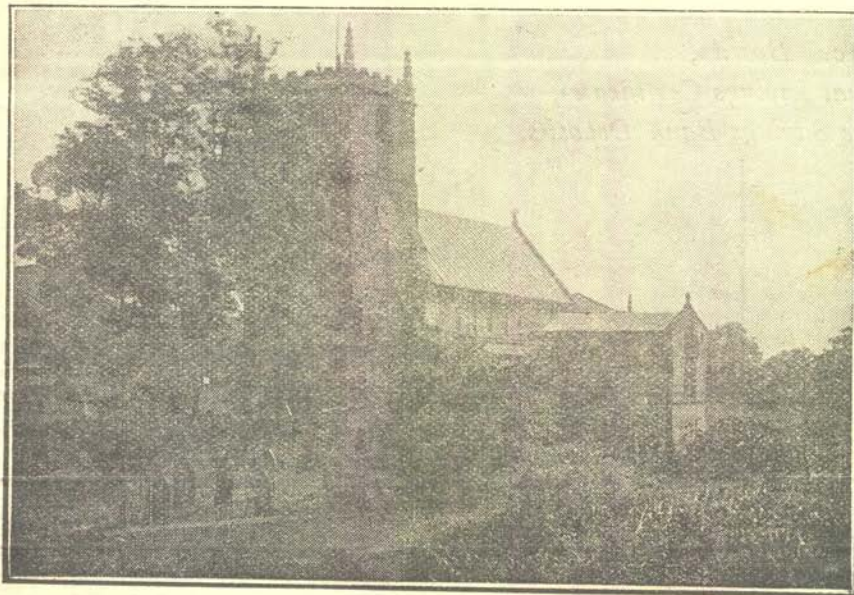


The Parish Magazine.



THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.

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Services

THE PARISH CHURCH:

HOLY COMMUNION:

Every Sunday, 8-0.

First Sunday also, 7-0.

(Excepting in Black-out period).

SUNG EUCHARIST:

Every Sunday, 9-30.

First Sunday, 8-0.

Third Sunday, 11-0.

MORNING PRAYER, 11-0

(Third Sunday, 10-30).

EVENING PRAYER, 3-30

(in the winter months).

WEEKDAYS:

HOLY COMMUNION—

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, 8-0.

Wednesday, 9-15.

Friday, 7-30.

HOLY DAYS:

SUNG EUCHARIST, 8-40.

Evensong daily as announced.

HOLY BAPTISM:

First Sunday, 12-0 noon.

Third Sunday, 4-30.

(After Second Lesson by request)

HODTHORPE:

HOLY COMMUNION:

Every Sunday, 9-0 (Sung).

Every Wednesday, 7-30.

Holy Days and Saints' Days, 7-30.

EVENING PRAYER:

Sundays, 6-0.

HOLY BAPTISM:

Sundays, 5-45.

STEETLEY:

HOLY COMMUNION:

First Thursday, 9-30.

Third Sunday, 10-0.

EVENSONG:

Every Sunday, 3-15.

HOLY BAPTISM:

After the Second Lesson.

Organisations

MOTHERS' UNION.—Whitwell: 1st Thursday in month, 3-30 p.m.

Hodthorpe: 1st Monday in month, 3-30 p.m.

Steetley: 3rd Thursday in month, 3-30 p.m.

Enrolling Member: Mrs. Sternberg.

Enrolling Member: Mrs. Hague.

Enrolling Member: Mrs. Fricker.

G.E.M.S.—Hon. Secretary: Mr. W. Taylor, Mill Crescent.

DISTRICT VISITORS.—Hon. Secretary: Mrs. O. Limb, Fox Road.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Hon. Secretary: Mrs. J. Moore, High Street.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Whitwell: 2-15 p.m., in the Schools.

Superintendent: The Rector.

Hodthorpe: 2-15 p.m., in the School.

Superintendent: Mrs. Fowle.

CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE.—Wednesday, at 7-0 p.m.

Captain: F. Taylor, High Street.

(In abeyance during the war).

CHURCH GIRLS' BRIGADE.—Tuesday, 7-0 p.m.

Captain: Miss P. Elwell.

BROWNIES.—Thursday, at 4-0 p.m. Brown Owl: Mrs. A. Weston.

1st STEETLEY SCOUTS.—Tuesday, at 6-30 p.m. in the Scout Room, the Old Brewery, Whitwell.

THE RECTOR'S LETTER.

The Rectory,

January, 1942.

My dear Friends—

Those of you who were present at the Service when the little Sacrament Chapel was restored will not easily forget the occasion, and the dignified manner in which the Service was carried out. We are, indeed, very grateful to the Archdeacon of Chesterfield, who came to preach for us on this eventful occasion, and also for his gift of the Altar.

I wish to express my thanks to the Reverend Bolton, who has so ably piloted this restoration through, and also to the many donors for their kind and generous help. I hope the Parishioners will make full use of this beautiful little Sanctuary, and realise that, in addition to its use during the "black-out" period for the early daily celebrations, it is also intended to be used for private prayer and Intercession throughout the day.

As we enter upon the New Year, I venture to hope that there will be an awaking of our conscience to the great need of the deepening of our spiritual life, and of a closer walk with God in Prayer and Sacrament, so that in facing the future, however hard the road may be, we shall have a calm confidence in the over-ruling providence of God, and that in His own time, the power of love and goodness will overcome that of hatred and might.

To all our young people who are serving the Empire in any way, and wherever they may be, may God guide and protect you in all dangers and temptations, is the prayer of

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM E. C. STERNBERG

(Rector).

AN URGENT NEED.

Has any kind person got a Chest of Drawers they could spare? This would be of the greatest use in the Vestry. The longer drawers would contain the Vestments, Albes, etc., and the smaller drawers the Burses, Veils, Communion Linen, Service Book, etc., etc.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

- Oct. 18.—Marlene Ann, daughter of Leslie and Irene Rutledge.
 Nov. 30.—Patricia Anne, daughter of Hector Rowland and Constance Rose Hoare.
 Dec. 14.—Raymond Stuart, son of Thomas and Bessie Senior.
 Eileen Ann, daughter of George William and Marion Gretton.
 Dec. 21.—Colin Edward, son of Edward and Irene Vaines.
 Dec. 28.—Derick George, son of William Arthur and Violet Maud Disney.
 Ann, daughter of Frederick and Edith Jones.

MARRIAGES.

"The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

- Dec. 1.—Edward Charles Gould and Bessie Allison.
 Dec. 6.—Victor Storey and Edna Wormald.
 Dec. 20.—Jack Cook and Lilian Sarah Lawson.
 Dec. 25.—James Henry Beardsley and Sarah Smith.
 Bernard Scott and Ada Holt.
 Dec. 27.—James Ernest Moore and Lorna Mary Speight.
 Wilfred Rawson and Audrey Hazel Doreen Simpson.
 Alfred Cooke and Norah Irene Ward.
 John Charles Staniland Starbrook and Phoebe Patricia Scott.

BURIALS.

