

# THE LINK

PRECEDED BY THE A. T. FORERUNNER.

The Official Organ of the Humberstone Garden Suburb.

"NOT GREATER WEALTH. BUT SIMPLER PLEASURES."

No. 13.

APRIL, 1913.

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The "Link" is published monthly.

All Communications should be addressed not later than the 25th of each month to

The Editor,

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Occasional Advertisements inserted at a charge of 1s. per inch.

Small Advertisements (Sale or Exchange, &c.), 25 words, 6d.; every additional 10 words, 3d.

## Editorial.

The outstanding feature of the past month in the local housing world has been the increase of rates, and consequently of rents in the Borough of Leicester. For some time past there has been a slump in the property market in the town, whole rows of houses, not bad ones either, standing empty, while the owners even of continuously occupied ones have scarcely obtained an economic rent. It seems an opportune time for a comparison between the methods of Co-partnership versus private ownership, and to understand the position better we must look back some fifty years when the modern development of the town may be said to have begun. Machinery was fairly established in the hosiery trade, and the newly introduced shoe trade was settling down and getting a firmer hold, the town thus having two fast increasing and widely distributed means of employment. Consequently houses were in demand, and the demand was attended to promptly, and for several decades Leicester was a gold mine to the erector of cottage property, and many building firms came into existence. The result was that when the demand slowed down the supply did not slow down quite as quickly; and the owners have accepted low rents rather than allow their property to stand empty. But now this is changed, the natural growth of the population has filled up the gaps, and in the more respectable parts of the town, a house to let is a rarity. Naturally this caused an increase in the price of property and coinciding therewith, a substantial rise in the rates has caused the tenant to be doubly hit.

Looked at from our point of view it is a pity that the town had not a more enlightened Council about a century ago, for at that time Leicester had a town estate, which if administered so that the community would have benefited from the increase of site value, would have greatly relieved the pressure of the rates. But instead of looking ahead for the general wellbeing they appeared to think only of the immediate present, and consequently a large part of the estate passed into other hands.

But how does this affect us? We are outside the scope of the Borough rate, it is true, but we have some of these little troubles of our own. But although outside, the prosperity of the town affects us, because, for most purposes except residence we are dependent upon it. And we must take into account also that we

are landlords as well as tenants, and a demand for property means that we are not likely to have any empty houses, and our prosperity is so bound up with the prosperity of the town that on the whole there is no cause for regret. The day has gone when people will be satisfied with any apology for a house, and an increasing demand now will mean that more artistic and more spacious will be the future dwelling of the artisan. Undoubtedly the Garden Suburb movement can claim to have set the example and shown the way to these better things.

## Estate Council Report.

The Estate Council invite the co-operation of all the residents in a special endeavour to wipe off the LINK debt, and have arranged for a whist drive, concert, and dance to take place on successive Saturdays. A representative of the LINK Committee will wait upon all residents with a subscription list, and it is hoped that everyone will give as liberally as they can, and please be kind to the young man—he's very nervous!

One of the most successful events that has been held on the Estate this winter took place on March 29th, when Miss Phillips, medallist, R.A.M., gave a Song Recital in the Chapel (by kind permission). The acoustic properties of the room enabled the audience to appreciate the singer's talent, much more so than would have been possible in the Assembly Room. There was an excellent attendance, and every item was thoroughly appreciated. Miss Squires, the elocutionist, was splendid, and was responsible for many aching sides. Miss A. Weed, L.R.A.M., was exceptionally clever at the piano, and our best thanks are due to the three ladies who provided such an excellent concert.

It is with much pleasure we learn Mrs. Parsloe's gymnasium is to continue throughout the summer. The ladies seem very reluctant to give up the dumbbells and skipping. Or is it the fascination of the dress?

The Ladies' Tuesday Evening Sewing Class is to continue to Whitsuntide, and the Secretary (Miss Meekins) will be very pleased to welcome new members.

Sports are being arranged for Whit Monday afternoon for the children and elders, details of which will be announced later.

## Do Your Level Best.

Do your level best, boys, always—everywhere;  
Never mind what others do, you act fair and square,  
Duty's call is urgent, and life no empty jest;  
Pull yourselves together, boys, and do your level best.

Do your level best, boys, whatever your lot may be;  
Grinding in the study, or sailing on the sea,  
Pen, or plough, or hammer, or in scarlet tunic drest,  
Pull yourselves together, boys, and do your level best.

