country districts—having a charm which we rarely associate with Northumberland—there are many remains of the vigorous Church life of bygone centuries.

I was discussing the influence of the question of the climate.

Church life of this district in August of last year with a priest of one of the seaside resorts which are rapidly coming into favour, and would be popular to-day had it not been for the setback of the war. We had talked of East Anglia and the East Riding of Yorkshire, and then rural Northumberland came up.

"I will tell you this," he said, "you southerners always forget the influence of climate. You do not think how Sussex differs from Northumberland. You are ready enough to speak of the Church in Spain as legitimately differing in character from the Church in Northern Russia. Now, within the

limits of our own National Church, there are pretty much the same differences. The Sussex man finds Church life cold in the two most northern dioceses: but the Northumbrian and the Cumbrian find it exotic in the south. The influence of the Covenanter was bound to be more directly felt here, but, what is of more importance, the national characteristics which made the Covenanter cannot be restrained by the Cheviots or held back by a Hadrian's wall. Church life is not what it ought to be here, but if you expect it to develop as it has developed in the south you will be disappointed. It will always be grave and thoughtful and severe: it will never be demonstrative. You will always have to go deep down to find it."

He was a priest who has been many years in the diocese. I think I cannot do better than leave his remarks without comment.



Gibson, Hexham.

LINDISFARNE.

The Burden Bearer.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."—Ps. lv. 22.

MY weakness, LORD, I bring to Thee,

Give me Thy strength, I pray;

My little burdens drag me down

Throughout the toilsome day.

My poverty I bring to Thee,

I never was so poor;

Thy riches can supply my wants

And make my future sure.

My loneliness I bring to Thee,

I am so much alone;

And life seems like a dreary waste

When those we love are gone.

My restlessness I bring to Thee,

Thou art the source of rest;

And soft and soothing is the thought

That what Thou giv'st is best.

My ignorance I bring to Thee,

For Thou alone art wise;

And what we deem is wisdom here

Is folly in Thine eyes.

All, all my burdens and my cares,

Let me from them be free;

Then I shall lift my drooping head

And lose myself in Thee!

C. J. HAMILTON.

Lent in Time of War.



THIS is the third Lent which we shall have spent under such strain as we have never known before. The discipline of life in these times is searching us out to the very depths of our being. Life has become one continuous Lent, of greater length by far than forty days. Self-denial has become the necessary law of existence. We cannot help ourselves. We have to go without the people and the things we love, whether we will or not. Penitence is being forced upon us as the connection between this universal scourge of war and our corporate sin is more and more distinctly seen. The day of the LORD's visitation has required the sanctification of a protracted fast, out of the heart of which goes up the constant cry that "the LORD would spare His people and not give up His heritage to reproach." We have all been driven under the discipline of a Lent which we have not chosen for ourselves; and "the ploughers plough upon our backs, and make long furrows." How, then, does the observance of a special season help us? Why should we need it? Has it any more to teach us than we are learning in other and sterner ways?

Truly Church people need their Lent more and not less than ever before. For the season of Lent supplies us with the motive and the power by which the changes and chances of mortal life, which have become wellnigh overwhelming, can be endured. It teaches us to "look to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross." Lent recalls us to Jesus our Master. God, enduring in our flesh the hard experiences of human life, assures us of His sympathy with us in the sufferings of these grave times, and heartens us to follow in the way with loving readiness.

There can be no doubt of the reason which first promoted the observance of Lent. It came spontaneously into existence by natural Christian instinct, out of the desire of the disciple to be as the LORD. "The servant is not above his Master." If He fasted, we must be ready to go without the pleasures which we like; if He suffered, we must be ready to suffer too; if He sat lightly to this world's joys, we must be ready to do the same; if He carried His Cross, we must be prepared in our degree to take up our cross and bear it after Him. Those were the thoughts which produced a special time of self-denial. They were not the expression of any morbid spirit of asceticism, but simply of personal love and gratitude to the Master Who was so dear. And so there were first the forty hours before Easter, observed as a fast, to renew the memory of the LORD's sufferings; and then, later, there were the forty days observed as a fast because the LORD had fasted in the wilderness. We must preserve the spirit of the original in our Lenten observance. The one desire of our heart should be that we may get near to our LORD's side and be renewed, by such special acts of intention as

By the Rev. James B. Seaton,
Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College.

we may make, in our personal discipleship. Our Lenten rule may easily become an unprofitable burden, and indeed a hindrance, unless it is the ready offering of a free heart.

Let us think a little more closely **Why our Lord chose to suffer.** about the call of this particular Lent to us. Our Blessed LORD does not appear to have gone about the world looking for suffering. The Gospels give us no such impression. The religious people of His day complained that He was not ascetic enough. It does not seem as if He went into the wilderness in order to fast. He went into the wilderness to be alone with the FATHER, and to reflect upon His mission. He was absorbed in His duty, and that came first. We do not observe that any of His sufferings came because He deliberately sought for them. They came always because of His obedience to the heavenly will. Perfect obedience to the will of God, in a world where men's wills are set against that will, involved suffering. And so, after the early successful preaching, the shadows gradually darkened; men became alienated, bitter, hardened, contemptuous, determined to destroy. And the Son of Man was bound to suffer many things in heart and mind and, finally, body, because He submitted His will utterly to the will of His FATHER in heaven. The choice before Him was between disobedience and suffering. He chose to suffer because He chose to obey, and obeying, to submit to the end to all that was involved. "The Cup that My FATHER giveth Me to drink, shall I not drink it?"

Here, then, is the special lesson **His Example** which we should seek to learn this Lent. Let us use it so as to catch to us.

the spirit of our Blessed LORD Who suffered because He obeyed. The sufferings of these times are great; our homes are stricken; our hearts are bowed with anxiety and sorrow; our minds are perplexed. We did not seek this suffering; we would fain have been spared it. We cannot say, indeed, that it has been undeserved; and yet, at the same time, the best and noblest have not been let off, and the innocent and helpless have suffered with the more guilty. CHRIST has been suffering in His members. And His example to us is that we should submit.

Taking up the cross and following after Him is no longer a counsel of perfection for the few; it is, indeed, the call to us all. It is the time of the Christian's opportunity. Church people have the chance of showing that they know how to suffer as Christians. And Lent comes to show us clearly once again our great example. Let it give us the vivid desire to follow CHRIST in the way with all readiness of mind, through all the troubles of these times.

"Who goeth in the way which CHRIST hath gone
Is much more sure to meet with Him than one
Who travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my GOD, though He be farre before,
May turn and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decays."

There is a further point which **Be not of "sad" we need to remember. Our countenance.** Blessed LORD did not say very much about fasting. So the little that He did say is worthy of special note. "When ye fast, be not of a sad countenance." Truly the personal sorrows of this sad time, this Lent of God, have been borne with wonderful dignity and courage. Again and again one has been amazed by the silent and uncomplaining spirit of those who have suffered most. They have set their face to endure, and have established others by their example. Under the

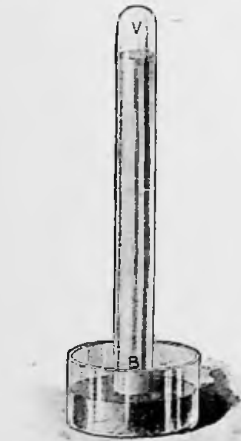
Providence of God our Lenten discipline, our Lenten rule, our Lenten restriction is arranged for us all this year. It is our part to accept it in the spirit which our LORD enjoins, and to follow in the steps of Him Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross. "Be ye not" therefore "of a sad countenance." Out of the secret efforts of the Christian in Lent to offer himself as ready to share the LORD's sufferings with silent endurance there will come the strength which will communicate itself to the stricken human life around us, helping the nation in its purpose to endure.

Weather and Health.

By Evelyn Dickinson, M.B.,
Ch.M., D.P.H.

II. SUN AND WIND (*continued*).

IDARE swear that there is not one among us who has not a thousand times followed up his first morning glance at the outside world with a savage "Raining again!" For which we must go back, as before, to the sun and motion.



THE MERCURY TUBE
INVERTED.

The pressure of the atmosphere is sufficient to sustain the weight of a column of mercury 760 millimetres (30 ins.) long. This is the fundamental principle of all mercurial barometers.

sham How, in his haunting doggerel:—

"The weather is ruled by the moon, so they say,
And we find that the saying is true,
For at Bala it rains when the moon's at the full,
And it rains when the moon's at the new.
When the moon's at the quarter then down comes the rain,
At the half it's no better, I ween;
When it's at the three-quarters it's at it again,
And mostly it rains in between."

The bishop wrote this in a mountainous West coast country—Wales, to wit—but for the moment

Not to the moon! With all respect to the common sense of my ancestors, I believe she has practically nothing to do with it. To be sure she changes, but then she changes all the time. There is no moment at which she suffers a radical alteration in her physical conditions, and turns over a new leaf. She goes steadily round the earth. Yet to hear people talk one might think she jerked herself on to her "quarters" like a clock giving warning for the strike. If it were the changes of the moon which cause wet days then we might accept the evidence of Bishop Wal-

let us go back to the sun and motion. Again we may take our start from the Tropics, as being the region of the greatest regularity in the matter of rain as well as of wind. Even thunderstorms, which are comparatively capricious everywhere, can happen here almost by the clock. There is an old joke about the city of Rio Janeiro, to the effect that social invitations for the afternoon were always timed—and worded—either "before (or after) the thunderstorm." But, electrical disturbances out of the question, the year in these parts is divided into a dry season and a wet season, which correspond roughly to our summer and winter. Vast quantities of moisture evaporate from sea and forest land while the sun is pouring his direct summer rays on them; and hot air will hold much more moisture than cold air. When he passes to the other side of "The Line" for his winter stay the air cools—comparatively—and the moisture condenses and falls in drops: in the deluge of raindrops of the tropical rainy season.

The Philosophy of Rain.

Here we have the whole philosophy of rain: heat drawing it up in the form of vapour, and cold throwing it down again, because warm air can hold much and cold air can hold little. We see it overhanging us in the shape of clouds, into which it has condensed at a distance from the warm surface of the land; and we know that some chilly current coming along must cause them to discharge themselves upon us sooner or later. Winds, especially winds from the sea, produce much rain. Thus, to take Bishop Walsham How's experiences at Bala, damp winds from the Atlantic drive in



ANEROID BAROMETER.

continually, and come into contact with the Welsh mountains, of which the sides are colder and drier than themselves. The moisture is condensed and deposited day after day, and the inconstant moon is blamed for the result. (I rather fancy, though, that the bishop had his doubts about the moon.)

We may compare with this the East coast of Britain—flat, with few hill-sides, and swept by winds from the East, which come from the continent of Northern Europe across a comparatively small expanse of sea. Our eastern counties have the lowest rainfall in the country: even the westerly winds which reach them have been dried before they arrive. It is a waste of energy, clearly, to grumble about the weather, which is a huge system of give and take, of compensation, of exchange of warm air for cold, and of moisture in suspension for moisture in condensation.

Clearly, too, it is useless (to say nothing of unjust) to blame and beat the barometer, which takes no count of rain (from our point of view), and does nothing more than register the volume of the air. As moisture evaporates into dry air the actual volume of the latter increases, so that, volume for volume, and square inch for square inch, its weight becomes less. Now the standard upright barometer has at its lower end an open surface of mercury, always in contact with the air. When this, which lies on it, is dry, it is heavy, and the pressure is somewhere about fifteen pounds to the square inch, and the column of mercury stands high—at 30 inches, or more, in the tube. And this mostly pleases us well. When, on the other hand, the air is moist, it weighs less, and the mercury sinks towards 29, or lower. In the case of Aneroid barometers we have a sealed box, exhausted of air, of which the sides are kept apart by a delicate metal spring. According to the pressure of the atmosphere the cover of the box moves in and out, and this movement is recorded by a hand on the dial of the instrument.

A World of "give and take." Temperate climates, such as our own, have many variations of pressure, being midway between the great extremes of heat and cold—the Tropics and the Poles; for between the Belt of Calms about the Equator and the raging swirl of the Arctics it is not all plain sailing. There are lands of strange configuration, and of most varying height; there are stretches of forest and wastes of desert; and in the oceans there are currents of different temperature. All these combine to make climate unstable, and, thinking particularly of our own, it is evident that islands must always be windy, but also that they

must always be warmer than continents in the same latitude, because water radiates forth its heat more slowly than land, and the breezes that blow from it tend to be milder than those which pass over broad districts of solid earth.

In all respects, human and natural, it is a world

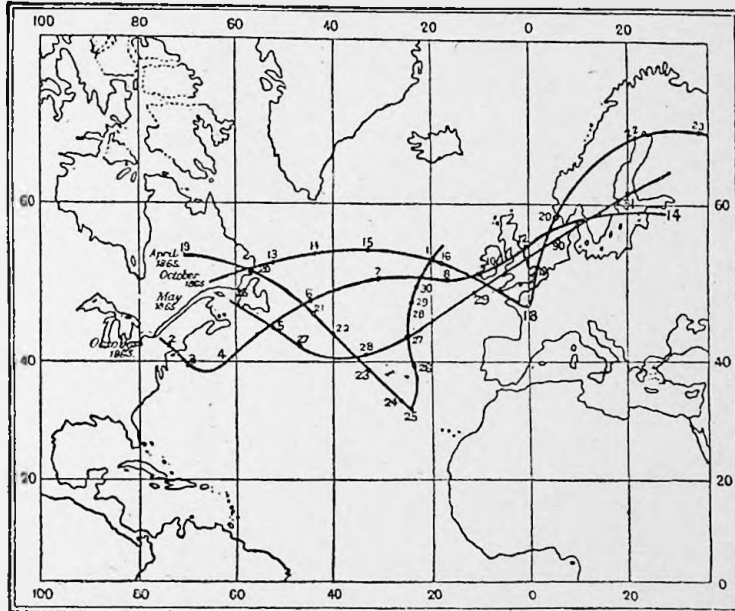


CHART SHOWING STORM TRACKS.

The great storm-breeding area lies a few degrees north of the Equator. A short distance from its starting-point a huge storm-track bends to the north-east and makes for the British Isles.

of "give and take"; nothing stands still. Life is a great rhythm, as inevitable as that of the pendulum of a clock, and all things must in time be compensated. If we have a cold frosty January, we may expect a mild, damp March; if our summer is glorious, we can look forward to a winter of discontent; and the sun and motion are roughly—very roughly—the A.B.C. of all our weather wisdom.



OUR LORD did not overcome the temptations of the devil all at once, as it were, in a lump. He met them one by one. They were separate, particular temptations; and separately He overcame them. Our fight against sin and temptation must be of the same sort. It is no use making resolutions *generally* against our sins. It is no use intending *generally* to resist the temptations to sin which may visit us. We must fight our temptations as they come, one by one. And conquering in one will not let us be careless when another arises. We must overcome our sins, each sin by itself, if we are to overcome them at all. It will not help us if we feel *generally* sorry for our faults, unless we try to put our finger on the actual faults and sins which we have to get rid of. And this is the great difficulty of repentance—the great difficulty of the fruitful and useful employment of a time of seriousness like Lent.—DEAN CHURCH.

What He Discovered. *By Eleanor C. Price,* Author of "A Michaelmas Boy," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A SCRIMMAGE.

SIMON marched along the drive with an air of self-satisfaction. He had frankly said that he was going to pay a Christmas call on Mrs. Blunt, without adding that this would be the third call in a week, on one excuse or another, with which he had honoured her. Mr. Mills had made no objection; and Simon was well aware that his own doings mattered little to his uncle, who was busy with gruff orders to Martha about keeping the soup hot or Mr. Leonard. Simon grinned, with a secret suspicion that the cook's patience would be tired out long before that soup was eaten.

Once inside Mrs. Blunt's gate, Simon Mills forgot Leonard. He had crossed the road carefully, with a thought for his shoes; the clean gravel drive met with his approval. He brushed from his coat a little snow which had dropped from his uncle's evergreens; he anxiously examined his parcel, and felt warmed and cheered by the thought of the pleasure it would give. A certain pair of lovely eyes would light up; a little colour would tinge certain pale cheeks; Simon was dreaming quite pleasantly as he approached the house.

Then a figure dashed through the shadows, and Leonard pulled up suddenly in front of him.

"What the mischief do you want here? Seems I can't stir a step without your coming spying after me!"

"Spying after you?" Simon stammered in angry surprise. "Why—why should I trouble about a vagabond like you! If you choose to go to the dogs your own way, what is it to me, I should like to know! It's no fault of mine if you've done for yourself, you silly fool! Your grandfather is in a jolly rage, let me tell you. You've said things tonight that he won't forgive in a hurry."

"No thanks to you, if he doesn't," cried the boy. "You have done your level best to set him against me, you double-faced sneak. And what brings you here? Why are you after me now?"

"Do stop talking nonsense. Just think. Wouldn't it pay me better, if you went off with the old man's blessing? But you won't go. He'll never consent, and you haven't got grit enough to start off on your own. Why, what are you doing here? How was

I to know you were here, by the by? But I see it all. You have been persuading Mrs. Blunt to get round him for you, or else to finance you herself."

Simon laughed; his coolness was returning. Leonard, on the contrary, flamed up at those last words. His right fist shot out, and landed a sharp crack on Simon's jaw. Simon struck back. After a short boxing match of unfriendly nature, the young men closed and wrestled. Leonard, if the slighter, was the stronger and better trained of the

two. Simon lost his footing, and found himself lying in a snowdrift under the evergreens, while Leonard walked off whistling down the drive.

Simon got up, and shook himself like a dog just out of the water. He was not really hurt, except for his bruised face, but much knocked about and dishevelled. Muttering with rage and mortification, he picked up his cap and tried to brush the snow off his clothes; then, with an added pang, he saw a crushed mass at his feet—the sad remains of the parcel he had carried so carefully up the hill. He struck a match and examined it. Under the paper, the quaintly ornamented box was smashed in; snow and gravel were mixed with Messrs. Sweetland's choicest chocolate bonbons.

"I'll pay you out for this, Master Leo," Simon promised himself. "Seven-and-six-pence!"

He picked up the trampled parcel and threw it into the bushes. Birds and mice might enjoy a Christmas feast; let them! But he resolved to have at least the credit of his good

intentions, as well as the pleasure of telling Mrs. Blunt a pretty story about her favourite godson.

So, having recovered himself, though still flushed and breathless, from the struggle, he went on to the house.

His reception in Mrs. Blunt's sitting-room was not very warm. Muff lifted his head and growled, then took no further notice. At the sound of his name Mrs. Blunt looked up with a slight frown. She was quite aware that this was the third visit in a week, and had been quick enough from the first to notice the impression made by Agnes Malcolm on Simon Mills. She was annoyed. She had no reason for disliking Simon; she was an old friend of his family, and had known him and his brothers and sisters from infancy; she believed him to be honest and capable as a business man, safe to make his way as quickly as old John Mills would permit.



"Leonard walked off whistling down the drive."

She respected him for sticking to the firm in these rather difficult days. Shrewd woman as she was, she had frequently asked the young man's advice and taken it too. Could there be better fortune for a penniless girl than to win the affection of a man like Simon Mills? Was it only from selfishness, only because she did not wish to lose the young companion whose loneliness and simple sweetness had touched her heart, that Mrs. Blunt felt displeased, as her eyes caught Simon's eager glance across the room?

For the moment she forgot this cause for annoyance in surprise at Simon himself, who was offering his Christmas greetings with a forced smile. No such curious figure, red, shaggy, untidy, limp about the collar, with snow sticking to his ruffled hair, had ever entered her peaceful, civilized room.

"What is the matter with you, Simon?" she said.

The sharpness in her gentle voice was a little alarming, and brought Simon's tale at once to his lips. He felt himself a horrid and puzzling object to Miss Malcolm, as well as to her. For a moment he wished he had gone straight home; but it was too late.

"I have had an unpleasant adventure," he said, trying to laugh. "I really came—well"—he was looking at the girl on the other side of the fire—"I heard Miss Malcolm say she was fond of sweets, and, as you know, Mrs. Blunt, Sweetland's is rather famous, so I thought I might venture to bring a sample—just for Christmas; but I'm awfully sorry"—speaking to Agnes—"I had an accident with the parcel. It got smashed up. So I had to appear empty-handed; but you must take the will for the deed this time."

Agnes murmured a few words of startled thanks. Simon could not take his eyes from her face, lit up as it was by the lovely tinge of colour he had hoped to see.

But Mrs. Blunt was not in a humour to patronize sentiment.

"I don't understand," she said shortly, "What happened? Were you knocked down by a motor?"

Simon Mills tried to laugh.

"I must apologize," he said. "I know I'm not fit to be seen. The fact is, I got into a bit of a *rix*,

as the French call it; a scrimmage, you know. I may as well tell you the whole story, Mrs. Blunt."

"I should be glad to hear it."

The dry answer was not encouraging. Simon hastened to defend himself, with the additional satisfaction of vexing her.

"You have had a visit from Leonard this evening? No? But I met him in the drive just now."

"Leonard!"

Mrs. Blunt flushed a little, puzzled by his tone.

"My cousin Leonard. A moment, please; let me tell you what happened. He met me as I came up from the gate, and began to accuse me of spying after him. Of course he was ashamed of himself"—

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Blunt. "Silly boy!" She laughed, then became suddenly grave.

"Well, I gave him a bit of my mind. His fists were rather too ready. We had a small boxing match. I slipped in the snow, lost my footing, and Master Leonard made tracks. So here I am, and no harm done, except the loss of my little Christmas offering."

Mrs. Blunt looked fixedly at Simon. His cheek was swelling perceptibly, and his offhand manner was not convincing.

"That is not the whole story?" she said.

"I beg your pardon!"

"You said Leonard was ashamed of himself. I don't understand why?"

"Ah, of course you don't know what went before. I must begin at the beginning."

"That will be the best way."

Simon then drew a lurid picture of that evening's quarrel between Leonard and his grandfather, dwelling on the ungrateful, heartless manner in which the lad rejected all the old man's kindness and insisted that Arctic exploration was the one desire of his heart, a desire that he meant to gratify in spite of every reason in duty or affection that could be thrown into the opposite scale. Simon described the conflict between the two obstinate wills, and Leonard's final dash from the room and the house.

"I was not long after him," he said, "but the last thing I expected was to come up with him here. I conclude he hoped to soften your heart. You might not be so obdurate as his grandfather."

"How do you mean?"



"Mrs. Blunt . . . peered once more into the wintry world."

"Well, the sinews of war. Arctic travel costs money, and he has none of his own."

"You think Leonard meant to ask me for money? I can imagine nothing more unlikely. But you say he had turned back. Where is he now, do you think?"

"I don't know. Changed his mind, I suppose. He will go home presently, when he has recovered his temper. I wish I thought he would recover his reason too."

"Will they make it up?"

Simon shrugged his shoulders.

"They are both pretty savage."

He did not stay much longer, being ill at ease both in mind and body. The most conceited of men could not have felt flattered by Mrs. Blunt's dry coolness, or encouraged by Agnes Malcolm's lowered eyelids and the shrinking touch of her fingers.

CHAPTER IV.

AGNES AND THE ARCTIC.

WHAT are you thinking about, Agnes?" said Mrs. Blunt, when Simon was gone. "Are you disappointed about Mr. Mills's Christmas offering, as he calls it?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then why do you look so dismal? You have never seen Leo—this naughty boy who has been quarrelling with his grandfather and fighting with his cousin; by the by, I can forgive him for the one, if not for the other. Why should these things trouble you?"

Agnes's pale face flushed.

"They don't, of course," she said. "I—I was thinking about that face at the window. It was such a sad, wild face. And the house is so very old—did you say three hundred years? I suppose it couldn't have been a ghost?"

Mrs. Blunt looked over her spectacles, and laid her knitting down. Her glance was amused and keen.

"My dear," she said, "on this night of all nights, you may be sure that wandering spirits—if there are such—have something better to do than frightening little girls.

"So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Mrs. Blunt knew her Shakespeare.

"No," she went on: "as to ghosts, if one believes in God and leads a straight life, one need not worry about them. But I can guess who looked in, and he may not be far off now. Ring the bell, please."

She then ordered the servants to go out into the garden with a lantern, to see if there was any one in the drive or the walks or the shrubberies. Telling Agnes to open the window again, she limped from her couch and stood there, gazing out into the snow.

"Arctic regions!" she said, half to herself "Poor John!"

There she remained till the maids came back from their fruitless search in the garden. Then, to

Agnes's evident relief, she ordered the window to be shut and the curtains drawn, and settled herself down by the fire with a sigh.

"You still look white and shivery, child," she said. "Haven't I disposed of the ghost to your satisfaction?"

"The snow—and the Arctic regions"—Agnes murmured in reply.

"Have you never seen snow before? And you from the North! And what is it to you if my tire-some godson has set his heart on becoming an Arctic explorer?" She added to herself, "Is the girl as silly as she is sweet?"

Agnes lifted her head, with the first flash of real spirit that Mrs. Blunt had seen in her.

"Nothing, of course. Only my father was lost in the Arctic Ocean."

"My dear! When?"

"Fifteen months ago."

"Go on. Tell me more."

"We never knew much. It was Captain Jack's expedition, a quiet affair, quite small, got up by a few scientific men. It was a failure all round, for I don't think they made any discoveries. They had great hardships. A volunteer party started to try and find help, my father among them; but they were never heard of again."

"What became of the rest?"

"Captain Jack and a few others got home safe. They said he would never rest till he could go North again and find the lost party. But I have heard nothing for some time now. I expect he has given it up. In any case there is little hope. And mother is dead."

"Why didn't you tell me about this before?" asked Mrs. Blunt after a pause.

"It hurts too much," the girl answered gently.

Interested and deeply touched, Mrs. Blunt thought, "This explains everything."

She was not able to pursue the subject at that time, however, for a burst of solemn music outside the house interrupted her, and also turned her thoughts back suddenly to a personal anxiety of her own. Was Leonard, as usual, among the members of S. Andrew's choir who wandered round the outskirts of the city on Christmas Eve? Or had the quarrels with his grandfather and his cousin driven more peaceful and seasonable thoughts out of his mind? This seemed likely; and yet Mrs. Blunt, leaning on Agnes, went into the hall and peered once more into the wintry world with the forlorn hope of seeing a happy face in the lamplight and hearing the sweet tenor voice so highly valued in the choir.

Mr. Ray, the young priest in charge of S. Andrew's and a special friend of Leonard's, came forward to speak to her while coffee and cake were being handed out to the men and boys.

"Leo Mills is not with you?" said Mrs. Blunt. "Have you seen him since he came back from Liverpool?"

"Yes, last night," the curate answered, looking at her uneasily. "You know—Leo is in a restless frame of mind. I hope his grandfather will be patient with him."

Mrs. Blunt shrugged her shoulders slightly. It was impossible to discuss such a question here and now.

"Tiresome boy!" she said. "I hope you will advise him to be patient with his grandfather."

And a moment afterwards she muttered to herself. "Unreasonable old goose!"

Through those late evening hours, after Simon had left him and he had eaten his lonely dinner, old John Mills sat in the library, listening. Nick's easily pricked ears were not more keen and eager than his to catch the familiar footstep outside, the quick opening of the door. The evening paper lay unnoticed beside the old man's chair, as his thoughts wandered back over a life that had known much success, but singularly little joy. As a rising business man he had made a foolish marriage, after a quarrel with his first love. The only son inherited his mother's frivolous qualities and worse tendencies. After her death, Mr. Mills planned a satisfactory match for Arthur, and never forgave him for falling in love with and marrying a beautiful girl who was employed in a small shop. This girl was good and charming, but she failed to reform her idle, dissipated husband, who died when Leonard was one year old. She survived him eleven years, living with the child in her father-in-law's house, but never at ease with the old man, never taking her right-

ful place as the mother of his heir. Though not unkind or unjust, John Mills was worldly and ambitious. He could not forget her humble origin, and her natural gentleness and shyness placed her at a still greater disadvantage with him. But she

was wise and loyal, and taught her boy to love and respect his grandfather. After her death, the close of a year's suffering, bravely borne, Leonard with his strain of restlessness would have been utterly spoiled, had it not been for the influence of his godmother and of the Mission Church he loved.

The old man sat there and counted over all he had done for the boy. At length, as midnight drew on, he rang for Martha and told her to shut up the house.

"We can't sit up all night for Master Leo," he said. "He must have dined out somewhere."

Martha ventured to suggest the carols and the midnight service. "He can let himself in," she said.

"Ah! let him! High Church rubbish!" said Mr. Mills. But he went upstairs somewhat relieved in his mind.

Anyhow, the Arctic regions had not swallowed Leonard without further warning, he thought, thus confessing to a certain chilly fear.

Far into the small hours his high window showed a square of light in the dark mass of the house. Grandfather above, Nick below, watched through that Holy Night for the lad's return.

(To be continued.)



"He rang for Martha and told her to shut up the house."

His Mother's Boy.

HE was his mother's darling
From the moment he was born.
The merriest, brightest eyes he had,
And curls like ripened corn.

His frequent childish ailments
Absorbed her loving care.
No other and his wants should meet,
And none her vigils share

War's breath blew fierce. Our men must go,
The strong, the stalwart ones.
She watched them marching down the street,
The flower of England's sons.

She turned on him her pleading eyes;
He could not, must not go.
The others, they were rough and hard,
And fit to meet the foe.

But he—Impatiently he cried,
"Don't, mother, keep me here,
The world's at war; I want to go,
The trumpet call rings clear!"

He went. She hid her still, white face,
He must not see her tears.
Only a mother's heart can hold
The garnered love of years.

He came not back. . . . She sits alone,
No word of grief she speaks,
She wanders out beyond the veil,
And there her son she seeks.

Again, she feels his hand in hers,
His voice speaks in her ear;
Faith, that the mountains can remove,
Can make the distance near.—C. J. HAMILTON.

A Few Words about War Memorials.

AS the months pass, the question of Memorials to those who have fallen in the War becomes of greater and more pressing interest throughout the country. True, many of us may share the Bishop of Oxford's wish

that in each parish our thoughts may be united and centred on the provision of one memorial to all from the parish who have fallen in a War in which noble and gentle and simple alike have shared, and which has drawn us all together in effort and sacrifice and sorrow. The day for this united "communal" action has not yet come. But the opportunity for it is necessarily drawing nearer; and meanwhile our thoughts may well turn now and again to the questions we shall then have to face.

Already abundant and most helpful advice has been proffered to us from many quarters. First in the field was Dr. Hermitage Day with his modest but particularly useful and suggestive little book, *Monuments and Memorials*, with its wealth of illustrations ("Arts of the Church" Series, Mowbrays, 1s. 6d. net). This was followed by Mr. Laurence Weaver's much larger volume, *Memorials and Monuments* ("Country Life" Library, 12s. 6d.), elaborately reviewing the history of English memorial art. Then, more immediately the product of the War, the Civic Arts Association—on whose executive council so many of our most accomplished experts are serving—has initiated valuable educational work to the same end. And the Warham Guild, in two leaflets by Dr. Dearmer and Mr. F. C. Eeles respectively, has specially appealed to Church people to bear in mind the general principles which should control their action when the question of War Memorials is under consideration.

As to these general principles much of course might be said. We shall all agree, for example, with Mr. Clutton Brock, that, if our memorial is to be a fountain, "we should make the best fountain we can, and get it in the best place. Then, if it has the beauty of its own fitness and of the flowing water, it will be a worthy memorial." So too we can perceive the point of Mr. Eeles' warn-

ing that if the memorial is to be in connection with the parish church, the first consideration is "to see that no harm be done"; and there is ample warrant for the earnest plea put forth both by Dr. Day and Mr. Eeles that no priest should admit to his church anything which is not approved by a thoroughly competent adviser.

On these large and important considerations, however, this is not the place to enlarge. But there is one point which, though it be deemed of minor moment, is in one sense so fundamental and so universal in its application, that it well deserves special emphasis. Any and every memorial, it should be remembered, "says something, not for a moment but for ages, and this should be well said both in language and the manner in which that language is recorded." In other words, the inscription is necessarily an important and conspicuous part of the memorial. And, as Mr. Clutton Brock urges, "a good inscription is one which says what is meant simply and purely, and in which the lettering is also simple, fine, clear, and permanent." It should be "something that will be a pleasure to read, both to the eye and to the mind. . . . So the lettering should be such as can be easily read now—and not Gothic of the latest and most illegible style."² The illustration on this page (reproduced by kind permission of the Civic Arts Association) admirably fulfils these conditions and should be in itself sufficient to commend them to us.

