

THE BRENTHAM MAGAZINE



No. 5. November, 1913.

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P.D. FAIRCHILD.

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That is what you get from
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DYERS & CLEANERS,
Kew Bridge, W.

Regular Collections in this District every
Monday and Deliveries every Friday,
'Phone: 378 Chiswick, 95 Ealing.

Small Ads.

*(Advertisements from Residents
upon the Estate are inserted here at
the rate of 6d. per issue for 4 lines).*

Pupils wishing to take Pianoforte
Tuition should communicate with Miss
L. Bowles, 214, Pitshanger Lane.

Wallflowers, red or yellow; trans-
planted, not seedlings, 25 10d., 100 3s.
Cabbage, transplanted, 25 3d.—Horne,
42, Brunner Road.

For Sale.—A black and brass
French Double Bedstead with wire
spring and hair Mattress.—Apply
15, Woodfield Avenue.

Mr. R. C. F. Woods (Advanced
Certificates of Society of Arts; Trans-
lator to the Admiralty) teaches French
and German.—26, Ludlow Road.

Junior Monarch Gramophone with
over 50 double-sided records, 70s.; also
Gent's Eadie Bicycle, 24in. frame,
Palmer tyres, 45s. Both in perfect
condition. Would accept 5 guineas for
the two.—14, Neville Road, Ealing.

*Copy for above Ads. should reach
Manager by the 24th of the month.*

Our Outlook.

A glance at our heading will show our readers that our November issue is the fifth one, and, lest any confusion of thought should possess their minds, we hasten to assure them that the reminder of the approach of "the Fifth" is an accidental one. Fawkes can hardly be blamed for the coincidence; he will be pleased to know that his place on the Brentham Bonfire will be occupied by the effigy of another.

Our postbag (need we explain that this is a euphuism for the doormat?) brings many messages from friends who once shared in the life of Brentham—people who, in far distant towns and lands, find in this Magazine a pleasant link with their old friends and neighbours, who post on this journal each month. Well, here's to them all! The Brentham fellowship is a fine thing.

Happily, our estate is not smothered by notices and instructions. The visitor to Hampstead is amazed at the multitudes of printed and written notices which meet the eye at every street corner. The efficacy of these notices is uncertain, but if the complaints, of which we hear, about street noises have any foundation at all, our friends at Hampstead, in spite of their warnings to street vendors, suffer as much as we do in Brentham.

The Middlesex County Council has a bye-law, empowering dwellers to order noisy hawkers to cease calling their wares. Of course, that is just what a County Council *would* do; just give somebody else the dirty work to do. Street hawkers, like their brothers in the less strenuous strata of commerce, are apt to find some form of retaliation for people who attempt to curtail their freedom of expression; hence the daring person who tells a shouting tradesmen to "clear off," or does not give the street vocalist a copper to go into the next street, often finds himself at war with the whole fraternity of itinerant vendors. The coal hawker, whose voice seems engaged in breaking his own coal, is only a degree more pestilent than the muffin man, whose daily tramp around our streets at twilight would be pleasing were it not for his bell-ringing. What then must be done? Shall we ask the County Council to tear up that bye-law, and itself come and try the gentle persuasion cure?

Our Orchestra.

An orchestra for Brentham! A keen instrumentalist would like to hear from others wishing to practice together.—"Brentham Magazine," October.

No more I'll have to change my home,
And after new apartments roam,
Because my neighbours fret and foam
At all my efforts instrumental.
No longer in my hours of rest
Shall I be called a perfect pest,
Because I choose to have them blest
With music incidental.
For kindred spirits I have found,
Who also love orchestral sound.

At last the merry pipes of Pan
Shall please the ear of every man
Who plays, or even thinks he can,
When once our orchestra gets running.
No more shall trowel and fork and spade,
Be all the instruments that aid
My gard'ning skill, so oft displayed
With horticultural cunning.
Like Browning's piper, I shall play,
And charm the worms and rats away.