Do your level best, boys, all honest work will wear;  
Yours is now the springtime; improve the season rare.  
Use each precious moment, all trifling ways detest;  
Pull yourselves together, boys, and do your level best.

Do your level best, boys; all honest work will tell;  
Though the task be irksome, resolve to do it well.  
Tinsel oft may glitter, but will not stand the test;  
Pull yourselves together, boys, and do your level best.

David Johnstone.

## REPORTS.

### CHURCH OF CHRIST LORD'S DAY SCHOOL LIBRARY.

Another successful season, making the third, of the above Library, has now terminated. We commenced the session with a number of additional books, which brought the total up to 111. The number of scholars participating in the borrowing of books was 38, an increase of 13 over the previous session. The books exchanged amounted to 284, an increase of 64, which, in proportion, does not show the attendance quite so good as previously. This is accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that only half an hour could be spared for distribution, owing to the intervention of the Ladies' Sewing Class. It is an encouraging fact, however, that the finer and more instructive class of literature has been well circulated this session, especially among the boys. It is also pleasing for the librarian to note that as far as can be judged, books have been returned in much better condition than hitherto.

E. W. HARRIS.

### CHURCH OF CHRIST—BAND OF HOPE.

We have just finished our winter session in connection with our Band of Hope. We have close upon a hundred members, with an average attendance of 55. Twenty-six meetings have been held, of various types, including three lantern lectures, and we also have had the pleasure and help of visits on the part of brethren and sisters from sister churches, and the stimulus of a goodly number of Temperance addresses. Altogether we have had a real good time.

Whilst we are encouraged by the attendance of the children, we are anxious for the interest of the adults in this direction, so that we shall have more assistance, and so make the work lighter for those who are regular attenders.

We held an essay competition, the subject being, "Six Reasons why I attend the Band of Hope." Two books were given by our Superintendent for the best attempts, and one of these was won by May Hern, for the following:—

- (1) Because it sets a good example to others.
- (2) It shows that I believe in Temperance.
- (3) It helps us to keep to our word.
- (4) Because we have some very interesting meetings, in which we sometimes take part.
- (5) Because we learn a great many useful things.
- (6) And, above all, I think we are on the right side.

The other prize was won by Carol Spencer, whose answers were similar, so it may be seen that our work has not gone astray, although our children are young in years. We believe that if we can only get them to sign the pledge whilst they are young it will help them on through their lives.

A Social and Coffee Supper was also held in connection with the Band of Hope on April 5th, when over fifty members and friends on the Estate attended, and our thanks are due to all who took part in helping to make it such a success. A pleasant evening was spent together and we trust it will become an annual event.

T. A. WARNER, Sec.

## Items of Interest.

BIRTH.—On March 30th, at "Holyoake," Keyham Lane, to Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Beamish, of a son. Congratulations.

\* \* \*

The Supply Association still increases in members and trade, and it is pleasing to note that the Drapery Department has caught on.

\* \* \*

More capital is also beginning to flow in, thus showing confidence in its present and future prosperity. Some residents appear to have hesitated in the past to invest, believing that the shares were not withdrawable.

\* \* \*

The Catering Committee are evidently in earnest this year, judging by the circular that has been issued to Adult Schools, P.S.A.'s, and kindred associations, inviting them to visit our Estate and test the Committee's ability to cater for them.

\* \* \*

We understand that two large parties have already booked dates for visiting our delightful Garden Suburb, and the Committee are glad of these opportunities of showing how well they can undertake to entertain such parties.

\* \* \*

We wonder if our information is correct that everybody's "duck" pen is empty, and that the "cricket" season is being eagerly awaited.

\* \* \*

The ladies are anxious to know whether Colman's profits are increasing this year owing to the partiality for mustard shown by the male portion of our community, while endeavouring to "stab the orange" at our Easter Social.

\* \* \*

The recent advertisement of a house to let on the Estate brought a host of applications, which goes to prove that if the Society had sufficient capital to build twenty-five houses this summer they would all be occupied, and it is a matter for regret to have to refuse so many desirable tenants.

\* \* \*

As will be seen in their Report, the Estate Council are seriously concerned about the deficit on THE LINK, and are determined to wipe it out. They already have promise of financial assistance and can rely, we believe, on the help of the Male Voice Choir.

\* \* \*

It goes without saying that THE LINK Committee fully appreciate their kindly efforts.