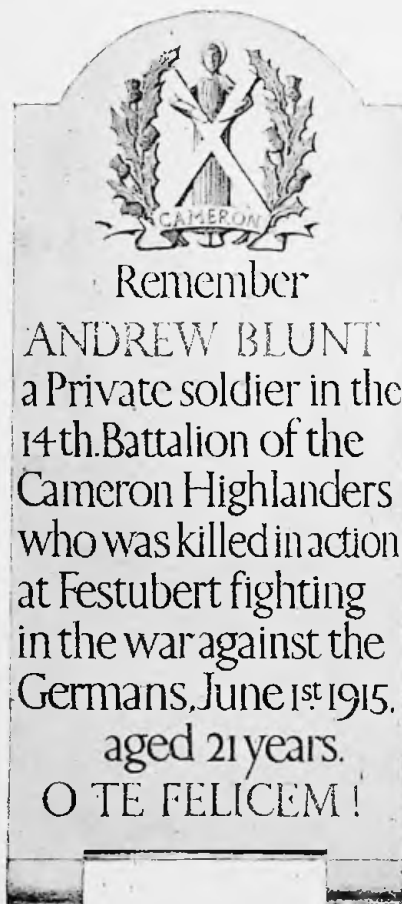
If only this ideal can be attained in our prospective War Memorials, whether they be great or small, parochial or individual, how much will be gained!

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

WE have to train ourselves in the common everyday life to habits of perseverance. We must learn to finish as well as to begin any work, however trifling, which has been entrusted to us. We must go on till, like CHRIST, we, in our measure and degree, can say, "It is finished."—Bp. G. H. WILKINSON.

¹ See "On War Memorials," issued by the Civic Arts Association.

² See also Mr. Eric Maclagan's pamphlet, "On Inscriptions." (Civic Arts Association.)



A DESIGN FOR A STONE TABLET.
BY ERIC GILL.

Church Life To-day: Some Points of Current Interest.

At the recent presentation of his portrait to **Bishop Montgomery** on the completion of the fifteenth year of his work as **Secretary of S.P.G.** the Archbishop of Canterbury remarked that "Bishop Montgomery had brought the Society into much greater prominence than it had before; and those who knew what it was years ago would realize what he had done for it." The increased vitality of the Society and the energy that has been apparent in its work all over the world under the bishop's direction should indeed be matters of satisfaction to every English Churchman.

When the present secretary entered upon his office the Society had just completed two centuries of existence, having been founded in 1701. Though not the oldest English missionary society it had practically the whole of the Church's foreign mission work in its hands nearly throughout the eighteenth century, as the Church Missionary Society did not come into existence till 1799.

S.P.G. is now, as Bishop Montgomery said on the occasion mentioned above, a "great world-wide fellowship." Its secretary is in touch with the leaders of the Church and with those who work under them almost all over the globe. And in this respect his power of sympathy and capacity for making friends, to which the Archbishop of Canterbury specially referred, have been of the greatest value. Bishop Montgomery is in his seventieth year, and before entering on his present office was for twelve years Bishop of Tasmania.

It has been remarked that the acceptance by Mr. Lloyd George of the office of Prime Minister raises an interesting question with regard to the **appointment of bishops** and other high officials of the Church. For the first time since Sir Robert Walpole, nearly two hundred years ago, acquired the right of advising the Crown on such appointments, we have a Prime Minister who is openly and to a marked degree identified with English and Welsh Dissent. Before Walpole's time the persons to be made bishops were selected by the sovereign himself. And it is interesting at the present juncture to note that William III., on the express ground that he was not a Churchman, surrendered this right to a commission of divines, and was guided by their advice.

THE memorial to the late **Rev. R. C. Kirkpatrick** is to take the form of a calvary in the churchyard of S. Augustine's, Kilburn, of which he was founder and first vicar. His actual ministry in the parish with which his name will always be associated may be said to date

from 1870, when services began to be held in a temporary building, though he had already been for some years on the staff of a neighbouring parish.

The first stone of the present magnificent church of S. Augustine was laid in 1870, and the building completed in 1877, except for the tower, which was not finished till 1898, when Mr. Kirkpatrick, though nearly eighty years of age, insisted on being drawn up in a basket to place the final stone in position with words of thanksgiving and benediction.

A short memoir of Mr. Kirkpatrick, written by one of his colleagues, was issued last year through Messrs. Mowbray.

FAR from being "over," as is sometimes carelessly said, the **National Mission** has scarcely more than begun. The Central Council which organized the preparation for the special effort of last

autumn has indeed concluded its sittings, but at its final meeting the Archbishop of Canterbury laid special stress on "the thought that these autumn months had been only the beginning of the Mission. It has been the 'push' which is to lead to more sustained endeavour, and the thought needs emphasis at a moment when the Council as such is winding up its distinctive work of initiative and guidance. Now is to begin the real persevering work of the Mission throughout the land. Every diocese, and so far as possible, every parish, is to gird its loins to steady endeavour after worthier work than before."

THOUGH he has recently been acting as Chaplain to the Forces at Blyth and Sunderland, the new Vicar of Newcastle, the **Rev. G. E. Newsom**, has hitherto been better known in London than in the North. Born in 1871 he was ordained in 1895, and two years later began the connection with King's College, London, which lasted until his appointment to succeed Canon Gough at Newcastle. He was vice-principal of the college from 1897 to 1903, when he became Professor of Pastoral Theology. Largely as a result of his efforts the King's College Hostel for Theological Students was opened in 1902, and he became its first warden, a position he retained until the hostel was closed in consequence of the war. In addition to his work at King's College Professor Newsom has also been Reader

at the Temple Church and Examining-Chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield.

WITH reference to the recent movement in favour of diverting **episcopal palaces** to other uses than that of residences for bishops, it is interesting to note that after Bishop Robertson vacated the palace at Exeter it was occupied by invalided Red Cross nurses. The new Bishop, Lord William Cecil, has expressed himself quite willing that the palace should continue to be used as a military hospital, and has taken a house for his own use at Heavitree.

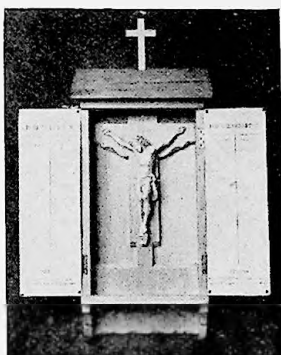
IN contrasting the spirit of the early Church with that which we see to-day, the **Bishop of London** says, "If the Church had retained its early characteristics and the power of unity, love, generosity, and missionary zeal, it would have been impossible for that pagan gospel which had caused the war to grow up in Germany; and if war had broken out at all, how earnest would have been the protests against what has taken place—the appalling crimes that have disgraced humanity."

"So, too, with regard to Reunion, just as the German claim to dominate the world is the one standing obstacle in the secular sphere, so the claim of one diocese—the Roman claim—to dominate every diocese in the world is the one standing obstacle to the production of a great and glorious Church without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. As long as this claim remains it is fatal to a re-united Church, but who are we to believe that anything can stand against prayer and faith and love?"

It is interesting to note that these remarks formed part of the bishop's address at the institution of the **Rev. H. C. Frith** as Vicar of S. Alban's, Holborn.

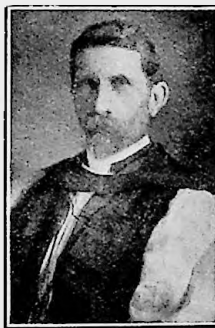
THE **Rev. C. E. Lambert** comes to his new position as Vicar of All Hallows Barking by the Tower from twelve years of work at theological colleges, his experience of which will doubtless be of much value in continuing and developing the work of the All Hallows College of mission priests. This college was begun by Dr. A. J. Mason and carried on by Dr. A. W. Robinson, both of whom passed from the incumbency of All Hallows to canonicates of Canterbury.

Mr. Lambert gained practical knowledge of parochial work on the staff of Leeds Parish Church, to which he was ordained in 1898. In 1901 he became domestic chaplain to Archbishop MacLagan of York, and since 1903 he has been successively Sub-Warden of the Scholae Cancellarii, Lincoln, and Principal of Cambridge Clergy Training School. Since the school was closed owing to the war he has been acting as Ely Diocesan Secretary for the National Mission.



WAR SHRINE AT S. JOHN'S CHURCH, KENNINGTON

Designed by Mr. George E. Kruger and executed by the Warham Guild.



(Elliott & Fry, Ltd.)

THE RIGHT REV.

H. H. PEREIRA, D.D.,

Bishop of Croydon, who recently resigned the Office of Chairman of the C.E.T.S.

Our Query Corner:

Hints for some of our
Correspondents.

*. RULES.—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Persons desiring, if possible, an immediate answer, should enclose stamped and addressed envelope, with their question, but they must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that *The Sign* goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (6) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that most of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (7) The pages marked *The Sign* are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.*.

1103. If sin is forgiven, why is a person not treated as if it was all done with?

The answer is that Absolution remits the guilt but not necessarily the penalty of a sin. If a soul is penitent, so far as man may judge, the minister can exercise the commission given to him (see Ordination Service). He forgives the guilt by the authority given to the Church by our LORD JESUS CHRIST, for only GOD can forgive sins.

But a penitent is often advised that natural consequences follow sin. This may be disqualification for offices only open to those "of good report." The path by which a penitent moves upward can obviously be known only to those whom it concerns.

1104. Where can I get information about guilds and societies of the Church?

General information as to guilds, societies, etc., in connection with the work of the Church, is to be found in *The Churchman's Year Book* (Mowbrays, 1s. 6d. net); it is really worth while for a Churchman to have it.

1105. At our study-circle some people seemed to go too far in equalizing the death of our soldiers (heroes though they were) to the Death of Christ—is that not wrong?

Yes; get Eck's *Sin* or Pullan's *Atonement* (4s. net each), or Denny's *Death of CHRIST* (secondhand) if you can.

Your letter is interesting, for is not that just what all the "little" study-circles are for—to set the Church thinking?

This is what we think. In the physical world we may surely hold that, consciously or unconsciously, those who leave all to do their duty are indeed following CHRIST, the King, to that extent. But you are quite right also in deprecating any comparison between the "mere" self-sacrifice of even life and fortune with the Event in the spiritual world which ransomed our souls. We cannot even measure what that was. The Death of the Messiah of GOD stands apart. It is not only an example, it is an action

involving unknown cost and producing unknown effects.

Our Notice Board.

"Deliver us for Thy Name's sake."

FEBRUARY, 1917.

DATE. FESTIVALS.

2. F. Festival of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, commonly called The Purification of Saint Mary the Virgin. (Candlemas Day.)

4. S. Septuagesima.

11. S. Sexagesima.

18. S. Quinquagesima.

24. S. Festival of S. Matthias, A.M.

25. S. 1 Sunday in Lent.

March.

4. S. 2 Sunday in Lent.

+

FASTS.

Fridays, 2, 9, 16, 23.

All Weekdays in Lent are considered to be Fasts; but our Bishops usually counsel people who lead busy or hard lives to mark **Wednesdays** and **Fridays** by what is possible in the way of Self-denial and Prayer. The days before Ash Wednesday should be used to THINK OUT THE LENT RULE.

+

Vigils. Feb. 1. Vigil of Purification.
.. 23. Vigil of S. Matthias.

+

Feb.

21. ASH WEDNESDAY.

Proper Psalms, M., 6, 32, 38.

E., 102, 130, 143.

+

EMBER DAYS.

Wednesday, 28.

Friday, March 2.

Saturday .. 3.

Ember
Pennies due
where given.

+

OLD DAYS NOTED IN
CALENDAR.

Feb. 3. S. Blasius, B.M.; 5. S. Agatha, V.M.; 14. S. Valentine, B.M.

1106. What is "schism" that we pray about in the Litany?

When we pray against schism, we refer to separation from Christians

who hold the "Nicene" Faith—expressed in our Communion Creed. The word "schism" means a rent, and there have been great rents in the past, formally in the East, and gradually in the West. When we use it, as applied to our English circumstances, we use it of those who part from the English Church, as they think, on questions of discipline, as distinguished from questions of doctrine. In practice the two now usually go together.

1107. How do you defend S. Augustine's conduct as a bishop and a saint of the Church?

There is a certain hardness which we are not called upon to like in him. The Church does not defend heathen sins, nor Christian sins either; but S. Augustine neither sinned as a bishop nor a saint; he had sinned as a heathen. He repented and confessed; he was baptized; he put away all his sins. Like other penitents, he had to bear the penalty. There is no defence by a penitent of past sin. You must not think the horror of sin is overlooked. The Church's teaching is clear. It is, for example, contained in Ephesians iv. 17, v. 15 (read Revised Version); Galatians v. 19-24; 1 Corinthians vi. 9-11.

1108. As a non-graduate lay-reader can I use a college cap when wearing cassock and surplice in outdoor processions?

We see no objection to the mortar-board with cassock and surplice. It seems the only thing you could wear in the circumstances, and it makes no pretensions to a degree unless accompanied by gown or robe and hood.

1109. May I have some names of books to use with children?

Some of the following books may suit your purpose, viz.:—*Every Child's Book about the Church*, by Gertrude Hollis, 2s. net; *My Catechism Book*, 2s. net; *The Children's Round of Fast and Festival*, by C. C. Bell, 1s. 6d. net; *The Story of the Gospels*, 2s. net; *The Children's Creed*, by Mrs. Twining, 1s. 6d. net; *Child's Life of CHRIST*, by Mrs. Dearmer, 2s. 6d. net.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of *THE SIGN*, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W. Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage must be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., at their London House as above.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

When you have no relish for food, have pains after eating, flatulence, biliousness, headaches, or constipation, you may be sure that your stomach and liver are out of order. Consequently, the process of digestion is imperfect, and unless you remedy this condition without delay, you may sooner or later expect a breakdown. To restore your stomach and liver to healthful working order is the part of common sense, and for this purpose you need the best of all stomach and liver tonics, Mother Seigel's Syrup. The herbal extracts contained in the Syrup quickly restore the stomach, liver, and bowels to proper working order. Then you can relish and digest your food, without pains to follow, and your general health will be safeguarded. Try the Syrup after your next meal.

IS THE
BEST REMEDY.

The 2½ Bottle contains THREE TIMES the 1/3 size.

Safeguard your Health with

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

THE RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.

Used with unvarying success for upwards of 60 years.

THE BEST REMEDY
KNOWN FOR

**Coughs,
Colds,
Asthma,
Bronchitis.**

Effectually cuts short
attacks of SPASMS, HYSTERIA,
PALPITATION.

A true palliative in NEURALGIA,
TOOTHACHE, GOUT,
RHEUMATISM.

Checks and arrests
FEVER, CROUP, and AGUE.

Acts like a charm in
DIARRHŒA, COLIC, and
other bowel complaints.

Always ask for a "DR. COLLIS BROWNE."

Of all Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.



Are you Anæmic?

ARE you Pale and Breathless on slight Exertion; do you feel Weary, Irritable, and generally Rundown? Yes! Then you are showing symptoms of Anæmia (poorness of blood). Start to-day to enrich and strengthen your blood by taking Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2. This will benefit your whole system & overcome the distressing symptoms. Your colour will be regained, nerves steadied, appetite improved, and you will experience a feeling of new vitality and strength.

Ask your Chemist for Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2.

For Anæmia in Women ... Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2.

Reliable Tonic for Men ... Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A.

For Growing Children ... Iron 'Jelloids' No. 1.

Of all Chemists; a Fortnight's Treatment 1/3, large size 3/-

Iron Jelloids

(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds)

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger
than ORDINARY COFFEE.

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28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.
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Pictures. Ecclesiastical Art Work
in Metal, Wood, and Textiles.**

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Craftsman's Work in Wood, Metal, and Textiles,
for single articles or complete Church Furnishing.

Illustrated Price Lists Post Free on Application.

Telegrams: "Clergyable, London"; "Mowbrays", Oxford."

THE FEEDING OF INVALIDS.

A suitable dietary for Invalids is of the utmost importance. The food selected must be at once palatable, easy of assimilation and provide complete nourishment. In all forms of Dyspepsia, both simple and chronic, for the Invalid, Convalescent, and the Aged.



furnishes a food which is pleasant to the taste, easily digested, and wholly nourishing. It is a unique concentrated food that increases the power of assimilation and speedily restores the impoverished system. It is indispensable in the Hospital and Sick-room, and for feeding our Wounded Soldiers and Sailors.

In tins at 1/6, 3/-, and 6/- each, of all Chemists.

The 'Allenburys' Diet is a food chiefly intended for Adults, and is quite distinct from the well-known 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants.

Write for a large Free Sample to

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

BRONCHIAL COUGH.

BABY SPEEDILY CURED BY VENO'S.

Mrs. MOYLE, 55 Beaufort Road, St. Thomas, Exeter, says: "I am very pleased to tell you that Veno's Lightning Cough Cure has quite cured my little baby. He was suffering with Bronchitis, and nothing else did any good. Baby was born with a delicate chest, and every week or so would have bad attacks of coughing and wheezing. Often he could hardly get his breath. Poor little dear, it was pitiful to see him struggling and so shaken with coughing. I tried all sorts of things, but none of them did the slightest good. I had medical advice, too, but poor baby did not get a bit better. But at last I got Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. A few doses cured him, and he has never had a cough since."



Mrs. Moyle and Baby.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for—
COUGHS AND COLDS, 11^d. WHOOPING COUGH,
LUNG TROUBLES, 11^d. BAD BREATHING,
BRONCHITIS, a bottle. HOARSENESS,
ASTHMA, INFLUENZA.

Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/- The 3/- Size is the most economical.
Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world.
Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Practise Economy—use



Pears' Soap

A good name that is handed down for ages past, of necessity has its foundation on solid merit. The good name of PEARS has come down through the years as the soap of absolute purity, marvellously beneficial to the complexion, uniquely refreshing and fragrant, and withal extremely economical.

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THE PRIZE COURT.

Falkland Islands Battle : Prize Bounty.

IN THE MATTER OF THE BATTLE OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

(Before the RIGHT HON. SIR SAMUEL EVANS, President.)

Rear Admiral Grant, C.B. the Officers, and ship's company of H.M.S. Canopus applied for a declaration that they were entitled to participate in the prize bounty, amounting to £12,000, awarded by the Court in August last for the destruction of the German warships *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, *Leipzig*, and *Nurnberg*, during the battle of the Falkland Islands.

MR C. R. DUNLOP, in support of the motion, read the following affidavit by Rear Admiral Grant :—

I was on the material dates hereinafter mentioned a captain in his Majesty's Navy and officer in command of H.M.S. Canopus, a battleship of 12,950 tons . . . H.M.S. Canopus left under my command the harbour of Stanley, Falklands, bound (under orders) for Montevideo in company with H. M. S. Glasgow on Sunday, November 8th, 1914, having escorted the latter vessel through the Straits of Magellan after the action off Coronel, in which she had been severely damaged by the enemy. While on passage to the said port of Montevideo, a wireless message was received by me, emanating from the Admiralty, that the Canopus was to return to the Falkland Islands, and if encountering the enemy in force to damage them to the best of her ability : that if able to reach the island she was to arrange the defence of the port of Stanley against any attack by the enemy, which might be expected at any time ; but that the Glasgow was to proceed to Montevideo. The Canopus accordingly returned, reaching Port Stanley without encountering the enemy on November 12th 1914. The work of defending the harbour and possible landing places in the vicinity was at once commenced under my direction, and comprised the landing of the 12-pr guns, the construction of shore batteries commanding the landing places in

the vicinity of the harbour, the construction of mines at the entrance, the erection of look out stations, and the establishment of telephone communication between all stations and the Canopus, the establishment of an examination service of all vessels entering or leaving the harbour, and finally, the grounding of the Canopus in such a position that she could obtain an all-round fire to seaward from the enemy. An observation hut was constructed for the purpose of directing the indirect fire from the Canopus seaward. In all these preparations for defence the work was carried out by the ship's company and officers of the Canopus under the most adverse conditions of weather and gales of wind and snow. The men had at first little or no shelter, but later, owing to the assistance of the Governor, sheds were built for their protection at various batteries, look out stations, &c.

Communication with the outer world was almost altogether cut off, as no ship was in touch. On November 25th, however, a wireless message was received that the *Scharnhorst* & *Gneisenau* enemy cruisers had rounded the Horn, and from that date December 7th when Admiral Sir Frederick Doveton Sturdee, K.C.B., arrived with his squadron, we were in daily expectation of attack.

The Navy yard which existed at Port Stanley was reopened, and stores and ammunition which were aboard the store ships and colliers in harbour were disembarked and landed for the use of the relieving Fleet on their arrival. No information as to the concentration of our squadron reached the Falklands, and the first intimation of it was the arrival of Sir Frederick Sturdee and his squadron on the morning of Dec. 7, consisting of the *Invincible*, *Inflexible*, *Carnarvon*, *Cornwall*, *Kent*, *Glasgow*, and *Bristol*, with the armed merchant cruiser *Macedonia*. Admiral Sturdee expressed himself satisfied with the arrangements that had been made for the defence of the port, and appointed me as Senior Officer of the Falklands and in charge of the defence, berthing of auxiliaries, provisioning, &c., of the squadron. During the afternoon of Dec. 7 a meeting of the commanding officers of all the vessels, including myself, was held aboard the flagship, and the

situation discussed as to the best means of finding the enemy. The decision arrived at included the Canopus remaining at Port Stanley in order to defend the same during the absence of the fleet. By reason of Port Stanley being thus defended the said squadron was enabled to, and did, safely coal and revictual on the 7th and on the morning of the 8th December 1914.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ENEMY.

On December 8. at 7.40 a.m., the look-out station at Sappers Hill reported smoke in sight, by telephone, to H.M.S. Canopus, and this message was passed by me direct to the flagship.

At 7.50 a.m. it was reported from the same station to the Canopus that there were one four-funnelled cruiser and one two-funnelled cruiser approaching the port. This was passed by me immediately to the flagship and the Canopus was cleared for action. A signal was made from the flagship to the remainder of the squadron to cast off their colliers and raise steam full speed. At 8.15 a.m. from the top of the Canopus, the ships of the enemy could be plainly seen steaming towards a position off the port. The smoke of what afterwards was made out to be the remainder of the enemy was observed farther out to seaward. At 8.45 a.m. the Canopus reported to the flagship that the two ships reported were now about eight miles off and the smoke of the remainder appeared to be about 20 miles off. The Glasgow, Kent and Cornwall were now on the way. At 8.52 a.m. the enemy cruisers referred to, now ascertained to be the Gneisenau and Nurnberg, appeared to be steering a course which would bring them within range of the Canopus's 12in. guns. A signal was made by me to the Admiral asking permission to open fire on them directly they were in range. This was approved and permission granted accordingly. Thereupon the officers in charge of the observation station ashore - viz., Lieutenant Commander P. Hordern and Lieutenant H. Bennett - were ordered to be ready to lay the 12in guns of the Canopus and open fire when in range. Meanwhile the enemy approached at speed, evidently with the intention of making a reconnaissance of the ships in harbour or of bombarding the wireless station or ships inside. At 9.15, a.m. the two enemy

cruisers apparently eased down and they were observed to be clearing for action.

Thereupon the two foremost 12in. guns of the Canopus were fired at them. This salvo was, unfortunately, a little short. The enemy cruisers immediately put over their helms and steamed away from the island. The guns were re-loaded in time, and a second salvo from all the 12in. guns was fired at the retreating ships. This apparently pitched close to their sterns, and it was shortly afterwards reported from the lighthouse signal station that one of the enemy now believed to be the Gneisenau, had been struck near the after funnel by a ricochet shot, and shortly afterwards she was observed to ease down, and a cloud of steam was reported to be coming from her. She, however, afterwards resumed her speed and course in the direction of the rest of her squadron.

By 10.10 a.m. the British squadron was under way and in pursuit of the enemy. The Canopus remained at her station, and so enabled all the other ships in the squadron to proceed out to the attack. A telephone message was afterwards received from Fitzroy, one of the ports to the southward of Port Stanley, that there were three enemy ships in the vicinity, which after further investigations by telephone appeared to be merchant craft. Our Squadron was by this time out of sight, with the exception, of the Macedonia. The message was passed to her and the flagship by wireless, and the Bristol and Macedonia were directed to go in pursuit (of these enemy ships). . . . The result was the capture and destruction of 2 out of the 3. Later on a signal was received that the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Leipzig were sunk, and the necessary preparations were made ashore under my directions for the reception of the wounded and prisoners, a considerable number of whom were brought in on the following day. Admiral Sturdee returned on December 11th, 1914, and expressed his thanks to me personally for the work done by the Canopus, and was kind enough to interview the ship's company later and express his appreciation to them."

The claim was not allowed.

[From *The Times*.]

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE ANNUAL CATHEDRAL Bazaar

will take place on or about May 21st, & 22nd, 1917.

and will take the form of

A Grand Spectacular Display

ENTITLED

“An English Country Fair.”

Contributions towards the stalls will be gladly received by Mrs. Dean, Stanley Cottage : Mrs J. Stanley Smith, the Deanery, and Mrs C. McDonald-Hobley. The Church House.



Would every reader of this paper kindly send something for Sale ?—whether Home-made or bought articles : readers abroad in the Colonies would greatly help by sending some of their local novelties.

Every Contribution Gratefully Received.

Darwin Harbour Sports Association. 1917.

THE annual meeting of the D. H. S. A. was held in Darwin on Feb: 15th. and 16th. The weather was ideal on both days. We were very pleased to see amongst the many visitors, Mr. & Mrs. J. Felton, Mrs. Strickland, Messrs. R. Felton, R. Greenshields and A. Bonner and many others who were new to the meeting.

On the evening of Feb: 14th. Dr. & Mrs. Wace very kindly gave a Cinematograph Entertainment in the New Hall. The total proceeds of over £10 being given to the fund for British prisoners in Germany. Father Migone very kindly lent the films for this and other shows held by Dr. Wace in Darwin. The fund commenced by Dr. Wace eventually reached over £30, contributions being given by winners of prizes, and balances from three subscription dances. The Red Cross and Tobacco Funds also benefited in various ways, over £50 being the total contributed to the various charities.

The races commenced at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning. The first event was a challenge race between Mr. R. S. Felton's "Sandy" and an unbeaten horse belonging to Mr. J. McPherson. An exciting race ensued "Sandy" winning on the post by a narrow margin. The race given by Goose Green men brought out some good horses and after an exciting race was won by Mr. J. Felton's "Spot". The open 500 yards had unfortunately to be run twice, as some misunderstanding occurred at the start "Edith" won on the first occasion, but in the decider Mr. M. McCarthy had the verdict on a horse imported from Patagonia last winter. Mr. R. Felton's "Anona" being third on both results "Cherry" the Stanley winner was unplaced in this race. The Greenshields plate, always a popular race, brought out 15 starters and was won after a good race by Mr. L. Middleton's horse which also won the Ladies Race and the Maiden Plate. The open 700 yards was another good race, "Spot" again proving

the winner. The Mile brought out 7 horses including the winner over the same distance in Stanley. Most admirers of a good old horse were pleased to see Mr. D. Watson's "Antrevido" ably ridden by Mr. A. Watson win in easy fashion. Although this horse's day is past for short fast, races, one respects his past performances and present good looks. The Champion Cup brought out 7 starters "Edith" the winner of this event for the last 4 years being withdrawn. This proved a fast and good race was cleverly won by "Secret" who was closely followed by Mr. Carthy's horse "Spot". Needless to say the win was extremely popular as the winners sporting owner, Mr. R. Felton, is a good supporter of our meeting as well as any other meeting connected with sports. All agreed that the races were amongst the best ever held in Darwin. The entries were good, and the quality of the horses competing has probably never been better, over £72 was spent in prize money this sum being far larger than any previous year. On the evening of the races a dance was held, and during an interval Mr. Townson presented the Cup to Mr. Roy Felton, and followed with a speech in which he remarked on the improvement in the races during recent years, and also on the good fellowship existing amongst all concerned and connected with the races. The sports on the green took place on the Friday at which a lack of enthusiasm and competition were very noticeable. A dance was again held on the Friday evening, Mrs. Moir, during the evening, sold a piece of a Zeppelin which had been brought down at Potters Bar. The piece had been sent by Mrs. Vere Packe to Mrs. Roy Felton. It was bought in the first place for £4 by Dr. Wace, who put it up again for sale. The same thing happened several times before it finally closed for a total £12. 13. 0. This amount was divided amongst the various Charities. A general meeting of all interested in the Association was held in the Hall when office bearers for following year were appointed and various improvements suggested. It was generally acknowledged that the open character of the meeting had in every way been justified.

F. I. MAGAZINE AND CHURCH PAPER

1. MAIDEN PLATE.

Prizes given by Mr. A. Bonner, San Carlos S.
OWNER. JOCKEY.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. L. Middleton | J. Coutts. |
| 2. G. Waterson | G. Thompson. |
| 3. J. Bowles. | M. McCarthy. |

2. PONY RACE.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. J. McPhee | M. McCarthy. |
| 1. D. Coutts | Owner. |
| 3. F. Jennings | J. McPhee. |

3. 1000 YDS.

Prize given by Mr. R. S. Felton.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| 1. R. S. Felton's "Secret" | W. Aldridge. |
| 2. G. Waterson "Tostado" | N. Suriez. |
| 3. J. McGills "Flirt" | A. Earle. |

4. FALKLAND ISLANDS HORSES 600 YDS.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------|
| 1. R. S. Felton's "Sandy" | W. Aldridge. |
| 2. R. S. Felton's "Blucher" | A. Earle. |
| 3. J. McPherson | N. Suriez. |

5. OPEN 600.

Prizes given by Mr. Weiss and men at
Goose Green.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| 1. J. Felton's "Spite" | F. Henricksen. |
| 2. R. S. Felton's "Anona" | J. Aldridge. |
| 3. D. Watson's "Atrevido" | A. Watson. |

6. NAVY JOCKEYS.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. G. Waterson | G. Thompson. |
| 2. J. Bowles | J. Hewitt. |
| 3. M. McCarthy | S. Hansen. |

7. OPEN 500 YDS

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------|
| 1. M. McCarthy | Owner. |
| 2. G. Waterson's "Edith" | N. Suriez. |
| 3. R. S. Felton's "Anona" | J. Aldridge. |

8. GREENSHIELDS PLATE.

Prize Given by Mr. G. Greenshields.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------|
| 1. L. Middleton | J. Coutts. |
| 2. M. McCarthy | Owner. |
| 3. J. McPherson | N. Suriez. |

9. MILITARY RACE.

Prizes given by Darwin labourers.

- | |
|-----------------|
| 1. M. McCarthy. |
| 2. J. McPhee. |
| 3. K. Cartmell. |

10. OPEN TO NON WINNERS.

Prizes given by Walker Creek men.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. D. Finlayson | R. Cartmell. |
| 2. G. Waterson | G. Thompson. |
| 3. J. McPhee | Owner. |

11. TROTting RACE.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------|
| 1. J. Coutts | A. Earle. |
| 2. W. Aldridge | Owner. |
| 3. G. Waterson | Owner. |

12. OPEN 700.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| 1. J. Felton's "Spot" | F. Henricksen. |
| 2. R. Felton's "Secret" | W. Aldridge. |
| 3. D. Watson's "Atrevido" | A. Watson. |

13. FALKLAND ISLAND MARES 600 YDS.

Prizes given by North Arm men.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. R. Finlayson | J. Campbell. |
| 2. M. McCarthy | J. McPhee. |
| 3. D. Coutts | Owner. |

14. MILE.

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------|
| 1. D. Watson's "Atrevido" | A. Watson. |
| 2. P. McPherson | N. Suriez. |
| 3. M. McCarthy | Owner |

15. 800 Yds. (Limited)

Prize given by Mr. Townson.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| 1. R. Finlayson. | R. Cartmell. |
| 2. G. Waterson | N. Suriez. |
| 3. D. Finlayson | J. Campbell. |

16. LADIES RACE.

Prize given by Mrs. Townson.

- | |
|----------------------|
| 1. Mrs. Redmond. |
| 2. Miss A. Morrison. |
| 3. Miss M. McLeod. |

17. CONSOLATION RACE.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. F. Scott | H. G. Jennings. |
| 2. J. McPherson | Owner. |
| 3. J. McPherson | S. Newman. |

18. CHAMPION CUP.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------|
| 1. R. S. Felton's "Secret" | W. Aldridge. |
| 2. M. McCarthy's | Owner. |
| 3. J. Felton's "Spot" | F. Henricksen. |

FOOT EVENTS.