"He giveth to His beloved sleep."

- Dec. 10.—Patricia Sheldon, aged 20 months.
 Dec. 13.—John Lingard, aged 45 years.

ALTAR FLOWERS.

Dec. 25.—Mrs. Walters; Mrs. G. Milnes.
 We also thank all those who helped to decorate the Church for Christmas Day.

THE MANOR ROOMS.—The Parochial Church Council have appointed a committee of four to manage the affairs of the Manor Rooms, and in future application for its use should be made in writing to Mr. Kenyon, Duchess Street, who will furnish you with particulars.

WHITWELL MOTHERS' UNION.

Thursday, 5th February, at 3-30 p.m. Speaker and Soloist: Mrs. Brown, of Worksop.

HODTHORPE MOTHERS' UNION.

Monday, 2nd February, at 3 p.m. Speaker and Soloist: Mrs. Brown, of Worksop.

RED CROSS RUSSIAN AID.—A Whist Drive will be held in the Whitwell Schools on Saturday, January 17th, in aid of the above. Full particulars will be posted in the village. If you are unable to be present, a donation sent to any member of the committee will be gratefully received.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY, 1942.

1. THE CIRCUMCISION. AMERICAN DAY OF PRAYER.
 H.C. 8; 9-30. M.P. 9-0. Litany 12-0.
 E.P. 4-30. Compline 8-0.
4. CHRISTMAS II.
 8-30 HOLY COMMUNION (Plain).
 Sung Eucharist postponed.
 10-0 SUNG EUCHARIST.
 11-0 Morning Prayer.
 3-30 EVENSONG.
 7-15 Short Evening Service with address.
6. Tues. THE EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD.
 9-0 SUNG EUCHARIST.
11. EPIPHANY I.
 8-30 SOLEMN EUCHARIST.
 10-0 SUNG EUCHARIST.
 11-0 Morning Prayer.
 3-30 EVENSONG.
 7-15 An Evening Service.
13. S. Hilary B.D.
17. S. Anthony of Egypt.
18. EPIPHANY II.
 8-30 HOLY COMMUNION.
 9-30 Morning Prayer.
 10-0 SUNG EUCHARIST.
 11-0 SUNG EUCHARIST.
 3-30 Evensong.
 7-15 An Evening Service.
19. S. Wulfstan, B.
20. S. Fabian, B.M.
21. S. Agnes, V.M.
22. S. Vincent, D.M.
25. EPIPHANY III. CONVERSION OF S. PAUL.
 8-30 HOLY COMMUNION.
 10-0 SUNG EUCHARIST.
 11-0 Morning Prayer.
 3-30 Evensong.
 7-15 An Evening Service.
26. S. Polycarp, B.M.
27. S. John Chrysostom, B.D.
30. King Charles, M.

PLEASE NOTE that the 8-30 Sung Eucharist will take place on January 11th, being the Sunday in the Octave of the Epiphany.

The Eucharist will be sung at 10-0, instead of 9-30 during January. Worshippers who come early to the 11-0 Service are asked to come in quietly and to take their places at the back of the Church until the 10-0 Service is over.

A LATE EVENING SERVICE.

For those who cannot come to Evensong on Sunday afternoon, there will be a short informal Service in the newly-restored Chapel at 7-15 each Sunday evening during the "Black-out." About seven people can be seated in the Chapel itself, and another ten in the Vestry within view of the Altar. Only two well-known hymns will be sung, and the Service will be over by 7-55.

THE DAILY EUCHARIST.

During the "Black-out" period the Eucharist will be said on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8-0, on Wednesdays at 9-15, and on Fridays at 7-30.

THE RESTORED CHAPEL.

The Chapel, which the Archdeacon dedicated before the Sung Eucharist on December 14th, has been extremely useful for early morning and late evening services in the "Black-out."

We are grateful to the Archdeacon for the gift of the Altar, to Mrs. Blackwell for the Altar Cross (given in memory of Dorothy Blackwell), to Mrs. Mellish for the Altar Book (given in memory of Thomas William and Sarah Mellish), to Mrs. Ellis, who made the Altar Cushion, and Mrs. Limb who covered it when made; to Miss Tinker, who made the Dorsal and Riddel Curtains; to a friend in Chesterfield who made the Altar Frontal; to Donald Kenyon and Peter Beecham, who made the Dorsal and Riddel rods and, last but not least, to an old friend who thoroughly cleaned the Chapel and polished the woodwork. We are also grateful to Mr. Lerner for moving the gas-pipes back against the wall, and to Mr. Sandford for charging so small an amount for the platform and other work.

A statement of accounts will be given next month.

FURTHER NEEDS.

We badly need a carpet (we are using at present the carpet from the Children's Chapel). It would be difficult at the present time to get one much under £3. I wonder whether several people would care either to send donations, or to make a joint presentation? Kneelers are

also needed. Curtains to cover the rather shabby woodwork on the right side of the Chapel would be a vast improvement.

—F.R.B.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We are grateful to the District Visitors who have given a new Altar Cloth for the Children's Chapel. We had enough material to make a cover for this Altar as well as for the new Altar.

STEETLEY.

Early in the New Year, a meeting will be convened to consider the ways and means for augmenting the present income towards Church expenses, which have been greatly reduced on account of war-time conditions.

STEETLEY MOTHERS' UNION.

The Steetley Mothers met at Steetley Holme on Dec. 18th, when the Enrolling Member addressed the Mothers on the "Rebirth of Christ," and how Christmas is symbolical of Love and Hope renewed amongst us.

Mrs. Richardson reported that £9 9s. had been collected and sent in gifts of 15s. each to twelve members of H.M. Forces from Steetley and Darfoulds. Mrs. Richardson is to be congratulated upon her wonderful effort, and thanks are due to all the generous contributors who so kindly helped on the good work.

A special consignment of gloves for Russia, at very short notice, was sent to the Quartermaster of the Derbyshire Red X in response to Lady Grant's Appeal.

£3 3s. for the Prisoners' of War, the result of the raffle, will mean six parcels at 10s. to be sent to six prisoners.

The response to Mrs. Churchill's "Aid to Russia" Appeal resulted in £17 18s. 7d. Once again it is difficult to express the gratitude of the organizers for this splendid result or to convey their adequate thanks. Mrs. Malthouse and her collectors are to be congratulated.

The meetings for the next month are as follows: Corporate Communion, New Year's Day, Jan. 1st; Red Cross, Jan. 8th; Mothers' Union, Jan. 15th; Red Cross, Jan. 22nd.

The Steetley Mothers would like to send their greetings to Whitwell and Hodthorpe Branches for the New Year. They will be delighted to welcome any members of the Sister Branches at any future meetings.

Exchange of ideas is always welcome, and by meeting and hearing another's point of view great benefit and interest results.

—H. FRICKER.

SERVING WITH H.M. FORCES.

Your prayers are asked for the following who are serving in the King's Forces.
Each will be remembered by name once every week.