## PILLS FOR HOME REMEDIES.

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## Garden Notes.

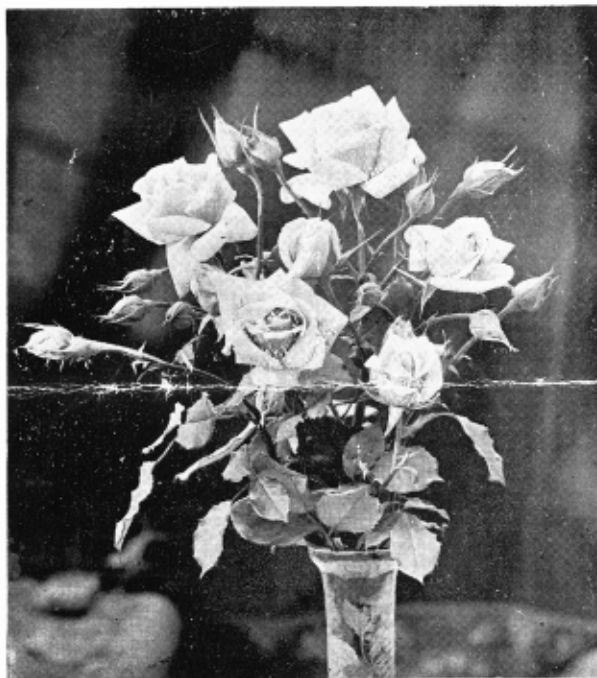
Nearly everyone who takes an interest in Gardening makes a practice of growing a few varieties of annuals. These usually give a good return for a minimum of outlay and may be selected so as to give a continual show of bloom through the whole of the season, though, unfortunately, many fail to get the best results, simply because they sow their seeds too thickly. Anyone who will try the following method for one season will be so well repaid that I think they will adopt the principle permanently. If a frame is not at hand for the growing of the seedlings, sow thinly in the open early in April, and when the plants are in their third leaf transplant about ten or twelve inches apart on soil that has been deeply dug and had a sprinkling of superphosphate raked into the surface. Mignonette grown in this manner will give astonishing results. Sweet Sultans are best thinned out to the same distance and left in the seed beds.

Biennials such as Wallflowers, Honesty, and Sweet Williams should be sown in May.

A few early potatoes such as Sharp's Express and Early Midlothian may be planted now. Those who wish to grow a few large onions for exhibition should get their plants out as early as possible.

PRUNING ROSES.—This is done by cutting away all two year old wood, and in the case of Tea and weak growing varieties, last year's wood should be cut down to about two eyes. Coarse growers such as Carl Druschki—should be left one-third and Climbers two-thirds their full length.

T. R.



The rose illustrated is from an exact photograph of Joseph Hill. In its colour, my opinion is that it is the best hybrid Tea in commerce. It is light salmon pink, flushed throughout with a golden copper tint. Always of perfect form, free flowering on very long stems, and holding its head erect, with its bronzy green foliage, it is an ideal rose either for garden decoration or to be grown for exhibition.

J. ERNEST KING, Cyprus Road Nursery, Leicester.

## "TATERS."

### A GARDENING EPISODE.

A sharp shower had driven four of five of us into the shelter of a friendly summer-house, one Saturday afternoon in the middle of potato setting time; and it is on these occasions that the allottee learns many wrinkles about gardening that do not get into the ordinary books or papers, for while the rain rattles on the tin roof, a spirit of comradeship is engendered in the close quarters of a cosy six-foot square arbour, and older gardeners tell their tales of success or failure without reserve. It was so on this occasion and the air was redolent with "shop" and tobacco smoke, and the talk drifted to the best method of cultivating "spuds."

Old Ben, who owned the place we were sheltering in, and who had spent his business hours in a factory, and his leisure on a garden for nearly half-a-century, told us a story about an old neighbour of his who had had an allotment on a part that for some time past has been covered with bricks and mortar.

Ikey was the hero's name, and Ikey be it understood, was always up to date and believed in getting things through quickly; therefore when he caught the "back-to-the-land" fever and took a bit of garden, his acquaintances expected he would shift something, for he was never tired of rating the slow-going countryman who used the methods in vogue at the time of Queen Anne. It was on the method of growing potatoes Ikey resolved to try his inventive genius, and his method, which he confided to a few of his chums, was something like this—dig a trench fully a foot wide and a foot deep, lay a length of wire netting, rather small mesh, along the bottom, shovel a few inches of soil into the trench, plant your potatoes, then cover with the rest of the soil.