100 yds. Open.

- | |
|------------------|
| I. H. Jennings |
| II. R. McPherson |
| III. F. Morrison |

100 yds boys.

- | |
|------------------|
| I. P. Wace |
| II. W. McPherson |
| III. W. Cartmell |

F. I. MAGAZINE AND CHURCH PAPER.

100 yds boys under 16

- I. H. Moir
- II. W. McCarthy
- III. P. Wace

$\frac{1}{2}$ Mile.

- I. R. Cartmell
- II. D. Kiddle
- III. J. Morrison

100 yds. boys under 10.

- I. S. Morrison
- II. J. Jennings
- III. J. Petterson

$\frac{1}{4}$ MILE.

- I. D. Kiddle
- II. D. Henderson
- III. F. Morrison

Three - legged race.

- I. H. Jennings & W. Aldridge
- II. R. McPherson & W. Henderson

Long Jump.

- I. H. Jennings 17ft. 5ins.
- II. R. McPherson
- III. W. Aldridge

Throwing the Hammer.

- I. R. McPherson.
- II. A. Bain
- III. A. Simpson

Small boys.

- I. W. McCarthy
- II. J. Jennings
- III. S. Morrison

Putting the Shot.

- I. R. Felton
- II. R. McPherson
- III. H. Jennings

Hop Step & Jump.

- I. H. Jennings
- II. J. Watson
- III. R. McPherson

Spar Fighting.

- I. R. McPherson
- II. M. McLeod
- III. D. Coutts

Spar Fighting Boys.

- I. H. Moir
- II. W. McPherson

Tilting the Bucket.

- I. M. McLeod
- II. S. Griffiths
- III. C. Ford

Consolation Race.

- I. F. Sollis

OFFERTORIES

March	£	s	d	Church Expenses
4th.	1	16	5	
11th.	1	18	10	" "
18th.	1	12	5	" "
25th.	3	16	10	" "
	£9	4	6	

HYMN LIST for April, 1917.

1st. Morning	196, 99, 322.
Evening	540, 494, 98, 300.
6th. Morning	114, 106, 124.
Evening	112, 108, 107.
	Story of the Cross.
8th. Morning	135, 126, 313, 316.
Evening	125, 131, 133, 499.
15th. Morning	136, 137, 497.
Evening	595, 538, 127, 138.
22nd. Morning	341, 376, 445.
Evening	140, 302, 298, 437.
29th. Morning	474, 536, 546.
Evening	534, 555, 545, 235.

TE DEUM.	Maunder.
BENEDICTUS.	Barnby.
MAGNIFICAT.	Bunnett.
NUNC DIMITTIS.	Bunnett.



THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, SOUTH AMERICA.

Roll of Honour

1915 & 1916.

Charles Alazia.
Henry Aldridge.
Horace Aldridge.
Richard Aldridge.
Shirley Aspinall.
John Armstrong.
Norman Adam.
Adam Blakeley.
Arthur Barnes.
Louis Barnes.
Wilfred Baillon.
Ernest Boothroyd.
Singleton Bonner.
Bernard Buckley.
William Biggs.
Peter Buckley.
Thomas Bean.
William Campell.
John Coleman.
Edward Cobb.
Hubert Cobb.
John Dean.

William Douglas.
Rupert Durose.
George Dean.
William Dettleff.
David Frazer.
Evelyn Felton.
Stanley Goss.
Sydney Goss.
Ernest Goss.
Barry Girling.
Chris Girling.
George Gordon.
William Gleadell.
Claude Hardy.
Valentine Hardy.
Hugh Harding.
George Morris.
Peter McEwan.
Archie McTravers.
William McCall.
Donald McPhee.
Archibald McCall.

Michael Murphy.
John Matthews.
Edmund Matthews.
James McCall.
Edward McAtasney.
Thomas Martin.
Henry Ogilvie.
Arthur Ogilvie.
Gillie Phillips.
Henry Phillips.
Walter Phillips.
William Rutter.
Jack Turner.
Richard Uwina.
George Williams.
Douglas Williams.
Stuart Williams.
Maxwell Williams.
Phillip Williams.
Jack Williams.
Norman Watt.
Staaley Watt.

Died in the Service of their Country
Dec: 1st 1914.

Norman Aitkin.
Frederick Biggs.
Herbert Gaylard.
Walter Shires.

James Allen.
William Blyth.
Charles Newing.
Ernest Spencer.

Peter McKay, January 28th. 1916.

"Fight the good Fight."

Globe Store.

General Store.

A large stock of Earthenware and Glassware has just been received consisting of the following : Sets of Jugs, extra Jugs, Sugar Basins and Cream Jugs, Bowls and lids, Cake Plates, Dinner and Soup Plates, Tea Pots, Mugs with "present from Falkland Islands" thereon, Glass Jugs to hold 2 & 3 pints, Cake Plates, Dishes etc.

Wall Papers, Brass Curtain Poles 4' 6" long complete with Brackets, Rings etc., Hanging Lamps, Stair Floor Cloths 18" & 36" wide, Linoleum of assorted designs, 12 bore Breech Cleaners, Dolly Dyes, Wood Taps, Cooks Kitchen & Toasting Forks, Cake Tins with movable bottoms, Pastry Trays, Brass and Black Fire Guards, Flour Sifters, Galvanised Cinder Sieves, Enamel Coffee & Tea Pots 2 to 5pts, Stove Plate Lifters, Meat Saws, Garden Forks, Clothes Lines 20 & 30 yds., Manilla for Clothes Lines. Bedroom Toilet sets, Carpet Squares, Hearth Rugs, Coconut Matting 18 & 27" wide, Pot Mend, Varnish,

Singers Hand Sewing Machines.

Gent's Overcoats, Rainproof Coats size 38 - 40", Scotch Tweed Trousers 15/9 per pair, Pyjamas, Spiral Putties 7/11 a pair, Soft Silk Double Collars, Pocket Felt Hats, Fancy Cardigan Vests, Heather and White Sweaters, White & Black Cotton Gloves, Canvas, Lace, Patent and Court Shoes, Underpants & Vests 11/- per suit.

Table Knives & Forks, Table and Desert Spoons, Sets of Carvers, Sail, and Packing Needles, Plaster of Paris, Halls Distemper Paint in 4lb tins, and 28lb drums, Aspinalls Enamel, Black, Blue, Green and White, Chambers Dictionary's 8/6 each, Alarm Clocks 8/6 each, Red & Black Striped Horse Rugs, Bass Pot Brushes, Playing Cards 1/6 and 2/-.

Camphorated Oil, Peps, Blackcurrant, Valda, Glycerine and Eucalyptus Pastilles, Liver Pills, Asperine, Soda Mint and Biscuerated Magnesia Tabloids, Tonce, and Chloride of Gold.

Millinery Department.

Trimmed and untrimmed Hats, Silk and Cotton Frocks, 18" to 24", Ladies white Poplin Shoes, Childrens Cotton Gaiters, Overalls & Pinafores, Cotton, Muslin and Lace Collars, Cotton American Blouses, Infants Matinee Coats, Cashmere, Velveteen and Serge Dresses.

Girl's Muslin & Cashmere Frocks, Flannelette Nightdresses.

Boy's Tweed Hats, Tweed Conway Suits with Caps to match, Boy's Flannelette Shirts. Plushettes, White Silk Tulle, Cream Wincey, Silk Ninon, Lawn Muslin, Swiss Embroidery, Flannel Shirting, Frilling. Various qualities of Silks, Salome Fringe, Embroidery Silk Art Serges. Ladies' Fancy Collars, Yokes, Fronts, Bows, Scarves, Belts, White Silk Gloves, Muslin Aprons, Overalls, Nightdresses, Nightdress Satchets & O. S. Cotton Blouses.

Linen Damask Table Cloths & Serviettes, Coloured Angora Curl Table Cloths, Cushion Covers etc, etc, etc.

Imperial & Cabinet Size Photo Frames, Gold Brooches, Necklets & Pendants, Silver Necklets. etc.

Candle Shades, Afternoon Tea Spoons in Case, Salt Cellars, Desert Knives, Bread Boards Baby Spoon & Fork, Silver Mounted Cloth Brush & Mirrors.

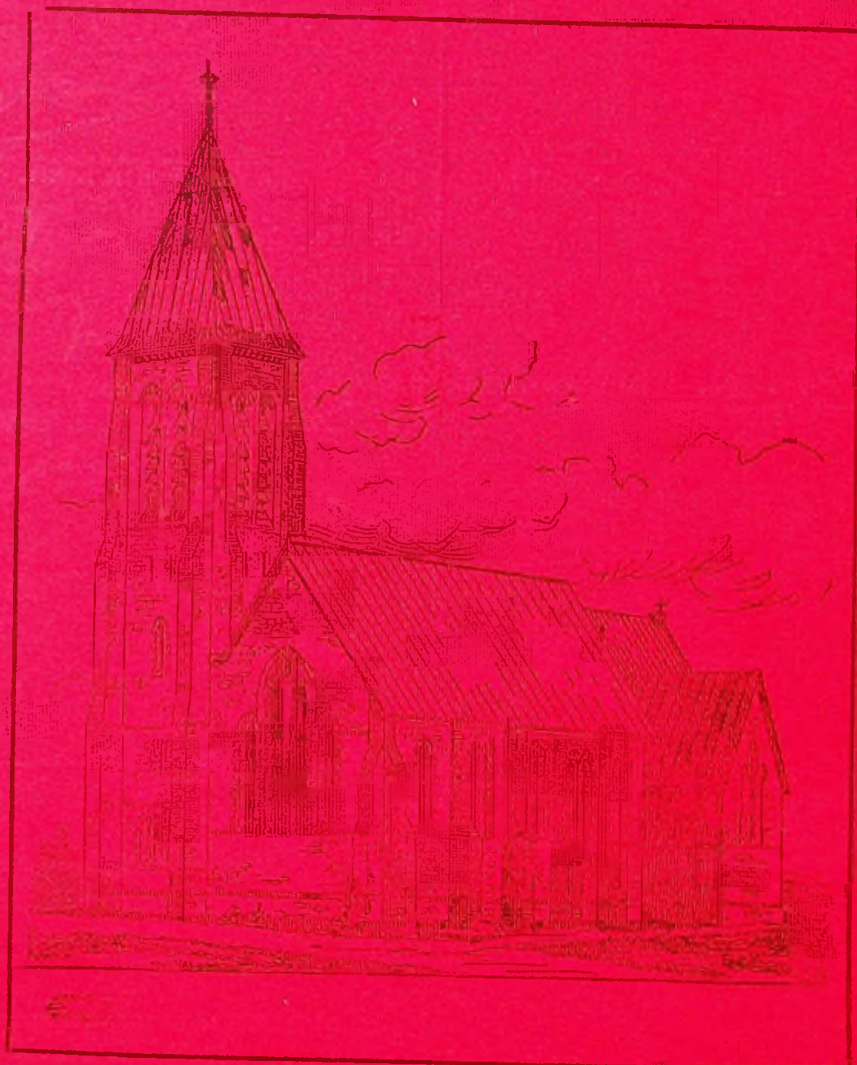
Paint Boxes, Painting Books, Artists Water and Oil Colours in tubes, & Red Sable Brushes.

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine
AND
CHURCH PAPER

NO. 1. VOL. XXIX

MAY 1917.

PRICE SIXPENCE



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, PORT STANLEY, F. I.

BISHOP
Right Rev. E. F. Every D.D.
 Temporarily in Charge

DEAN.
The Very Rev.
J. Stanley Smith M. A.
ASSISTANT CATHEDRAL
CHAPLAIN

Rev C McDonald-Hobley

ARCHDEACON

Vacant

HONORARY CANONS.

Four Vacancies

SELECT VESTRY

Mr J G Poppy, Churchwardens

Mr R. B Baseley.

Mr A R Hoare, Hon. Secretary

Mr R. B Baseley Hon. Treasurer

Mr W. Atkins senr, Mr F. Hardy.

Mr A. E. Smith

CAMP REPRESENTATIVES

East Falklands. Vacant.

West Falklands M Buckworth Esq

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Miss L Rowlands

& Miss S. Wilson.

VERGER and SEXTON.

Mr J F Summers

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS

Miss L LANNING. Miss L. Poppy

Miss L. Rowlands. Miss S. Wilson.

Miss M. BISSIK Hon. Sec.

Miss D. Rowlands. Miss M. Thomas.

CHOIR

R. Hannaford F. Hardy I. Hardy.

The Messrs M. Hardy, E. Lanning, E. King

L. Poppy, L. Rowlands, S. Wilson, M. Thomas

H. Wilson, D. Rowlands, S. Summers, I.

Atkins, I. Summers, V. King, D. Aldridge, A.

Newing, D. Riches, M. Aldridge, I. Pearce.

S. Skilling, M. Bradbury, R. Rowlands, G.

King, B. Kiddle.

SOLE ENGLISH AGENTS.

To whom all particulars concerning advertising, literary, and other business may be addressed.

The South American Press, Ltd
1 Arundel Street,
London W. C.

May.

Moon

Full Moon 7th.

Last Qtr. 14th.

New Moon. 21st.

First Qtr. 28th.

Moon

APRIL.

Full Moon 5th.

Last Qtr. 12th.

New Moon 19th.

First Qtr. 27th.

1st. Tu. S. Philip A.M. & S. James A.M.

2nd. W.

3rd. Th.

4th. F.

5th. S.

6th. S. 4th Sunday after Easter.

7th. M.

8th. Tu.

9th. W.

10th. Th.

11th. F.

12th. S.

13th. S. 5th Sunday after Easter.

14th. M. Rogation Day

15th. Tu. Rogation Day

16th. W. Rogation Day

17th. Th. Ascension Day

18th. F.

19th. S. S. Dunstan Abp.

20th. S. Sunday after Ascension Day

21st. M.

22nd. Tu.

23rd. W.

24th. Th.

25th. F.

26th. S. S. Augustine Abp.

27th. S. Whitsun Day

28th. M.

29th. Tu. The Restoration

30th. W. Ember Day

31st. Th.

All Matter for the Magazine must be sent in by the 10th. of each month. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by the name and address of sender, not necessarily for publication. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine

AND

CHURCH PAPER

No. I. Vol. XXIX.

MAY 1917

NOTICE.

This Magazine is published monthly, and may be obtained from the Editor, the Deanery Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. Subscription 4/- per annum, or by post 5/-, payable in advance. Single Numbers 6d. each.

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Short Notices. 1/- per line with minimum of 2/6

Trade Notices or Repeat orders, by arrangement.

The Hon. W. A. Harding

A MID universal regret Mr. Harding has left the Colony with which he has been closely connected for some twenty five years. He came to the Falkland Islands as a government official, but soon afterwards transferred his services to the F. I. C., of which he became eventually Manager in Stanley, and held that position until a few weeks ago, when he retired to enjoy a well earned rest. To do anything like justice to our subject it would be necessary to write a history of the Colony for the last quarter of a century, since Mr. Harding appears to have been associated with every enterprise and movement of importance during the whole of his residence in these parts. But as it is impossible to enter into details, only a few instances of Mr. Harding's activity can be mentioned.

At the Legislative Council on 29th. March last His Excellency the Governor thanked

Mr. Harding most cordially for the able advice and assistance he had afforded the Governor, as a Member of the Council for the past 18 years and as a Member of the several Boards on which he had served so willingly during the long period of his residence in the Colony. His Excellency after quoting figures to show the increase in the resources and prosperity of the Colony during this period wished Mr. Harding Godspeed and full enjoyment of health and happiness on his retirement to the Mother Country. For the last few years Mr. Harding was also a Member of the Executive Council. At the last meeting of the Burial Board, the Chairman, in the name of the present trustees, in the name of preceeding members of the Board, and in the name of the population generally, thanked Mr. Harding most sincerely for the services he had rendered to the community during his long tenure of the post of Secretary and Treasurer. The Chairman mentioned that the successful administration of the business connected with the Stanley Cemetery had been due in large measure to the tact and personal interest displayed by Mr. Harding. The Cathedral Church in Stanley is another Society which ought never to forget Mr. Harding. He did his utmost to promote the Church's welfare, and his remarkable tact his conspicuous business ability, and his un-failing sympathy were used willingly in the service of God. But great as was Mr. Harding in public life, it will be as a personal friend that he will be missed most. "He was the friend of us all", was a remark passed the other day. This is exactly true, and surely no one could desire to win a nobler tribute.

J.S.S.

LOCAL NOTES.

WE CONGRATULATE Miss Annie Thomas daughter of Capt. Thomas, upon her marriage with Mr. E. Silk, at Punta Arenas on April 17th. It will be remembered that Miss Thomas, (who commenced her nursing at the Queen Victoria Cottage Home, Port Stanley) completed her nursing course last year at the Queen's Hospital, Cardiff, and successfully passed her C. M. B. Mr. Silk who lives at Porvenir, Tierra del Fuego, is the only son of the late Mr. George Silk, of Lawrence and Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand and amongst his relatives are Engineer Commander E. S. Silk, of H.M.S. *Queen*, and Lieut. Ernest Silk of the H. M. S. *New Zealand*. Mr Silk is engaged in gold mining operations on the Coast, and has, we hear, been extremely successful. We wish the happy pair every blessing and prosperity in their future life.

AN OLD FRIEND in Mr. Frank Howatt was passing through. Most people thought that his appearance in Naval Uniform had changed him very much. Mr. Howatt was one of the fifteen survivors of the crew of the illfated *California*.

WE HEAR THAT our old friend Capt. Watt has been gazetted as temporary Captain and Adjutant of the city of London V. R., and wish to tender him our hearty congratulations

A RUMOUR is abroad that Norman Watt has been seriously wounded, but we sincerely hope that the report is incorrect.

NEWS FROM HOME tells us that Mr. E. McAtasney has been doing exceptionally well in shooting, previous to his going to Flanders. In the Catherick Camp, Yorkshire, where he was encamped with his Brigade, he won the Brigade Rifle Championship, and it must be remembered that there were over 120,000 men in camp.

NOT CONTENT WITH THAT, however, he was head of the Team Competitions, and was specially complimented by the Officer Commanding. Well done, Falklands!

NEWS HAS ALSO REACHED US that Mr. F. G. Pauline is now in the 16th. Cheshire Regiment, and is fighting in Flanders. We wish him every good luck.

A MEETING WAS HELD at the Working Men's Club on April 20th, at which a local branch of the well known British Empire Union was established. The main theme of the Union is "The British Empire for British Subjects," and it aims at enrolling five million members. It is hoped that every lady and gentleman in the Falklands will join up, whether in Stanley or the Camp: The subscription is very small, and the Badge only costs 6d. The Acting Hon. Secretaries are Messrs A.E. Smith and W. A. Parslow, to whom all communications should be addressed.

LOCAL PEOPLE will unite with us in congratulating Miss Sarah McPhee upon her marriage with Mr. W. Sutherland, on March 8th at the English Church, Sandy Point. The Rev. J.C. Cater officiated, and the Bride was given away by her father: her three sisters, acted as bridesmaids, while Mr. W. Clifton was best man. We wish the happy couple all prosperity in their new life.

WE HEAR THAT Mr. Arthur Kirwan has definitely retired from his work in the Government, and that Mr. G. R. L. Brown has been appointed in his place as First Clerk in the Treasury and Customs.

WE ARE GLAD to extend a hearty welcome to Mr. T. H. Foster, who arrived by this last mail. Mr. Foster, who is a native of Staffordshire, and an old K. E. S. Boy (Birmingham) has come to be Private Secretary to His Excellency the Governor. He has been invalided out of the war.

MORE LOCAL PLUCK has been lately exhibited, when Mr. Arthur Kirwan went to the well known Institute of Physical Culture at Buenos Aires, in order to fit himself for Army Service at Home. He has now gone back at his own expense, to enlist.

MR. CHRIS GIRLING has, we hear, been having an experience in the Tanks

C. McD.H.

A LOCAL HERO.

AS EACH MAIL comes along, the terrible effects of the War are brought nearer home to us. By this last mail we have to mourn the loss of one of our local men, Ernest Arthur Kelway, son of Mr G. F. Kelway of Stanley

Ernest who was only 22, was very well known by everyone in Stanley, and extremely popular with all. For a long time he worked on the *Falkland*, but at length he felt the call of Home, and sailed for England, and was shortly followed by his sister and brother-in-law, Mr Frank Howatt. Joining the famous Anchor Line of Mail Steamers together, they were sent to the *R.M.S. California*, a fine vessel of 8669 tons. The ship had an excellent voyage until nearing its destination, when suddenly early in the morning of Feb. 7th, she was torpedoed without warning, and sank in seven minutes. She carried 205 passengers and crew, out of which 24 were lost, and 19 injured. Frank Howatt had a hard struggle for life, - he was thrown out of no less than three different boats before he was finally rescued. Ernest was apparently safe in one of the boats, but he saw two babies struggling in the water, and although he could not swim, he jumped overboard, and was last seen struggling in the water with both in his arms. The two mites were rescued, but at the sacrifice of the life of our local hero. It is deeds such as these which have proved what true British pluck and grit is. Such an act would have been counted as a deed of glory, had the rescuer been an expert swimmer, - but when such was not the case, words fail us in extolling such heroism. The sacrifice of Ernest's life shows the depths of British comradeship and love : - "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends !" - Never do words apply more truly than in this case : in saving the small tender lives which the Master loves so dearly, - the words of Christ seem to say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these little ones, ye have done it to me."

To his sorrowing parents and relatives we tender our deepest sympathy, and heartfelt

sorrow, -- and meanwhile we leave his soul in the Keeping of the Master, ever praying that it may rest in the perpetual light of God's own Presence, in His own perfect peace.

C.McD.H.

From the Somme.

WE WERE GLAD to welcome back our first local wounded hero, -- Mr Donald McPhee, who has been invalided from the Front. It will be remembered that Mr McPhee worked his passage home, in order to enlist, by the *Bogata* ; on arriving in Scotland he joined the 5th Cameronians. Owing to his past military experiences in the South African War, he was transferred immediately into the Regimental Pipe Band. After a period, however, he went to Flanders, where he saw much active and hand to hand fighting. He was seriously wounded by shrapnel, and transferred to a base hospital, from there he was sent to the Milroad Hospital, Liverpool, and finally to the Military Hospital, Belfast, where he underwent his operations. He was invalided out, and given a small pension. Through the kind offer of Mr Keith Cameron, he has returned to his old work at San Carlos North, and sailed from Stanley on April 24th.

C.McD.H.

ITINERARY.


—o:o—

The Rev. C. McDonald-Hobley left Stanley on March 25th.

March 25th - Rincon Grande.
28th - Salvador.
30th - Horseshoe Bay.
31st - Port Louis South.

April 1st - Port Louis North.
2nd - Johnson's Harbour.
5th - Port Stanley.

OBITUARY.


 N Maundy Thursday, the soul of Mary Ann Luxton passed to her eternal rest, after a lingering illness borne with true patience and Christian fortitude. The time has sped quickly by since New Year's Day, 1869, when Mrs Luxton first arrived in this Colony. She travelled out from her home in Newton Tracey in Devonshire by a steamer that went to Buenos Aires, and from there she sailed in a ship that was chartered by Captain Packe. The boat arrived in Fox Bay on New Year's Day 1869, and after discharging its cargo, made the return voyage via Port Stanley, when Mrs. Luxton landed towards the end of February 1869. Her husband, who was in the Royal Marines had previously arrived in Stanley in 1864, but went back home to bring her out. From 1869 till the time she passed over to the Great Beyond, Mrs. Luxton had lived as a valued friend with Mrs. G.M. Dean, at Stanley Cottage, a period of half a century save two years. Her husband died in 1881, and a further sorrow fell to her share when her only daughter, Mrs. W. Lewis, passed to her rest in September 1895, at Keppel Island. Mrs. Luxton leaves two sons to mourn her loss, Mr. J. Luxton, of Stanley, and Mr. W. Luxton, Manager of Chartres Station, and nine grandchildren. She has always been - (until her health gave way a few years ago,) a most valued and active Church worker: many will remember her place at the different Bazaars and Sunday School treats; she was one to whom the children could always look with love and affection, and one on whom the clergy could always rely as a loyal supporter. Her interests were not confined to the Church alone, for anything of social interest and for the welfare of the town at large always had her sympathy: she was, for instance, one of the first who contributed towards the Stanley Cup for the Volunteers. Her popularity was evinced by the large number of wreaths that were sent to her funeral.

A Devoted mother,- a true friend,- and a loyal servant of the Master,- she passed to His keeping, released from the bodily suffering she had endured for so long,- to be with

her dear ones who awaited her beyond the Veil,- And so we who are yet left behind are content to leave her soul in the Master's keeping, ever thanking God for the life and example He sent to us, - and ever praying that her soul may rest in the Light of His perpetual Presence, and enjoy His perfect eternal rest

C. McD.H.

OBITUARY.

 NE of the most respected members of the older generation in the Falklands, in the person of Mr William McGill, was suddenly called to his rest on Maunday Thursday. Mr. McGill was born in February 1833 at Dumfries, Scotland, and came to the Falklands, with his wife, on Sept. 23rd 1867. They travelled in the sailing ship *Beatty*, which also brought at the same time Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith. As Mr. McGill had come out to work for the Falkland Islands Company, their first home was at Darwin, where they lived for many years. He continued to work in the Camp until his retirement in 1906, his last place being at Port Louis South. A big loss befell him on Christmas Day in the following year, when his beloved wife was called to her rest. Mr. McGill had 4 sons and 5 daughters, and 31 grand-children. He was a typical Camp man of the old school, and was never so happy as when at work. Even to a day or so previous to his Death, he was working on the Common. The Funeral took place on Easter Day, and was very largely attended by a large concourse of his relatives and friends. There were many beautiful wreaths and flowers. At the service by the graveside, when the strains of some of the well known hymns floated through the air,- it seemed a fitting conclusion to a life spent for so many years in the depths of the Camp, away from houses, and the general run of town life, and just alone with nature, under the canopy of the Temple of Heaven. We tender our deepest sympathy to all his sorrowing relations, and ever pray that his soul may rest in the perfect peace of the God who gave it.

C. McD.H.



Leamington Parish Church.

By Katherine Kennedy.

EVERY English county has a character of its own, perceptible even to a stranger passing from a field in one to a field in the next; and the Englishman abroad remembers with special affection the county of his birth and upbringing. But perhaps the Englishman who had no settled home in England—if such could be found—would think most lovingly of Warwickshire, as the most typical of English counties. He would remember her broad streams and fat pastures, her cosy villages and stately mansions, her wide grass-bordered roadways, and, above all, her magnificent trees. Partly because, as an American lady in a train remarked, "All this is so vurry English," and partly because it contains "Stratford-on-Avon, the home of William Shakespeare" (the American lady once more), not to mention Kenilworth, Warwick, Rugby, and Leamington itself. Warwickshire is a great haunt of tourists; and Leamington, being in a central position, easily accessible, and possessed of good hotels, is their favourite abiding place.

The rise of Leamington is due in the Old Times. first place to its saline springs, which were first noticed by Camden in 1586. Seventy years later, however, Leamington was still an unimportant village, for the county history says, "All that is further observable touching this place is, that, nigh to the east end of the church, there is a spring of salt-water (not above a stone's throw from the river LEAME), whereof the inhabitants make much use for seasoning meat." For some

reason, folks who "develop" health resorts are seldom attractive, and, unless his portrait maligns him, Ben Satchwell, who (together with William Abbots) was largely responsible for the early development of Leamington, was no exception to the rule. A Spa—or "Spaw," as our forefathers pronounced and sometimes spelt it—beautifully situated and in an excellent hunting country, was not to be neglected; and the little village on the Leame became the royal borough of Leamington Spa.

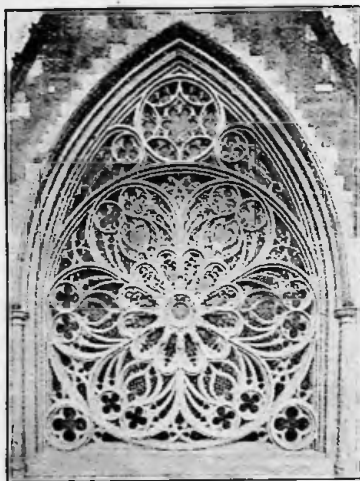
The village had been served by a small church—originally the "Chapelle of Leminton Priors"—which had existed from Norman days. This was, of course, inadequate for the growing town, and every vicar and churchwarden between 1816 and 1834 seems to have made some addition or alteration to the structure. In 1839 the Rev. John Craig, an Irishman, became vicar; and by 1842, with all the slap-dash enthusiasm of the Celt, he had pulled down

the old church and begun a new one from his own designs. He used the local stone, which was too soft to bear the burdens required of it; and much of his elaborate ornament—he set boldly to work to reproduce windows and other parts of Rouen Cathedral—soon fell away. The arches, moreover, were too slender to carry the central tower of his dreams; and when he died, in 1877, only the chancel, transepts, and part of the nave were completed. Dr. Hook, writing in 1900 as Vicar of Leamington and Chairman of the Church Completion Committee, says "The building has passed through many vicissitudes, it has caused



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PARISH CHURCH—EXTERIOR.



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THE ROSE WINDOW IN THE
PARISH CHURCH.

(A copy of that at Rouen.)

During his nine years' vicariate he raised £27,000, of which (except for £4,000 given by a single donor) not more than £200 was given by any one person.

The result of all this is a very spacious and beautiful church, to the building and adornment of which love as well as money has been freely given. The link which unites the Parish and the Corporation of Leamington appears in the fact that the chancel was beautified and the chancel screen and two windows presented by Alderman Flavel, for thirty-two years vicar's warden and six times Mayor of Leamington. Perhaps the most interesting possession of the church is a silver-gilt chalice, finely worked, which was a gift from Napoleon to the English Church at Calais. There is a gap in its subsequent history, but it was eventually purchased in London by the Rev. John Craig and presented to Leamington Parish Church. The story, however, does not end here; for Mr. Craig, a few years later, finding himself short of ready

money, argued that a gift to his church was a gift to himself, and tried to sell the chalice. The churchwardens sued him, won their case, and the chalice returned to the church.

Mr. Hook, as he then was, performed another difficult task while

Dr. Hook and formed another difficult task while
Leamington. Vicar of Leamington, namely, that

of ridding the parish of three proprietary chapels. One of these is now a daughter-church, dedicated to S. Alban, and the other two are independent parishes. To a man of less charm than Bishop Hook such a delicate piece of work



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PARISH CHURCH—INTERIOR.

would have been wellnigh impossible. It is interesting to note that he had earlier connections with Leamington, for his grandfather, Theodore Hook, lived there; and his father, the celebrated dean, mentions a visit there in 1825, and "describes himself as running with all his might to catch a glimpse of the 'Apostolic Bishop Jebb' . . . and counting himself happy in doing so." Bishop Jebb, who with Alexander Knox has been credited with reviving the teaching which afterwards found expression in *Tracts for the Times*, had come to Leamington as an old man in search of health, and he died there.

The later history of Leamington Parish To-day. Church has been less eventful, but none the less progressive for that. Dr. Hook left in 1905 to become Bishop of Kingston, and was succeeded by the Rev. W. Armstrong Buck, who has recently made an exchange of livings with the Rev. F. B. Feist. The parish church, with the daughter-church of S. Alban and the Mission of the Good Shepherd, lead the religious life of the town. There are no great extremes, either of



LEAMINGTON CHURCH AS ALTERED IN 1826.

wealth or poverty, among the residents, though of course a parish of ten thousand souls can never be an easy charge; and a noble church such as this, the home of dignified and sustained worship, necessarily plays an important part in the life of the diocese. Leamington, with its comfortable houses and leafy gardens, its river and public parks and not too populous streets, might leave on the mind of a casual visitor an impression of lethargy. But

the presence in its midst of a temple exceeding magnificent bears witness that the inhabitants have been, and are, capable of great effort. The patent fact that it could not be completed in accordance with the designs of its originator may serve as a constant reminder that man proposes and God disposes; and that the effort, in Leamington as in the whole Catholic Church, must not be relaxed until all things are accomplished.

Passiontide in Time of War.

By the Rev. James B. Seaton, Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College.