MONDAY:

Kenneth Adlington
Doris Allison
Bernard Allison
Jack Allison
Archibald Atkins
Ronald Ashley.
John Atkins
Derick Baker
Harold Baker
Leo John Baker
John Barker
Ronald Barker
Alfred Barlow
Stanley Barrow
Herbert Beardsley
John Belfit
James Bell (Lowestoft)
John Bell (Lowestoft)
Victor Bell
Eric Bend
Colin Bend
Joe Bennett
Horace Bennett
Horace Bennett
(Hodthorpe).
Wilfred Bennett
Harold Bennett
Herbert Berry
Frank Beswick
Ernest Beswick
Stanley Biggin
Fred Binch
Harold Bishop
Victor Bowcock
Arthur Bowskill
Arthur Bradley
Dennis Brain
Walter Bradley
Robert Brewster
Victor Brown
Francis Brown
Joe Buck
Violet Buck
Arthur Buckingham
Harry Buckingham
Morven Busby

TUESDAY:

Gwendoline Cartwright
Iris Cartwright
Percy Cartwright
Albert Cartwright
George Chell
Edward Clarke
William Clarke
Roy Cobb
Jack Colclough
Ralph Colclough
Doris Colclough
Eric Collingham
Lawrence Collingham
Fred Collingham

Arthur Cox
William Cox
John Desmond Crofts
Jim Cross
Percy Cuthbert
Edward H. Davies
Stanley G. Davies
Joseph Davis
William Davis
Cyril Duckmanton
Bernard Dooley
Arthur Drury
George Drury
Dorothy Drury
Cyril Dunn
George Dunn
Albert Earp
Beryl Edson
George Edson
Harold Ekin
Margaret Ann Ellis
Olive Ellwell
John Ellwell
Arthur Evans
Ernest Evans
Owen Evers

WEDNESDAY:

George Fell
Frederick Flowers
Fenwick Frame
Barbara Gee
Harry Gee
Albert Gill
Gordon Gray
Bernard Greaves
George Greaves
Alfred Green
Norman Goodwin
Benjamin Hall
Joseph Hall
Reginald Hall
Lily Harbottle
Sydney Harvey
Joe Hawkins
Horace William
Haywood
William Haywood
Cyril Heywood
James Higgins
William Hinde
Lloyd Hodgkiss
Douglas Hogg
Jessie Hogg
Albert Holden
Cyril Holden
James Hollingsworth
Abner Hollingsworth
Reginald Hoyle
Cyril Hunt
Jack Hudson
Harold Jones
William Ernest James

THURSDAY:

Charles Kimber
Cyril Kitchen
Frederick Lamb
George Land
Charles Lawson.
Molly Lawson
Jack Lawson
Matthew Lee
Alfred Leggett
Francis Leverton
Cyril Lewis
Bernard Lomas
Baden Lovat
George Machin
Jack Machin
Joseph Machin
Thomas Machin
Gladys Machin
Tom Makings
Mary Makings
Edward Mather
Roderick Noel McIntyre
Frank Milnes
Derick Mitchell
John Monks
Frank Moore
Frank Neal
Harry Neal
James Newton
Benjamin Newton
Ernest Norman
Redmund Owen
Arthur Oxley
Charles Parker
John Patterson
Dorothy Pentelow
William Perrett
Joe Phillips
Frederick Pickford
Stuart Pitchford
George Plummer

FRIDAY:

John Presley
William Presley
Wilfred Presley
James Radley
William Ramsden
Beryl Richardson
Charles Richardson
Joseph Richardson
William Richardson
Albert Robertshaw
Sam Robinson
Harry Robinson
Mary Robinson
Fred Robinson
Francis Rounds
Maurice Rounds
Albert Rutledge
Arthur Rushby
George Sadler
Edward Sadler
John Sampson
Leonard Scholes
William Scott

Cyril Scrimshaw
Maurice Sheldon
Shakespeare
Joseph Stuart
Shakespeare
Donald Simms
Jack Simms
Harry Slaney
Noel Slaney
Fred Slater
Geoffrey Smith
Jacob Smith
John Soden
Roy Spavold.
Robert Spencer
William Spencer
Joe Stafford
John Streets
Victor Storey
Harold Stubbings
Sam Stubbings
— Stubbings

SATURDAY:

Harold Sugden
Ernest Sutton
Winifred Swaine
Kenneth Taylor
Leslie Taylor
William Taylor
Harry Thompson
Jack Thorpe
Howard Thorpe
Elsie Tinkler
Wilfred Topham
Arthur Topley
Harold Topley
Leonard Townsend
Dennis Turner
Fred Turner
Hector Turner
James Turner
William Turner
Stanley Turner
Sam Unwin
Richard John Vincent
John Wade
Betty Walker
Herbert Wardle
Hannah Wardle
Michael Walters
Douglas Ward
Cyril Ward
William Waring
Kenneth Weaver
Mills Weaver
Lloyd Weaver
Edward Webster
Richard Joseph Webster
William Webster
Douglas Wheatley
Robert Sydney Wheatley
Joshua Williamson
Hezekiah Wilmot
Leslie Wilson
John Richard Wilson
William Wilson
John Yates

The Sign

not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE LIVING CHURCH"

A Happy New Year

A Message for 1942 ✱ By the Right Rev. D. H. Crick, D.D., Bishop of Chester

A MESSAGE for a January issue would naturally contain an expression of good wishes for a "Happy New Year." To echo this wish need not, even in these most difficult days, be a mere form of words. So I would first of all wish you in real sincerity a Happy New Year: and I do so, because the more readily we respond to the challenge of this day of God, the sooner we shall discover the secret of inward happiness.

The nature of this challenge is made clear as the deepest issues of this great struggle are the better realized.

THE SPIRITUAL FRONT

This is a "total" war against Christian civilization: in such a cause no Christian can be neutral. No words can pay fitting tribute to the incomparable valour of the men of our fighting services: they are doing their duty magnificently on land, at sea, and in the air. But not less vital is our "spiritual" campaign. On the spiritual front all can take their part, young and old. We all can pray. "To pray is to work": but this work will only be effective in so far as we pray as our LORD taught us to pray. For example, our National Days of Prayer fail altogether of their true aim if the prayers offered on these occasions are prompted chiefly by self-concern. Since September 1939 how many millions of prayers have been offered for the blessing of peace! Those prayers were not granted; but were they prompted by concern for GOD's glory or for our own comfort and release from anxiety and fear?

The LORD JESUS said: "When ye pray, say, Our FATHER, hallowed be Thy Name: Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done." From this we learn quite simply that the first object of our prayers must be self-dedication to GOD's will and purpose.

Can we doubt that such self-dedication is a splendid service on the spiritual front? In common with all forms of devoted service it demands from us all we can give in loyal submission to a great cause.

We eagerly applaud any repudiation of the pagan philosophy of the Nazi system and we feel, it may be, a certain glow of self-righteousness in the thought that

we at any rate have no use for such subchristian ideas: but do we, as we should, take a *positive* stand and show in our lives and witness that we have enthroned in our hearts the GOD and FATHER of our LORD JESUS CHRIST?