One end of the netting must be left out of the ground and when the time comes for lifting the crop, in Ikey's words "You just pull up your netting, starting at the end farthest from the path, the soil falls through, the tubers roll along into a heap on the path, and in a few minutes you will have your crop in heaps ready to cart away, while the lot o' stick-in-the-muds will be jabbing their forks into some of their best specimens, spoiling some and leaving others in the ground." Of course his neighbours were interested, wondering whether all would run with such clockwork smoothness, and there were a few spectators when Ikey commenced his operations. He got a piece of round hard wood, inserted it in the free end of the wire netting, and commenced to pull, rolling the wire round the wood. The first few feet came up alright, but the crop didn't act exactly to schedule. Said Ben, in concluding the yarn, "If you want to know exactly how he got on, well, go and plant two or three rows the same way as he did and you'll just about find out, that there may be a royal road to lift 'taters,' but Ikey hadn't hit on it at anyrate."

By this time the rain had cleared off, and we went out to plant more spuds but not in the same way that Ikey's inventive mind had suggested.

*We are all born to service, and any man or woman who shirks it is putting their share on to someone else.*

G. B. SHAW.

## Pleasure Spoilers!

BY BERTHA GERNEAUX WOODS.

A shabby little woman with worn cotton gloves was fingering the gingham remnants on a bargain table of the large department store. The prices were alluringly low, and the serviceable qualities commended themselves to her anxious eyes. Some of them were very pretty, too. There was the little pink and white plaid that would make a lovely dress for her three-year-old at home—and there was just enough in the remnant if she cut the pattern with care. Such a flat, shabby little purse it was that she was holding! Customers on the way to other tables jostled her as she deliberated.

Two girls stopped for a moment at the table.

'Three and a half cents a yard, Madge! Let's buy up a stock of this!' exclaimed one.

The shabby little woman looked up with quick interest. Here was someone else evidently appreciating the unusual opportunity. But a glance at the handsome gown and hat of the girlish speaker checked the half-smile on her lips. This was no prospective purchaser. An amused smile was on the girl's lips—derision in her eyes.

A flush mounted to the shabby woman's thin cheeks. She still grasped the pink and white remnant, and made careful calculations as to the possibilities of another piece in the way of blouses for a certain small boy at home, but a bit of the pleasure in her face had unmistakably faded.

The other girl, Madge, lingered a moment at the counter. She had taken in, in one swift, sweet look, the shabby little woman, the flat pocket-book, the flush.

'They are pretty and surprisingly good quality for the price,' Madge said, and her friend turned back a moment in quick surprise; but perhaps a look in the other girl's eyes stopped her from further comment.

Several of the remnants passed through Madge's daintily-gloved hands, and though she passed on with her impatient friend in a few moments, and without making a purchase, the shabby little woman counted out the nickels and pennies from her flat purse with a return of the warm satisfaction in her bargain.

'Why on earth were you so interested in those ridiculous gingham, Madge?' asked her girl friend.

'They weren't ridiculous,' Madge said: 'they were good quality, and worth three times the price.'

'Of course; but nevertheless, I don't see what that was to you!'

'I'll tell you, Lou.' Madge flushed a little. 'You spoke rather slightly of them, and that poor, shabby little woman overheard, and I know by the way her face fell some of her pleasure was gone, and—'

'Oh, I never dreamed of such a thing.' Lou's girlish voice was regretful.

'Don't I know that? Anyway, it's all right now.'

'Yes, thanks to you, Madge.' Lou's face was quite thoughtful for a moment.

An hour later and the girls were going home in the trolley car. A tired-looking woman loaded with bundles occupied the seat in front of them.

'Don't you get tired of seeing those rows of cheap little houses?' Lou asked her friend carelessly. 'All just alike and such absurd little balconies!'

'I imagine they are quite comfortable houses,' Madge replied, seriously, 'and all their lawns seem so well kept up.'

The woman in front had risen to leave the car, and Lou's eyes met her friend's with almost comic distress.

'Don't tell me I've done it again!' she said.

There was a minute's delay at the crossing, and Lou's eyes followed the woman.

'Yes, I have! She's making straight for one of those little houses! Oh, dear! I say so many things without stopping to think!' she remarked. 'Do you suppose I hurt people's feelings every day without knowing it?'—*New York Observer*.