Oh, mothers, who now suffer so
From sons that penny whistles blow,
Until you feel you want to throw
Their noisy playthings in the dustbin.
Our music class is just the thing,
We've drums to bang, and bells to ring,
Their combs and paper let them bring,
To blow until they're bustin'.
The only thing we've still to find,
Is practice room of any kind. THE PIERROT.

The first open social event of the *Putting Golf Club* will take place on Saturday, November 15th, the programme being approximately as follows:—At 7.15 p.m., concert; at 9, presentation of championship medal and prizes; at 9.30, dance. Tickets, one sixpence.

It will be interesting to know that the concert is being arranged by Mrs. A. C. Boxall, and includes, as old favourites, the Brentham Glee Singers and Mr. Ernie Lane (humorist), whilst among those new to Brentham will be Mr. S. B. Gomme, in Irish folk songs, and a marvellous child pianiste, Elsa Erskine Shaw, aged eight years.

F.J.M.

Topical Notes.

The L.G.O.C. has asked for suggestions for keeping the top decks of 'buses dry in wet weather. Possibly, when some means is found, the company will consider methods for keeping passengers dry while walking between the 'bus stopping-place and home; something for an omni-umbrella, for instance. Perhaps M. Pegoud can supply a solution to the original difficulty. Why not run the 'buses inverted in wet weather. By the way, why has the advertisement, mentioning Brentham as being on the route of Service 80, been dropped? Have 'bus companies souls?

The domed, iron structure, just inside the Neville Road gate of the Rec., will not be opened as a kiosk next summer. If we could get our tobacco and sweets, or an evening paper handed to us with a smile as we left the Rec., we might be rather late in leaving it. But perhaps the erection will be converted into a penny-in-the-slot machine for supplying boys with "penn'orths o' lectrizty." Eh, Bryceson?

Watching the Ealing golfers at play on a Sunday morning recently, one of our wags pointed to the Brent as an insignificant but effective boundary between heaven and the other place. On which side did he stand?

What a pleasure, almost a pride, we take in our own names; we are fond of writing them whenever occasion arises, frequently we do not even wait for the occasion. The back of a cheque is a favourite place for receiving the signs which mark us out from all other human beings, and to see our own name at the bottom of a printed article or letter fills us with a sense of greatness. Of course, we hardly recognise the article or letter as our own work; an editor, with a sense of pride in his journal has seen to that, but we stand among the great by reason of the signature; *he* dare not tamper with that. Some of us are content to have our initials only, and we put them on linen, bricks, fences, field-gates, or even cut them in turf. How often have we carved heart shapes on tree-trunks, and pledged eternal constancy, by carving *her* initials close to our own. The gates and fences along Pullinger's Path have lost their original surfaces owing to the name-carving propensities of travellers. Just look on the first gate; here are marks of Brentham residents (do they also seek a spurious immortality?) You need not look long before you discover some famous initials here. O ye, fearful of oblivion.

Several residents on the estate propose to start a class to study Industrial History. Mr. J. T. Harmer, 7, Neville Road, would be glad to hear from anyone desirous of joining.

Advertisements and Annoyances.

There does not, at first glance, seem much connection between the above, but once more "apt alliteration's artful aid" comes in to remind us that there is.

The object of advertisement is obviously to bring to the notice of the public, a man, publication, dog, bird, or article, with a view to profit. The advertiser wants the best market for his advertisement, that is, the one that will bring the subject of his advertisement before the public view most prominently, and at the cheapest rate. A publication wants to prove to the advertiser that its columns do this—hence, all readers of *The Brentham Magazine* should make a point of informing advertisers that they have been attracted to purchase by the notices in that publication.