NEVER in the world's history have there been such Passiontides as these of the War. Never before has there been such a full and deep interpretation of the meaning and the value of the Cross and Passion of our Blessed Lord. On Good Friday we come into the valley of the shadow of death—for that is where the Cross stands. But as a rule the Christian believer comes freely to contemplate it, of his own will and choice. He might stay away, as most of the world do to whom it appears to count as nothing. And those who come try to renew the vivid memory of the old story. Some succeed, God helping them, and are deeply moved; and to others the memory of what they saw and heard grows dim again.

That is what happens in ordinary years. But this is no ordinary year. For this year we are all of us actually in the valley of the shadow of death, where the Cross is raised: and there is no getting away from the darkness of that valley for any one, whether they attend the services of the Church or not. Nobody is excused. The nations of the world are enduring the Agony and Passion themselves, and CHRIST is suffering in all His members. Where are we to look for light in the darkness, for sympathy in the struggle, for relief under the burden? "The Cross shines forth in mystic glow."

In these fearful days of testing there are two alternatives for the soul. Men and women are being taken one way or the other. Either they are being drawn up to the Cross of CHRIST for hope, or they are wandering away into the darkness of despair. They are either being driven to believe, in the light of our Lord's death and resurrection, that there is an abundant fruitfulness in sacrifice, in suffering, and death, where the self is given and the cause is good; or they are being forced to believe that there is no point in the world at all, but that it is a mere riot of meaningless confusion, and that human life is the plaything of blind chance or inexorable fate. They are either driven to find comfort in that amazing fact which alone guarantees the fruitfulness of lives laid down, or driven away into depths of darkness where there is no light to guide and cheer.

There is little use or help in talking or thinking

of an inscrutable Providence working His purpose out. That supplies no cure for broken hearts and minds perplexed. There is only one thing in the world which is helping or going to help people in their sorrow and bewilderment. That is the thing which God has in His mercy provided—the Cross of CHRIST, the King of Glory dying on the Tree, baffled and broken by the cruelty of men. And yet, not that by itself alone, but the life which, after it had suffered, after it had failed, after it was given up and laid down and lost and died, was then wrung out of the grip of death again, to become the seed of new and glorious life and power. This is what God means us to learn afresh through the agony of the world—that there is nothing which can help us but the Cross of CHRIST.

And so, by all means, as we would in any Passiontide, let us try to see what the Cross means to our own souls. But do not let us stop there. Let us try to read with open understanding eyes the connection between the Cross of our Blessed Lord and all the misery of the world to-day, with its ruin of the fair hopes of life, shot through as it is with streaks of wonderful glory. For the atoning Sacrifice of JESUS CHRIST is receiving a new interpretation, and the tragedy of our times is a full commentary on the ancient Gospel. There are many aspects of the Cross. Let us think of three which the times suggest.

1. *The significance of precious blood.* "Knowing that ye were redeemed not with corruptible things, with silver and gold, from your vain manner of life handed down from your fathers, but with precious Blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, even the Blood of CHRIST" (1 S. Peter i. 18). How can that be? men have asked. But it is so. The life of our country and of other countries as well is in fact being redeemed by precious blood, where nothing else could avail; and redeemed, not only from bondage to the foe without, but redeemed from the enemy within the camp, the old bad national habits and traditions, "the vain manner of life handed down by your fathers." There is, then, redemption through the shedding of precious blood.

2. *The Cross the condemnation of all the boastfulness of*

mch. "The LORD maketh the devices of the people to be of none effect" (*Ps. xxxiii. 10*). We are learning as a nation to be silent and subdued about achievements. We dare hardly whisper to ourselves that the things we plan are bound to be successful. Man is not being allowed to boast: all flesh is having its mouth shut before God, and it appears as if success cannot be granted to any until they receive it merely as the gift of God. For all the striving and the effort that we rightly make we have to be taught to wait upon God, and to learn that it is He alone Who is our Holy One and our Redeemer. Well, that is part of the meaning of CHRIST Crucified. It was one of S. Paul's favourite thoughts: "Where is boasting, then? It is excluded" (*Rom. iii. 27*).

3. *The solidarity of the human race.* We are being taught by the things we suffer how closely the human race is knit together; how, in fact, we are one; how, when one sins, another suffers; how, when one makes a sacrifice, another is uplifted; how there is no escape from that law. For it is the law of human life. Does it not make it easier for us to understand how the sin of His brethren brought our LORD to

the suffering of the most bitter Cross, and how the whole human race in its efforts after penitence is summed up in One Who so truly represents it there? Vicarious suffering is made intelligible to us.

All these things which seemed mysteries too deep for thought have become commonplaces. They are the very substance of this strange new life we live to-day. It is the Cross which interprets them and is their eternal symbol. We look on CHRIST Crucified out of the midst of our suffering world, where He is amongst us as One Who suffers, and we understand Him better and the reason why He died. Truly, we should be better equipped for reading the mystery of the Atonement, and interpreting it to those who need its mercy and truth better than any generation which has gone before us. Dimly, and yet more fully than we have ever done before, we can realize what it meant for our Blessed LORD to have upon Him the weight of corporate sin. We are called to grope our way into the darkness round the Cross, to share that great act of human penance for social sin which turned out to be the world's redemption.

"Your joy no man taketh from you!"

HIS Passiontide drew nigh. As God, He knew
The anguish that, as Man, He needs must bear,
The agony that waits His chosen few,—
Their terror, flight, denial, and despair!
Yet, knowing all, of joy, to them He spake
That none henceforward from their hearts should take!

And now, in this our nation's darkest hour,
When all mankind is plunged in deadly war,
The Saviour's voice is heard with healing power
Our torn and anxious hearts to reassure,—
"Your Passiontide hath come, yet have no fear!—
Your Resurrection Joy is drawing near!

"Ye sought delight in earthly things and vain
Through years of peace, and had forsaken Me,
Yet now are learning in the school of pain
That no true joy apart from God can be;
And when this lesson ye shall fully learn,
Your hearts with joy beyond all words shall burn!

"Then shall ye surely bless the bitter Cross
That brought you to the knowledge of My love,
Compared with which all else is worthless dross,
And ye shall know a joy all joys above
When dawns at length the long-for Easter Day,
And this your joy no man can take away!"

KATHERINE E. SHERRIFF.

What He Discovered.

By Eleanor C. Price,
Author of "A Michaelmas Boy," etc.

CHAPTER V.

S. ANDREW'S.



SAINT Andrew's had been built as a mission church belonging to the large old city parish in which both Mr. Mills and Mrs. Blunt lived. S. Philip's, the old parish church, was at the foot of the hill, and there Mr. Mills was a constant attendant; the services, as he observed, had nothing new-fangled about them; they suited old-fashioned people like himself. He spoke with the air of belonging to a safe majority; and one of Leonard's faults, in his grandfather's eyes, was his preference of S. Andrew to S. Philip. S. Andrew's Church, with its clergy, its services, and its teaching, was a standing proof, if any were needed, of the eternal youth of Christianity. The excellent old Rector of S. Philip's was one of those who frankly recognized the influence of this daughter church on the large and poor population that lay to the east of the city. Down there, among those streets and lanes of small houses which were so cruel an eyesore to Mr. Mills, the slender spire of S. Andrew's lifted itself to the stars. Light, colour, music, processions, constant services, earnest preaching, guilds, classes; everything was there to draw the people into the Church's fold, everything to keep them.

The two priests in charge were both young and eager, but a rare loyalty and sweetness of intercourse, for which both sides must share the credit, kept them on the very best of terms with the Rector of S. Philip's. He often preached for them, they for him. Some people called them "advanced"; some said a great deal more; all this mattered little, as long as the old rector, in his old-fashioned surplice, with his dry adherence to the plain letter of the Prayer Book, was in essentials one with them.

Earlier in that eventful day Leonard Mills and his grandfather had been the subject of talk at the rectory between Mr. Steadman (the rector), Mr. Ray of S. Andrew's, and Dr. Sharpe, whom the rector had called in to prescribe for an inconvenient cold.

"My dear sir, these Advent services, at your age, have been simple madness," said Dr. Sharpe, in his usual caustic way. "And mind, no going out early for you to-morrow."

"Suppose you cure my cold, instead of giving theological advice which you know I shan't take! In the meanwhile, Ray has been telling me what I am sorry to hear—that John Mills is having some trouble with his grandson. I hope the boy is not going to turn out like his father."

"No, no!" cried Dr. Sharpe and Mr. Ray both together.

"He is a thorough nice chap," said the curate.

"Yes! And that poor brave mother of his was one of the best," said the doctor. "I have always liked the boy. What has he been doing?"

"Nothing particular," said Mr. Ray. "Only he is sick of trade, and wants to go to the North Pole."

"Small blame to him. If I was young, I'd go with him," laughed the doctor. "No harm in a taste for adventure; every lad has it who is worth anything. And old Mills won't listen, I suppose?"

"No. And small blame to him, I say," retorted Mr. Steadman. "I don't see that anything else can be expected of him."

"Well, well! Lucky are they who don't expect, for they will not be disappointed," said Dr. Sharpe. "But it doesn't

always answer to drive a young colt with too tight a rein. He may kick the trap to pieces. Why can't Mills give the boy a year off, and make more use of that prig of a great-nephew of his?"

"You always have your knife into Simon Mills. He is a very decent fellow."

"A prig of the first water. I always want to hit him. But now about this cold of yours, rector."

"Yes. The cure must be quick, mind, as well as effectual."

"If you won't take my advice, what's the good of giving it!"

When Dr. Sharpe was gone, the rector and Mr. Ray returned to their former subject, which was much on the younger man's mind; his talk with Leonard the night before had left him uneasy.

"Don't you think Dr. Sharpe is right?" he asked. "If Mr. Mills could be brought to see



"If you won't take my advice, what's the good of giving it!"

Leonard's point of view, and to let him travel for a time?"

Mr. Steadman shook his head. All the circumstances and all the Mills family history were well known to him, and he advised Mr. Ray to be careful in giving Leonard encouragement.

"You must remember," he said, "that Leonard Mills depends entirely on his grandfather. He is the old man's one hope in life; and if you knew the whole story of Arthur Mills, his father, you would understand that there may be reason for anxiety as well. On that side, at least, the hereditary tendencies are not good. Of course I know that Leonard has so far been a nice straight lad, no discredit to the firm. Old Mills has reason to be thankful for that. He lives for his firm. It may not sound an exalted sort of life, but it is very natural. He made it himself. I should be very sorry for him if Leonard were to desert him and the firm to rush off to the North Pole."

"Still," Mr. Ray persisted, "don't you think it might be better for him to have his wander-year—sow his wild oats before he settles down to tame ones? If Mr. Mills could be brought to consent?"

"My dear Ray, I don't believe in wild oats. 'From whence bath it tares?' The boy has begun well; he has sown good seed, so far. Let him conquer himself and go on. Or anyhow, let him wait. Some day he will be a rich man and his own master. Then he can take a responsible partner, fit up a Mills Expedition and start for the North Pole. Then he may do something worth doing. Now he has got to stay where he is."

"I suppose you are right," said Mr. Ray, for the spirit of youth was in his own veins.

"I know I am," replied the rector.

The young man rose to go, but turned back smiling to say, "Leonard has been saving up his money to give a whole set of new chancel and sanctuary lamps to S. Andrew's. Mr. Mills keeps him rather short, so it won't be just yet"—

"As far as I have noticed, the present lamps do very well," said the rector. "Good-bye."

There was always something kindly in Mr. Steadman's manner that belied the dryness of his words, and his young colleague was still smiling, though rather sadly, as he went away.

"Poor old Leo!" he said to himself.

He was anxious to see the lad again, for the things he had said last night, and his whole tone as to his grandfather and the future, had been

such as to disturb a friend's mind. He felt sure of seeing him in the evening; Leonard would never let the choir sing their carols without him. And then there was the midnight service, at which S. Andrew's whole congregation made a point of being present.

As we know, so far as the carols went, Mr. Ray was disappointed; and he had no way of accounting for Leonard's absence, except the supposition that his grandfather had kept him at home. From what Mrs. Blunt said, he feared a quarrel; but he could do nothing. Interference would not be tolerated, he knew, by Mr. Mills; and even Leonard might resent it.



"He crept quietly into S. Andrew's Church."

That young hero, having spent his rage on Simon and left him in the snow, walked away cheerfully, whistling the latest comic song. He felt better now that he had punished his cousin, whom he blamed, perhaps rather unjustly, for much of his grandfather's obstinacy. With a sort of triumphant hardness he told himself that at last he was free: that there was no question of giving in to the old man or apologizing to Simon for his rough treatment, or even of explaining himself to Mrs. Blunt. He never thought of doubting Simon's assurance that his grandfather was in a towering rage and would never forgive his ungrateful speeches and doings of that evening. It was only what he had to expect; the price of his liberty. He was thoroughly angry with his grandfather; this anger burned with a fierce flame; for he was too young to understand the desperate, clinging nature of a love which found expression in words so much harder than any that his boyish misdeeds had ever

brought down upon him. And all because he would not submit to have his life crushed in the machinery of a detested trade!

He went on whistling, as he tramped down the hill into the town. His mind was full of new plans, and the familiar world of Marminster was slipping away from him. Who wanted him? Nobody. His grandfather would not care as long as "Mills Brothers" grew and flourished; he loved nothing else on earth. And he had Simon, ready to work himself to the bone. As for Auntie Blunt—well, there was a funny little feeling of regret in leaving her without a word of good-bye. But that was her own fault. If she chose to stuff her house with strange girls—Leonard's reflections came to an abrupt stop, for before his eyes floated once more that vision of the loveliest face he had ever seen.

But it was only for a moment. The lights of the

snow-clad city were crowding about him; the tram-cars came grinding by, full of passengers and parcels; from the gardens he passed, here and there, the sound of carol-singing reached his ears. Then he was in the long winding High Street, wet and slippery from the last snow-storm, its roofs glimmering white under the sky, and each shop-window, gay with electric lights, like an Aladdin's cave of many coloured treasures.

Leonard made a few purchases and stuffed them into a small new suit-case. This he carried to the station, and left it there, ascertaining that the mail train started soon after one in the morning. He spent an hour or two tramping by the river, now frozen half across, attracted perhaps by memories of old boating triumphs when he was a boy at the Grammar School. Finally, as the night drew to its deepest and the town gradually fell asleep, he slipped round to S. Andrew's Church, crept quietly in, and knelt in a far corner.

Somehow he could not keep away. That service, though prayer was impossible, brought one touch of comfort to his sore and angry heart.

But when it was over, and Mr. Ray came down to look for him, the boy was gone: gone into the whiteness of the night, the darkness of the coming years.

CHAPTER VI.

SEAMOOR CLIFFS.

THE May sun was shining, pleasant and warm, on the high cliffs of Seamoor. A light wind ruffled the green-blue surface of the wide plain of sea, rising and glittering to the far-off horizon, where smoke trails told of passing ships. Here and there, dazzling foam fringed the slight waves and flashed back the sun. Down to the right, fishing-boats were unloading in the little harbour; further out, a small steamer of sturdy build appeared to be making ready for sea; there was some bustle on board, men moving about, packing-cases being hoisted to the deck by a crane on the wharf beyond.

On the cliff path a woman stood by the railing which guarded a steep and long flight of steps, leading to the jetty and the harbour. She was in a nurse's dress, her dark blue and white harmonizing well with sky and sea; a tall woman of seven-and-twenty, not handsome, but steady and firm of face, with thoughtful dark eyes, a kindly mouth, an

anxious brow. She kept one hand on a child's invalid carriage, in which a little girl was lying asleep, quite flat, her face carefully shaded from the sun. A boy of seven years old was racing up and down with his toy motor; the nurse turned and called him back when he went sliding on the asphalt too far away. Then she watched the steps once more.

At last she cried, "Tommy, Captain Jack's coming."

Up from the harbour climbed a man in skipper's dress, his face bronzed and his hair bleached by sun and wind and sea. They shook hands in friendly fashion, the boy running to welcome him, and dancing by his side till he was told to go off and play.

"When will the *Pretty Peggy* sail? She looks almost ready," said the nurse, as the sailor strolled by her side along the path.

He had news to give, explanations to make, a favour to ask. He had made a lucky hit, it seemed, in finding the very man he wanted to complete his ship's company, a man with the special qualities needed for his special work; a strong young fellow who had been looking out for an expedition to the North Pole, and who, landing from a voyage in the nick of time, had seen Captain Jack's advertisement. So that difficulty was got over. And they might have sailed this very day, if certain stores had been delivered up to time. Writing and tele-

graphing had till now produced no effect on "those London chaps," and now Captain Jack would not be surprised if they were held up another week.

"Every day's delay goes against our chance, but what can a man do against these lazy landlubbing beggars! But there! we shall carry it through. This was what I wanted, Miss Margaret: to ask if you would give my new mate supper to-night. He is a decent lad, and I fancy has been used to a good home. And I should like you to explain to him about the expedition; just to let him know we are not going after nothing but natural history."

"Of course I will. But haven't you told him that?"

"Well, not exactly. I'm a bit shy of bragging about it, you know; still I think it is fair he should know it."

"So little do I like bragging about it," the young



"Up from the harbour climbed a man in skipper's dress."

woman said gravely, "that I have not even told Agnes."

"Haven't you really? Why not?"

"She is so nervous, so fanciful. She would dream all sorts of impossible things, Captain Jack."

"I was once reading a book about Napoleon," said the sailor. "He was a great man. He wouldn't have the word 'impossible' in his dictionary."

Margaret smiled and shook her head.

"That's all very well. I like your pluck; it is splendid. But just think! Three years since you started, two since you got home, more than two-and-a-half since he left you: how can we expect—well, I suppose you don't really hope for anything more than to find traces, records—" her voice broke a little; "but if Agnes knew you had started, she would not sleep at nights, thinking and hoping and imagining—impossibilities."

"I won't argue with you," said Captain Jack. "I never expect a woman to hear reason, or to understand the ins and outs of things as they appear to me. But you know I just act up to an old saying of my mother's, 'Live in hope till you die in despair.' Let me assure you, I'm not spending my own savings and yours and the Society's grant on this new venture without a fighting chance of an all-round success. I mean what I say. I think it is possible, if not likely, that my friend Malcolm, your dear good stepfather, is still alive. If his own little girl thinks so too, small blame to her, say I."

"I doubt if she does, now. But if she knew you were starting to look for him, she might begin to indulge in wild hopes"—

"Which you can't share."

Margaret shook her head again.

But she was no less eager to discuss plans and preparations, and they strolled along the cliff till the church clock struck four, the cripple child woke whimpering, and Tommy, tired of playing alone, came clamouring for his tea.

They all went back together to the low, stone-built, white-washed cottage, its square garden protected by a wall from the north-easterly gales, which had always been Margaret Lynn's home. Her father had been coast-guard officer at Seamoore, and after his death her mother, pensioned by the authorities, had lived on in the same cottage till her second marriage with Aleck Malcolm, a well-known character in those parts. He was a man of education and

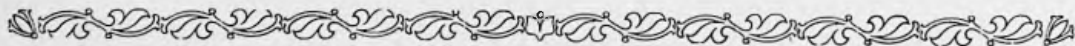
refinement, a chemist by profession, with a shop in the little town; but beyond everything devoted to science, and especially to botany and entomology. To put things simply, Arctic flowers and Arctic butterflies were the passion of his life. After years of work and striving, during which he gave up his business and devoted all his time to scientific research, a well-known society assisted him in fitting out that exploring expedition from which, as Agnes Malcolm told Mrs. Blunt, he had never returned. His talents and virtues, including perfect courage and self-sacrifice in the pursuit of his objects, had one sad consequence: they broke his wife's heart. She was a delicate woman, and she did not long survive Captain Jack's return without him.

Up to this time Agnes had been a petted child, sharing in her father's occupations, and helping with his researches and experiments. But this man, of charming temper and adored by his family, lived with even too little thought of the morrow; his loss left them very poor, and when the mother died Agnes had to seek some employment, being fitted for none. It was after several failures which meant suffering, both of mind and body, that she found rest and comfort in Mrs. Blunt's kind care.

Her half-sister, Margaret Lynn, nine years older, was a much more independent person. She had been trained as a nurse, and had early proved herself so capable that she was appointed matron of the Cottage Hospital at Seamoore. This was before her mother's death. After it, when Agnes had gone out into the world, Margaret kept on the old house and used it as a convalescent home for patients from the children's ward at the hospital or other small invalids. She and her good assistants took charge there in turn, the cottage being within a hundred yards of the hospital, and she was seldom without merry company such as little Tommy, or doubtful, pathetic cases like his tiny sister, whose spinal weakness made it necessary to keep her lying down. These two were the children of a London tradesman; a great London doctor—an old acquaintance of Aleck Malcolm's—had advised Seamoore air as the best for their delicate little frames.

"Then you will bring your young man this evening," said Margaret, when Captain Jack stopped at her garden gate. "And by the by, what is his name?"

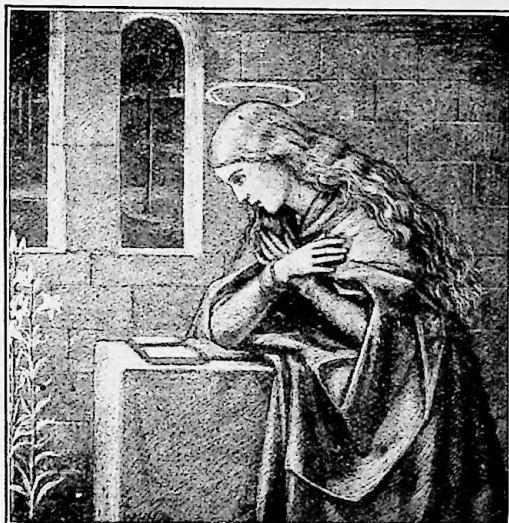
(To be continued.)



The Habit of Prayer.

THESE are no difficulties in prayer when once we have got into the habit of regular and systematic prayer—that is to say, no more difficulties than a good housekeeper finds in keeping her house clean and tidy, or a good doctor finds in punctual attendance on his patients. In other words, the habit of prayer is a happy habit, and though (like all other good habits) it takes pains and time to acquire, yet it resembles all other honest and disciplined work in its yield of content and satisfaction. A loafer who works two days one week, one day the next, and so on, always grumbles and finds work difficult and annoying; your regular tradesman who has settled to a regular job enjoys it, makes light of its difficulties, would be miserable without it.

So it is with prayer; most of our difficulties spring from the fact that we are intermittent odd-job praying people; if we settled down to it, made our programme and kept to it, difficulties (other than attend all hard honest work) would disappear.—From *Prayer, and Some of its Difficulties*, by the Rev. W. J. Carey.



The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

OF Mary, the saint to whom the Church owes a deeper debt of love and devotion than to any other," says the Rev. C. P. S. Clarke in *Everyman's Book of Saints*, "we know very little." Legend has been busy with her childhood, old age, and falling asleep, but Holy Scripture tells us nothing of her life before her betrothal to S. Joseph or after S. John took her from Calvary "unto his own home." "Nothing is known with reasonable certainty of her subsequent life," says Bishop Westcott. One tradition says that she accompanied the Beloved Disciple to Ephesus and died there; another, that she died at Jerusalem, where her supposed tomb is shown just outside the Garden of Gethsemane.

The Feast of the Annunciation (March 25th) is the chief of the five festivals with which her name is associated in the Calendar of the English Church. In the Table of Lessons Proper for Holy Days in the Prayer Book it is called the "Annunciation of our Lady." And this title for the Blessed Virgin has given rise to the expression "Lady Day" as the most usual name for the festival. On this Miss Hollis comments in *The Children's Church Calendar Book*, "'Lady' means 'loaf-giver,' a beautiful name for the Mother of Jesus Who is the 'Bread of Life.'"

Mother of Christ.

MOTHER of GOD! O, not in vain
We learn'd of old thy lowly strain,
Fain in thy shadow would we rest,
And kneel with thee, and call thee blest;
With thee would "magnify the Lord,"
And if thou art not here adored,
Yet seek we, day by day, the love and fear
Which bring thee, with all saints, near and more
near.

What glory thou above hast won
By special grace of thy dear Son,
We see not yet, nor dare espy
Thy crowned form with open eye.
Rather beside the manger meek
Thou bending with veiled brow we seek,
Or where the angel in the thrice-great Name
Hailed thee, and JESUS to thy bosom came.

Thenceforth, Whom thousand worlds adore,
He calls thee Mother evermore;
Angel nor saint His face may see
Apart from what He took of thee.

How may we choose but name thy name,
Echoing below in high acclaim
In holy Creed? Since earthly song and prayer
Must keep faint time to the dread anthem there.

How, but in love on thine own days,
Thou blissful one, upon thee gaze?
Nay, every day, each suppliant hour,
Whene'er we kneel in aisle or bower,
Thy glories we may greet unblamed,
Nor shun the lay by seraphs framed.
"Hail Mary, full of grace!" O, welcome sweet
Which daily in all lands all saints repeat!

Therefore, as kneeling day by day
We to our FATHER duteous pray,
So unforbidden may we speak
An Ave to CHRIST'S Mother meek.
(As children with "good morrow" come
To elders in some happy home):
Inviting so the saintly host above
With our unworthiness to pray in love.

JOHN KEEBLE.

How Our Bishops are Appointed.¹

By Gordon Crosse.

EVERY one knows that nowadays when a new bishop is to be appointed to an English diocese he is chosen by the King on the advice of the Prime Minister. We know too that his being thus chosen does not make him a bishop. Only the Church can do that, acting through the archbishop and other bishops at his consecration. But it may be interesting to trace shortly how the right to choose the person to be consecrated came into the hands of the Prime Minister.

In the early
The Kings' days of the Claims.

Church the people of the diocese, both clergy and laity, used to choose the man who was to be their chief pastor. But as time went on, and bishops became important people in the State as well as in the Church, the kings claimed a voice in the matter. And before long, as was the way with kings, their voice became the chief one, and did not leave much for any one else to say. The laity had no more to do with it except so far as the king, being himself a layman, might be supposed to represent them. The clergy were represented by the cathedral chapter, who sometimes merely elected the person appointed by the king, as they do to-day. At other times they chose a candidate of their own, and succeeded in getting him accepted by the king. When the chapter was thus allowed a free election they often spoilt it by failing to agree in their choice, and their disputes had to be settled by the Pope. The upshot was that by the fourteenth century the rights of the chapter were practically squeezed out of existence in England, and the king and the Pope shared the appointments between them. Then at the Reformation the claims of the Popes were abolished (1534), and for nearly two hundred years all appointments were settled according to the personal will of the sovereign.

No objection was raised by the Church to this

arrangement, for it was understood that the kings and queens were themselves Church people and studied the good of the Church when they were choosing bishops. For instance, the private character of Charles II was not all that could be desired; but even so staunch a Churchman as Dr. Johnson defended his appointments to bishoprics, maintaining that he "rewarded merit," with the consequence that "the Church was at no time better filled than in his reign."

William III was a Dutch Calvinist, and did not profess to know much about the Church of England. So a commission of bishops and other divines was set up to advise him about Church appointments. This shows that it was thought to be important that the Church's interests should be put first, and that when the king did not himself make the choice it should be made by Churchmen, not by lay politicians.

In 1714 the Elector of Hanover ascended the English throne as George I. He knew as little of what was good for the Church of England as William III had done. And his successor, George II, did not know or care much more about it. What the Government did care about was preserving

the Hanoverian succession and keeping out the Stuarts, and it was thought important that the bishops should be chosen, not for their qualities as Churchmen, but because they were supporters of the House of Hanover. So Sir Robert Walpole, who was Prime Minister for twenty years under these two kings, took the power of choosing bishops into his own hands. And as he held this power for so long it came to be a recognized thing that it should be part of the Prime Minister's duty to appoint to bishoprics. Walpole, who was thus the first lay minister to appoint bishops, was very much guided in Church matters by the Bishop of London, Edmund Gibson—so much so that he was accused of making Gibson Pope of the English Church. This charge he did



SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

[Mansell

(From the picture painted in 1740 by Jean Baptiste Van Loo in the National Portrait Gallery.)

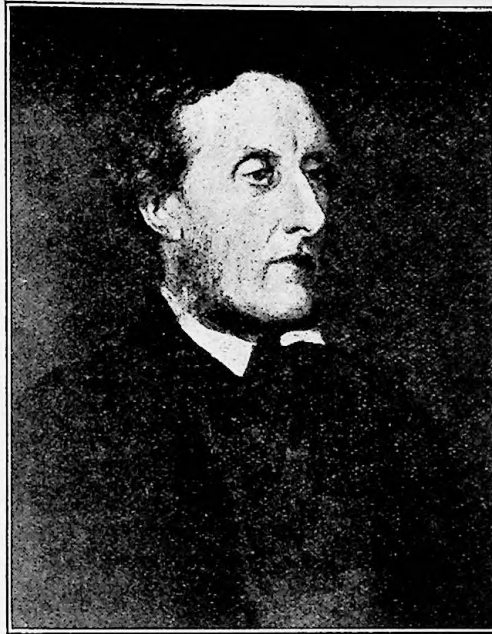
**Eighteenth
Century
Experiences.**

¹ In "Church Life To-day" in last month's SIGN, attention was called to the interesting question with regard to the appointment of Bishops which is necessarily raised by the fact that the new Prime Minister is a Nonconformist. This month Mr. Gordon Crosse briefly shows us how this anomalous arrangement has come about in the history of the relations between Church and State.—ED. SIGN.

not deny, but merely replied, "And a very good Pope he is too."

An exception to the rule that the king in choosing bishops acts on the advice of the Prime Minister occurred when the Archbishop of Canterbury died in 1805. Pitt, who was then Prime Minister, wished to appoint his old tutor, Bishop Tomline of Lincoln. But George III did not like Tomline, and was determined not to have him as archbishop. Accordingly, on receiving news of the archbishop's death the king hurried to the Deanery at Windsor and asked to see Bishop Manners Sutton, who was living there. The bishop came out. The archbishopric was offered and accepted there and then at the front door, and "the sovereign went off chuckling at having outwitted Pitt."

When Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister in 1855 his son-in-law, Lord Shaftesbury, feared that his "ecclesiastical appointments will be detestable. He does not know, in



LORD SHAFTESBURY. (Mansell.
(From the painting by G. F. Watts in the National Portrait Gallery.)

theology, Moses from Sydney Smith." Palmerston, however, fully recognized his own theological limitations, and in his choice of bishops was entirely guided by Shaftesbury's advice. And as Shaftesbury was a strong Evangelical, that party for a time dominated the episcopal bench.

Few Prime Ministers have taken this part of their duty more seriously than Mr. Gladstone, who was not only careful that each school of thought in the Church should be duly represented, but also drew up a list of seventeen qualifications which were to be looked for in a bishop. He opposed a Bill to abolish the formal election by the chapter, which, he maintained, would act as a check if any Prime Minister should make an improper appointment. In the last resort the

bishops could refuse to consecrate an undesirable candidate, after the example of Archbishop Howley, who a few weeks before his death declared he would go to the Tower rather than consecrate Dr. Hampden a bishop.

The King's Army.

IN a large army belonging to a great king, who provided his soldiers with all things necessary to enable them to conquer their foes, there were two sections—the junior and the senior section. The remarkable thing about this army was that the very youngest infant could be enlisted as a soldier in the junior section: indeed it was the king's desire that every child should be enrolled as early as possible. Then, as soon as they began to understand, they could also begin to fight for the king. The king loved his young soldiers very dearly. But, of course, those little ones could not be put into the most difficult and dangerous part of the battle: they had to be helped at first and shown how to fight by the elder ones. The chief duty of the junior section was that of learning the king's rules, and practising their drill and the use of their weapons.

Now the officers of the army had taken great pains to draw up a complete set of the rules short enough for them to learn. When a young soldier had thoroughly mastered these rules, and had determined to serve the king faithfully all his life, then he could be promoted to the senior section. That was a great, solemn, and joyful occasion. Generally a good number were promoted at the same time. Many of the senior soldiers would be present to encourage them and to witness their vow of loyalty and obedience. One of the superior officers of the army would come in the king's name and bring for

each one a great gift from the king to help him in the fight against the enemy.

After being promoted to the senior section each one had the great privilege of being invited by the king to share in his royal banquet as often as the soldier would prepare himself and take the trouble to go. Those who went to the king's banquet learnt to know and love their king more and more, and tried always to serve him better.

Would you not think it strange if some of the soldiers refused to be promoted, and chose to remain in the junior section all their lives? Yet that is what some Christians do!—JANE LEA.