## The Other One.

In the book that daddy's going to write,  
He says there's going to be  
Some funny little children,  
An' there's one as big as me.  
I've asked him all about the one,  
And what it's going to do,  
An' he says it's got a bat and ball  
Like mine, that's painted blue.

It isn't quite as old as me,  
An' isn't quite as good,  
An' never will say if you please  
As little children should.  
It always cries at bedtime,  
An' I only sometimes do,  
An' he thinks I am the bravest  
An' the most obedient too.

I asked him can it jump as high  
An' then I show him how,  
He says, perhaps it couldn't  
An' he thinks it's bedtime now.  
I'd like to 'tend it isn't,  
But I'm going up you see,  
Or else he'll say the other one  
Is betterer than me.

## BROUGHTON & JONES, General Ironmongers, MARKET PLACE, LEICESTER.

FIRE GRATES, MANTEL PIECES,  
and COOKING RANGES in great variety.  
GARDEN TOOLS, WIRE NETTING.  
SHEFFIELD PLATE AND CUTLERY  
at lowest prices.

## Children's Corner.

### FRIENDSHIP IN CLOTHES.

'Your old suit is getting rather shabby, Harold,' said his mother; 'perhaps you'd better begin to wear your new one to school.' Harold hesitated. He did like to appear well dressed among a school of well-dressed boys. But in a moment he replied slowly: 'No, I guess I won't, thank you, mother. It might make George feel bad. You see, his dad's been wanting him to stay out of school to work, and he promised that if he could only go to school he wouldn't ask for any new clothes this year. So he's got to wear his old ones, and I think I'll wear mine. But don't you peach a word, mother,' and Harold went off whistling.—*Wellspring*.

### FOR MOTHER.

He was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged, but he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighbourhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side, but this little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors, and one of them, reaching over the child's shoulder as he sat on the ground, gave him a luscious golden pear. The boy's eyes sparkled, but the eyes were the only thanks as he looked back to see from whence the gift had come, and then turned his face away again, too shy or too much astonished to speak. But from that time on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear; he looked at it; and, at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips, and cautiously bit a tiny piece near the stem. Then, with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance, he tucked the prize safely inside his dirty little blouse.

'Why don't you eat it, Tony?' demanded a watchful acquaintance.

'Eat it? All meself? Ain't I savin' it for me mother?'

The tone, with its mingling of resentment and loyalty, made further speech unnecessary. Whatever else Tony lacked—and it seemed to be nearly everything—he had learned humanity's loftiest lesson: he had another dearer than himself, and knew the joy of sacrifice.—*Baptist Young People*.

### A GENTLEMAN.

In Edinburgh one bitterly cold winter's afternoon, when a biting wind swept along the dark street in a manner that made the warmest of clothing seem useless for keeping one warm, a crowd of young children poured out of a mission hall, where they had been having the unusual luxury of a good meal. The children were the poorest of the poor, and their clothing of the thinnest and scantiest. Most of them had no shoes or stockings, there was not a glove among them, and as they stepped out on to the wet pavement and met the cruel wind they huddled together and tucked their hands under their arms in a vain attempt to get some warmth into them. It was bitterly cold!

One little barefooted maiden had to wait about in the street for a companion, and as the wind cut her she danced about on her poor little blue feet, for to stand still seemed to be courting death. For a moment or so a

poor boy of about her own age watched her dancing cheerfully and patiently, then, as a sudden happy idea struck him, he snatched the cap from his own head and threw it at her feet.

'Ye maun staun' on that,' he said shyly.

That was all, but the true heart of a gentleman shone through the brief remark.—*Unidentified*.

## OUR OLD OAKS.

What a noble object is an old oak tree; a good, genuine, old oak—not a mere century-old sapling, but a tree with a history!

In this modern sparsely-wooded England, really old trees are very few and far between, the last few decades, during which persistent timber-cutting has been unaccompanied by any real effort at re-forestation, having rapidly denuded the country of its woods and forests, of which practically nothing remains but the local names.

"Our ships were British oak, and 'hearts of oak' our men," is no longer applicable; possibly there would be more trees planted if it were.

Even in the eighteenth century there were considerable tracts of woodland, including, beyond any doubt, many oaks in comparison with whose age a century dwindled into insignificance.