Now, in life, it frequently happens that a person with no claim to fame will attempt to advertise himself by some eccentricity or peculiarity. This, in an exaggerated form, is humorously illustrated in *Punch's* "Hints to Climbers." Devices to attract attention, by those who would otherwise escape notice, are daily to be seen or heard in the neighbourhood of Pitshanger Lane. Perhaps the most common of these is that of the Whistler. The practice is very popular among errand boys, but is not altogether confined to them—the disease usually begins at an early age and becomes chronic, like the use of bad language and other pernicious habits. This is where the advertisement annoyance comes in. It is not uncommon to hear half a dozen different tunes (?) being whistled out in shrill discordance to the despair of the student studying for some learned profession, the deep reader, and the lover of peace and quiet.

Now, it is obvious that there are other drawbacks to this habit. A youth or man (of even lovely woman), cannot be giving whole attention to the work in hand if his mind is diverted by considering the correct rendering of the latest ragtime melody. This is how parcels get delivered at "Mount Pheasant Road" that are intended for "Partridge Avenue," and such-like errors of commission (and omission). Watch a youth preoccupied in making a calculation or climbing a steep hill, he stops whistling. The employer of labour should, in his own interests, therefore, check this habit.

Then, again, as some limbs and organs of the body become atrophied through disuse, and others become exaggerated through being over-worked, the lips of future generations are in danger of becoming enlarged and protruding, till, in two or three generations, children will be born with snouts resembling the appearance of a pig, with the fall of the lip from the nose absent, from the constant protruding of the upper lip towards the nose to produce these discordant sounds. This again opens up the now popular question of eugenics, which is too lengthy a subject to be dealt with in one whistle.

DIAGENES.

ON DIT.

That billiard flukes are now called "second chances."

That it is unsafe to pass the door of the ladies' room during first-aid lectures. You may be dragged in and treated as a specimen of compound fracture or D-t's.

That "E.J.E." deserves the Suburb's thanks for discovering, too late, it is feared, that a bachelor is lurking somewhere in our midst.

That if any others exist they are advised to hurry up—there are ships need manning.

That carpet-banging after sunset is unknown since the vacuum-cleaner has been available.

That Dramatic members should make themselves well acquainted with the positions of openings in the rear curtain.

That a vacuum-cleaner is not a cleaner of vacua, as the gent. who hired ours for dry shampoo purposes thought.

The Ealing Chamber of Commerce has suggested to the Ealing Council that a second collection of refuse should be made weekly in certain streets in the centre of the town. Many of the shops and houses there have no garden or open space in the rear. Nevertheless, the Council decided that no second collection could be made, as "it would probably lead to applications being made from other parts." Rather! In Brentham, where large gardens are the rule, the dustbin is a continual offence. If the Queen of Suburbs can do no better than this, its Health Department should send an official to see how things are done in some other towns, such as Cambridge, where refuse is collected daily before breakfast-time from every house, each householder leaving his small box of refuse at his front gate over-night. Brentham stands for a healthy existence; its site, planning, and house arrangements aim at prevention of disease, yet each garden has its disease-germ factory which, emptied once a week, does not get even a handful of disinfectant. Try a match, a few newspapers, and a drop of paraffin.

KAYS ^{'Phone} EALING 553.
Brentham's Oldest Store,
Pitshanger Lane, Ealing.

We should like the order for all your reading matter.

DEPARTMENTS.

China & Glass.
Drapery.
Ironmongery.
News Agency.
Stationery.
Tobacco.
Post Office.

Brentham Magazine.

**The market
nearest home.**

EVANS & EVANS,
Boot Makers and
Repairing Experts,
8, QUEEN'S PARADE,
Pitshanger Lane,
EALING.

The Nearest to the Estate.

**BRENTHAM CYCLE
AND
ATHLETIC STORES.**

104, Pitshanger Lane.

PROPRIETOR: W. MACFARLANE.

Cycle and Motor Cycle
Repairs a Speciality.

All Accessories Stocked.

Garage: 26, Castlebar Mews.

VINCENT,

Chronometer, Watch & Clock
Maker, Gold & Silversmith,
and Working Jeweller, etc.

118, Pitshanger Lane.