That is the challenge to-day. We cannot be deaf to the clarion call that is sounding in the ears of the Church. There is so much to be done; such hopes are stirring, even in those parts of the world where hope might well be in danger of being quenched: such calls are in the air for men and women of heroic soul to venture all for the good cause. GOD's work is up. His flag is flying.



THE RIGHT REV. D. H. CRICK, D.D.

(Corbett, London)

THE POWER OF GOD

"But who is sufficient for these things?" "We are not sufficient; but our sufficiency is of GOD." It is vital to remember this in a day like our own when all depends on the faith which we sustain in the eventual triumph of the cause of GOD. If we thought only of ourselves, unaided by prayer and unstrengthened by the power of the HOLY SPIRIT, how could we ever dare even to dream of a new Jerusalem builded fair in England's green and pleasant land? How dare even to speak

of a new day dawning upon the suffering, the tortured, and the oppressed? But we take to ourselves those words of St. Paul: "The LORD said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

On our knees in prayer to GOD that He will deign to use us for His purposes, that He will enable us by the indwelling of His HOLY SPIRIT—on our knees we can and will recover our belief in the power of the Gospel of CHRIST to redeem mankind and to renew the face of the earth. The happiness for the New Year that I wish you is the happiness of being swept into the action of GOD's mighty purposes, into employment for His splendid ends. Let us each follow the example of Christian in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. In the Interpreter's House he paid a visit to GOD's armoury and picked out the weapons he needed to go out to fight for GOD's cause. In my recipe for happiness I have suggested some of the weapons which St. Paul mentioned as suitable to the Christian warrior—"the shield of faith, and the sword

of the SPIRIT, with all prayer and supplication in the SPIRIT." Such weapons can never fail us.

Did not the familiar words of the Christmas Season appear to us, when we heard them recently, to have gained a new significance and relevance? "Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His Name shall be called Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting FATHER, the Prince of Peace."

It is to allegiance to that Prince of Peace that God is calling us to-day. He calls us to the happiness of a service which is perfect freedom.

I wish you in that service a very Happy New Year.

Douglas Cask.

Jack

A Story of England and France

By L. C.

FRANCE towards the end of 1917. In an English hospital at the base two men in easy chairs are talking in low tones. In a bed near them a third is muttering feverishly in his sleep.

"Poor old chap! He can't last long, I suppose?"

"Only a matter of hours Matron told me this morning. And he's not dying easy."

"Any special trouble?"

"His wife and child. They'll be practically penniless except for any pension she may get, and there are no relations who can help."

"Married a French girl, didn't he?"

"Yes. A village shopkeeper's daughter. Met her on a holiday in France, and married her early in '14. She's in England now. But it's not much of a start in life for the child; jolly little beggar, too. I went to see him and the mother last leave. Promised Dick I'd look them up."

The man in the bed woke with a start.

"Jack! What will become of Jack?" he cried in an agonized voice.

Moved by a sudden impulse the officer who had just spoken, a tall soldierly man with greying hair, rose and limped to the bed.

"It's all right, Dick," he said, putting his hand on the dying man's shoulder. "I'll look after Jack."

"God bless you, Roger! You meant it? How can I thank you?" exclaimed Captain Latham, grasping the other's hand.

"That's all right, old chap. We've always been pals you know."

With a happy smile Latham sank into a sleep from which he did not wake.

A year later in a London lawyer's office a little Frenchwoman in deep mourning was facing a middle-aged, kindly-faced solicitor.

"Yes, Monsieur!" Her sentences rushed out. "I am resolved. I return to France. Now that the war is over I shall do well in my old home. My poor father was the village—how do you say it?—greengrocer. I shall carry on his business. Jack is old enough to do without his mother. Colonel Heygate is a good man, and he will bring up my boy to be an officer in the British army as his father desired. I will not stand in his way—I will not," she repeated fiercely.

"You're a brave woman, Mrs. Latham," replied the solicitor, "and I expect you're right. But it's hard on you." He did not know how hard.

school. The sun is shining brightly on grey old walls, on a gaily dressed throng of spectators, and on the white-flannelled players. The "jolly little beggar" of fifteen years before, now a sturdy, care-free schoolboy, has just reached his fifty with a flashing drive through the covers.

"Jack is certainly doing you credit, Roger," remarks the younger of the two men who once discussed the baby's future in a hospital in France.

Colonel Heygate's hair is white now, and there are deep lines on his face which are not the result of the war.

"Yes," he answers, seeming to rouse himself from thought. "He's a good lad. But I am worried about him all the same."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing—with him. But, between ourselves, I'm very much afraid I shan't be able to do what I hoped for him. This confounded depression has hit me very hard. My heart's dicky too. And if I pop off suddenly the boy'll be no better off than he was when his father died. I shan't have kept my word to Dick."

"My dear chap! you've given Jack a good, happy home for fifteen years. You've taught him to be brave and honest and truthful. You've sent him to the best school in the world" (they were both old

members of it). "What more could you have done? He'll be all right. You'll see."

"I wonder," murmured Colonel Heygate.

A few months later. Again the London office. The solicitor, an old man now, is facing, not the voluble Frenchwoman, but her son, a tall frank-looking English schoolboy.

"I quite understand, sir. When Dad—I always called him that, you know—when he died his affairs were in a bad way. There will be very little money and what there is must go to his relatives. That's fair. Dad did everything for me and the best way I can show my gratitude now is to clear out."

"But your commission? Colonel Heygate always looked forward to your going into your father's regiment."

A look of pain crossed the young face. "I know. But that's all off. My place is with my mother now. I shall earn my keep helping her with the shop."

"My boy," the solicitor's eyes were moist, "when I saw your mother in this room I told her that she was very brave, and that she was doing right. I can say the same now to her son."

So Jack Latham went to France and became Jacques Latham—so the villagers pronounced his mother's surname—and "helped with the shop." He cheerfully ran errands,



"He helped with the shop"

cleaned the vegetables, served the customers, scrubbed out the little shop, and soon became a general favourite, while his mother glowed with possessive pride every time she looked at him. If he ever thought of his happy home in England, or the school cricket-field and the commission in prospect, he took care not to let her know it. In fact the only times she ever spoke sharply to him were when he unconsciously let slip a few words of English.

"Parle français donc," she would scream. "Enfin tu es tout français, mon fils." "Oui, tout français," she repeated,

feeling now at last that her great sacrifice had been worth while.

A naturalized Frenchman, he had already completed his period of military training when he was called to the colours in the autumn of 1939. A few months later he was among the French troops who gallantly helped to cover the British retreat to Dunkirk. And by the time "the miracle of the little ships" was completed Jack himself had joined the Free French forces in England ready to fight again for the two countries he loved so well—England and France.

Cartmel

A Haunt of Ancient Peace By C. Aylott Martyn

MANY of us know the little town of Cartmel only from Mr. Gordon Bottomley's lovely poem, "New Year's Eve."

O, Cartmel bells ring soft
to-night,
And Cartmel bells ring clear.