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

THERE is a grace which takes the place of knowledge and brings the will and the aspirations of men into a mysterious harmony with the unseen; a grace which lifts the desires of the human heart above all that this fragment of the universe can offer, and orders its impulses according to a truly universal law; a grace which leads us on when knowledge falters, and will lead when knowledge shall vanish away; a grace which is His gift alone; . . . that grace which in the redeemed of CHRIST rests upon experience, and maketh not ashamed—the grace of hope.—BISHOP F. PAGER.

Our Village in War Time: (II) Miss Walker Returns to Little Winkle.

By B. M. Girvin-Cosens.

MISS Walker had been there before, so she knew exactly what it would be like. Jack, the thirteen-year-old son of Farmer Brown, would meet her in the pony-trap and drive her to the spotlessly white farmhouse, where would be spread in the stone-floored kitchen a delicious tea, with new bread and golden splits freshly baked at the post-office. Farmer Brown's wife would come and chat to her while she ate, and tell her all the village news.

But it was not quite like this, because it was war time; and Miss Walker had not realized the fact that it would make any difference to Little Winkle.

She was tired with canteen work, and she had told her friends that she was so looking forward to burying herself in the country, where she could not help forgetting there was such a thing as a war in progress.

But she had hardly stepped out of the train before she was reminded of it.

She looked in the station-yard for Jack in his corduroy cap and heavy leather gaiters. She saw instead a little figure in a muslin frock and a pleated white silk hat. It was the ten-year-old daughter of Farmer Brown.

"Why, Gwen!" she exclaimed. "Have you taken to driving Robert?"

"Please, miss, Jack's working on the farm now with father. Dick Hunt and Tom Lane have gone to fight. I'm doing Jack's work, and he's doing theirs."

As the pony ambled down the lane towards the farm Miss Walker noticed it was not so spotlessly white as she had remembered.

"You haven't white-limed this year!" she remarked to Gwen.

"No. Hetty Cannon's been too busy."

"Hetty Cannon?"

"George Hog's gone too. And Hetty's doing white-liming. Mother says she doesn't splash the roses near as much as he did."

Miss Walker was accustomed to seeing girl bus conductors and postwomen; but she had not expected to see girls doing men's work in our village, specially white-liming the outside of the cottages.

Yes, tea was spread in the low-roofed kitchen, but there were no splits and no freshly-made bread. Mr. Tremlett, at the post office, did not bake any longer. Since the increase in the price of flour he did not find it worth his while to do so. Now the village was dependent on a baker who called twice a week.

Neither did Mrs. Brown linger to talk to Miss Walker while she had her tea. She only thrust her head round the door, not looking her own tidy self, but with her sun-bonnet pushed to the back of her head, and her face flushed and hot. She only stayed to make six breathless remarks, each one about "this terrible war." Then she hurried back to dig up more potatoes, for with "them so short of men" she had to give a hand with the farm work, and there was no time to gossip with the

visitors as there had been two years ago when Miss Walker had stayed in Little Winkle.

Miss Walker only lingered to look round the room at the many new photographs—seven, all in shining gilt frames—of nephews and cousins, some in khaki, some in naval uniform, and Mrs. Brown's youngest sister in Red Cross uniform. Then she went upstairs to unpack, only to find the lock of her cabin-trunk had jammed, so she could not open it. It must have been that incompetent porter at the junction where she had changed. He had been the only one, and so rushed that he had been obliged to stand on the railway line and throw the luggage from one platform to the other.

Never mind! That nice locksmith, Mr. Wrigler, would mend it for her. Thank goodness! he could not have been called up, because he was over age.

She went to his cottage. She saw his wife.

"Mr. Wrigler's out on the shore, mum. He's a coast-watcher. I know he'd do it for you if he could; but he won't be home till twelve to-night."

"Well, then, to-morrow morning?"

"He's sleeping all day to-morrow, because he's on duty to-morrow night."

Miss Walker went back to the shore.

Where were the bathing-huts and tents? Did nobody come to bathe because of the war?

But she found out afterwards this was not the reason. The Admiralty had forbidden huts and tents on the plea that they might be used by a spy for signalling or making sketches of the coast. It was a full tide, and the waves were dashing up against the rocks and making feathery spray. So Miss Walker went back to fetch her camera to take a photograph.

She had focussed her picture in the view-finder when from behind a sand-dune there sprang out a Sea-Scout.

"Name, please? Address, please? Hand over your camera, please." And she had to explain to this lad of fifteen she did not know that a camera was not permitted in Little Winkle, and to promise that if she was allowed to keep it she would not err again.

She had the remembrance of the cosiness of the farm-kitchen at night-time, with the red-and-white check curtains drawn across the lattice windows. To-night they were shrouded with ugly green blinds. The farm did not face the sea, nevertheless the lighting authorities were most particular in Little Winkle.

Next morning Miss Walker meant to go out for a day's tramp. Fortunately, as no one had been found to open her box, she remembered the tailor was posting her tweedskirt. But in the morning Mrs. Brown told her that, the week before, the motor-mail van which brought the letters had been taken off to save the petrol for the Transport Service; and so the letters were not delivered till eleven o'clock. Thus before Miss Walker had "buried" herself for twenty-four hours, she was forced to admit that even in Port Winkle one cannot live without remembering that a war is being fought.



[Chas. Reid, Photo.]

Church Life To-day: Some Points of Current Interest.

BY the death of the Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney, Dr. A. Mitchell, on the fifth anniversary of his consecration to that see, the Scottish Episcopal Church loses one of its most distinguished scholars. Born in 1868, he had a brilliant career at Aberdeen and Cambridge Universities, and at Edinburgh Theological College, to which he afterwards returned as Principal and Pantonian Professor of Theology. In 1914, the bishop delivered before the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, the Hall Lectures, afterwards published as *Biographical Studies in Scottish Church History*.



[Elliott & Fry.
THE LATE
BISHOP OF ABERDEEN.

THE announcement that one of Mr. Asquith's last acts as Prime Minister was to refuse to sanction the appointment of a suffragan bishop for the Diocese of Liverpool has been received with surprise and resentment by Churchmen of all parties. The reason alleged, that the diocese only contains 224 parishes, will scarcely be considered satisfactory when it is recalled that only three English dioceses (London, Manchester, and Southwark) exceed that of Liverpool in population, and that in a diocese so comparatively small in area as Chelmsford the bishop has the assistance of two suffragans.

Bishops-suffragan as assistants to diocesan bishops date back to the third century. In England in the Middle Ages the bishops were often taken up with affairs of State, and their sees were administered by suffragans with foreign titles, usually taken from the East, such as Samastona or Melipotamus. By an Act of Parliament of 1534 (amended in 1888) the appointment of a suffragan by a diocesan bishop requires the consent of the Crown. After the reign of Elizabeth this procedure fell out of use until 1870, when it was revived by the appointment of bishops of Nottingham and Dover as suffragans to Lincoln and Canterbury. At the present time twenty-one of the English and Welsh dioceses have one or more suffragans.

THE project of a Bishopric of Bradford made a distinct step forward when the Ripon Diocesan Conference, at its recent meeting, unanimously adopted the scheme for the formation of such a diocese from the deanery of Bradford and the neighbouring deaneries. Ripon itself is a comparatively new diocese, having been founded in 1836, the first of the nineteenth-century sees, and the first new see created in England for nearly three centuries. It has already once been divided, in 1888, when part of its territory was transferred to the then new See of Wakefield; but its still enormous area and population make further division advisable.

AT the Conference mentioned above the Bishop of Peterborough, formerly Vicar

of Bradford, remarked that the proposed bishopric would make "an almost ideal diocese," not only in area and population, but also because it included various types of town and country, and the ecclesiastical centre was also in the centre of things—municipal, educational, and industrial.

THE recent institution of the Rev. C. H. Ridsdale to the living of High Wycombe by the Bishop of Buckingham was specially interesting from the fact that the bishop himself has been closely connected with High Wycombe for over twenty years. From 1894 to 1910 he was on the staff of the parish church, first as curate, and afterwards as vicar. And both as Archdeacon of Buckingham and as Bishop, to which posts he was appointed in 1910 and 1914 respectively, his old parish has lain within the district committed to his charge.

Dr. Shaw was succeeded as Vicar of Wycombe by the Rev. C. P. S. Clarke, who recently became Rector of Donhead St. Andrew, and is followed at Wycombe by Mr. Ridsdale, formerly Canon Missioner of Gloucester.

PREBENDARY Wilson Carlile, who recently attained the age of seventy, is thus just twice as old as the famous institution with which his name is inextricably associated. For it was thirty-five years ago that he began in the slums of Westminster the evangelistic work which has developed into the Church Army. It is, in his own phrase, "A Working People's Mission to Working People." Its activities in prisons, work-houses, hospitals, and elsewhere are well known; and during the war it has added to them a large number of huts, tents, and clubs for troops and war-workers at home and abroad. For over a quarter of a century the founder of the Church Army has also been Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill; and in 1906 the Bishop of London recognized his great services by appointing him to a prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral.

AMONG the remarkable features of the present year it seems likely that there will be a month of May, if not entirely barren of May Meetings, at any rate with very few in comparison with recent years. The example was set by the leaders of the National Mission when they abandoned the "Foreign Mission Week" which had been arranged for January, not, it need hardly be said, in consequence of any falling off of enthusiasm, but in deference to the desire of the Government that railway travelling should be reduced to a minimum. For the same reason many of the leading Church and other

societies are abandoning the series of meetings which usually bring large numbers of delegates and others from all parts of England to London during May. It rests with those who are interested in the various causes represented to see that the latter suffer no setback in consequence of their patriotic policy.

Bishop Mylne, who has just resigned the rectory of Alvechurch, in the Diocese of Worcester, completes this year the fiftieth year of his ministry, having been ordained by Bishop Samuel Wilberforce in 1867. In 1870 he became one of the original tutors of Keble College, which was opened at Oxford in that year as a memorial to the poet and divine to whom the English Church owes so much. There he remained till 1876, when he was consecrated Bishop of Bombay at the early age of thirty-three. Returning to England after an episcopate of twenty-one years, he has since held in succession the livings of St. Mary's, Marlborough, and Alvechurch.

THE place of the Church in National Service at the present time was recently again discussed by the Archbishop of York at a recent diocesan conference at York. His Grace urged that they must remember three things—first, that there was no question of the unfitness of the clergy for the discharge of those other forms of service such as there were in the case of combatant service; secondly, the urgency of the need of the State for the help and service of every single citizen; and, thirdly, while the special national service of the clergy must be maintained, it must also be adjusted to meet the urgency of the new needs. He suggested that where the bishop was satisfied that provision could be made for the spiritual care of the parish, he would consent to the priest undertaking the whole or the part-time work in some other branch of national service.

THE Rev. E. H. Askwith, the Rev. F. Byard, and the Rev. R. Walker, who have been appointed Honorary Canons of Carlisle Cathedral, have all earned this distinction by good work in the diocese. Dr. Askwith has been Vicar of Kirby Lonsdale since 1909 and rural dean since 1913. Mr. Walker, who is also a rural dean, and Mr. Byard have spent the whole of their respective ministries in the Diocese of Carlisle, the former since 1884, the latter since 1890.

A Pilgrimage of Prayer, conducted by women, is being arranged in the Diocese of St. Albans to take place in May. It will follow the lines which proved so successful in other cases last year. Visits will be paid to villages in the country parishes on the invitation of the incumbent, and house-to-house calls will be a feature of the evangelistic work.



[Russell.
PREBENDARY CARLILE.

Our Query Corner: *Hints for some of our Correspondents.*

* RULES.—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Persons desiring, if possible, an immediate answer, should enclose stamped and addressed envelope, with their question, but they must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that THE SIGN goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (6) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that most of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (7) The pages marked THE SIGN are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.*

1110. May a lay reader preach from the pulpit?

Licenses differ, but a lay reader can go into the pulpit if the terms of his license permit. If we may be permitted to say so, a good deal of needless difficulty is being made about speaking. The ministration of the Sacraments is in the hands of delegated, appointed, and consecrated persons. The ministry of the Word (and its varied forms of teaching and explanation) is quite another thing. It should be exercised only by duly appointed and qualified persons in church (and elsewhere if possible), and then the place from which a person speaks is simply a matter of convenience.

1111. Can you tell me if the wish for reunion with Roman Catholic and Greek Churches is widespread among our clergy?

All Christians, as such, must desire unity in the Church, but it is scarcely possible for any one really to answer definitely your question. The Anglican and the Orthodox Russian Church are least divided in doctrine, and the more learned bishops and clergy encourage the movement for a better understanding between them. Both Churches object to the mediaeval and political development of the Western papacy as unprimitive. The Church of England is a Branch of the Catholic Church, but she has a real character as a protest-maker against errors—Roman or sectarian; and hence, in the modern sense of Protestant, in certain aspects she is Protestant as well as Catholic.

1112. Why do you teach what you cannot prove from the New Testament about evening Communion, etc.?

We only repeat what is the fundamental teaching of the Church of England. The question is one of Church knowledge and discipline. If we accept that, then we do not have "Evening Communion," we keep Sunday on the first day of the week, we baptize the infants of Christian parents, etc. We belong to a family,

and we keep family customs. The New Testament *proves* none of these. But we see in it how S. Paul had to regulate abuses in the Gentile Church of Corinth, and we know a good many things about the "First Food taken,"

taken on a day of great discipline and fasting, and thereafter kept under conditions of discipline. We cannot help feeling that the principles you will find indicated in our columns may yet come to mean something to you, if you are willing to abide by "family customs."

Our Notice Board.

"Open Thou our lips."

MARCH, 1917.

DATE. FESTIVALS

4. S. 2 Sunday in Lent.
11. S. 3 Sunday in Lent.
18. S. 4 Sunday in Lent. [Refreshment Sunday.]
25. S. Festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. 5 Sunday in Lent. [Passion Sunday.]

April.

1. S. 6 Sunday in Lent. [Palm Sunday.]
"April 8 is Easter Sunday."

From the Fifth Sunday of Lent to Easter Eve there is solemn remembrance of the Sacred Passion, Death, and Burial

of our Lord Jesus Christ, especially Good Friday, April 6.

EASTER COMMUNION

is the Rule of the Church.
(See Book of Common Prayer.)

FASTS.

All Weekdays of LENT are considered Fasts, and are kept according to the Lenten Rule possible for each person—Wednesdays and Fridays are especially to be observed. Vigil, Mar. 24, Vigil of the Annunciation.

and about the meetings which kept vigils and then had Eucharist. Read Walter Pater's *Marius the Epicurean* for a description of surpassing beauty of the Eucharist as viewed by a soul approaching the Christians. Our Lord's example evidently was not held to justify evening Communion.

You must see that "institution"—showing "how to do it"—was not to the disciples the same thing as the Christian Eucharist of the later time when the victory of CHRIST had been won. Holy Communion was *insti-*

1113. Why should a man who applies to become a lay reader be asked if he is married?

Why should there be any objection to the question you name? If a man is not married, he says so; if he is married, surely he knows the date and the place, and is willing to have the circumstances inquired into. One's suspicions would be aroused if a man were not willing to give particulars of such an important episode in his career. All licences, moreover, are revocable from year to year.

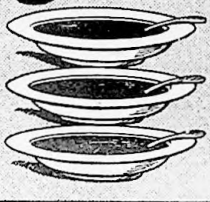
1114. What does being "baptized for the dead" mean?

The phrase you quote has puzzled many generations. It is said that some thirty-six explanations are available. The best commentators think that S. Paul was not concerned to approve or disapprove, but was arguing from something done, rightly or wrongly. This kind of Baptism on behalf of the dead man did exist among heretics, and is paralleled by what is known to anthropologists. Absolution of the corpse has retained its position in several Christian rites. Administration of the Eucharist to a corpse had to be forbidden. Generally, scholars now take it that S. Paul alluded to a superstitious practice which his "sensitive" and "imperfect" Christians at Corinth believed in. "If resurrection is absolutely a fiction, then Baptism for the dead is an absurdity" (Robertson and Plummer). This is the sum of the whole of the arguments of 1 Cor. xv: "They may fall of themselves, . . . but they cannot fail in persuading us of S. Paul's intense conviction of the reality of CHRIST'S Resurrection; and not of its reality only, but of its supreme importance as a turning point in the destiny of the human race."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of THE SIGN, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.

Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage MUST be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., at their London House as above.

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Take Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A. The finest Tonic for MEN. They buck one up and make one feel a different man immediately, and at slight expense.

ANÆMIC WOMEN (the signs are pallor, breathlessness on slight exertion, depression and weakness) cannot do better than take 'Jelloids' No. 2 for a week or two—the result is simply marvellous in many cases.

Ask your Chemist for a box of Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2 to-day.

For Anæmia in Women ... Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2.
Reliable Tonic for Men ... Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A.
For Growing Children ... Iron 'Jelloids' No. 1.

Of all Chemists; a Fortnight's Treatment 1/3, large size 3/-

Iron Jelloids

(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds)

Safeguard your Health with

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

THE RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.

Used with unvarying success for upwards of 60 years.

THE BEST REMEDY
KNOWN FOR

**Coughs,
Colds,
Asthma,
Bronchitis.**

Effectually cuts short attacks of SPASMS, HYSTERIA, PALPITATION.

A true palliative in NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, GOUT, RHEUMATISM.

Checks and arrests FEVER, CROUP, and AGUE. Acts like a charm in DIARRHŒA, COLIC and other bowel complaints.

Always ask for a "DR. COLLIS BROWNE."
Of all Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.



Your Friend at Every Hour.

MORNING—NOON—EVENING—NIGHT

'Vaseline'

Trade Mark Registered

PREPARATIONS

are reliable family friends of good standing, and no home medicine cupboard should be without one or more of these preparations in some form or another. For giving beautiful complexions—for healing all skin affections—for relieving Rheumatism and Neuralgia—there is a "Vaseline" preparation for all these—and much more. You should never be without these "Vaseline" Specialities:—

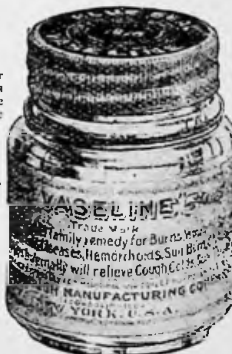
Yellow.

This is our regular grade, which is known as pure all over the world.

Bottles—
3d., 6d., & 10d.

White.

Highly Refined.
Bottles—
6d., 10d., & 1/-



Perfumed White.

No. 1, bottle in carton ... 1/-
No. 2 size, hand-some bottle in carton, with glass stoppers ... 1/6
White and Quinine Pomade 1/-

Pomade.

Blue Seal.
3d. & 7d. bottles.
No. 1 size, bottle in carton ... 7d.
No. 2 size, bottle in carton ... 1/-

ADVICE.—For your own safety and satisfaction, always insist upon Chesebrough Co.'s own original bottles. Descriptive Booklet, with complete list of "VASELINE" preparations, Post Free.
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. (Con'ad.)
42 Holborn Viaduct, London.



Baby's Food Step by Step

WHEN feeding Baby by hand the same Food can be given from birth for the first months, varying the quantity from week to week.

About the fourth month something to help the formation of bone, nerve, and muscle is required.

Nothing starchy in the Food is permissible until six months have passed, when Baby should be sturdy and firm, not too fat. Then give a partially digested farinaceous Food.

The only complete progressive dietary—the unique and ideal method is

The
**Allenbury's
Foods**

MILK FOOD No. 1. From birth to 3 months.
MILK FOOD No. 2. From 3 to 6 months.
MALTED FOOD No. 3. From 6 months upwards.

ALLEN & HANBURY, LTD., LONDON.

CHEST AND THROAT

Diseases cured by
Veno's.



Mrs. Holt.

Mrs. M. HOLT, 13 Cyprus Street, Stretford, near Manchester, says:—
"My husband got a severe cold and cough. We tried quite a lot of things without benefit. It was a hard hacking cough, and it persisted for weeks. However, in the end he got Veno's, and actually after three doses he felt better, and soon there was no trace of the cough left. Veno's has cured me of relaxed throat and cough, and I have also given it to my baby when he had a cold while teething. It has cured us all."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for:
**COUGHS AND COLDS, 11d. WHOOPING COUGH,
LUNG TROUBLES, 11d. BAD BREATHING,
BRONCHITIS, 11d. HOARSENESS,
ASTHMA, a bottle. INFLUENZA.**

Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/- The 3/- Size is the most economical
Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world.

Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

**VENO'S LIGHTNING
COUGH CURE**

Practice Economy—use



Pears⁵ Soap

A good name that is handed down for ages past, of necessity has its foundation on solid merit. The good name of PEARS has come down through the years as the soap of absolute purity, marvellously beneficial to the complexion, uniquely refreshing and fragrant, and withal extremely economical.

A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., Publishers, 23 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.; and at Oxford.

Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

Advertisements for "THE SIGN" should be sent to Freeman & Co., Advertisement Managers, 9 Fleet Street, E.C.

A Local Guide Book,

The question of a small popular Guide Book is one which for many years has been raised both by our local people and also by the many visitors that pass through in the mail steamers. At length, however, such a book has been almost completed, and will no doubt be ready for sale by the time this notice is being read. The book is reproduced on fine art paper, with fancy covers, and is 40 pages in length. It has as a Frontispiece a copy of the famous British Declaration left on Saunders Island in 1774. The work is profusely illustrated with 22 photographs, and contains a short history of the Colony, together with an article on Stanley, and interesting accounts of the F.I.C., the population, commerce, plant life, stone rivers, etc of the Colony. There are also articles on the Stanley Sports Association, and a short history of the Hulks which lie in our harbour. The book concludes with an illustrated account of the Battle of the Falklands. For some years past the question of a General Purposes Fund has been mooted, and the question was again suggested at a vestry last year: the entire nett profits of the work will therefore be devoted as a nucleus towards starting such a Fund for the Cathedral. The price of the Guide will be 2/- or by post 2/6.- though a small number will be bound in stiff cardboard covers, and will be sold at 4/- or 4/6 post free. As the edition

is strictly limited, and already many copies have been asked for, will all readers send their orders, (immediately together with the cash,) to the Rev C. McD. Hobley, who will attend to all in rotation? Should any readers wish for any copies to be sent direct Home to any of their friends, the compiler will insert a card with the name of the donor, inside the Guide book, without any extra charge.

C.McD.H.

HYMN LIST for May, 1917.

6th. Morning	281, 317, 533.
Evening	266, 192, 370, 428
13th. Morning	142, 197, 223.
Evening	280, 27, 230, 228.
16th. Evening	149, 150, 202.
20th. Morning	147, 202, 215.
Evening	220, 149, 542, 203.
27th. Morning	155, 157, 154.
Evening	207, 156, 391, 23.

TE DEUM.	Stainton.
BENEDICTUS.	Barnby for Ps : 140.
MAGNIFICAT.	Barnby for Ps : 90.
NUNC DIMITTIS.	Foster for Ps : 42.



THE ANNUAL CATHEDRAL Bazaar

Date will be announced later.

Contributions towards the stalls will be gladly received by Mrs. Dean, Stanley Cottage : Mrs J. Stanley Smith, the Deanery, or Mrs C. McDonald-Hobley. The Church House.

Every Contribution Gratefully Received.

Christ Church Cathedral From Easter 1916, to Easter 1917.

CURRENT A/c.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
To Wages and Salaries				By Balance in Hand	10	17	3
Organists 15 0 0				„ Donation from Govt. for fuel	10	0	0
Sexton & Verger 33 0 0				„ „ „ Church Hall	3	0	0
Bell Ringer 5 10 0				„ „ (anonymous)	1	0	0
Organ Blower 6 17 6				„ „ for Memorials Fund.	1	0	0
	60	7	6	„ Sale of Books.	8	14	0
Insurance Premium	5	5	0	„ Church Hall for Peat	5	18	6
Stores purchased (oil, peat, etc)				„ Printing Office	1	19	6
Falkland Is. Co. 6 18 4				„ Offertories.	155	6	1
H. Clifton 17 10 0							
J. Ratcliffe 2 5 0							
	26	13	4				
Special Offertories.							
Diocesan Fund 4 4 3							
Red Cross Soc: 12 0 9							
Foreign Missions 6 10 2							
Sustentation Fd. 13 12 3							
	36	7	5				
Sundries							
Register 15 0							
Reduction on Heating a/c. 12 10 0							
Prayer & Hymn Books. 13 14 0							
Memorials a/c & Teak 3 0 7							
Repairs to Church Roof 3 2 6							
Repairs to seats 3 16 4							
Balance of Memorial Fund in Trust. 4 3 5							
	41	1	10				
Balance in Hand.	28	0	3				
	£ 197	15	4		£ 197	15	4
P. Mills. Hon. Treas.				Examined and found correct. G. I. Turner. 19/4/17.			

CATHEDRAL HEATING ACCOUNT.

Liabilities.	£.	s.	d.	Payments.	£.	s.	d.
Adverse Balance.				From Cathedral Current a/c	12	10	0
(see statement of a/c's in F. I. Magazine, Sept: 1916.)	82	10	0	Adverse Balance	70	0	0
	£ 82	10	0		£ 82	10	0
J. Stanley Smith.				Examined and found Correct. E. G. Creece. 27/4/17.			

F. I. MAGAZINE AND CHURCH PAPER

Church Hall Current a/c. April 1st 1916 to April 24th 1917

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Balance	2	6	3	Fuel (2 yrs.)	11	17	0
Hiring of Hall	77	0	0	F. I. C. a/c's	14	13	5
Badminton Club	9	3	4	Globe Store			10
Debating Soc :	3	0	0	Crockery	4	0	0
Scouts	6	0	0	Reduction of Debt	30	0	0
Volunteers	7	0	0	Caretaker,-			
Discount.	1	7		(a) Salary £12 0			
				(b) extras 11 1			
				(c) Volunteers 2 16			
				(d) debating soc. 1 0			
				Lamps etc.	2	8	0
				Carting	1	19	0
				Advance to Printing Office	4	2	0
				Red Cross Fund	3	0	0
				Insurance	5	0	0
				Balance in hand	13	11	
	£ 104	11	2		£104	11	2

J. Stanley Smith.

Audited and found correct
W.R. Nosworthy
 April 27th 1917.

CHURCH HALL Store Account.

Liabilities.	£	s	d	Payments.	£	s	d
1915.				1916.			
Dec: 31st Adverse Balance.	36	3	5	May - Reduction of debt, by Current a/c.	10	0	0
				Oct - ditto	10	0	0
				1917.			
				March ditto	10	0	0
				Adverse Balance	6	3	5
	£36	3	5		£36	3	5

J. Stanley Smith.

Examined and found correct
E. G. Crecco. 27/4/17

Church Hall Building A/c.

Liability.	£	s	d	Payments.	£	s	d
1916.				1916.			
April 1st Adverse Balance	164	5	1	June Proceeds of Bazaar.	147	13	8
				Adverse Balance	16	11	5
	£164	5	1		£164	5	1

J. Stanley Smith.

Examined and found correct
L. V. Oswald 27/4/17



Stamps.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Save your Falkland Islands used stamps and send along to us. We pay the following Prices :—

1½d a dozen for ½d stamps.

3d " " " 1d "

6d " " " 2d "

7½ " " " 2½d "

16 " " " 6d "

3/- " " " 1/- "

9/- " " " 3/- "

15/- " " " 5/- "



Stamps must not be torn or dirty.



R. & A. Hardy. "Kelper Store" Stanley.

BAPTISMS.

- April 1st. Ellen Clara Felton.
 " 6th. Beryl Joan Smith
 " 15th. Joyce Mildred Turner.
 " 22nd. Ronald John Challen.
 " 26th. Arthur Barnes.
 " 27th. Elizabeth Ann Smith.

DEATHS.

- April 5th. Mary Ann Luxton. Age 80 yrs.
 April 5th. William McGill. Age 74 yrs.

NOTICE.

—ooo—

Any person or persons found trespassing on, or taking game from Bluff Cove without permission, will be immediately Prosecuted.

By Order
 R. Grant.

[We regret that owing to the above being overlooked, it was unfortunately omitted from our last number.]

CATHEDRAL SERVICES

as usual.

Passenger List

ARRIVALS.

From Liverpool. April 12th. Mr H.A. Johnson, Mr T. H. Foster, Mr D.S. McPhee.
 From Monte Video. Mr & Mrs Greenshields, Mrs Jane Benney, Mrs Jennings.

DEPARTURES.

For Liverpool. (via Canal.) April 5th. Mr W.A. Harding. For Punta Arenas. Miss A. Thomas, Miss Agnes Lehen.
 For Punta Arenas. April 12th. Sister Bertila Bruno, Sister Louisa Bosso, Miss McAtasney
 Miss Thompson, Mr Andrew Watson.
 For Valparaiso. Mrs Mayhew.

OFFERTORIES

April	£	s	d	
1st.	3	1	0	Church Expenses.
6th.	2	12	5	Foreign Missions.
8th.	13	12	3	Sustentation Fund
15th.	2	13	10	Church Expenses.
22nd.	2	11	10	" "
29th.	3	0	10	" "

£27 12 2

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, SOUTH AMERICA.

Roll of Honour

1914 - 1917.

Charles Alazia.
Henry Aldridge.
Horace Aldridge.
Richard Aldridge.
Shirley Aspinall.
John Armstrong.
Norman Adam.
Norman Blake.
Ernest Blake.
Arthur Blake.
Adam Blakeley.
Arthur Barnes.
Louis Barnes.
Wilfred Baillon.
Ernest Boothroyd.
Singleton Bonner.
Bernard Buckley.
William Bigga.
Peter Buckley.
Thomas Bean.
William Campell.
John Coleman.
Edward Cobb.
Hubert Cobb.

John Dean.
William Douglas.
Rupert Durose.
George Dean.
William Dettleff.
David Frazer.
Evelyn Felton.
Stanley Goss.
Sydney Goss.
Ernest Goss.
Barry Girling.
Chris Girling.
George Gordon.
William Gleadell.
Claude Hardy.
Valentine Hardy.
Hugh Harding.
Frank Howatt.
George Morris.
Peter McEwan.
Archie McTravers.
William McCall.
Donald McPhee.
Archibald McCall.

Michael Murphy.
John Matthews.
Edmund Matthews.
James McCall.
Edward McAtasney.
Thomas Martin.
Henry Ogilvie.
Arthur Ogilvie.
Gilbert Phillips.
Henry Phillips.
Walter Phillips.
Fred Pauline.
William Rutter.
Jack Turner.
Richard Uwins.
George Williams.
Douglas Williams.
Stuart Williams.
Maxwell Williams.
Phillip Williams.
Jack Williams.
Norman Watt.
Stanley Watt.

Died in the Service of their Country

December 1st 1914.

Norman Aitkin.
Herbert Gaylard.

James Allen.

Charles Newing.

Frederick Biggs.

Walter Shires.

William Blyth.

Ernest Spencer.

Peter McKay, January 28th. 1916.

Ernest Kelway, February 7th 1917.

"Fight the good Fight."

Globe Store.

General Store.

A large stock of Earthenware and Glassware has just been received consisting of the following: Sets of Jugs, extra Jugs, Sugar Basins and Cream Jugs, Bowls and Lids, Cake Plates, Dinner and Soup Plates, Tea Pots, Mugs with "present from Falkland Islands" thereon, Glass Jugs to hold 2 & 3 pints, Cake Plates, Dishes etc.

Wall Papers, Brass Curtain Poles 4' 6" long complete with Brackets, Rings etc., Hanging Lamps, Stair Floor Cloths 18" & 36" wide, Linoleum of assorted designs, 12 bore Broom Cleaners, Dolly Dyes, Wood Taps, Cooks Kettles & Toasting Forks, Cake Tins with movable bottoms, Pastry Trays, Brass and Black Fire Guards, Flour Sifters, Galvanised Cylinder Sieves, Enamel Coffee & Tea Pots 2 to 5 pts., Stove Plate Lifters, Meat Saws, Garden Forks, Clothes Lines 20 & 30 yds., Manilla for Clothes Lines, Bedroom Toilet sets, Carpet Squares, Hearth Rugs, Coconut Matting 18 & 27" wide, Pot Mend, Varnish,

Fingers Band Sewing Machines.

Gent's Overcoats, Rainproof Coats size 38 - 40", Scotch Tweed Trousers 16/9 per pair, Examine Spinal Patties 7/11 a pair, Soft Silk Double Collars, Pocket Felt Hats, Fancy Cardigan Vests, Heather and White Sweaters, White & Black Cotton Gloves, Canvas, Lace, Patent and Court Shoes, Underpants & Vests 11/- per suit.