Contractor to the E.T. Institute.

*Every Description of Repairs.
Winding by Contract.*

M. STANTON.

52, Pitshanger Lane, Ealing

High-class Tobacconist

AND

**LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S
HAIRDRESSING SALOONS**

**Ladies Hairdressing and
Waving a SPECIALITY.**

Ealing Tenants Limited.

Estate Office:—

**7, Winscombe Crescent,
BRENTHAM.**

OFFICE HOURS:—

Monday 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Saturday 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Other Week-days ... 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

RENTS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Collectors call Monday, Tuesday,
or Wednesday, each week. Payments
may also be made any day during office
hours at the office.

SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ARREAR.

Investors are reminded that all
arrears should be paid on or before
December 31st.

LOAN INVESTMENTS.

The Society is prepared to receive
deposits from tenants or members of
their families, **repayable at short
notice**, interest $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ to 4% according to
amount and period of notice. Ask for
particulars at the office.

VACUUM CLEANER.

The Vacuum Cleaner can be hired
from the Institute for 1s. 6d. per day.—
Apply at the Institute or Office.

House Committee Page.

Gifts of books for the Library are gratefully acknowledged from Mr. Charles Bulley and the Brentham Players.

Chess players are requested to place themselves in communication with Mr. Cook, the Secretary of the Chess Club.

PROGRAMME.

Mondays.—First Aid Class, 8.30 p.m. ; Children's Library, 6.30 p.m. ; Woodwork Class, 7 p.m.

Tuesdays.—French Class, 8 p.m.

Wednesdays.—Library, 7 p.m.—8 p.m.

Thursdays.—Choral Society, 8.30 p.m. ; Children's Dancing Class, 6.30 p.m. ; Woodwork Class, 7 p.m. ; Chess, Room 4, 8 p.m.

Saturday, Nov. 1st.—Tennis Dance. Hockey v. Southall (away).

Wednesday, Nov. 5th.—Horticultural Lecture.

Friday, Nov. 7th.—Dramatic Society Performance.

Saturday, Nov. 8th.—Dramatic Society Whist Drive. Hockey v. Kildare (home).

Tuesday, Nov. 11th.—Tennis Annual General Meeting, at 8.30.

Wednesday, Nov. 12th.—Lantern Lecture, "Our Navy," Lieut. H. Ellis, R.N.

Saturday, Nov. 15th.—Putting Golf Concert and Dance. Hockey v. Bentinck (home).

Tuesday, Nov. 18th.—Dramatic Society Reading, "An Ideal Husband."

Wednesday, Nov. 19th.—Horticultural Lecture.

Saturday, Nov. 22nd.—Children's Concert, 6.30 (in aid of Children's Library). Dance, 8.30. Hockey v. Ealing Wesleyan (away).

Wednesday, Nov. 26th.—Dramatic Society Reading, "Ruy Blas."

Saturday, Nov. 29th.—Bazaar and Concert. Hockey v. Uxbridge (away).

F. W. CHAMBERS,

Hon. Sec., House Committee.

Keep your Receipts.

The Catering Committee will buy back the following cash register receipts at 2/6 each, provided that they are dated October, 1913, and represent receipts for actual payments at the bar:—

Nos. 175 ; 467 ; 943 ; and 1,215.

Keep your receipts for November, and watch for next month's numbers.

Ladies' Page.

Have Brentham mothers been interested in the eugenic baby, I wonder. I immediately compared the Press photographs of this wonderful infant with those of the little orphans left behind by the entombed miners, and also with those of the shipwrecked emigrants. As far as one can judge by Press photographs, the Welsh and the emigrant children are every whit as fine as the Bolce super-baby; most particularly are those poor emigrant children robust and intelligent-looking.

"Wanted, a young man, to be partly outdoor and partly behind the counter." (I want this advertisement copied into our Magazine, please, Mr. Editor. Our men are adept at so many awkward jobs, that I feel sure someone among them could accomplish the feat).