Those bells may not ring in the New Year of 1942, but even in wartime some visitors to the Lake District still make pilgrimage to the old, grey town which is set in the midst of beautiful and varied scenery and has a quiet charm peculiar to itself. In the heart of this lies the magnificent Priory Church of St. Mary, from

Before entering by the south door with its Norman arch the visitor will notice an oak door in the south wall. This has holes in it, said to have been made by the bullets of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers, and is known as "Cromwell's Door." Five hundred of his soldiers spent the night of October 1, 1643, in Cartmel and are reported to have stabled their horses in the church.

Within the church one is impressed by the height and beauty of the tower arches and the great east window, now chiefly filled with plain glass, though some pieces of the original fifteenth-century stained glass have been inserted.

The pillars in the nave are of the twelfth century and the oak misericords in the choir some two hundred years later. A beautiful screen of black oak dividing the chancel from the nave is said to have been the work of craftsmen from Belgium, brought over by George Preston who restored the church, and is considered to be one of the finest pieces of seventeenth-century craftsmanship in England. The screen also encloses the north and south sides of the choir stalls.

The church has interesting monuments and tombs.

The finest of these is that to Sir John Harrington and his wife. It is a "symphony in stone" of the ministry of angels, who are seen above the recumbent figures of the Knight

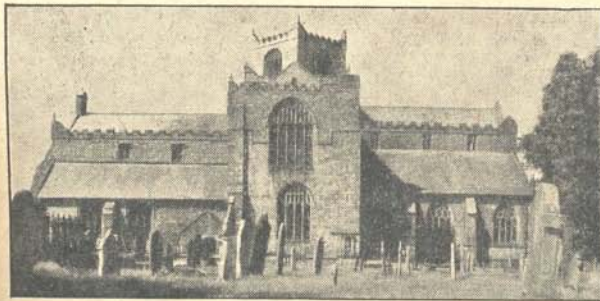


THE OLD GUEST HOUSE
Seen through the Priory Arch

the top of whose tower can be viewed the Lake hills, Helvellyn, Conistown Old Man, and the Langdales; while to look eastward is to see the tide washing the shores of Morecambe Bay.

This quaint town with its ancient houses, Market Cross, and little bridges over the stream which meanders in and out of the thoroughfares has been described as "a cathedral city in miniature."

The Priory, founded in 1188 by William Marshall, Earl



THE PRIORY CHURCH
Showing the belfry set crosswise on the tower

of Pembroke, survived the Dissolution of the Monasteries, but the church lay in ruins till its restoration, between the years of 1618 and 1623, by George Preston of Holker Hall. Only fragments of the Priory buildings now remain, with the exception of the Gatehouse, with its fine arch. This has been restored, and was used for a time as the Grammar School. The church is cruciform, and its belfry, placed diagonally upon the lantern and thought to be unique in this respect, houses the four bells, two of which are dated 1661.



THE GATEHOUSE



A PICTURESQUE CORNER

and his Lady, bearing their souls to heaven in a sheet. Sir John attended King Edward I on his expedition into Scotland in 1305, and is represented as wearing the link-mail of a knight of his period. Immediately below this great tomb lies the recumbent figure of a Brother of the House in the habit of his Order, holding a chalice in his hands.

The Gatehouse, the archway of which opens into the Market Square, has remnants of carved heads on its walls. Near by are the Market Cross and town pump. In the Square is an old stone building, known as the Guest House, which suggests its possible former use by the monks as a hostel for travellers.

All the illustrations in this article are from copyright photographs supplied by M. T. Pollitt.

In this haunt of ancient peace, the modern pilgrim can escape for a time from the pressure of mechanized warfare and all its disastrous results, and as on some quiet evening he approaches the Priory Church, thoughts such as those which its bells suggested to Gordon Bottomley may well fill his mind:

The hollow valley gains more peace
And ancientness to-night,

The loveliness, the fruitfulness,
The power of life lived there
Return, revive, more closely press
Upon the midnight air.

Hints for the Home

To all our readers, old and new, we offer our New Year's greetings. To new friends we may explain that we invite those of our readers who are specially interested in household matters to send us **one recipe or one household hint**. We print a selection of these in *THE SIGN* and pay 2s. 6d. to the sender of each one that we print.

We cannot give space to paragraphs merely copied from cookery books or from advertisements, etc., but shall be glad to print good original recipes or clearly expressed hints or instructions which may be useful to those less experienced.

Here are some useful hints selected from those sent in our recent Competition for **mending or renovating clothes**.

When a **skirt** starts to wear at the bottom of the hem, the most economical way to make it neat again is to unpick the hem and turn it back as though you were going to hem it over the outside of the skirt. Fold it exactly along the crease at the bottom of the skirt, and tack carefully into position. Next, run it along by machine as near as possible to the fold, but nicely above any of the frayed part. Then, turn the hem back again in the original way, allowing the join to come a trifle up on the under side. Press thoroughly.

One of the finest things to use for **taking a shine off cloth**

is the liquid from ivy leaves boiled in water. Well wash a handful of ivy leaves in cold water, then place in a pan with sufficient water to cover. Boil slowly until the leaves are soft. Strain off the liquid and use it for sponging the shiny places, having first thoroughly brushed the articles.

When the soles of the children's **Wellington boots** are worn smooth, they slip badly in the snow; but if the boots are otherwise in good condition, they can be given a new lease of life if treated thus. Purchase a light-weight pair of stick-on soles and a tube of rubber solution. Rub the Wellington soles with a rough file to clean, dust all loose bits off, and give both boot soles and stick-ons a good coat of solution, and attach when "tacky," pressing well round the edges.—Mrs. F. Danbrooke.

Pixie hoods can be made quickly out of old used jumpers. Cut out from an old pattern and use the ribbed part to turn back off the face. Cut strings from sleeves.

Babies' gloves with just the thumb can also be made out of the sleeves, with ribbon to tie round the wrist.

Children's stockings will last much longer if you darn a piece of net under the knee and heel before wearing. If you are knitting them yourself use double wool at the knee and heel. Do the same at the elbows when knitting jumpers.—Mrs. E. M. Rines.

Our Query Corner

Hints for some of our Correspondents

The Editor to his readers. As far as can be seen when this number goes to press 1942 is likely to prove yet another year of trial, difficulty, and peril. In the New Year Message which he has kindly written for us the Bishop of Chester shows us how we can nevertheless make it a happy one. In the spirit of his Message we wish all our readers, old and new, a Happy New Year.

For many months *THE SIGN* has been carried on under increasing difficulties. We thank our readers for their support, especially those who have sent us messages of appreciation, and shall try to continue to deserve it. Notwithstanding the necessarily diminished size of the magazine we shall maintain as far as possible those features which have won appreciation in the past. Among these is "Our Query Corner," in which we do our best to help any who write to us about their personal or parochial difficulties. Not all the questions we receive can be dealt with on this page, but all will be answered by post, to the best of our ability, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

3126. Can you advise a man in the Forces about preliminary study with a view to ordination after the war?

We would suggest that you consult your chaplain. He may know of the Churches' Committee for Supplementing Religious

From Strength to Strength

THE CHURCH'S ENCOURAGEMENTS

EPIPHANY. In Light and Leading
The Lord God shall give thee light.