There *may* be a few hoary ancients in existence now—but a *very* few. Supposing we *did* come across a gnarled old survivor, whose existence we could fancy stretched back into the mists of antiquity, what thoughts it might inspire! Ah! If such a tree could talk, what tales it could unfold! What memories of meetings and trysts, of comings and goings, of loves long forgotten, of tragedies and comedies which were played beneath its shade in the far-off times of romance and tradition!

Under its mighty branches may have passed a gay cavalcade escorting "Good" Queen Bess on one of her progresses. It may have witnessed many a fratricidal skirmish between wearers of roses of opposite hues.

Who knows if in its shade Robin Hood and Maid Marian may not have held high revels with their lads in Lincoln green, or watched jolly old Friar Tuck exercising his arm in the bestowal of buffets upon some Black Knight or other?

It may even have witnessed the slaying of the Red King by the fatal arrow—though in that case it would hardly have known "Robin Goodfellow."

Finally, if we possess fine, healthy, imaginations, we may conjure up visions of Druidical rites, wherein the mystic mistletoe served other purposes than its present.

But alas! we cannot translate the murmuring of the monarch of the woods, so we must be content with imaginings. Undoubtedly, however, before very long, if timely measures of re-forestation be not taken, the present scarcity of wood will have become an absolute famine, and then our poor old oak-trees will themselves live only in tradition.

R.C.

## POULTRY KEEPERS!

USE THE PILLS THAT WILL MAKE YOUR HENS LAY.  
CURE ROUP. GOING LIGHT LEG AND WEAKNESS.

TEN A PENNY.

G. SCOTT, "Dalkeith," FERN RISE.

## Letters to the Editor.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

Letters to the Editor need not be signed. Writer's name and address, on a separate slip, must accompany letters, but will not be published unless required. Will correspondents and others please write on one side of the paper only.

### HOME INDUSTRIES EXHIBITION.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,

I have no desire that my previous remarks on the above should lead to a controversy, but with your permission, and if space allows, I will answer your last correspondent, as such seems expected.

My criticisms were based on two main observations. One was the fact that a portion of the programme was not carried through, which in the writer's view would have been most interesting. I refer to the pencil competitions, and this, together with the fact that nobody seemed to know the time when the children's events were to take place, seemed, generally speaking, to point to a lack of definiteness in the arrangements; but perhaps this was due to the writer's lack of perception.

My second observation was concerned with the exhibits, on analysing which, I take my hat off to the ladies, for theirs was indeed a good show; such a conglomeration of stitches was dazzlingly incomprehensible (at least to the masculine eye). Now, take away the very creditable work of the young men; excluding also the patient handicraft of Councillors, and there remained only seven exhibits by gentlemen (I believe this number is correct), and these showed as many different types of handicraft.

Now, I should be sorry to think, Mr. Editor, that in the number mentioned were included all who were able to show worthy handiwork, and I do not believe it to be so. I do not wish to think that the pathetic expression used by one lady visitor to the exhibition that, "If I ever marry again, I'll marry a man who can do something," would draw many echoes from her neighbour sisters.

But, however, Mr. Folwell says that some won't be persuaded; well, maybe he's right, and I'm expecting too much.

Regarding Mr. Folwell's pointed reference to those who do not take an interest in the Council's work, it may strengthen his point to state that I went out of my way to take practical interest in it as an exhibitor, and I just do not remember whose "personal touch" it was that prompted me.

I thank Mr. Folwell for the general tone of his letter.

Yours truly,

E. W. HARRIS.

### PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

**Church of Christ Lord's Day School,**  
GARDEN SUBURB.

**SCHOLARS' ANNUAL OUTING on SATURDAY,**  
**JUNE 28th, to SUTTON-ON-SEA.**

Thinking that some of the Scholars would be glad of an opportunity to spend the week-end at the Sea-side, the Teachers will be glad to take charge of such and make the necessary arrangements.

## Poetry Selections.

"Oh! I've dreamt of the Land of the Snowflakes!"  
To her mother Miss Goldenlocks cried,  
As she stepped out of bed to the window  
And peeped at the blizzard outside.

"And what did you see in that country?"  
Asked the mother with tolerant smile;  
"Oh! I dreamt that I walked by the brook side  
Till I came to a very tall stile.

And when I had climbed it—Oh! mummy,  
There was *such* a nice field over there!  
All covered with lovely narcissi  
And lilies beyond all compare.