Table Knives & Forks, Table and Dessert Spoons, Sets of Carvers, Sail, and Packing Needles, Plaster of Paris, Halls Distemper Paint in 4lb tins, and 28lb drums, Aspicalls, Kinnell, Black, Blue, Green and White, Chambers Dictionary's 8/6 each, Alarm Clocks 8/6 each, Red & Black Striped Horse Rugs, Bass Pot Brushes, Playing Cards 1/6 and 2/-.

Camelliated Oil, Peps, Blackcurrant, Valda, Glycerine and Eucalyptus Pastilles, Liver Pills, Asperino, Soda Mint and Biscuinated Magnesia Tablets, Tongue, and Chloride of Gold.

Millinery Department.

Trimmed and untrimmed Hats, Silk and Cotton Brocks, 18" to 24", Ladies white Poplin Bloes, Childrens Cotton Garters, Goggles & Binoculars, Cotton, Muslin and Lace Collars, Cotton American Blouses, Infants Mamma Coats, Cashmere, Velveteen and Serge Dresses.

Girl's Muslin & Cashmere Under, Flannellette Nightdresses.

Boy's Tweed Hats, Tweed Gowning Suits with Caps to match, Boy's Flannellette Shirts, Flannellets, White Silk Tails, Cream Whimsy, Silk Nines, Lawn Muslin, Swiss Embroidery, Flannel Shirting, Frilling. Various qualities of Silks, Salome Fringe, Embroidery Silk, Art Serges. Ladies' Tanay Collars, Yokes, Fronts, Bows, Scarves, Belts, White Silk Gloves, Maudie Aprons, Overalls, Nightdresses, Nightdress Sateheta & O. S. Cotton Blouses.

Green Damask Table Cloths & Serviettes, Coloured Angora Curl Table Cloths, Cushion Covers etc, etc, etc.

Imperial & Cabinet Size Photo Frames, Gold Brooches, Necklets & Pendants, Silver Necklets. etc.

Candle Shades, Afternoon Tea Spoons in Case, Salt Cellars, Desert Knives, Bread Boards

Baby Spoon & Fork, Silver Mounted Cloth Brush & Mirrors.

Paint Boxes, Painting Books, Artists Water and Oil Colours in tubes, & Red Sable Brushes.

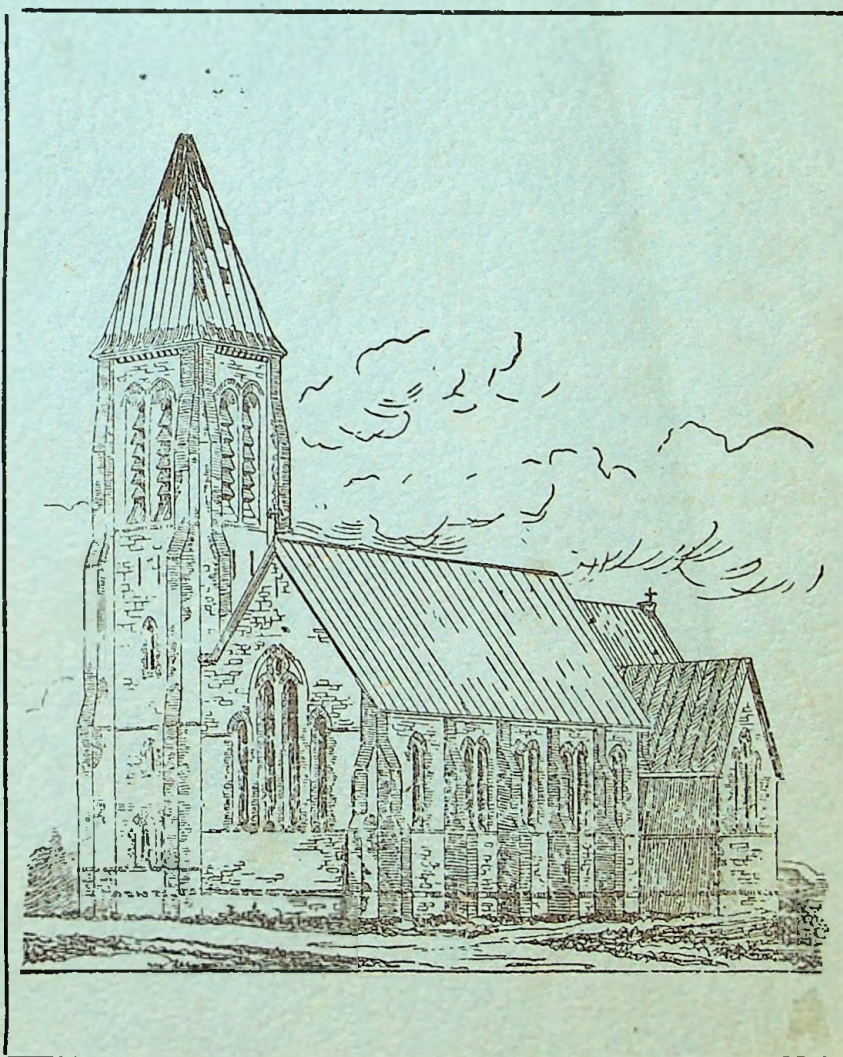
Mary Kitching

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine
AND
CHURCH PAPER

No. II. Vol. XXIX.

JUNE 1917.

PRICE SIXPENCE



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL. PORT STANLEY, F. I.

BISHOP
Right Rev. E. F. Every D.D.
 Temporarily in Charge

DEAN.
The Very Rev.
J. Stanley Smith. M. A.
ASSISTANT CATHEDRAL
CHAPLAIN
Rev C. McDonald-Hobley

ARCHDEACON
Vacant.
HONORARY CANONS
Four Vacancies.

SELECT VESTRY
Mr J. G. Poppy, Churchwardens
Mr R. B. Baseley.
Mr. A. R. Hoare, Hon. Secretary
Mr R. B. Baseley Hon. Treasurer
Mr. W. Atkins senr, Mr F. Hardy.
Mr A. E. Smith.

CAMP REPRESENTATIVES
East Falklands. Vacant.
West Falklands M. Buckworth, Esq.

ORGANISTS.
Miss L. Rowlands
& Miss S. Wilson.

VERGER and SEXTON.
Mr. J. F. Summers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.
Miss L. Lanning. Miss L. Poppy
Miss L. Rowlands. Miss S. Wilson.
Miss M. Binnie Hon. Sec.
Miss D. Rowlands. Miss M. Thomas.

CHOIR.
R. Hannaford F. Hardy. L. Hardy,
The Misses M. Hardy, E. Lanning, E. King
L. Poppy, L. Rowlands, S. Wilson, M. Thomas
H. Wilson, D. Rowlands, S. Summers, I
Atkins, I. Summers, V. King, D. Aldridge. A
Nowing, D. Riches, M. Aldridge, I. Pearce,
S. Skilling, M. Bradbury. R. Rowlands. G.
King, B. Kiddle.

SOLE ENGLISH AGENTS.

To whom all particulars concerning advertisement, literary, and other business may be addressed,

The South American Press, Ltd.
1 Arundel Street,
London W. C.

June.

Moon

Full Moon 5th.
 Last Qtr. 12th.
 New Moon. 19th.
 First Qtr. 27th.

Moon JULY.

Full Moon 4th.
 Last Qtr. 11th.
 New Moon 19th.
 First Qtr. 27th.

1st.	F.	S. Nicomede, P. M.
2nd.	S.	Ember Day
3rd.	S.	Trinity Sunday.
4th.	M.	
5th.	Tu.	S. Boniface, B.M.
6th.	W.	
7th.	Th.	
8th.	F.	
9th.	S.	
10th.	S.	1st Sunday after Trinity.
11th.	M.	S. Barnabas, A.M.
12th.	Tu.	
13th.	W.	
14th.	Th.	
15th.	F.	
16th.	S.	
17th.	S.	2nd Sunday after Trinity.
18th.	M.	
19th.	Tu.	
20th.	W.	Trans. of S. Edward, K.M.
21st.	Th.	
22nd.	F.	
23rd.	S.	
24th.	S.	3rd Sunday after Trinity.
25th.	M.	
26th.	Tu.	
27th.	W.	
28th.	Th.	
29th.	F.	S. Peter A.M.
30th.	S.	

All Matter for the Magazine must be sent in by the 10th. of each month. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only; and must be accompanied by the name and address of sender, not necessarily for publication. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

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THE FALKLAND ISLANDS MAGAZINE.

The only Newspaper published in the Colony.

Subscription 4/- per year, By post 5/-

Payable in advance.

The Cathedral Press,
Port Stanley,
Falkland Islands.

Dear Sir.....

Your Subscription to the Falkland Islands Magazine fell due in May.
Would you kindly help us by forwarding the same at the earliest date convenient to you
in order to help us with our Booking?

Thanking you in anticipation,
Believe me,
Your's very truly,
The Editor.

M^r. J. Ratchiffe

M^r. G. Ratchiffe — 5/-

1917

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Comforter

MATTINS

EVENSONG (Wednesday)

HOLY BAPTISMS on Sunday at 3 15 p. m, and
by arrangement.

CHURCHINGS, before any service.

EDITORIAL.

The season of Whitsuntide must certainly
have been realized more during the past two

was sent down upon those whom Jesus loved.
"I will not leave you Comfortless, I will
come to you." Whether it may be in the
far off Camp House, or on the fields of
Flanders, or at the Altar Steps of our Cathed-
ral, - Jesus comes to us in those Holy Mys-
teries, and the Comforter, who is the Holy
Ghost, "shows us all truth." No matter how
soothing and helpful earthly aid and

THE
Falkland Islands Magazine

AND

CHURCH PAPER.

No II. Vol. XXIX.

JUNE 1917

NOTICE.

This Magazine is published monthly, and may be obtained from the Cathedral Press, Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. Subscription 4/- per annum, or by post 5/-, payable in advance. Single Numbers 6d. each.

Advertisements (subject to approval) are inserted at the following rates :-

Short Notices. 1/- per line with minimum of 2/6

Trade Notices or Repeat orders, by arrangement.

It is requested that subscribers will notify to the Editor any change of address

Cathedral Services.

SUNDAY.

HOLY COMMUNION 8. 0 a.m.

MATTINS AND SERMON 11. 0 a. m.

HOLY COMMUNION (First Sunday in the Month) 12. 0 a. m.

CHILDREN'S SERVICE 2. 30 p.m.

EVENSONG AND SERMON 7. 0 p.m.

WEEKDAYS.

MATTINS 10 0 a.m.

EVENSONG (Wednesday) 7. 0 p.m.

HOLY BAPTISMS on Sunday at 3 15 p. m, and by arrangement.

CHURCHINGS, before any service.

EDITORIAL.

The season of Whitsuntide must certainly have been realized more during the past two

years than for many long decades. One of the inevitable outcomes of the terrible conflict that has engulfed the world has been the rending apart of our British home life, in some cases, certainly only temporarily, but in others, for ever on this earth. There is hardly a family that has not been either directly or indirectly affected. It is certainly true that a great wave of religious feeling has permeated England, and people in the old Country are beginning to think about God and His Existence in a way they never have done hitherto: it is certainly also true that many a Tommy has made his Communion, kneeling down on the green sward, when for many years he has sadly neglected those Sacred Mysteries, but is it not also true that many must have realized the Pentecostal message in an extra-ordinary manner, when they long for the presence of their dearest and their best, and when they sometimes know that never again will they see that presence in the flesh? "Let not your Hearts be troubled, neither let it be afraid, Ye believe in God, believe also in Me,"

Such was the promise of the Master, and that promise was fulfilled on the Birthday of the Church on the first Whitsun Day, when the Holy Ghost, the Comforter was sent down upon those whom Jesus loved. "I will not leave you Comfortless, I will come to you." Whether it may be in the far off Camp House, or on the fields of Flanders, or at the Altar Steps of our Cathedral, - Jesus comes to us in those Holy Mysteries, and the Comforter, who is the Holy Ghost, "shows us all truth." No matter how soothing and helpful earthly aid and

sympathy may be, no matter who it is that brings it to us, nothing in this world can compare to the love of the Master, and the comforting strength given by the Holy Spirit of God. So let each one of us make every endeavour to be more regular and more frequent at the Holy Communion, and pray more and more for the Holy Spirit of God, who can teach us all things, and show us what the true comfort of Heaven really can be to each one who seeks it.

LOCAL NOTES.

THE WEATHER has been wonderfully fine just lately, but it was evidently too good to last, for the frost set in towards the end of the month, with a vengeance.

EMPIRE DAY 1917, was not observed in Stanley with the usual festivities, owing to the War: we noticed, however, several flags flying in honour of the day.

THE ANNUAL MAY BALL, promoted and organized by the S.B.C. took place at the Town Hall, on May 23rd. & 24th. There were large numbers present, both from Stanley and the Camp, and it was voted a big success. We hear the dancing floor has never been excelled in the Falklands.

THE LOCAL GUIDE.-the compiler regrets that as the Guide is not quite ready for sale, but wishes to thank the large number of readers and others who have sent orders for the same. The orders will be executed at the earliest date possible. As the issue is strictly limited, he will be glad to receive all orders as early as possible to avoid disappointment to the purchaser.

WE TENDER our heartiest congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. R. C. Pole Evans upon the advent of a son and heir, which was born on May 20th.

A LARGE NUMBER of friends have been in from the Camp, amongst whom are Mr. & Mrs. J. Smith, Mr. & Mrs. A. Cobb, Mr. & Mrs. H. W. Townson, Mrs. Innes Wilson,

Miss Henry, and Messrs A. E. Felton; S. Miller; M. Buckworth; H. Waldron; F. Hulford; M. Luxton; M. Robson. etc. etc.

THE VERY REV. THE DEAN left for the West Falklands on May 19th.

THE PRICE OF WOOL is still on the increase; Pebble Island lately held the record of 1/10½ but this has been well beaten by the latest news which places it at 2/5.

WE HEAR THAT two hungry travellers recently visited a shepherd's house, and, as no one was at home, commenced to cook a meal. The frying pan caught on fire, and the chops suffered in consequence.

ON THE SHEPHERD'S RETURN a day or so later, he was greatly worried to find his tin of beeswax and turpentine (which he used for polishing his linoleum) had been all used up; and then just wondered —

HOW DID HIS VISITORS enjoy their chops??

WE REGRET that the Cathedral Bazaar goods have not yet arrived, though the invoices have come. The actual date of the Bazaar will be announced at the earliest opportunity.

THE STANLEY LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY which came into existence about the beginning of May, was finally set in working order on May 31st, when after an extremely interesting paper by Mr. A. E. Smith on the subject "Is a permanent peace possible?— the rules of the new Society were formulated and passed.

THE SOCIETY has grown out of the Mutual Improvement Society, which has done excellent work in its day, and which has done much for the social enjoyment and education in Stanley. We wish the S.L. & D.S. "a long life and a gay one."

WE REGRET TO HAVE to record the sad death of Mrs. Stewart on the West Falklands, news of which was just received by

last mail. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to her sorrowing relatives and friends.

—o—

WE ALSO HEARD by the same mail that Mr. George Goodwin, of Hill Cove, is seriously ill.

—o—

WE CONGRATULATE Mr. F. Langdon and his people at San Carlos North upon sending back the magnificent donation of £22 towards the Falkland Island Cot at the Lord Mayor's Cripple Hospital, Alton, Hampshire.

—o—

THE NEW ACTING CONSUL for Italy, Norway and Chile is Mr. James Houston, the Manager of the F. I. C.

—o—

THE PICTURE OF THE PICNIC, published in a recent number of the F. I. M. is now stated to be that of a picnic given to the Choir and friends by Mr. John Kirwan, on Feb : 26th. 1892, to Sparrow Cove. Can any reader verify this ?

—o—

THERE IS STILL A SLIGHT DEBT on the Stanley Cup which has been presented to the F. I. V. Force for annual Competition on Dec. 8th. of each year, in memory of the great Naval Victory. Will any reader who has not yet contributed to this memorial, send a small contribution to the Rev. C. McD. Hobley for the same ? The full list of subscribers together with the Inscription on the Cup will be published in a later number of the F. I. M., and an illuminated list of Subscribers is to be given to the Corps, to be hung up at the Headquarters. Any balance that is over will be handed to the O. C. to be devoted towards the miniature Cups that are to be given and retained by the holders of the Trophy each year.

—o—

WE NOTICE in M. P. 202/17 published in the Government Gazette, that from April 1st till July 1st, the sum of one penny will be paid for every rat delivered to the Police at the Stanley Goal between the hours of 5. 30 and 6. 30 p. m. daily, (excepting Sundays); — Of course, we know that certain food stuffs are getting scarce, owing to the war — but — ??

—o—

WHAT AN EXTRACT for the Berlin Newspapers !!

—o—

WE REGRET TO HAVE to announce the death of Mrs. Thomas Lee, of Manybranch, Port Howard, which occurred on April 20th. Mrs. Lee came out to the Falklands nearly twelve years ago, her previous home being at Forest Hill, London. Her husband has been Head Shepherd at Port Howard Station for a good time past. Mrs. Lee was greatly respected by all who knew her, and she will be very much missed : she leaves two young children, a boy and a girl, - the youngest being about five years old.

—o—

AMONGST THE FORTHCOMING marriages are those of Mr. W. Aldridge and Miss E. Norton ; Mr. F. Henrickson and Miss M. Harris ; Mr. J. Ryan and Miss M. Myles ; Mr. J. Smith and Miss L. Anderson ; Mr. J. Kingsford and Miss E. Aldridge.

—o—

WE REGRET TO HEAR that Mr. John Aldridge has been ill lately ; he is intending to go to the Hospital at Valparaiso by this next mail.

—o—

THE STANLEY FOOTBALL CLUB is still going strong : they had a very exciting match on June 2nd, which proved one of the very best ever played on their ground. The result was a draw, - two goals apiece.

—o—

THERE HAS BEEN a tremendous scarcity of paraffin in Stanley this past month, - in fact it was not to be had for the asking.

—o—

WE REGRET that Mr. W. Bartram has definitely decided to give up his "Boot Hospital"; but his colleague, Mr. E. H. Hardy is still following the trade.

—o—

WE HEAR that as a "peace offering" - a certain gentleman was recently offered - (and accepted) - two roosters !

—o—

THE ANNUAL CHILDREN'S PARTY, promoted by the Stanley Benefit Society, was held this year at the Town Hall, and was voted to be a record success.

—o—

THE FIRST CHURCH.

— 10: —

WAS the first Church erected in these Islands really in Stanley? What about Port Louis?

— We know that the French arrived there on Jan: 31st 1764, and from that date, until about 1800, there was a settlement at that place. In 1820, the Government of Buenos Aires re-colonized the settlement, and the latter continued under the Argentines, and then British, until 1843. Altogether, we can prove that Port Louis was inhabited for 36 years at the first onset, and then 23 years later on. Also, we know that the majority of foreign ships of war in those days never sailed without their priests on board. Most probably, when Colonel de Bourganville sailed from France in 1763, he had at least one with him. We have the old Cemetery at Port Louis, and there are also the ruins of old Government House, etc, etc, but so far, we have been unable to trace any Church. Can any reader throw any light on this interesting subject?

Local Minerals.

A few months ago the news arrived in Stanley, that Gold had been found on the Jason's, and the supposed discovery caused great excitement and interest to those who were interested in the mineral wealth of the place. A specimen has recently been sent Home to a well known South African gold mining expert, and the verdict is against gold. He states that it is iron pyrites, but to be of commercial value, a very large quantity must be obtained at a low cost. The specimen of bitumen found in Lafonia is more valuable, because it contains paraffin; A specimen of the supposed plumbago taken from Port Sussex seems to be bituminous shale, although it marks a little graphite. Again, this is extremely interesting. As the gentleman in question says, however, when referring to the specimens,— no expert is infallible, especially if he has had

no opportunity of examining the material in situ. We should like to see a more thorough investigation made of these places, by people who will not heed the changeable Falkland climate when at their work.

H.M.S. "KENT" and the Falkland Island Battle.

Yesterday being the second anniversary of the battle of the Falkland Islands, a patriotic concert was held at the Holburn Restaurant by the Society of Men of Kent and Kentish Men in honour of Captain Allen, who commanded his Majesty's ship *Kent*.

Lord Northbourne presided. He said that on the fall of the Government he sent to Mr Lloyd George a quantity of good Kentish beef in place of the Welsh mutton to which he assumed he was accustomed. Mr Lloyd George, in acknowledging the gift in a kind letter, expressed the hope that the hatchet of war would be buried— and it was buried.

Captain Allan expressed his pride at commanding the county ship when they sank two German ships.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

ITINERARY.

— 0:0 —

The Rev. C. McDonald Hobley left Stanley on May 3rd.

May 4th	Pebble Island.
" 5th.	Keppel Is. & Saunders Is.
" 6th.	Carcass Is.
" 7th.	West Point Island.
" 10th.	Darwin.
" 11th.	Camillia Creek & Port Sussex.
" 12th.	San Carlos South.
" 15th.	San Carlos North.
" 18th.	Moss Side and Elephant Beach.
" 19th.	New House and Douglas.
" 21st.	The Moro and Hope Cottage.
" 22nd.	Teal Inlet.
" 23rd.	Port Stanley.

Houses Visited 44. Bible Readings 12. Services 8.



The Death of Deaths: Thoughts of Passiontide, 1917.

"Is there any sorrow like unto My sorrow?"



ALL sufferers ask that question. When the familiar words are used for the suffering CHRIST to-day, the answer comes back, sometimes quite fiercely, "Yes."

People know many sorrows like

His sorrow. They know manhood taken at the zenith of life, sword piercing mother's heart, revulsion from foreseen publicity, loathsomeness of torture, war-hardened mockers, the degradation of death almost in any form it takes; they know of mental torments and the sense of dissolution; they have seen failure, despair, darkening of the soul. They know desolation and bitterness at the utter needlessness of it all; and, even with



holy souls, they have witnessed the earth-born cloud that hides God from His servants' eyes. They have seen the first joy of voluntary self-surrender blotted out in

the grip of what later simply had to be an experience alike for craven and for hero. To-day there are many shames and sorrows and much calmness and glory like unto the Sorrow commemorated on Good Friday. There is no staying where we were as to the Death-day of JESUS of Nazareth.

Some will find few of the former temptations to set aside prayer for pleasure in Passiontide or on Good Friday; and there may be others who, having gone—before the war—through some individual valley of the shadow of death, to meet all the partially-true answers to the questions about suffering, have attained personal stillness. To many another, as to the first set of disciples, for whom the whole Paschal season that year was one misery, even the actual dates, although observed from youth hitherto till now, may almost



pass in 1917 unmarked. Yet, through these solemn Church seasons, be a world at war or be a world at peace, God's Church must hear the divine message. S. Peter, in his agony, and S. Mark, in his first



interest, may scarcely have noticed what probably S. Paul and S. John realized for us later, that the Lamb of God was offered up on the actual

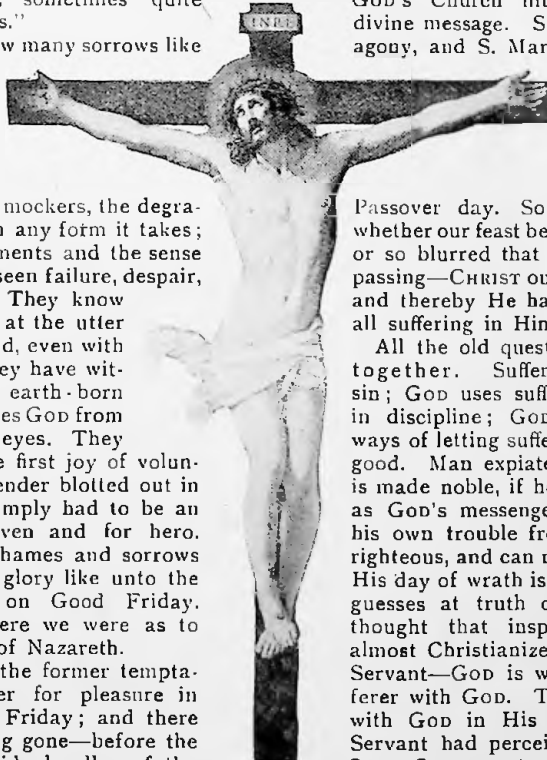
Passover day. So with some of us. But whether our feast be clear-cut in the kalendar, or so blurred that we scarcely recognize its passing—CHRIST our Passover is slain for us, and thereby He has fulfilled and sanctified all suffering in Himself.

All the old questions blend their answers together. Suffering punishes sin; God uses suffering as love in discipline; God has hidden ways of letting suffering work out good. Man expiates, is purified, is made noble, if he hails sorrow as God's messenger, and is undiverted by his own trouble from knowing that God is righteous, and can make all things new, when His day of wrath is over. Nearest of all old guesses at truth came (in Isaiah liii) the thought that inspired the pre-Christian, almost Christianized, vision of the Suffering Servant—God is with the sufferer, the sufferer with God. This, the promise of union with God in His saving grace, which the Servant had perceived, was confirmed by a Son. CHRIST, set out as the only propitiatory



gift, to show God's horror of sin, came in the Atonement, in Love's tremendous sacrifice for the sake of a world's salvation.

From every experience in which there is sorrow like to His sorrow, or surrender like to His surrender, let us pass on to a more vivid realization that there can be no sorrow or surrender like it,



because none save the CHRIST of GOD ever had to pay the immeasurable price of human redemption.

We scarcely let ourselves think of the human price paid for our physical safety to-day. A greater cost appears in the petitions and supplications offered up, with intense cry and with tears, by our Elder Brother, our Messiah, Very SON of GOD, Who in the days of His Flesh was disciplined by pain. He cried out to Him Who was able to save out of the innermost stronghold of Death. The sorrows that are likest to His tell us that there is no sorrow like unto His sorrow, which still takes away the sins of the world.

We have very much to think of in Passiontide, 1917:

"Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depths be praise."

The Voice of the Crucified.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow, which is done unto Me."—LAM. i. 12.

CHILD of My heart, tho' you have strayed from Me,

Tho' you have spurn'd the love that is divine,
Look well upon My Cross of Calvary,
And see if any sorrow that could be
Was ever like to Mine?

Look well upon each bleeding, piercèd hand,
Torn with the nails that bound them to the Tree,
These loving hands are here outstretch'd to draw
Your wandering soul yet closer than before
Until it clings to Me.

Mark well these feet, so travel-worn and stain'd,
By the long perils of the wilderness
I had to traverse, ere the Cross was gain'd
By which alone your rescue was obtained;—
Was ever pain like this?

And when the crown of thorns is pressing down
In agonizing sharpness on My brow,
Do you not know who wove that awful crown,
And placed it there?—those whom I called My own,
And whom I die for now.

And you who know what love can dare to do,
Think of My heart, My broken heart, and say
Was ever love so tender and so true,
And yet so slighted as My love for you
Shown on the Cross to-day?

Child of My heart, come closer to My side
And learn the measure of My bitter pain;
Pour out your sorrow, for My love, world-wide,
Will never be to penitence denied;—
Child, have I died in vain?

G. M.



[Chas. Reid, Photo.]

SPINNING: A SHETLAND COTTAGE SCENE.

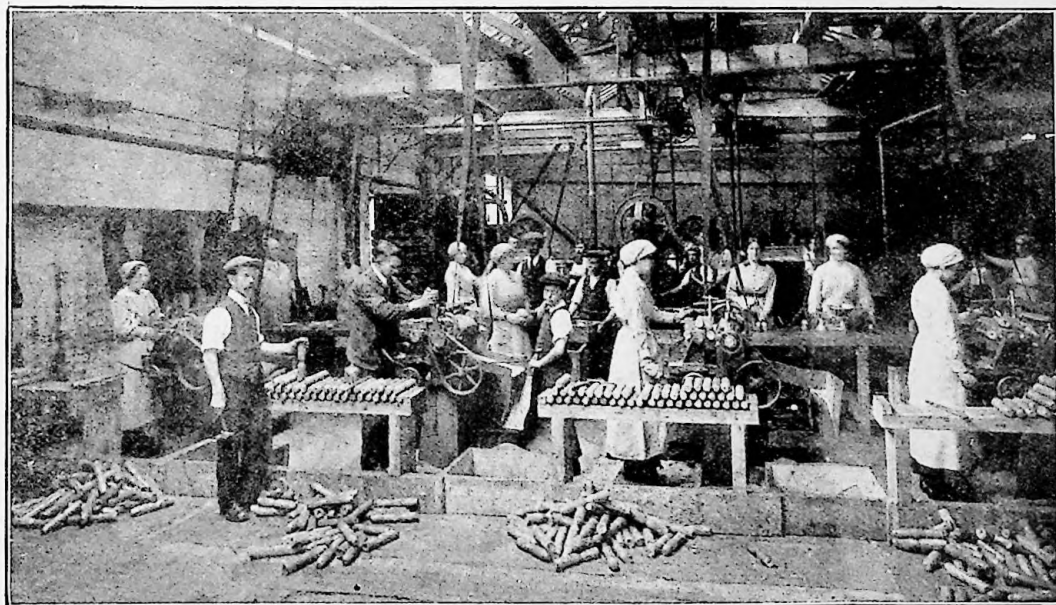
The Welfare Supervisor: Her Place and Duties in Munitions Works.

By Amy Eleanor Mack.

IN the olden days, when the apprentice sat at his master's table, there was a human intercourse between master and man. Later, with the introduction of machinery, the personal note began to fade away, and the man at the machine came to be regarded as part of his instrument rather than as a human being with a soul to be saved. With the awakening of the social conscience, which we have happily known more recently, this phase too began to pass away, and for many years there have been firms to whom the well-being of their workpeople has been of just as great importance as the making of profits, or the output of products. But it is within very recent days that welfare work has assumed the special meaning which it has to-day, and it is one of the golden

is a Welfare Section whose whole duty it is to see that the conditions under which munition makers work are as healthy and comfortable as it is possible to have them. The establishment of this Section was due, no doubt, to the need that the State had of keeping the munition makers healthy and efficient. But there is more than mere expediency actuating the work now: there is a spirit of understanding for the worker, which, emanating from those highest in authority, pervades the whole Section.

There is nothing sentimental about Welfare work, except in the sense that all movements for the uplift of mankind are sentimental. The Welfare Section of the Ministry expresses itself in a hundred practical ways. No problem affecting the health of the workers and the output of munitions is too big



GIRLS WORKING AMONGST MACHINERY ALL DAY TURNING OUT SHELLS NATURALLY NEED CARE AND GOOD FEEDING TO KEEP THEM IN HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

gleams in this grey and dreary period that, in the midst of the biggest war of history, England has done more for her workers than in all the peaceful years before.

At the present moment the State is **The Biggest** the biggest of all employers; in the **Employer.** thousands of munitions factories up and down the land there are many hundreds of thousands of people working for the Ministry of Munitions, and in its capacity of employer the Ministry is caring for the well-being of these workers in a way that no State employees were ever cared for before. Within the Ministry there

to tackle, and no detail which makes for safety is too trifling for consideration.

The Munition Workers. When the call went forth that the country needed munitions, and still more munitions, thousands of girls and women of every class pressed forward, eager to help in the great work. In a short time hundreds of munition factories were thronged by girls in overalls, busy at lathe and bench, and the whole industrial world was changed.

In many factories no women had ever been employed before, so naturally enough there was very inadequate provision made for their accommoda-

tion; and even in those places where girls had been previously working, the numbers increased so tremendously in a few months that the usual accommodation did not meet the requirements. It has been the duty of the Welfare Section to see that the requirements of the new army of workers should be met in every possible way, and under its influence all munition workers have been

supplied with the ordinary amenities of life which one would expect in any decent home.

In most of the factories where **The Supervisor.** girls are employed in large numbers there is a Welfare Supervisor, whose duty it is to see to the health and safety



PREPARING DINNER FOR THE MUNITION WORKERS.

of the women and girls. She interviews new workers, and keeps an eye on girls to see that they are not engaged on work beyond their strength. She supervises canteens, rest rooms, and ambulance rooms, very often giving first aid. She investigates complaints and smoothes away many misunderstandings, and, in fact, brings into factory life the human element which for so long

has been expelled from factory life in general. On the personality and capability of the Welfare Supervisor may depend not only the health and happiness of the workers, but the moral tone pervading the whole factory, and the measure of the output of munitions.

What He Discovered. *By Eleanor C. Price.*

Author of "A Michaelmas Boy," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW SHIPMATE.