When we pray for an "increase of grace" what we are thinking of is not any increase in the gift of God, which is impossible, but an increased receptivity on our part.

Bishop Gore

JANUARY, 1942

Date THE GREATER FEASTS
1, Th. The Circumcision of our Lord.
New Year's Day.

4, S. Second after Christmas.

6, Tu. The Epiphany.

11, S. First after Epiphany.

18, S. Second after Epiphany.

25, S. Conversion of St. Paul, A.M.

Third after Epiphany.

**DAYS OF FASTING OR
ABSTINENCE**

Fridays, 1, [9], 16, 23, 30.

NOTES FOR 1942

SUNDAYS AFTER EPIPHANY, three. SEP-
TUAGESIMA, Feb. 1; ASH WEDNESDAY,
Feb. 18; GOOD FRIDAY, April 3; Easter
Day, April 5; Ascension Day, May 14;
Whitsunday, May 24. Sundays after
Trinity, twenty-five. Advent Sunday,
Nov. 29. Christmas Day, Friday,
Dec. 25.

EMBER DAYS, Feb. 25, 27, 28; May 27,
29, 30; Sept. 16, 18, 19; December 16,
18, 19.

ROGATION DAYS, May 11, 12, 13.

Education among men in His Majesty's Forces, and the sixpenny pamphlet, *The War within the War*, which contains a bibliography and other information.

Generally speaking, we think you should try to acquire some knowledge of the study of the Old and New Testament on modern lines; an apologetic and spiritual knowledge of the Creeds; and at least some outline knowledge of Church history and also of English history especially in the Reformation period.

You might get books from the Free Library of the town in which you are stationed, or perhaps your chaplain would lend you some.

3127. What are the duties of a sacristan?

Generally speaking the duty of the sacristan is "to see that all things needed in the service of the church are provided and kept in good order, and that everything needed in any service is ready beforehand." We quote this sentence from *The Sacristan's Handbook*, by Dr. Hermitage Day (Mowbrays, 2s. 6d.).

A newly-appointed sacristan should discover what has been the custom of the church in question in such matters and whether any written instructions for the sacristan have been given. At the present time the duties in many churches have been increased owing to shortage of labour and the desire to keep down expenses, so that the sacristan will probably be required to do whatever is necessary to keep the church and its services in running order.

A Serial Story

The Domestic Author

By E. M. Keate

PART I

"GOOD morning, Madam, and what can I have the pleasure of doing for you to-day?" said Mrs. Jones, the manager of the well-known Servants' Registry Office at Downton, a small country town in the south of England. She knew the lady she was addressing very well, Mrs. Gordon, wife of the Rector of Great Hallowell, a neighbouring parish.

Mrs. Gordon, a tall, fair woman, past her first youth, evidently a little careless about her personal appearance, smiled too, but after a somewhat forced fashion; she did not enjoy visits to registry offices.

"Nothing new," she said, trying to make her voice sound cheerful. "I want a cook, Mrs. Jones, as usual, a good cook, with some idea of house-keeping, if you can think of any one likely to suit me. You have tried before to find one for me."

Mrs. Jones never allowed that she had not satisfied any one who applied to her, especially such highly respected and well-known people in the county as were the Gordons, though they did change their cooks rather often. But, then, no doubt they were "particular," as a Rector and his wife should be.

Mildred Gordon waited as patiently as she could, though prepared to hear what she had heard so often before, that Mrs. Jones would let her know as soon as possible. "The fact is," she thought, "that we are too far from a town, no big shops, no cinema, and few amusements," but at that moment Mrs. Jones came forward, smiling broadly.

"I think I have a suitable candidate for a place like yours, Madam," she said, "and she is here now, in the office. If you would like to see her I will bring her in, but I think I ought to explain that she is an educated woman, with little kitchen experience, but young, and anxious to please. Also—this may not suit you—she is a widow, with a small boy at school, and anxious to find a situation where she could be allowed to have him with her for his holidays."

Mildred sat up; this was before the war, and no one had ever proposed to her to take in children. She was fond of children, if they did not give her too much trouble, and as there were some extra rooms in the attics it might be possible.

"What is her name? Has she good references? I should like to see her."

"Her name is Mrs. Aston—Rosamond Aston. Her husband has not been dead very long. The boy is about eight, I think. She comes from somewhere near Birmingham, and would prefer not to be in service where she has been known in different circumstances. There is just one other question, Madam. Have you changed your other servants lately?"

Mrs. Jones knew very well that the "other servants"—parlourmaid and housemaid, came from the village of

Great Hallowell, and stayed on because they liked to be near their own people. She had an idea that they always added to the difficulty of finding a suitable cook from elsewhere.

"No, I still have Esther Brown and Harriet Wilson; you know they are like daily maids, and take turns to go home for the night. So I prefer a cook from a distance, who won't want to sleep out. It is more convenient to have some one always there."

"Well, this one would not want to go away if you let her have the boy."

"I should be glad to see her."

"She will give you her references, and I think you will know the ladies' names. She has not had a place before, but they know her."

As a matter of fact, Mildred was not attracted by the idea of a "lady" as cook. What would Esther and Harriet say?

Mrs. Jones went away and came back with the applicant.

"Mrs. Aston," she said. "I think she might possibly suit you, Madam." Mildred looked at a not very young woman, with a pleasant but rather anxious expression, good features, large eyes, brown hair, quietly dressed in dark tweeds and a felt hat, and with an air of being very shy, as if she hardly knew what to say.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Aston," said Mildred. "I hear that you are looking out for a place as cook-housekeeper in a private house?"

"Good afternoon, Ma'am. I am anxious to find a suitable place as soon as I can."

Mildred nodded to Mrs.

Jones, who went away and shut the door.

Mrs. Gordon was decidedly attracted by Mrs. Aston's appearance, especially as she did not attempt to put forward her former position.

"Have you had much experience of cooking for a family?"

"Not very much," Mrs. Aston answered honestly, "but I used to be rather fond of it as a girl, and hope I could soon learn more without giving you too much trouble, Ma'am."

Further questions were answered quickly, but, as the older woman said to herself, "rather like a cookery book."

"I think Mrs. Jones did explain to you, Ma'am," the voice showed Mrs. Aston's anxiety, "what my difficulties are—especially that I can't take a place unless I can have my boy in his holidays. He is a good, obedient child, but I know that would not suit every one."

"No, of course not. I see the difficulty, but I think we might manage. There are some rooms in our house that we don't use."

"That is indeed kind of you, Ma'am," said Mrs. Aston, and her voice broke a little. "My husband left me hardly any money. His business had only just begun to succeed. I can barely pay for my Dickie's school fees, but I do want him to be properly educated."

Mildred's kind heart was touched. She asked for the



"May I venture to ask you to read it, sir?"

personal references which had been mentioned by Mrs. Jones, and saw that they were both from acquaintances of her own.