I followed a path which led through it,  
And I came to a palace of snow,  
Surrounded by millions of snowdrops,  
With daisies half-hidden below.

Then the Snowflakes came dancing to meet me,  
And they gave me a garland of flowers;  
And I played in that glittering palace  
With the snow-folk, for hours and hours.

I felt I could play there for ever,  
So happy did everyone seem;  
When you came, mum, and shook me and woke me,  
And I found it was only a dream!"

"My child," said the mother, "be thankful,  
If even in dreams you can find  
A country where everyone's happy,  
And troubles are all left behind.

But Happiness, sleeping or waking,  
Is built on foundations of sand,  
And rarely are mortals permitted  
To play long in the dear Snowflake Land!"

April 12th, 1913.

R. C.

Would it be better if we knew?  
If we could lift the veil which hides  
The inner shrine where soul abides—  
Would life seem nobler, or more true?

If we could trace each circle round,  
And see as angels see, and know  
As he from whom life's currents flow—  
Would hearts be happier for truth found?

Should we find more to love, or less,  
Within each mirrored soul of each,  
Could we discern the utmost reach  
Of spirit's deepest consciousness?

Eva Gorton Taylor.

It matters but little where you live,  
In country, or city, or town,  
I'd like to ask you if ever you tried  
To run a rumour down?  
The sailing is easy enough at first,  
You smile as you onward go;  
But all at once, at a certain point,  
Nobody seems to know.

New Orleans Picayune.

Time wears all his locks before,  
Take thou hold upon his forehead:  
When he flees he turns no more,  
And behind his scalp is naked.  
Works adjourned have many stays;  
Long demurs breed new delays.

Robert Southwell.

Laughter is thy noblest self at play,  
As ripples of a stream that seeks the sea,  
Or billows breaking into rainbow spray,  
Thy heart's untrammelled art of melody.

Dwight Williams.



# LEICESTER Co-operative PRINTING Society LIMITED.

Printers for those to whom  
— Quality Appeals. —

## Our Trade is increasing :—

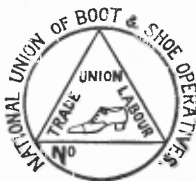
The Sales for the half-year amount to £7,469, an increase of £673 over the corresponding period of previous year.

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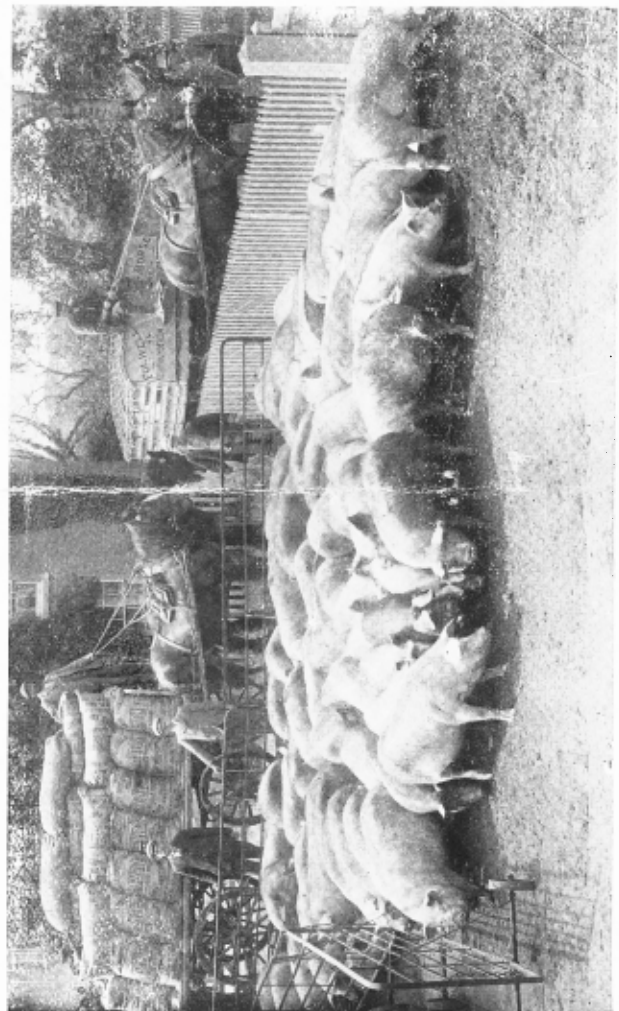
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