Our grand old language does really seem a veritable gem in its adaptability to convey half a dozen different meanings to the same words when differently placed. In our last number I first wrote, "It wanted mending badly," instead of "It badly wanted mending," a remark that would have been singularly apt had I allowed it to pass into print, for, in common with most English-women, I *do* mend badly.

I am exceedingly sorry for that editor mentioned in the "Brentham Bullet Notes" of our last issue. Poor chap, there seems every likelihood of his developing housemaid's knee; but I am attending the first aid classes, and presumably shall be on the spot to give assistance when the attack becomes acute. One other remark in the same article is really most gratifying to all lovers of the race that breeds such men as Captain Scott and Captain Oates. I refer to that of the whole Institute being taken up with the kindergarten—and yet is it not a fact, Mr. Editor, that the last returns of the birth rate are the lowest on record?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vera.—No. Here it is bad form to wear more than three rings and a bracelet when you clean the front doorstep; it is considered more important to take out your curling-pins before going to the door to the milkman.

Alice.—You are not the first to complain. You can only retaliate by giving them the cold shoulder—or a frigid glance—anything cool comes in useful at a dance, you know.

Ferdinand.—No, sir; you are mistaken. Nothing of the kind has ever been heard of over there at any time. The disturbance you mention was probably a rehearsal of—but, wait and see.

PORTIA.

Correspondence.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—By starting the Magazine in Brentham you have made at least one enemy—that's *me*! I have not seen my name in it yet. I won a whist drive prize; no mention. I sang a song with what the local scribes described as "much feeling and sonorous voice"; no mention. I spoke at a debate, *not* as a Socialist; still no mention. What must I do, then, to "get a show"? Well, here's my chance, if this letter is printed, so I'll sign my name. Well—no—I'm modest.—Yours,

NEMO.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Your dismal attempts to make us (at least, me) laugh, and to interest us (or, me) are useless. Although I am a Scotsman, I am unable to find a really serious joke in the *H.M.* so far. You yourself are a person far too solemn and frigid to write anything less human than a leading article in the *Times*. Give us something exciting; a description of Mrs. Newlyspliced's dresses, or something educational; say, an unexpurgated account of the discovery of "5 times table."—Yours,

SMILER.

"One of the Crowd" at the Players' concert writes:—

"I went to this concert to criticise and not to praise. I was punctual (Brentham time, only a few minutes late), and I found all seats occupied. After the concert I came away with people more pleased and satisfied than any I have ever seen coming from a Brentham concert. Mr. Palmer bore his new honours (also his cap and gown) with Palmeresque decorum. I need not say what everyone knows of the players of the sketches, nor of the soloists; all were excellent. If the Players, or any other section, can repeat such fare, no one will suffer from too much air-space in the hall.

Mr. Taylor, Hon. Secretary of the Bowls Club, writes:—
" 'Portia' may be informed that the Bowling Club's rules do not exclude ladies from joining. Beyond that statement we would rather not be pledged, but feel sure that a club boasting a Baron, a Colonel, a Major, and a Captain, would be gallant enough to welcome lady players. It may be that the would-be bowlerettes are shy. In that event they might ask 'Portia' to bring them along. Or perhaps they fancy that the green is intended to be an Eveless Eden—and perhaps they are right! We will put the matter on the agenda for more or less serious consideration later."

The genius who presides over our Reviewing Den is busy on a work—not a mere text book—he has not been seen recently.

Hockey Hits.

by "Circle."

A review of the past month can but give satisfaction to the hockey enthusiasts at Brentham. Starting badly, a five clear goals defeat by Kildare, looked ominous. No wise daunted, the team has since achieved victory on victory, winning two home and two away matches, the record for the season reading four games won, one lost; goal aggregate for, 21; against, 14. On noting that the defence has been the same in all the matches played, one is tempted to allocate the improvement to the forward line. Within limits, this conclusion would be correct, but the improvement in concerted action by the whole team has been noticed by even the most cursory spectator. The back, centre, and forward lines have worked with an understanding entirely absent in the first engagement. This absence of individualistic play has been the primary cause of increased efficiency, and promises well for the playing future of the club.