THE new member of Captain Jack's new expedition had given his name as "Lewis Marr"—a thin disguise for those clear-sighted, penetrating persons who already know that he was really the truant-adventurer, Leonard Mills of Marminster; but conveying no idea to Margaret Lynn.

She saw a brown and sturdy young man with a grave, set face, and that far-away look in the eyes which belongs to a sailor, a watcher of distant horizons for trails of smoke or signs of stormy weather. She thought it was a handsome face, but not altogether a happy one, the light-heartedness of her sailor friend Captain Jack being conspicuously absent. Still, this young fellow had a pleasant smile; and Margaret, observing him as he ate his supper and listened rather silently to their talk, felt interested by the half-wistful way in which he glanced round her plain but comfortable little room. She thought that, as Captain Jack had said, young Marr had a good home somewhere. She already knew that he had landed only a few days before from a second voyage to Australia and the isles of the Southern Seas, and had now eagerly caught at the chance of an Arctic voyage with its promise of new adventures and fresh experience. There was nothing surprising in this for Margaret: the expedi-

tion filled all her thoughts, and she did not then find time to wonder about that imaginary home. If she supposed anything, it was that Lewis Marr's people lived at Plymouth, for she knew that he had travelled straight from his port of arrival to this north-east corner between the moors and the sea.

"Now, Marr," said Captain Jack suddenly, "I brought you here that Miss Lynn might tell you a bit of secret history. No, not that exactly; it's no secret, for we are proud of it, only we don't talk about it much—partly her fault, but she don't altogether believe in me."

Margaret smiled and shook her head. "Don't say that!"

"Well, it's true. Look here, Marr. This expedition you have joined has an object beyond mere exploring, and Miss Lynn will tell you what that object is."

He stopped short, with the consciousness that his speech fell on empty air. He looked at Margaret, and saw that she perceived, as he did, that the stranger had heard not a word they were saying; for his eyes and his whole attention were engrossed elsewhere. With parted lips, and eyes full of bewildered wonder, he was staring at a photograph on the chimney-piece. It was a large and very pretty portrait of Agnes Malcolm.

The two looked at each other and laughed. "Hullo!" said Captain Jack under his breath.

Leonard, suddenly aware of what he was doing,

THE SIGN.

turned with a start, and the blood rushed into his face as he began to stammer out some kind of explanation.

"Oh, excuse me—were you speaking to me? I'm awfully sorry, sir—I beg your pardon, Miss Lynn—I was looking at that photograph. I—I fancied for a moment that I had seen the face before."

"That is not likely, I suppose," said Margaret, smiling on him kindly, for admiration of Agnes was a short road to her heart. "It is my half-sister, Miss Malcolm. A pretty picture, isn't it?"

"Oh—frightfully pretty, yes. No, but it reminds me—your sister lives here, of course?"

"No, not now. For the last year and a half she has been living as companion to an old lady at Marminster."

Captain Jack leaned back in his chair and covered his mouth with his hand. Outspoken sailor as he was, he could hardly refrain from jokes and laughter at the expense of this very susceptible young man, whose eagerness about the original of the portrait had met with so prompt a check. But the Captain's chaff was restrained, not only by respect for his hostess, but by the quickness with which his new shipmate pulled himself together.

Naturally the word "Marminster" fell with something of a shock on Leonard's ears; though it proved a fact at first unbelievable, that his wanderings had brought him to that girl's home—that girl whose beautiful dark face had

haunted his young fancy ever since a certain snowy Christmas Eve, seventeen months ago. But the shock, so far joyful in its effect, had another side—it was a danger-signal. For the first time since he left home Leonard knew himself within measurable distance of losing his incognito, and this on the very edge of the Polar adventure, which had lost none of its attraction in southern voyagings. He knew too, and the knowledge pierced him sharply, how he longed for news of the old man who had been so angry, so unreasonably angry, and whom he had taken at his hasty, hard word—"I refuse my consent. . . . Please yourself . . . I wash my hands of you."

Well! if it were to do again, it would be done again; for less than ever could one stick in an office while the whole world was calling.

But there was no time for such thoughts now. He had to listen to Miss Lynn, who was beginning a long

story about the why and the wherefore of Captain Jack's new enterprise—an endless and unnecessary explanation it seemed to Leonard's impatient ears; for what did it all matter? He was going to the Arctic regions; his chief dream was coming true; and he cared very little whether the object of the expedition was Eskimos, bears, butterflies, flowers, mosses, or the North Pole itself. A world of ice and snow, of blizzard and aurora, of midnight sun or perpetual night, of hardship and discovery; to share in the wonderful experience of those gallant pioneers from Franklin to Nares, Nansen, Mikkelson, and many more, some of whom had left their bones under snowdrifts on the lonely ice-floe:

surely this was enough, without troubling about the private ends for which Captain Jack and his helpers had fitted up the *Pretty Peggy*.

Margaret was aware, as she began her tale, that Captain Jack, who knew it already, was the more interested listener of the two. The sailor-boy was fairly attentive, for he had good manners; but it was only later that she quite realized, thinking over the evening, what a striking change took place in him while she talked. His first indifference, evident enough, turned into keen enthusiasm. Before she had done he was listening to Aleck Malcolm's sad story as if it was that of some friend of his own, or some martyr in a cause that lay very near his heart. His elbows were on the table, his chin resting on his hands.



"It is my half-sister, Miss Malcolm. A pretty picture, isn't it?"

his eyes intent on Margaret's face, except when they glanced aside, almost involuntarily, at the photograph on the chimney-piece.

Margaret was very much pleased with the young man. When her story was ended, and he cried out in a strong, eager voice, "We'll find him! We'll bring him back!" her eyes became suddenly dim with tears, and a little flame of hope warmed her heart. Were Captain Jack and this splendid young fellow right? Was it really possible, after these years, that Agnes's father might still be alive?

"No, no!" she said to herself; but she loved them both for believing it.

A long discussion followed. Captain Jack had his innings, and found a great deal to say about plans and ways and means. Leonard entered into everything with a practical intelligence most satisfactory to the elder man: this was just the fellow he

THE SIGN.

anted, a superior fellow who could and would put his hand to anything. It was late when they left the cottage. Margaret hoped that "Mr. Marr" would look in again before they sailed. He thanked her cordially, glancing again at Agnes as he followed Captain Jack out of the door.

Margaret went as far as the garden-gate and stood there in the moonlight, looking across her low white wall to the sea; the moon made a rippling golden track away to the horizon. The two men had started along the cliff path, but Captain Jack turned back to speak to her again.

"That's the right sort of chap," he said. "We are lucky to have dropped on him. Joke, wasn't it, how he couldn't keep his eye off Agnes!"

"He showed good taste," said Margaret. "To my thinking Agnes is the prettiest girl in the world."

"Come! I know somebody who runs her hard."

Margaret laughed softly.

"Good-night, Captain Jack."

"Good-night, my lassie. God be with you."

He went off, walking fast, to overtake his companion. Margaret lingered a few moments, smiling, at the gate. The church clock struck ten. She turned back into her house and shut the door.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARGARET'S LETTER.

BEFORE going upstairs Margaret stood and looked long at the sister whom she loved very faithfully. Yes; that pathetic beauty was, and might well be, admired by men: even before Agnes Malcolm left Seamoor hearts not a few had been won by the shy little girl.

And Agnes guessed that Marminster was not blind; a certain Mr. Simon Mills found his way rather often into Agnes's letters. He was a man, it seemed, of money and position; a neighbour and friend of Mrs. Blunt. Agnes was not sure if she liked him; but it was pretty evident that he liked her.

"If only this nice sailor-boy"—Margaret thought;—and then there fell upon her something like a thunderbolt, for memory brought back, in a series of startling flashes, the story of young Leonard Mills's disappearance, as Agnes had told it in her letters a year and a half ago. Agnes was not much of a writer; she had little descriptive power; but the bare facts were enough. Margaret felt almost certain, as she stood there, that Lewis Marr was Leonard Mills, and that his recognition of Agnes was no mere fancy of a likeness but a real recollec-

tion. She recalled the half-assertion, only made to be contradicted, "Your sister lives here, of course?"—the indifferent ears on which her story had fallen before the young man knew that the possible saving of Agnes's father was the object of this expedition—a forlorn hope if ever there was one!—the eagerness, almost amounting to passion, with which he then flung himself into it.

Margaret fetched those Christmas letters from a locked drawer, sat down, and read them again. It was not clear, certainly, that Agnes had ever seen Leonard Mills, but this did not affect Margaret's conviction that he had seen her. She wrote of the great distress of his many relations and friends.

She enclosed two advertisements sent to the papers by old Mr. Mills and Mrs. Blunt, the first offering a reward for any information as to his grandson, "supposed to have run away to sea"; the second addressed to the young man himself, "Come back, and all will be forgiven." It seemed that these advertisements had been many times repeated, but without result, and if Agnes mentioned the subject again it was in some allusion to Mrs. Blunt's distress at the loss of her favourite godson.

Margaret sat long thinking, with anxious brows bent over the letters and newspaper cuttings in her lap. Her stepfather used to say "If Peggy has a fault, it is being too conscientious"; and he might justly have found this fault, if it can be called one, unreasonably rampant now. For she was thinking somewhat in this fashion as she sat there in her quiet room, with midnight drawing on, and the roll and thunderous break of the rising tide, too familiar for notice, sounding in her ears.

"If this young Marr is young Mills—his grandfather's heir—so much depending on him—all the runaway affair to be forgiven if he goes home—his future at stake—how can we let him be sacrificed on this dangerous, hopeless errand of ours? It is quite on the cards that none of them will come back. Oh, sometimes I wish I had never consented to it! At least, if it is really he, and I'm sure it is, I can't let him go without his friends' knowledge. And of course they will stop him—they ought to stop him. Captain Jack will be angry, and so will he; but I can't help that."

And there was time. Captain Jack had said that afternoon that he saw little chance of sailing for the next few days.

"If I didn't give them the chance, and if the expedition were to come to grief, I should never, never forgive myself," was Margaret's conclusion.



"Margaret fetched those Christmas letter from a locked drawer."

She sat down at her table, and began at once to write to Mrs. Blunt. It was a difficult letter, and she tore it up three times before it satisfied her. It had to be a strictly private letter, as she did not wish Agnes to know of the expedition; and she was very careful not to dwell on any impression the young sailor had made upon her mind, beyond the mere recognition of Agnes's photograph. While trusting Mrs. Blunt's good sense and kindness, instinct taught her that any complication of that sort must be studiously avoided.

At last, in the small hours of the morning, the letter was finished, and Margaret felt relieved; she had obeyed her conscience. She addressed and stamped it and slipped it into her pocket to be posted on the first opportunity. Then she crept upstairs to bed.

But there was no sleep or rest for her.

"Oh, Nurse," cried little Tommy's thin voice from his bed, "I want you so. Tiny has been moaning such a lot, I couldn't go to sleep!"

"Moaning? Tommy, why didn't you call me?"

"I was afraid."

"Afraid of what, my boy?"

"It was all so dark and so still and so long," he murmured; but at the same moment he snuggled down into his pillow and fell asleep.

With an anxious heart and a quick pang of self-reproach Margaret turned to the little invalid girl in her narrow cot. Had she neglected the children? Had the strange excitement of that evening driven her own charges out of her thoughts? No, not quite. She had run up to look at them after supper, in the very midst of the discussion. She had opened their door softly, and all was still; she had heard Tommy's gentle breathing. It was true she had not gone close enough to be sure that both were sleeping well, but there was nothing to alarm her. It was also true that she had left them alone for a long time, nearly four hours, as she now realized with trouble and amazement. Both children, in that wonderful air of mingled sea and moorland, usually slept without a break the long night through. This, however, was no excuse for Margaret, who knew too well, in her experience as a nurse, how an hour's failure in watchfulness might undo the careful work of weeks or months. She never thought for a moment of making any excuse for herself.

The child Tiny was flushed; her breathing was irregular; and, though she now lay still and quiet, Margaret had not watched her for many moments before the low, restless moaning which had disturbed Tommy began again. Then the child opened her eyes wide, and, seeing Margaret, broke into pitiful crying; she was evidently in pain.

Margaret took her temperature and found it very high, the pulse fluttering, and every sign of fever. Remedies had little or no effect. When the May dawn began to rise out of the sea Margaret became anxious. She telephoned to the hospital for another nurse, and then for the doctor, who at first looked very grave. Little Tiny's life, which had seemed so weak and failing before she came to Seamoor, and since then had been brightening and strengthening gradually like the flame of a candle, now for no apparent reason was again dying down.

Tommy was sent away to the hospital, where a temporary matron was taking charge. All that day, and for two days after that, Margaret hardly left the sick child for five minutes. Her natural anxiety, as every one who knew her might easily have guessed, was deepened beyond measure by the knowledge that the relapse had happened, hours of strength ebbing away from the little frail body, while she, the trusted nurse, was completely absorbed in other interests, other cares. She confessed as much to the doctor, without telling him the whole story; and his words, kind and wise as they were, did not reassure her much.

"Don't blame yourself; it was no neglect of yours," he said. "At this stage the slightest cause might have thrown the child back. I think she will rally, and in time regain lost ground. If I change my mind, and recommend wiring for the parents, you may begin to worry. No, I don't mean that; a good nurse must never worry and never lose hope. Nothing can be worse for the patient."

At last, after three days and nights of sleepless, devoted watching, there came a morning when Margaret looked out at the rose-flushed beauty of the sunrise and thanked God in her heart. Free from fever and pain Tiny was sleeping peacefully. The doctor had proved himself right; and his words, "You have saved her, you know," had brought indescribable comfort to this woman who had given all her powers of body and mind to the task laid upon her. For the first time, as she stood there looking out to sea, Margaret's thoughts sprang back to those other matters which the child's illness had blotted out. For the first time since that eventful evening she remembered her letter to Mrs. Blunt, still lying in the pocket of the dress she had hurriedly changed.

Some one was speaking; it was the other nurse, in whose care she was to leave Tiny for an hour or two. She was advising her to go and lie down. "You're just worn out, Miss Lynn," she said.

"No; it's air I want," Margaret answered. "I'll put on my cloak and go for a turn by the sea."

When she left the cottage, however, it was not the cliff path that she followed. Turning inland, passing the Cottage Hospital, she walked on till she reached a pillar-box by the roadside. Then she drew out the letter from under her cloak.

But even now hesitation laid hold upon her, and she stood for several minutes with the letter in her hand before she could resolve to post it. No one was passing: at that hour she had the world to herself. At last, with an impatient shrug at her own uncertainty, she dropped it into the box and turned away. This time she faced the cliff and the sea. With all that glorious light shining upon her she walked quickly towards the edge, and reached the top of the long flight of steps beneath which lay the harbour.

A fleet of fishing-boats, their brown sails glowing, was coming in with the tide. On the far horizon a dark streak in the golden morning mist showed the path of a steamer. But Margaret's anxious eyes looked in vain for the *Pretty Piggy*;—she was nowhere to be seen.

(To be continued.)

Easter Hope. ✻ By the Most Rev. J. Bernard, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.

"Because I live, ye shall live also."—S. JOHN XIV. 19.

EASTER has many messages to the Christian soul, messages of courage and faith, of hope and consolation. The victory of CHRIST is the pledge and the foretaste of the ultimate triumph

of good over evil, of the complete and eternal fulfilment of the purposes of God. It is in the strength of the risen life of CHRIST that we, who call ourselves by His Name, are encouraged to persevere in the battle with sin. The Resurrection of CHRIST brings the assurance that the LORD's mission was not ended by His Death. Death, which closes all lesser ministries (as far, at least, as our vision goes), opened out for Him that ministry through the Spirit which is the secret of the Church's life. So we remind ourselves with every recurring Eastertide.

But, of all the glorious messages of Easter, none is more full of hope than its promise of a future life, beyond the changes and chances of earth. *In Christ shall all be made alive:* so said S. Paul. *Because I live, ye shall live also:* so said S. Paul's Master. It is because of the triumph of the first Easter Day that we can repeat with full assurance the splendid confession of the ancient Creed, "I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come." This is the vision which Easter opens out to sad hearts in this year of pain and bereavement. The Easter promises have a special significance to many whose earthly hopes are buried on distant fields of blood and strife.

Death is separation—for a time at least—and so the death of those we love means sorrow, whether they were old or young. But, in the case of an old man's death—an old man, let us say, who throughout three score years and ten has lived the Christian life, passing to his rest at last in love and honour—there is no sense of incompleteness, of incongruity. He fulfilled the promise of his youth. He served his generation by the will of God. The world is a little the better for his work. He rests in peace. And we thank God. But the deaths for which tens

of thousands are mourning now are the deaths of the young and the strong. They had hardly entered into the strength of their manhood. They were rejoicing in the powers which God had given them. The prospect of the years before them was bright

with hope. Of such, cut off too soon (as it seems to us who remain), it is not enough to say "They rest in peace." That is true indeed. But the boys did not want to rest. They wanted to do their share in the world's work. And the opportunity has been withdrawn, gloriously as they were beginning to use it.

Is, then, that all? Nay. Nothing is wasted in God's world. The life begun here is continued beyond. "Here endeth the First Lesson" might be the epitaph on every gravestone. Only the first lesson, for other lessons are waiting to be learnt. And the assurance of Easter faith is that they, whose passing is in our hearts, have entered a sphere of larger opportunity. This is part of what we mean when we say "I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come."

How are we to think of these gallant dead, who died that we might live?

First, surely, we ought to think of them as *alive*, eager and joyous as in the days when they were with us. Alive and "on service"; for that is the portion of those who have departed in the faith and fear of CHRIST. *His servants shall serve Him* is the promise of the future.

And then they are still "members of CHRIST," as they were from infancy. Nothing can alter that. Death does not separate them from the love of CHRIST. It is one of the unhappy consequences of the studied reticence about things of sacred association, which is the habit of English-speaking people, that we have schooled ourselves into thinking of the dead as of those who are no longer in any intelligible sense sharers in the privileges and benedictions of the risen CHRIST and His Church. They are "departed," "at rest," "in peace"—but we



"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

say no more. There is wisdom behind our reserves, for we do not know as much as we should like to know. But we have learnt very imperfectly the lessons of our LORD's Resurrection if we do not try to realize that those who have passed from the Church Militant to the Church Expectant are still "members of CHRIST," and within the embrace of His wonderful compassion. The Liturgy strikes the true note. In our highest act of worship we are taught to join our praises not only "with angels and archangels," of whom we know very little, but "with all the company of heaven." It is not to go beyond the spirit of those great words to reckon among that company those whom we have known here as partners in a common redemption. And some of us like to think of the old Latin phrase which our translators render thus. "All the company of heaven" is *omnis militia exercitus caelestis*, "all the soldiery of the heavenly battalions."

"Yet," some one will say, "they were not always, or in every case, consciously and deliberately soldiers in the army of CHRIST, these brave young spirits whose activities are beyond our ken. Is it not to say too much to speak confidently of

their situation?" There is a saying attributed to our LORD in the second century by more than one writer, which, although not preserved in the Gos-

pels, may very well be genuine. "Our LORD JESUS CHRIST said"—so it goes—"In whatsoever things I find you, in these will I also judge you." Only a tradition, indeed, yet surely a tradition that rings true. Those who die for others, die nobly. Who can tell what the last movements of the soul of such may have been towards Him, Who came to save them, for Whose ideals of honour and truth they gave all? who will say that His pity left them without succour at the last?

The message of Easter is a joyful message of courage and of hope. It bids us "lift up our hearts" to Him Who is the LORD of the dead as of the living, in Whose endless life all His faithful ones share, Whose service is not bounded by our narrow horizons, Whose pity is not confined within the limits that

men have set to it. It compels us, as we remember our dead, to remember them "in the LORD," Whose they are, and in Whom they await our coming.

A Corn of Wheat.

DEAR to the soul is the fast of Lent,
Seemly and right, when with sorrow bent.
The Passiontide hymns are of life a part,
For a Calvary reigneth in every heart.

But how shall we list to the Easter bells?
And how feel the joy of which Easter tells?
Yet never since death first veiled His brow
Has the Easter message rung clear as now.

Truly our graves lie thickly sown,
Like the leaves by the tempest of autumn strown;
But the LORD of Life has surely risen,
Shattered the bonds of Death's dark prison,

Shown that the grave is but a portal
Leading through to the Life Immortal.
Mothers! remember the mother of Nain,
Ye shall receive your beloved again.

Sisters and wives, if bereaved ye be,
Remember the sisters of Bethany.
What though the grave closes over each head,
The Slayer of Death shall restore you your dead.

Though the outer husk be retained as spoil,
The fair bloom springs through the rich brown soil;
And the corn of wheat but finds its grave
That the golden harvest-field may wave.

Oh, the coming years shall be few and brief!
Ye mourning-hearted, lose your grief
In the thought of that Easter joy unknown,
When the LORD of the Living shall raise His own.

Judith Carrington.

WE are always talking of the difficulties, the anxieties, the perplexities of our day in matters of religion. And doubtless our difficulties are real and serious; they are likely to test our strength of character and our patience, likely to prove what we are made of, before we have done with them. But, can we imagine that it ever was an easy thing to be a Christian? Surely all the generations of the past have had their trials of faith; their difficulties, practical or theoretical, to deal with; their especial exercise for trust in God, for loyalty through dark times, for resolute tenacity of truth, even when it has looked fragmentary and disappointing. There has never been a time when doubts had not a fair chance of wresting the faith of CHRIST out of the grasp of the prayerless, the faint-hearted, the impatient, the double-minded, and the undisciplined. But by the strong grace of God, in one generation after another, His servants have been of a widely different character; they have endured as seeing Him Who is invisible; they have fought the good fight against all that, within them or without, threatened to drag them back from their Redeemer; and so the faith has come down to our age.—BISHOP F. PAGET.

A Church of the People: S. Martin-in-the-Fields.

By a London Churchwoman.

TRAFALGAR Square has been called the centre of London, and at the north-east corner of Trafalgar Square stands the Church of S. Martin-in-the-Fields. "Yes," one may say, "an open, spacious position—but why 'Fields'?" There were fields once, and in 1630 the Earl of Leicester was forbidden to build on that part of them which now forms the garden of Leicester Square. S. James' Park and the Green Park were also fields in those days, when Charing was a village; and it was a pleasant walk to S. Martin's Church and Charing Cross—as it still is, though for different reasons—from Westminster.

We know little of the earliest S. Martin's Church, about which the Abbot of Westminster and the Bishop of London had a dispute in 1222; and not much more of that S. Martin's which was built after the parish was formed in 1545, for the very cogent reason that bluff King Hal objected to having the bodies of those who had died of plague or other infectious illness carried through the palace-gates of Whitehall to be buried in the churchyard of S. Margaret's, Westminster. But many remarkable people were associated with it—Cromwell, Charles II, and Ben Jonson—and, like the present S. Martin's, it was apparently in the forefront of progress, for in connection with it was started the first free library

in England. The present church, by James Gibbs, which holds its own with any of Wren's masterpieces in the City, was begun in 1721. King

George I laid the foundation stone, and was for a time a churchwarden; and S. Martin's became the fashionable church of the day.

The reasons for the importance of S. Martin's Church in 1917 are very different from those of two hundred years ago. Now it is pre-eminently a church of the people, and its central position greatly enhances its possibilities of usefulness. In Trafalgar Square buses pass and re-pass to and from every quarter of London, and many stop almost at the church-steps. The vendor of evening papers finds those steps



CHURCH OF S. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS.

an excellent pitch, and costers, their barrows laden with fruit or roast chestnuts according to the season, have marked this down as a likely spot for folk to linger long enough to be tempted by their wares. The casual gazer in Trafal-

gar Square can hardly avoid noticing S. Martin's—either the deep shadows beneath the portico, or the graceful spire showing white against dark clouds or grey against a clear sky, is bound to impress the eye. From Charing Cross and the Strand, too, the spire of S. Martin's dominates the view; and within the bounds of the original

S. Martin's
to-day.

churchyard the very lamp-posts are ornamented with a bas-relief of S. Martin sharing his cloak with the beggar. Out of sight of the church one often hears, floating above the houses, the sound of S. Martin's bells ringing the melody of some ancient or familiar hymn. Plainly, then, there is no escaping S. Martin's.

The present vicar, the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, has set to work with singular zeal and courage to take full advantage of the opportunities offered by this unique position. He has not been content with the adequate discharge of all ordinary parochial obligations, or with offering the highest privileges to those who have hitherto worshipped at S. Martin's. He is seeking to make his church a centre of influence and teaching which will be in the closest possible touch with modern thought and modern activities in London's busy life, and which shall more and more attract across its threshold the "ordinary" man or woman who may have been hitherto tempted to pass by.

From the portico it is but a step to the porch, where stands an alluring bookstall. Folk whose appearance does not suggest undue familiarity either with Church bookshops or with churches may be seen looking tentatively at that bookstall; and if they learn that the Church is a living entity, with a definite history and definite teaching, and that definite instruction on these matters may be purchased for sixpence or a shilling or half a crown, S. Martin's bookstall will have achieved a valuable piece of work. Having reached the porch, it does not require much inducement, even for those who think that churches are for use on Sundays only, and then mostly in the evening, to enter the church itself, and to find that it is, as a girl once said of a certain church in the City, "a place where they leaves you alone"—by which she meant, presumably, that, although some people did use the church for the strange purpose of prayer, you were at liberty to sit undisturbed in a quiet corner with knitting or a paper-covered book if you chose to do so.

Hence it results that the congregation of S. Martin's—meaning by **A "motley" Congregation.** congregation those who use the church at any time in the week as well as on Sundays—is a motley one.

"East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet"

is in one sense painfully true of London, but it is to-day less true at S. Martin's than elsewhere. The name is not linked with smartness or sluminess or with any extremes of practice or opinion. One sees there during the week people of every kind and class, among whom, perhaps, the business element predominates. There is the gentleman in the good thick overcoat, with a shiny hat resting beside him on the seat; there is the quietly-clad business girl who rolls up her half-knitted khaki scarf when the priest comes in to conduct the War Intercessions at 1.25, and there are other folk of types less well defined. The church has of late been open by night as well as by day—a fact which is only advertised by the red

lamp which shines over the door at night. Of this the vicar writes in his parish magazine:—

"If you had watched, as we have, soldiers coming in to say their prayers in the night, and early in the morning, on their way to and from Charing Cross; if you had seen, as we have, young women doing their knitting quietly in the church during that long dragging morning hour which daily has to be killed between the arrival of the cheap and early workmen's trains and the time when the office door is open, I think you would say, "God bless that new adventure, if it does cost a pound or two more!"

Not long since a girl came into the church about midnight carrying a bunch of lilies, which she laid upon the steps of the altar. Her lover had been killed in France, and, as she could lay no flowers on his grave, she brought them to S. Martin's. Such an incident is substantial proof that by its ever-open doors, by its atmosphere of welcome and rest, as well as by the mental and spiritual food which it offers to all who pass by, S. Martin's is a house of God where His children may feel, in the best sense of the word, at home.

Or, again, to note one more special **Lectures.** feature of the work at S. Martin's: On Wednesday and Friday evenings, and on Fridays at the midday service, lectures or addresses are delivered on subjects connected with Church, national, and social life. The speakers may be clerical or lay, but in either case they are authorities. "Amusements of the People," "A Churchman and his Investments," "The Church and the Schools," "The Church and the Labouring Man," "How to Read the Bible," "The Church in Russia," "Choirs"—these are some titles chosen at random from the long list of addresses last autumn. No one who glances over that list can complain that this church, at least, is not taking notice of the pressing problems of the Church, the nation, or the world.



MY Redeemer and my LORD,
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning!
Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon Thy hands and side,
For all who have lived and err'd
Thou hast suffered, Thou hast died.
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,
And in the grave hast Thou been buried!
If my feeble prayer can reach Thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech Thee,
Even as Thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where Thou ledest;
Let me, bleeding as Thou bledest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble Thee!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The Message of the Flowers: *A Children's Story.* By Florence Aston.

TRAY and Tranter were twins, and belonged to the dwarfs of the Great Oak Forest, who worked in the mines underground. They lived together in a tiny hut under the roots of an old oak-tree. The hut had only one room, with a window on each side of the door, and a chimney that rose from the roof on the other side of the tree. When the wind was in the east the chimney used to smoke, and that always tried Tranter's temper very much, as he was house-proud and loved to keep the hut neat and clean.

On either side of the fireplace was a little bed where they slept, each covered with a patchwork quilt which Tranter had made with his own hands during the winter. They had also a nice little armchair each made by Tray, who was very fond of carpentry. The chairs had blue cushions, and they rocked delightfully, making squeaky noises that sounded cheerful and homelike on a winter's evening. The hut also contained a table and two stools, which the dwarfs had bought at old Bungaboo's sale after he died.

Outside the door was a bench, which had been there when the twins first took the hut on a long lease from the landlord.

Tranter kept house. Years before, when he was quite a young dwarf, he had broken his leg in the mines, and had limped ever since. He wore spectacles, and had a long grey beard. Tray's beard was red. They both wore green suits, with scarlet cap and shoes.

Few human beings ever see the dwarfs. But near the Great Oak Forest lived an old man, whose name was James, in a little cottage near the church. His hair and beard were white, and his eyes were very bright and blue, and looked as if they were always gazing far away into the distance. He kept a little shop, in which he sold all kinds of seeds and bulbs, and he was very clever, and knew exactly what kind of flowers grew from each.

Nancy, his niece, lived with her mother between a lonely moor and the forest, where they saw very few people. She was growing a big girl, and was able to help her mother cleverly in the house.

Old James at the seed shop and Nancy's mother lived so far apart that they could seldom meet. Only once a year Nancy used to tramp through the forest to the shop and spend a week with him to do the spring cleaning. This was a long, long walk, and she was always glad to sit on a fallen log near the dwarf's hut to rest on the way and drink a bowl of milk before she continued her journey. When Nancy was at home she would frequently meet one of the dwarfs on the edge of the moor and leave a message for her uncle.

One summer's day Tranter was sitting on the bench outside the door sewing a patch on to Tray's shirt. When he had finished he put his thimble and scissors into his work-basket and stuck the needle carefully into a little pincushion. Then he put the shirt and the basket into the cupboard, and set tea. But they did not come home.

Tranter waited nearly half an hour. At length he heard hurried steps, and Tray ran in and sat down in his armchair, quite out of breath, and panting.

"Well," said Tray at last, "it occurred to me that we had never seen our dear little Nancy for nearly a fortnight, so after work was over I slipped up to her house."

"Quite right," said Tranter.

"There I found that a terrible thing had happened," continued Tray. "Over a week ago Nancy's mother died."

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed Tranter. "Poor little Nancy! Brother, we must not leave her alone in the cottage there, but must bring her over to old James. He is her uncle, and will take care of her."

"Yes, yes," said Tray. "I told her so. But"—here Tray looked earnestly at his twin and pulled his red beard in vexation—"Nancy takes her mother's death quite wrongly."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Tranter. "What do you mean?"

"Well," said Tray, "she says things that make me shudder."

"What sort of things?" asked Tranter.

"She says that her mother is dead and gone, and that she will never see her again. She says that they put her in a black, dark grave away from the sun; and she says that she is going to cry all day, and that God is not kind to her!"

Tranter set down his teacup with a bang.

"That's not true," he said. "I am sure it is not true."

"No," said Tray. "We dwarfs are not clever like human beings, but I am sure there is something wrong about this. Human beings know all kinds of lovely things. We do not; but only one thing we know, and that is that God is good. Brother, shall we go and see James about it this evening?"

As soon as Tray had eaten his tea the twins set off for the village where old James lived. They walked somewhat slowly on account of Tranter's bad leg. Near his cottage they had to hide for a

short time behind a lilac-bush till some people had passed by. Then they slipped in. James was sitting at his tiny counter slowly examining some large hyacinth-bulbs.

They told him their tale, and James was grateful for their trouble, and said that Nancy must come to him at once.

Then Tray told him the words she had said, which seemed to the little dwarfs so terrible.

James listened attentively.

"No," he said at length. "That is not the right way to look upon death. Nancy's mother has not gone away for ever. She was ill and unhappy, so God took her home. God is kind and loving, and He knows best."

He fingered the bulbs lying before him.

"See," he said, "the rough, ugly bulbs look like dead lumps of clay; but they will send up glorious blossoms in God's good time. We plant them on the graves as a sign that the people who have been buried there will rise, beautiful as the flowers."

The twins listened, their eyes round with astonishment.

"Oh," they gasped. "We thought that you people put flowers on the graves to make them look pretty!"