"When could you come?" she asked. "At present I am dependent on a local charwoman."

"I can come as soon as it suits you, Ma'am; I am only in lodgings here."

"Could you come now?" asked Mildred, suddenly. "I mean I have to go to a meeting in the Town Hall, but if you could go and get your luggage I could pick you up here and take you straight back to the Rectory. That would save my having to come again, as we have no station nearer than Downton."

Mrs. Aston's look of delight touched her possible employer. Poor woman! She must indeed require a job very badly.

She was ready, with her luggage, on the steps of the Registry Office, when Mildred returned in her car, settled matters with Mrs. Jones, who was highly gratified, and as they drove back to Great Hallowell Mildred talked to her future cook about their house and her proposed duties.

"We are not a very large family," she said, "only my husband and myself, and our daughter, but as he is rector of a large straggling parish, Mr. Gordon considers that we should be hospitable, and my daughter also has her own young friends; so that we have a good many people coming and going."

"I will do my best," said Mrs. Aston.

"Our two other maids have been with us a long time," said Mildred. "I hope you won't find them difficult—" she very nearly said "to manage," but remembered in time that it would be the worst thing in the world for Mrs. Aston to try to "manage" them. "I hope you will get on with them all right. They are superior, rather old-fashioned, village folk, but they know their jobs and I feel sure that they will help you if they can."

They drove up to the beautiful old rectory, built early in the eighteenth century, of fine red brick with large mullioned windows and a sloping red-tiled roof. The walls were covered with creepers, some of them very effective in colour. There was quite a fine garden, too. Mildred found herself hoping that the place made a good impression on Mrs. Aston, and that she was not already thinking it, as so many of them did, too large to be run by three servants only.

She took Mrs. Aston to the kitchen and introduced her to the other servants, who seemed to be, as far as she could judge, quite favourably impressed, especially when she mentioned Mrs. Aston's boy, who would come for his holidays, she said.

"That will make a change," said Esther cheerfully, as if she welcomed the idea. "We do miss Miss Joan's holidays now."

Mrs. Gordon laughed. "You see more of Miss Joan, though, don't you?" she said.

"It's not the same when children grow up. Miss Joan only comes back when she wants a rest, or to have her clothes mended."

Mrs. Aston laughed politely. "Perhaps you would allow me to help with that sometimes," she said, and Mildred felt that her new cook was making a good impression.

Harold Gordon, a good-looking man with a refined, scholarly expression, was soon asking his wife about the new cook. He had not expected her to arrive so soon.

"Really, Harold," said Mildred, flinging her hat and coat on to a chair in his study—she was not of a tidy disposition and Harold was, but he had got used to it—"I believe that we have found a treasure!"

"If she can cook," said the Rector, who had not enjoyed the vagaries of temporary domestics, or of local charwomen, or even the endeavours of his own wife.

Joan, the Gordons' only child, was a very pretty girl, high-spirited and full of her own ideas of the moment; she was also a girl of brains, and always ready to listen to her father's sometimes learned disquisitions.

She dashed off to the kitchen to see Mrs. Aston, who

greeted her almost as if she were a vision, tall, slight, with golden hair, light-blue eyes, and a very charming voice.

"Hullo, Mrs. Aston," she said, "do you think you'll be able to cook on that stove? It is quite a historical monument, you know, made in the year one!"

"I don't think you've tried it, Miss Joan, have you?" asked Esther, laughing.

"Cooking is not in my line," laughed Joan in return, "but I'm always ready to help if I can."

"You'd hinder, young lady," said Harriet, who had known her from babyhood.

"You don't say that when I help you to make the beds," retorted Joan gaily, "and I hope you'll just let me know there is anything that I can do," and off she went again.

"So like Miss Joan," laughed Harriet. "But Mr. Alfred Hamilton doesn't mean us to keep her very long."

They knew Joan's most fervent admirer very well, a fine young man whose father had a large property in the neighbourhood.

"I am not sure that I think we are wise to take a lady as cook," said Joan, assuming an air of great worldly wisdom as she returned to her parents.

"A lady?" asked Harold.

"Oh, well, she is of a different set to the others, any one could see that."

"Yes," said Mildred, "that was explained to me. She was left almost penniless after her husband's death, and wants to earn her living and educate her boy as best she can."

After a very few days the Rector pronounced that he did not think much of Mrs. Aston as a cook, but when his wife passed on his criticisms she replied, "You see, Ma'am, I never used to have to cook. My husband and I lived in a service flat, so I have had no experience—but I will study my cookery book and do my best."

"So far she does not want to leave us," thought Mildred, "and she is really very pleasant."

Mrs. Aston had not long been with them when she asked if she might see the Rector.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Mildred, "he is in the study," wondering vaguely if Mrs. Aston wanted to ask something about her boy, or if she were "developing religion."

What happened was that Mrs. Aston showed the Rector a book that she had just received by post, and said with some diffidence, "May I venture to ask you to read it, sir? I wrote it myself, before I was married. I should be very grateful for your opinion on it. It was published under my maiden name, 'R. Martindale.'"

Harold Gordon took it with some surprise. "Hullo!" he said, "this is a good title, *A Night of Mystery*. Who are your publishers?"

"Eden and Stubbs, sir, but they have gone out of business now. They did publish several books of mine, novels, in their day."

Harold promised to read the book, and then forgot all about it, until Mildred found it in his study. After that they both read it, and were really astonished by its unexpected interest. Mrs. Gordon read very little and Mr. Gordon took little notice of modern writers.

"You might call her a domestic author," laughed Mildred, but she took an opportunity to congratulate Mrs. Aston on *A Night of Mystery*, and asked about the other books she had written. Mrs. Aston, evidently pleased by her employers' interest, said that she would send for others, which were being kept for her by a friend, and explained, rather nervously, that she had further manuscripts that had never been published, about which she was anxious to ask for Mr. Gordon's advice.

"I have not tried to get them accepted," she said. "I was discouraged, I suppose, when Eden and Stubbs failed, but if I could obtain a fair offer for them, it would help towards Dickie's education."

"Where did you live before your husband's death?" asked Mildred. "I know you said he was in business at Birmingham."

"We lived at Middlecote, just outside Birmingham."



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"How long is it since he died?" asked Mildred sympathetically.

"Not quite three years," said Mrs. Aston, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

"You did not live there before your marriage?" asked Mildred.

"No. I met him at my father's house in Derbyshire."

Mildred really wanted to ask many more questions, but she had always disliked inquisitive people, and Mrs. Aston did not volunteer any further information about herself. She seemed to wish only to talk about her books. Possibly those already in print might be republished, as Eden and Stubbs no longer existed as a firm to claim copyright.

Soon she produced three more novels by "R. Martindale," all published—undated—by Eden and Stubbs, and all of the same character.

"I can't quite make it out," Mildred said to Harold, "I asked her where her husband died, and she only said in a nursing home in Birmingham."