The present month will be a trying one to the executive in carrying out the fixtures arranged; Southall, Ealing Wesleyan and Uxbridge will be played away, and Kildare and Bentinck at home. Bearing in mind the early dusk, players must exercise promptitude in turning out to time.

Leaving the first team for a while, one has to register a record for Brentham in hockey matters, viz., the club turning out two teams on one afternoon, the 18th ult., when the Wanderers were met by the A team. The result was a defeat by 4—2, after an even and interesting game. To give the increasing number of members a game, it will be necessary to arrange more fixtures of this type.

The Cinderella, held on October 11th, was in every way a success, under the genial control of Messrs. J. Girten and Ephgrave. In answer to a correspondent, he is informed that a pound of tea was not given with each ticket of admission.

The Choral Society is once more in full swing. The merry and tuneful music of "Tom Jones" (Edward German) will appeal to everyone when it is rendered at the concert on December 20th. The society has been fortunate in securing the help of Mr. Shipway as accompanist, and of Mrs. Chambers as librarian. Doubtless there is fresh talent on the estate since the close of last season, and it is hoped that new members will come along and make the choir even more successful than in previous years. Mr. Thompson, F.R.C.O., enthusiastic as ever, still wields the baton. All information can be obtained from the Secretary, Mrs. Patten, 44, Denison Road, or at the Institute. IF TENORS WOULD KINDLY COME FORWARD THEIR HELP WOULD BE MUCH APPRECIATED.

M.P.

Green Room Gossip.

by "E.J.G."

At last our season is under way, and a fine "bill of fare" we have to offer. The "Brentham Players" may claim that they have as much enthusiasm, both in active and ordinary members, as any other sections of the suburb.

The interest taken in the readings, at which we have an average attendance of over 90 per cent., speaks well for the programme presented.

We hope, before the "Mag" appears next month, to have doubled our present membership. Mr. Watts is always ready to receive, smilingly, new members, with their subscriptions. We opened with Sheridan's "School for Scandal," which, although a somewhat lengthy play, was much appreciated by interested members of our Institute; the splendid way in which the parts were read maintained interest to the end. On October 10th, Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" was read, Mr. F. H. Hender giving a short introduction, explaining how Ibsen came to write this play. There had been discussions as to whether this reading would be appreciated, but the way in which it was received put all doubts at rest. Mr. F. W. Chambers, as Dr. Stockman, was excellent, he being well supported by other members, especially Mrs. Cowell.

The suggestion has been made that we repeat this reading, and we should like to know your opinion.

On October 21st, "Twelfth Night" was presented, and from the roars of laughter we conclude everyone had a most enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Garrett (one of our new members), in the part of "Olivia," proved a valuable acquisition. The singing of Mr. Kell, as the clown, aroused great applause, which he thoroughly merited. The capabilities of other readers are now "Family History."

Our thanks are due to Mrs. Thorpe, for the able way in which she has made the curtains, forming an artistic background.

One member has suggested that a signpost be erected to indicate the exits, as some members seem to lose their way. It would be well to take your constitutional around the curtains, and become familiar with the exits, as it seems like trying to find the keyhole—in the fog!

Please keep in mind November 8th, when our one and only Whist Drive takes place. Shall we take up Mr. Boxall's remark and beat the cricket record for attendance?

Why are the gentlemen of Brentham so shy? We are in great need of your help.

Billiard Room Chat.

by "Scratch."

Have you noticed them? I mean the new electric light fittings over the notice-boards. Many thanks to the Finance Committee. Now that the winter season has started, it is difficult, for those who do not get home early, to get a game. I would, therefore, ask those members who are more fortunate in this respect to get down earlier in the evening, so that all members can play.