James smiled. "Our chief reason is to show our faith in the Resurrection." The twins looked at each other and stretched out their hands.

"Brother," said Tranter; "we dwarfs are not clever like the human beings, but one thing we know. God is good. We will fetch little Nancy here."

So the very next day they brought her. And now all the year round Nancy looks at the flowers that are planted upon her mother's grave to remind her of God's love. They have planted crocuses and snowdrops, daffodils and wallflowers, pansies and roses, and Michaelmas daisies and evergreens; and James has carved a text from the Bible below the tiny cross at the head of the grave. And the text he has carved is:—

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

APRIL.

The birds are flitting to and fro.
The flowers are nodding in a row,
Now comes the sunshine, now comes rain,
And now the sun peeps out again.

The garden paths are trim and neat,
With nice dry gravel for our feet,
Though raindrops glitter on the grass,
That show where happy children pass.

Blue Bird.

Church Life To-day: Some Points of Current Interest.

THE new Dean of York, the Very Rev. W. Foxley Norris, has been connected with Yorkshire for close on thirty years, though not actually with the York Diocese until the present year. For it was just after the new Diocese of Wakefield had been formed out of that of York in 1888 that he was appointed Vicar of Almondbury, Huddersfield, and Examining Chaplain to Bishop Walsham How, the first bishop of the new see.

From that time he has been a prominent figure in the Church life of Wakefield and of the Northern Province generally. In 1894 he was elected a Proctor in Convocation; in 1901 Rector of Barnsley; and in 1902 Honorary Canon of Wakefield Cathedral. He became Archdeacon of Huddersfield in 1906, which post he held until his recent appointment to the Deanery of York; and was also a member of the Archbishops' Committee on Church Finance.



[Elliott & Fry.
THE VEN. ARCHDEACON
FOXLEY NORRIS,
Dean designate of York.

SIGN readers who recall the series of papers, "Aspects of the Cross," contributed to our columns some years ago by Dr. J. O. F. Murray, Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, will be interested in the announcement that their author has been appointed Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge for 1917-18. Since the inauguration of the Hulsean Lectures in 1820 the lecturers have included a number of eminent divines, among them Archbishop Trench, of Dublin, Bishop Welldon, and Dr. J. N. Figgis.

THE Church Self-Government Association has just been formed to promote discussion and study of the general question of the relationship of Church and State, and especially of the scheme of reform recently proposed by the Archbishops' Committee on the subject. Among the founders of the association are several members of the committee, including the Bishop of Oxford, the Rev. William Temple, and Lord Wolmer.

Sir Bampfylde Fuller, who has been appointed to an important position at the head of the Timber Department of the War Office, is known to Churchmen as a speaker on S.P.G. platforms, a position for which his experience as a member of the Indian Civil Service gives him special qualifications. Entering the service in 1885 he rose to be Chief Commissioner of Assam in 1902 and Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal and Assam in 1905.

Sir Bampfylde Fuller, whose father was Vicar of Ramsdale, Hants, is a descendant of Thomas Fuller, the seventeenth-century Church historian and author of *The Worthies of England*.

THE Bishop of London's recent tour in Scotland in connection with the

Revival Movement in the Scottish Church was as successful as its counterpart—the tour of the English dioceses which he undertook last year—to explain and rouse interest in the National Mission. The bishop visited Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Perth, and Aberdeen, preaching and addressing large gatherings of munition workers and others, and was everywhere most cordially received.

SPEAKING at the annual meeting of the S.P.G., Bishop Montgomery said that the Junior Clergy Missionary Association had followed the society's example, and had put off their very important council meeting in April, but not without searchings of heart. The association was, however, about to make a vigorous advance. In place of

the April meeting in London they were arranging for seven or eight important local conferences in selected centres.

ANOTHER event to be suspended this year owing to the call for economy is the Keswick Convention, which has been held towards the end of July every year since its foundation in 1875.

MR. James Narracott, who has been appointed sexton of Stoke Gabriel Church in the place of his late father, is a member of a family who have been the sextons of Stoke Gabriel Church in an unbroken line since 1410. This is a unique instance of a post being held so long in a direct line by one family.

It is generally admitted that Exeter is one of the dioceses which need to be divided in consequence of the growth of population and other developments. When the time comes for this step to be taken it is probable that Plymouth will be chosen as the centre of a new diocese. The principal church in that town is St. Andrew's, and the Rev. A. T. Perowne, who has been its vicar since 1913, and has recently been appointed a prebendary of the cathedral, hopes to see his church become "Plymouth Cathedral."

THE new Vicar of St. Michael and All Angels', Brighton, the Rev. M. R. New-

bolt, is son of Canon W. C. E. Newbolt, of St. Paul's, and was born in 1874. For the last six years he has been Principal of Dorchester Missionary College. In reference to this the Bishop of Chichester, when inducting Mr. Newbolt, observed in the course of his sermon, he need not remind the new incumbent what it meant to be called to that charge, because it had been his work to prepare many for the ministry of the Church, and now it was for him to take up there what he had told and taught to others.

THE Bishop of Oxford was the victim of an unfortunate error in the condensed report of a speech on religious education, when he was represented in some papers as saying that the working-classes were determined not to have Christianity, and that democracy was an enemy that we have to contend with. The mistake was the more remarkable seeing that the bishop's sympathy with the working-classes and unflinching championship of them are well known. In correcting the inaccurate

report he pointed out that what he did say was that the portion of democracy which was interested in education was determined not to let the religious question come in to break up its scheme of educational reconstruction. He advocated the scheme of educational reconstruction put out by the Workers' Educational Association, and gave his opinion that it would be disastrous if the Church let itself be driven into opposition to this programme because of the fact that religion did not appear in it.

Crediton, to which the new Bishop of Exeter recently paid his first official visit, is noteworthy as having been the seat of the West Country bishops from A.D. 900 to A.D. 1050, when the see was moved to Exeter; and also as the first known place in the West of England to send a missionary to the heathen, in the person of Winfrid, or S. Boniface, known as "the Apostle of Germany."

The bishop remarked that Winfrid's name should remind them how far the Germans were behind the English in the acquisition of Christianity. When Devonshire was thoroughly Christian, Germany was still in the black darkness of heathenism, and she owed her Christianity to an Englishman. They now regretted that Winfrid's work had not endured, at any rate in spirit, up to the present time, and that modern Germany showed great signs of returning to the old heathen religions which Winfrid tried to extirpate.



[Winter-Wood.
MR. JAMES NARRACOTT.

Our Query Corner: *Hints for some of our Correspondents.*

*. RULES.—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Persons desiring, if possible, an immediate answer, should enclose stamped and addressed envelope, with their question, but they must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that *THE SIGN* goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (6) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that most of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (7) The pages marked *THE SIGN* are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.*

1115. Why are good people often unsympathetic to others?

Your point is not new to the Church, although it troubles each individual as a new thing when he arrives at it.

Social life is a deeply spiritual thing. Though many irreligious people are naturally good in some respects, and many religious people are imperfect and untrue, yet "love" is an essentially Christian and CHRIST-like product. You will not find love that gives and takes except where there is—consciously or unconsciously—the spirit of CHRIST. It is His portrait which inspired 1 Corinthians xiii. If you try, as our LORD did, to give to each what he requires, for our LORD's sake, in ordinary life, you will be doing your Christian duty and setting the right Christian example of sympathy. "Find out men's deeds and wants, and meet them there," as occasion allows.

1116. How can Church people get to know each other better?

To enjoy Christian sympathy and to give it, try (if you can) to "give and take" in some small circle of people who do also love the LORD and right. Perhaps there is a Church of England Men's Society in your neighbourhood which you could join? A great deal more sympathy, common interest, work, discussion, common reading and study of Prayer Book and Bible is wanted among Church folk.

We are not meant to love what is artificial or wrong, but so to live as to do all we can for others, and yet to keep our own souls fixed to follow our LORD. Don't let us neglect the social aspect. Let your own need make you try to find some way of helping others.

1117. Why should a clergyman refuse the marriage service to an unbaptized person?

1. No priest can be forced to solemnize a marriage, nor necessarily to lend his church for the purpose.

2. Unbaptized persons have no right to the Sacraments of the Church—they are outsiders to the family.

Where one of the parties is a Christian (baptized, even if not living a full Christian life nor accepting Christian

responsibility) an exception is sometimes made for marriages. Or, the

Our Notice Board.

"Praise ye the Lord."

APRIL, 1917.

FESTIVALS AND GREATER

DATE. HOLY DAYS.

1. S. 6 Sunday in Lent.

[Palm Sunday.]

2, 3, 4. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

in Holy Week.

5. Th. Thursday in Holy Week.

[Maundy Thursday.]



6. F. Good Friday.

7. S. Easter Even.



8. S. Easter Day.

[Proper Preface in Communion
Office for eight days.]

9, 10. Monday and Tuesday in Easter Week.

15. S. 1 Sunday after Easter.

[Low Sunday.]

22. S. 2 Sunday after Easter.

25. W. Festival of S. Mark, E.M.

29. S. 3 Sunday after Easter.

May.

1. Tu. Festival of SS. Philip and James, R.A.M.M.



NOTES.

Holy Week is to be observed as strictly as possible, especially

GOOD FRIDAY.

Good Friday, Proper Psalms:

M., 22, 40, 51; E., 69, 88.

EASTER LAY, Proper Psalms:

M., 2, 57, ...; E., 113, 114, 118.

Every Parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which

EASTER

to be one.

(Book of Common Prayer.)

contract having been made before the registrar, a blessing is given in church.

Instead of taking offence at the family rules of God's household, surely Church people should try to understand them. There should be courtesy on both sides. Christians, as a rule, should find Christian mates.

1118. Should I offer a fee to a clergyman for signing a certificate for pension purposes?

Fees are never asked for this little service, which only involves a signature. You certainly need not be afraid to go to your vicar on such a matter.

1119. Please explain about candles in Church ceremonies.

Practically all the explanation we can supply is given in *Questions Asked*, a little book (6d., postage 1½d.). Lights are, firstly, utilitarian, and then symbolical. The two on the English altar, as you say, were associated with the memory of the two natures of our LORD. The corpse lights were to aid the living, but often represented the passing away of life. Processional lights represented the going forth from the altar of the Light of the Gospel.

The elaboration of all these is on natural rather than on spiritual lines, and varies from age to age. The symbolism of lighting up the sanctuary is represented in primitive Christian rites, dating back to the Jewish feasts, and taken up from still earlier forms of worship.

1120. Why should a Sunday school teacher be asked to make a report about her class?

Why should she not? The plan of reports is one worked in most good schools. It is an opportunity for the teacher of showing to the superintendent what the work of each child has been. If you get a little book called *The Sunday School* (Blackburne, 4d. net), it would give you the true principles of Sunday school teaching, although it does not give the new reformed work which is to be desired where possible.

1121. Should a falsely-accused person go to law?

If she believes that there is a need for legal remedy, let her go to a solicitor for counsel as to whether this is the case or not. But nothing is worse for a person than to dwell upon any feeling that she has been injured. Let her try to put the whole thing out of her mind, unless a really wise person who knows all the circumstances gives other counsel.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of *THE SIGN*, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.

Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage must be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., at their London House as above.



What Baby needs

Baby's chief need is nourishing, digestible food. It may help the mother in her choice to be reminded that Savory & Moore's Food is an old-

established, thoroughly reliable Food that has been used for a great many years with the best possible results, and she will be well advised to give it a trial.

Baby takes to Savory & Moore's Food from the very first bottle and thrives on it amazingly. Its use brings freedom from infant ailments, restful nights, easy teething, a contented, happy nature, and that look of health and vitality which every mother loves to see in her baby. It is economical and easy to make.

TRIAL TIN FREE

Send 2d. in stamps for postage of Free Trial Tin of the Food to Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London. Mention "THE SIGN."

**SAVORY & MOORE'S
FOOD**

A Duty You Owe

to yourself and every one with whom you come in contact is to be well and happy. Irritability, which makes your life a burden and adds to the strain on your friends, is a sign of ill-health. Poorness of Blood, accompanied by Breathlessness on slight exertion, Pallor of the cheeks and lips, Tiredness and Weakness, is often the root of the trouble. In all such cases Iron 'Jelloids' are required. They enrich the blood, restore energy and your usual good humour. A fortnight's course, at a cost of 1/3, will convince you.

Dr. Andrew Wilson writes:—

"It can be definitely stated that Iron 'Jelloids' constitute the most effective and desirable treatment for the cure of that common complaint, that insidious and weakening condition, no matter from what cause arising, known as Anæmia or "poorness of blood."

Ask your Chemist for a box of Iron 'Jelloids' to-day.

For Anæmia in Women ... Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2.

Reliable Tonic for Men ... Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A.

For Growing Children ... Iron 'Jelloids' No. 1.

Of all Chemists; a Fortnight's Treatment 1/3, large size 3/-

Iron Jelloids

(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds)



HAVE YOU TRIED

If you have Indigestion or any of the many troubles that arise therefrom—such as pains after eating, biliousness, headache, languor, constipation—your stomach and liver need help and need it sorely.

Try the digestive

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP?

tonic and liver invigorator—Mother Seigel's Syrup. Thousands have testified that nothing so quickly or so surely dispels these ailments as this world-famous remedy. Made from more than ten varieties of medicinal extracts of roots, barks, and leaves, it possesses, in a remarkable degree, the power of toning and strengthening the organs of digestion, stomach, liver, and bowels—and when these organs are restored to healthy activity, you will surely look better, feel better, and be better.

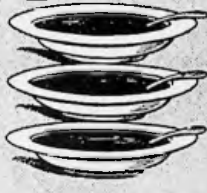
"THE VERY THING"

FOR

INDIGESTION

The 2/9 size contains three times the 1/3.

3 platesful for 2d



Food Economy for you! Three platesful of delicious hot nourishing soup for 2d. Soup for a family of six for 4d. And such soup too: rich, tasty and satisfying. There are 10 kinds and each is "true to name." Freemans Tomato is real tomato, as good as any cook could produce. Add FREEMANS

TOMATO SOUP

to your regular supplies: it will enable you to put splendid soup on your table at any time at a trifling cost.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.

Descriptive Booklet of the ideal conditions under which Freemans Food Products are made sent post free on request.

Freemans
READY SOUPS
Watford

The Care of the Sick.

ILLNESS demands much care in the feeding of the patient. Again in Convalescence, or when the Digestion becomes impaired through Worry, Overstrain, or as the result of any other cause, the question of suitable food is of the utmost importance. If health is to be regained. Aged persons also need to pay special attention to their dietary, particularly to the last meal at night; this should be such as to ensure quiet and refreshing sleep and digestive rest. The food selected for use in all these cases must be palatable, easy of digestion, wholly nourishing and speedily restorative.



embodies all the essential requirements of a complete nourishment in the highest degree. It supersedes cow's milk and the usual invalid's foods and enjoys the recommendation of the medical profession.

Made Immediately by adding boiling water only.

In Tins at 11s, 3s, and 6s of all Chemists.

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CHURCH OF ENGLAND Temperance Permanent BUILDING SOCIETY,

in their £25 Shares (4½ per cent. interest) payable in full, or by instalments from 5/- per month. Deposits received at 4 per cent. interest, on six months' notice of withdrawal, or 3½ per cent. interest on one month's notice. No withdrawal fees. Interest paid half-yearly, June 1st and Dec. 1st. Advances made on House property at moderate interest repayable by easy monthly or quarterly instalments, extending over 5 to 20 years.

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Mother and Baby both
Cured by Veno's.

Mrs. RUSSELL, 1 Ossett Road, Grays, Essex, says:—"I first used Veno's Lightning Cough Cure for my little baby when he was suffering with severe bronchial cough. Other things had failed, but Veno's relieved at once, and soon baby was as well as ever. Since then I have taken Veno's myself, and have found it splendid for a very troublesome cough."



Baby Russell.

SIXPENNY BOOK FREE. Write now for the "Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information. Address: The Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Surest Remedy for:
COUGHS AND COLDS, LUNG TROUBLES, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, 11s. 11d. WHOOPING COUGH, BAD BREATHING, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA.
Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/- The 3/- Size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Clergy, Sunday School Superintendents and Teachers, and Church Workers generally, are invited to write to Captain Richards, Church Volunteer Secretary, Church Army Head quarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W., for particulars of the

CHURCH VOLUNTEERS

AIM: To enroll Lads and Youths from 13 to 18 who will agree—By GOD'S HELP to try daily to act up to the teaching of the Church Catechism, and prayerfully to consider the CALL OF HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORK.

This is not a new League; there is no fee for membership; it is not another parochial organization. A membership card is issued to each lad who enrolls, and occasional papers are sent him from time to time by the Secretary.

THIS MOVEMENT

has the approval and keen support of several of our Bishops. It will, it is hoped, in time help to solve the problem of living agents for the Home and Foreign Mission Field. It

IS THE VERY THING

to introduce into Lads' and Youths' Classes and Clubs.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE.**

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Stamps.



Stamps.



Stamps.



Save your Falkland Islands used stamps and send along to us. We pay the following Prices :—

$1\frac{1}{2}$ d a dozen for $\frac{1}{2}$ d stamps.

3d " " " 1d "

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3/- " " " 1/- "

9/- " " " 3/- "

15/- " " " 5/- "



Stamps must not be torn or dirty.



R. & A. Hardy. "Kelper Store" Stanley.

BIRTHS.

KING. At Stanley, May 19th. the wife of A. B. King of a son.

POLE-EVANS. At Stanley, May 20th, the wife of R. C. Pole-Evans of a son.

BAPTISMS.

May 19th David William Harold Stewart.
May 27th James McDonald Sword.

MARRIAGES.

LYSE - McLEOD. May 29th. At Christ Church Cathedral, Stanley, by the Rev. C. McD. Hobley, Charles Walter Lyse, of Fitzroy, to Francis Mary McLeod, of Island Harbour.

OFFERTORIES

May	£	s	d	
6th.	2	14	5	Church Expenses
13th.	3	4	7	" "
27th.	3	5	1	" "
	£9	4	1	

IN MEMORIAM.

In ever loving Memory of Thomas, the dearly beloved son of Thomas and Elliot Myles. Who died at Darwin, June 9th. 1916.

Oh ! how sweet will it be in that beautiful
So free from all sorrow and pain. [land.
With songs on our lips and with harps in
To meet one another again. [our hands,

Passenger List

DEPARTURES.

For Valparaiso. May 23rd. Mr. & Mrs. J. Hansen. For Punta Arenas. 51 Chilians.

HYMN LIST for June, 1917.

3rd. Morning	160, 163, 322.
Evening	161, 202, 185, 542.
10th. Morning	220, 630.
Evening	176, 215, 629.
17th. Morning	376, 142.
Evening	165, 269, 634.
24th. Morning	429, 432, 438.
Evening	414, 436, 261, 437.

The Local War Grant.

—o—

In view of the great expenditure involved upon the Mother Country through the war, it has been a magnificent thing to see how the Colonies have rallied round the Homeland. In the Falklands too, we have not been behind: actual personal service has, however, always presented a difficulty, and the chief reason seems to be that as wool is playing such a large factor in the war, - the majority of our local men being engaged in the work, and are so to speak, experts in their trade, - the Colony can ill afford to lose them. Again the population is too small to allow the Colony the privilege of sending and maintaining a local contingent at the Front. The many deserving causes at home have all been liberally responded to, and it seems that, if taken on the percentage per head, the sums collected locally during the war will come out far ahead of any other Colony in existence. The local Government however, are not content with that, and we now have the greatest pleasure in congratulating His Excellency the Governor upon making, "as a first step", a definite grant from the Colonial funds for the benefits of the Imperial Government. This grant is to take the form of annual payment for ten years from Jan 1st. 1917, of a sum equal to ten per cent of the annual revenue of the Colony, derived from Custom duties, such payment to be a contribution towards the Interest and Sinking Fund of the Imperial Loans raised for the purposes of the War. His Excellency has also proposed to make the offer to the Imperial Government of an Armed Airplane for the Royal Flying Corps.

THE LEATHER QUESTION.

There is apparently a great difficulty in the Colony at the present time in obtaining foot wear for the children, especially the younger ones, - but to those living in the Camp, - should they be enabled to obtain some hide, - an easy solution of home-made boots, might be found. After obtaining the

hide, it should be thoroughly soaked in water to clean it properly, and then worked until it is soft and pliable, and entirely free from blood. It should then be immersed in a solution of lime, which loosens the hair by dissolving the cells of the epidermis. This process should last from one to three weeks, according to the character and thickness of the hide: when in the solution of lime, it should be moved about from time to time. The loosened hair is then removed by scraping on a rounded wooden beam or log with a blunt knife. The hide is now washed in order to remove as much lime as possible. A second solution of salt and alum is then made, and the hide is immersed in it: this solution should be weak at first, and in course of time strengthened. The period of time for immersion has been placed at three to six months, though it seems that thoroughly servicable leather has been made in a far shorter period. The portion of hide selected for the "uppers" of the boots may now be taken out and split into the required thicknesses: the pieces should then be well worked with fat or oil until very soft; the sole leather together with the uppers may now be stretched and partially dried. When nearly dry it should be smoothed out by being well beaten, and the leather, in a day or so, will be ready for use. In making boots, an old pair should be taken to pieces, and patterns of the sections should be cut in card-board, and a new pair can then be made by cutting out the sections in the new leather.

The British Empire Union.

The local branch of the British Empire Union bids well to become the strongest organization in the Colony. We hear that large numbers have already joined up, and the local Committee hoped that *every* lady and gentleman in the Colony who have been born Britishers, will join up. The main object of the League is to stamp out entirely all German influence, control, or work that in any way competes with British labour; - in a word, "The British Empire should be for British Subjects". The local Secretaries are Messrs A. E. Smith and W. F. Parslow.

Wedding.

A PRETTY WEDDING took place on May 29th at Christ Church Cathedral when Mr. C. W. Lyse, the Overseer of Fitzroy Station, was married to Miss F. M. McLeod, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, of Island Harbour, East Falkland. The day was wet, but yet a good number attended the Service which was conducted by the Rev. C. McD. Hobley, and which was fully Choral. The Bride was dressed in a white figured satin dress, and had a veil surmounted by a wreath of orange blossom, she carried a bouquet of white lilies. She was attended by Miss May Short as Bridesmaid, who wore a saxe blue voile dress. The Best Man was Mr. John McLeod. Immediately after the Ceremony the reception was held at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. We wish the happy couple every joy and prosperity in their new life.

CONCERT.

The S.F.C. has already done a great deal during its short career to aid many deserving objects, and to promote entertainments and dances for local enjoyment, and the Concert which they promoted on June 2nd proved to be not among the least of their achievements. There is a saying that "birds are not without popularity, save in their own rookeries" — and when the plans of the seats were seen two days before the show, it certainly seemed somewhat true.

But fortune was with the Club, and they were lucky to secure the services of a passing Pierrot Troupe who were kind enough to supply practically the whole programme. Our local artistes immediately gave way to the visitors, who, however were glad to retain the Misses L. Poppy and M. Thomas in their number. The two ladies, who thus appeared for the first time in a Pierrot Concert, acquitted themselves really well, and did their level best to uphold the local traditions. The Troupe was under the direction of Mr M. A. Bishop, who proved a host in himself, -- the two favourites, -- "The

Pride of the Pier", and "Everybody loves our Baby" being very popular. Mr Joseph was excellent in "the P.S.A.", and the old favourite "the Bassoon", and was very good in the Duets. Mr Pope, who in the former days was a chorister in S. James' Chapel Royal, Savoy, was in fine voice, and his rendering of "Angus McDonald" was heard to good effect : he was repeatedly encored. Mr Norman was also very amusing in the well known "Goosy Gander". Miss Lena Poppy sang "We'll never let the old flag fall", in splendid style, and was, as usual well received, and Miss M. Thomas recited "the Victim", in which she displayed great dramatic talent, and histrionic ability. The bulk of the programme fell on Mr Lewis, who is an artiste of no mean calibre, his songs and recitations were excellent throughout, - his renderings of the Coster in the latter, and the favourite monologue "Devil may care", being equally fine. Towards the end of the programme, The Rev. C. McDonald Hobley, (Chairman of the S.F.C.,) in the name of the Club, thanked the artistes, and they were accorded a very hearty vote of applause.

The gross takings amounted to over £28, which is, (after expenses have been deducted) to be devoted to the local Fund raised by H.E. the Governor for the Lord Kitchener Memorial Fund.

SCISSERS AND PASTE.

In the article advertising the local guide in last month's Magazine, the following is noticed "will all readers send their orders to who will attend to all in rotation?" It is hoped that the question mark has no questionable meaning.

—o—

The remark was recently heard in Stanley, "that it would be found that the women had a voice". It is a fact that has not yet been denied, and the comment is added by some unfortunate men folk, "yes, and a big one too."

—o—

A certain gentleman at a recent meeting, made himself conspicuous by asking questions. His name is now seen in the list of the members of that organization. Is it to keep him quiet?

EX PASSANT.

THE ANNUAL CATHEDRAL Bazaar

Date will be announced later.

*Contributions towards the stalls will be gladly received by Mrs. Dean,
Stanley Cottage : Mrs J. Stanley Smith, the Deanery, or
Mrs C. McDonald-Hobley. The Church House.*

Every Contribution Gratefully Received.

Mrs G. M. Dean and the relatives of the late Mrs Luxton, wish to tender their grateful thanks for the beautiful wreaths sent, and the letters of Sympathy.

The Charge of the Shear Brigade.

Half a gang, half a gang
Half a gang onward
Went for those woolly flocks
At two bob a hundred.
"Forward the shear brigade
Charge for the hogs" he said,
"On to the shearing floor
At two bob a hundred."

Forward the shear brigade
Oh ! what a pile they made !
How they would spend it all
All the girls wondered !
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to go and buy
Up at the store at night,
With two bob a hundred.

Wool boys to right of them,
Rollers to left of them,
Gimmers in front of them
Tick stained and scroffy.
Dreading the dinner bell,
Quickly they shore and well,
Taking no pause for breath
On with a shout and yell
To two bob a hundred.

Flashed all their shear blades bare,
Dashed if they turned a hair,
Snatching at dimmons there,
Wrestling the wethers, while
Outside it thundered.
This is no time to poke
Fun, or to crack a joke
Cinders and Cassy
Shearing like holy smoke
Battered and hungered.
Were they downhearted ? No !
They'd shorn their hundred.

Roughies to right of them,
Bare bellies to left of them,
Clippies behind them,
All their wool plundered.
There goes that blinking bell,
Oh ! what a rotten sell,
Some that had shorn too well —
Came through the doors at night,
Back to the cookhouse smell,
Short of the tally,
And two bob a hundred.

Who have their fortunes made ?
Who would eat marmalade ?
All the girls wondered.
Pass round the lemonade.
Cheero the Shear Brigade,
And two bob a hundred.

A.F.C.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, SOUTH AMERICA.

Roll of Honour

1914 - 1917.

Charles Alazia.
Henry Aldridge.
Horace Aldridge.
Richard Aldridge.
Shirley Aspinall.
John Armstrong.
Norman Adain.
Norman Blake.
Edward Blake.
Arthur Blake.
Adam Blakeley.
Arthur Barnes.
Louis Barnes.
Wilfred Baillon.
Ernest Boothroyd.
Singleton Bonner.
Bernard Buckley.
William Biggs.
Peter Buckley.
Thomas Bean.
William Campell.
John Coleman.
Edward Cobb.
Hubert Cobb.

John Dean.
William Douglas.
Rupert Durose.
George Dean.
William Dettleff.
David Frazer.
Evelyn Felton.
Stanley Goss.
Sydney Goss.
Ernest Goss.
Barry Girling.
Chris Girling.
George Gordon.
William Gleadell.
Claude Hardy.
Valentine Hardy.
Hugh Harding.
Frank Howatt.
George Morris.
Peter McEwan.
Archie McTravers.
William McCall.
Donald McPhee.
Archibald McCall.

Michael Murphy.
John Matthews.
Edmund Matthews.
James McCall.
Edward McAtasney.
Thomas Martin.
Henry Ogilvie.
Arthur Ogilvie.
Gilbert Phillips.
Henry Phillips.
Walter Phillips.
Fred Pauline.
William Rutter.
Jack Turner.
Richard Uwins.
George Williams.
Douglas Williams.
Stuart Williams.
Maxwell Williams.
Phillip Williams.
Jack Williams.
Norman Watt.
Stanley Watt.

Died in the Service of their Country

December 1st 1914.

Norman Aitkin.
Herbert Gaylard.

James Allen.
Charles Newing.

Frederick Biggs.
Walter Shires.

William Blyth.
Ernest Spencer.

Peter McKay, January 28th. 1916.

Ernest Kelway, February 7th. 1917.

"Fight the good Fight."

Globe Store.

General Store.

A large stock of Earthenware and Glassware has just been received consisting of the following: Sets of Jugs, extra Jugs, Sugar Basins and Cream Jugs, Bowls and lids, Cake Plates. Dinner and Soup Plates, Tea Pots, Mugs with "present from Falkland Islands" thereon, Glass Jugs to hold 2 & 3 pints, Cake Plates, Dishes etc.

Wall Papers, Brass Curtain Poles 4' 6" long complete with Brackets, Rings etc., Hanging Lamps, Stair Floor Cloths 18" & 36" wide, Linoleum of assorted designs, 12 bore Breech Cleaners, Dolly Dyes, Wood Taps, Cooks Kitchen & Toasting Forks, Cake Tins with movable bottoms, Pastry Trays, Brass and Black Fire Guards, Flour Sifters, Galvanised Cinder Sieves, Enamel Coffee & Tea Pots 2 to 5 pts, Stove Plate Lifters, Meat Saws, Garden Forks, Clothes Lines 20 & 30 yds., Manilla for Clothes Lines, Bedroom Toilet sets, Carpet Squares, Hearth Rugs, Coconut Matting 18 & 27" wide, Pot Mend, Varnish,

Singers Hand Sewing Machines.

Gent's Overcoats, Rainproof Coats size 38 - 40", Scotch Tweed Trousers 16/9 per pair, Pyjamas, Spiral Putties 7/11 a pair, Soft Silk Double Collars, Pocket Felt Hats, Fancy Cardigan Vests, Heather and White Sweaters, White & Black Cotton Gloves, Canvas, Lace, Patent and Court Shoes, Underpants & Vests 11/- per suit.

Table Knives & Forks, Table and Desert Spoons, Sets of Carvers, Nail, and Packing Needles, Plaster of Paris, Halls Distemper Paint in 4lb tins, and 28lb drums, Aspinalls Enamel, Black, Blue, Green and White, Chambers Dictionary's 8/6 each, Alarm Clocks 8/6 each, Red & Black Striped Horse Rugs, Bass Pot Brushes, Playing Cards 1/6 and 2/-.

Camphorated Oil, Pepp, Blackcurrant, Valda, Glycerine and Eucalyptus Pastilles, Liver Pills, Asperine, Soda Mint and Biscuerated Magnesia Tablets, Tonce, and Chloride of Gold.

Millinery Department.

Trimmed and untrimmed Hats, Silk and Cotton Frocks, 18" to 24", Ladies white Poplin Shoes, Childrens Cotton Gaiters, Overalls & Pinafores, Cotton, Muslin and Lace Collars, Cotton American Blouses, Infants Matinee Coats, Cashmere, Velveteen and Serge Dresses.

Girl's Muslin & Cashmere Frocks, Flannelette Nightdresses.

Boy's Tweed Hats, Tweed Conway Suits with Caps to match, Boy's Flannelette Shirts, Blushettes, White Silk Tulle, Cream Wincoy, Silk Ninon, Lawn Muslin, Swiss Embroidery, Flannel Shirting, Frilling. Various qualities of Silks, Salome Fringe, Embroidery Silk, Art Serges. Ladies' Fancy Collars, Yokes, Fronts, Bows, Scarves, Belts, White Silk Gloves, Muslin Aprons, Overalls, Nightdresses, Nightdress Satchets & O. S. Cotton Blouses.

Linen Damask Table Cloths & Serviettes, Coloured Angora Curl Table Cloths, Cushion Covers etc, etc, etc.

Imperial & Cabinet Size Photo Frames, Gold Brooches, Necklets & Pendants, Silver Necklets. etc.

Candle Shades, Afternoon Tea Spoons in Case, Salt Cellars, Desert Knives, Bread Boards, Baby Spoon & Fork, Silver Mounted Cloth Brush & Mirrors.

Paint Boxes, Painting Books, Artists Water and Oil Colours in tubes, & Red Sable Brushes.