"Does she still feel his death too much to talk about it," asked Harold, "or was he an unsatisfactory sort of person? Sometimes a wife, even if she has suffered much at her husband's hands, will try to draw a veil over it afterwards. He must have left her very badly off. Of course, good, well-paid domestic service would relieve her of all financial trouble, and is easy to obtain, but . . . well, my dear, I know your difficulties, so I won't criticize the cooking."

"It is so strange that she won't say more. She has never told me a word about her own family or anything about herself really."

"She has undoubtedly come down in the world, and does not want to talk about it, especially if her husband was in any way to blame, and is now dead. If he were alive she would probably have plenty to say!"

"I think she is a bit mysterious."

"Mrs. Forester and Mrs. Milnes wrote pleasantly enough about her, though not as a cook, so I don't think there can be much wrong."

"She is quite honest and upright as far as I can tell," said Mildred. "I mean as to household expenses and all that. I can give her money to spend without turning a hair, and she keeps her housekeeper's books nicely."

"Well, it is no good bothering," said Harold, "let's read the other books. I should rather like to hear a professional opinion about them."

"But I don't see how she can be thinking out plots for her stories and dishes for our dinners at the same time."

"That has been done, but she has not suggested writing any more," said the Rector. "If she develops into a tolerable cook that is all we require."

Mildred agreed, but soon afterwards Mrs. Aston came to her in a very shy and diffident manner.

"May I ask you something, Ma'am, I hope you won't mind, about those books of mine?"

"By all means."

"It is only that I should be grateful if you would not tell any one else in the house or in the village about them. I don't mean your friends, of course, Ma'am, I should be proud if they read my books, but I mean Esther and Harriet. They won't understand. They will think it almost as shocking of me to write about burglaries as to commit a burglary."

Mildred knew that was true enough. Esther and Harriet were women of admirable character but without imagination. She could hear Esther saying, "I know when I'm speaking the truth, and I don't mean to write lies, out of my head, and that's that! A liar's

a liar, and a thief's a thief. It don't matter a straw what he calls himself."

Aloud she only said, "I never heard of a writer of thrillers who was really a criminal himself."

"But it is just what they would be inclined to think and to say to their friends," said Mrs. Aston. "You know how things get exaggerated in a village. My character would soon be gone. I am a stranger here, so do you mind, Ma'am, if I ask you to say nothing about my books to them?"

"I dare say you are quite right," said Mildred, who could remember other stories, with as little foundation, that had been repeated and believed in the village. "If we show or lend them to others," she said, "we need not say more than that we know the author."

"That will be very kind of you, Ma'am," said Mrs. Aston. "I shall be very grateful, as I am for your interest. I know you will understand that I do want to earn the necessary funds for my boy's education. He has begun very well."

There did not seem to be any mystery about the boy, his mother was ready enough to show his school reports. She was evidently very proud of him, which made it all the more curious that she had so little to say about his father.

She did not apparently care to go out much. The other maids, who knew the little village shops, and the farms with which the Gordons dealt for their household necessities, gave all the orders, from lists prepared by Mildred herself or by Mrs. Aston. Neither did she seem to wish to make local acquaintances or friends. Harold thought it a good thing that she should not waste her time in gossip and chatter. Mildred was afraid that it might make her unpopular. She did exchange the time of day with the milkman and the butcher and that was about all. Roberts, the Rectory gardener, brought most of their vegetables and fruit to the house. He went to Downton market to shop for them sometimes, but he was so deaf that conversation with him was difficult. He said that Mrs. Aston could make him hear, which was a point in her favour, but she did not offer to visit his wife and family.

Once or twice a week Harold himself usually drove his wife, and a maid if she liked, in their car, to Downton to shop, "chiefly groceries," as he said sometimes with a groan, because they had to bring back such cumbersome parcels. They used often to take Mrs. Aston on these expeditions. She was always neatly and quietly dressed, and never embarrassed them in any way. She was just their cook, who went with them to do household shopping, for which she seemed to have a gift.

"If she only had a gift for cooking," groaned Harold, "I should agree that she was a treasure. But what will you do when the Debenhams come to dinner next week?"

"Get most things ready-made," said Mildred, "then she will only have to make them hot."

"Not one of her gifts," said Harold, "she is apt to send things up rather cold."

"I will get Esther to look out. She will take trouble for the Debenhams, and I will say for Mrs. Aston that she does not resent help from any one. She is always pleasant."

"Well, well," said Harold, "we must hope for the best."

It was not his fault, he thought, that Sir John was a bit of a gourmet, and his wife what she called "fastidious," but after all, they were not asked to dine very often, and Harold had no intention of confiding to the Squire that his dinner had been cooked by a "Domestic Author."

(To be continued)

THE NEW YEAR

"SURSUM CORDA"

A GATE upon life's highway here is pass'd,

And closed fast:
Thy feet return no more; the key

Is given unto memory.

Look not unduly back,

New lies the track

That thou must fearless tread,

Ever ahead.

Seemeth the way a lonely trail,

And thou too frail

Its dangers to endure,

Lift up thy heart, thou hast for sure

A Guide Who giveth thee His aid;

Be not afraid,

Go boldly forward, bravely dare,

He holds thee in His care. Helen Hamilton

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T. B. Presley

Continued from previous column.

MR. J. T. LAWSON, WHITWELL

The passing at the age of 69, at his home, 20, Council Bungalows, Hodthorpe, Whitwell, of Mr. John Thomas Lawson, removed from Whitwell and district a parishioner of over forty years residence, and a respected member of the community. The death yesterday week was preceded by a long and painful illness. Mr. Lawson was employed at Shireoaks Colliery Co.'s Whitwell pit, until his retirement a few years ago. For many years he was chairman of the Whitwell Branch of the National Deposit Society and was also interested in the Miners' Welfare. He served on the committee of Whitwell Institute. He leaves a widow, two sons, five daughters and eight grandchildren. His elder son, Mr. Wilf. Lawson is a deputy at Steetley Colliery and Mr. Jack Lawson is an engineer with the Iraq Petroleum Co. in the Middle East. We extend most sincere sympathy to the widow and family in their sad bereavement. The funeral was on Monday in Whitwell Churchyard. The Vicar of Creswell the Rev. C. S. Branson officiated and Mr. C. Smith was at the organ.

Mourners were: The Widow; Mr. and Mrs. W. Lawson (son and daughter-in-law); Mr. and Mrs. J. Lingard, Mr. and Mrs. W. Waring, Mrs. E. Tomlinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook (sons-in-law and daughters); Mr. and Mrs. R. Lawson (brother and sister-in-law); Mrs. E. Hunter, Mrs. A. Appleby, Mrs. A. Woodward (sisters); Mr. H. Widdowson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Seaton (brothers-in-law and sister-in-law); Arnold Lawson and Misses Dorothy and Nora Lingard (grandchildren); Mr. O. Seaton, Mrs. Raybould and Mrs. Barker (nephews and nieces); Mr. H. Palmer (sec. Whitwell National Deposit); Mr. J. Jones; Messrs. J. Johnson and T. Machin and Messrs. W. Draper and J. Hodgkies.