On October 21st, twenty-one of our members were entertained by the "Wesac," at West Ealing, and had a very enjoyable evening. The result of the games went in favour of the home club, who won at billiards, four games to three; and draughts, two boards to one; although we managed to beat them at whist by 471 points to 465. On October 22nd, we received the Lyric Club, and we were again defeated at billiards, although we won handsomely at chess and whist.

RESULTS.

BRENTHAM.				W.E.S.A.C.			
Mr. Ward	...	100	(22)	v.	Mr. Oliver	...	94 (19)
„ Leveroni	...	100		v.	„ Field	...	83
„ Garrett	...	100		v.	„ Tate	...	74
„ Askew	...	96		v.	„ Clifford	...	150 (37)
„ C Ephgrave	124	(24)		v.	„ Budge	...	150
„ Parrington	74			v.	„ Broadhouse	...	100
„ Cowen	...	96		v.	„ Adcock	...	100
BRENTHAM.				LYRIC.			
Mr. Askew	...	129	(19)	v.	Mr. Henderson	...	150 (37)
„ Leveroni	...	140	(18)	v.	„ Slark	...	150 (16)
„ Ward	...	146		v.	„ Gownie	...	150 (20)
„ Parrington	94			v.	„ Andrews	...	100 (17)
„ McKenzie...	99			v.	„ Kinglorn	...	100
„ C. Ephgrave	100	(17)		v.	„ Gibson	...	88
„ Syndercombe	100	(14)		v.	„ Reid	...	94 (12)

Breaks in brackets.

DRAUGHTS.—Mr. New won; Messrs. Brown and Parrington lost.

Now for a little grumble. We were rather badly let down by some of our members not turning up to play their games against the Lyric Club, and we were only saved by the ladies (to whom we are extremely grateful) coming to the rescue. This kind of thing is not good enough. Members should support the section, even at some little inconvenience. The dates and places of the matches, and a slip, asking for the names of those willing to play, are on the notice board. Names early, please.

Heard in the Billiard Room.

That it is not necessary, when making a screw-back stroke, to imitate the action of anyone digging potatoes.

That it is quite erroneous to think that the harder the balls are hit the better they travel.

That there was an epidemic of "colds" on October 22nd.

A BAZAAR

In aid of LORD MAYOR TRELOAR CRIPPLES' HOSPITAL

— ON —

Saturday, Nov. 29th, at the Institute.

Miss TRELOAR

Has kindly consented to perform the Opening Ceremony at 2.30 p.m.

Doors open at 2 o'clock. Admission 3d.

CONCERT in the Evening, 6d.

Tennis Note.—The Annual General Meeting will be held on November 11th. All members should make a special effort to be present. Business is a necessary preliminary to next season's play. Your votes and opinions are wanted. The following have been declared the season's winners:—Men's Doubles: Messrs. Girtten and Palmer. Mixed Doubles: Mrs. MacFarlane and Mr. Reading, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett.

The Club Dance, on November 1st, should be made the success of the year.

The P.S.A., despite the counter attractions of sunny afternoons, continues to hold the interest of its adherents. The outstanding item in the list of November engagements is Miss Rachel Braithwaite's visit on November 23rd, to speak on the "Opium Question," which bulks largely in the politics of the East at the present time. The musical arrangements of the P.S.A. are being improved by additional instrumental help. This, with the efficient and willing help rendered by the soloists, should prove a strong attraction.



EDITOR'S NOTICE:—All editorial communications, news items and articles for publication, should reach the Editor before the 23rd of each month. Address—

*Hon. Editor,
The Institute,
Brentham.*

Business communications should be addressed to the Hon. Manager.

Cotching, Cain & Skinner,

Dairy Farmers,

 **EALING.**


NEW MILK supplied direct from
our Castle Hill and Hanger Hill
DAIRY FARMS, hard by the
Ealing Tenants Estate.

Local Depot:

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Central Office:

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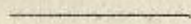

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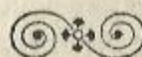

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