St. Francis, Meir Heath
and
St. Matthew's, Rough Close

Rev. G. H. A. BATEMAN
Mr. V. R. GIBBONS
Mr. A. G. HOLT, Mr. P. F. HILL
Mrs. V. J. ADAMS
Mrs. C. RICHARDSON
Miss C. HAMMERSLEY

Mr. H. PETTITT
The Bungalow, Common Rd., Rough Close.

**SERVICES.**

**S. Francis**—
Sundays—Holy Communion 8 a.m., Sung Eucharist 9-45 a.m., Evensong 6-30 p.m.
Sunday School and Bible Classes 2-30 p.m.

Week-days—Holy Communion, Tuesdays 9-45 a.m.
Saints' Days and Holy Days 7-0 a.m.

Baptisms by appointment.

**S. Matthew**—
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My dear Friends,

I think that we may presume that the season we optimistically refer to as summer is now over to all intents, and most people are now back from their holidays. Reports would indicate that very few have had fine weather, and it is therefore with some relief that we accept the return to normal routine.

The beginning of September will mark the resumption of the various organisations which give added expression to the fellowship of the Church, and it is enough to express the hope that all who belong to the organisations will enjoy and support them through the coming autumn and winter.

I would like to remind you that before the next issue of the magazine is at hand, we shall be celebrating the Patronal Festival. Sixteen years ago the Church was completed, and we have a great deal to be thankful for, not only because of the lovely building in which we worship, but also because of the success of the many efforts we have had to make. May I remind you that on October 4th there will be celebrations of Holy Communion at 7 a.m. and 9.45 a.m., and that there will be an Evensong at 7.45. On the following Sunday we shall continue to keep the Festival. I hope that all will feel moved to express their thankfulness, by joining in worship together.

The fact that August is a holiday month, means that there is little parochial news, and so perhaps this is an opportunity to write a little more about the history of the parish.

As part of her final examinations at her training college, Miss Pat. Bowers did a thesis on her own village. It has been of great interest to read the wealth of information she has gathered, and to see the very fine maps and charts she has drawn. Its sixty-eight pages give a faithful record of the village as it is today, and while there is also a great deal of information of a geological nature, probably the most interesting chapter is on the past history of Rough Close and Meir Heath.

Most people regard Meir Heath as a comparatively newly-developed area. It will therefore come as a surprise to know that as far back as 1692 there was an important furnace at Meir Heath, and that it was one of the three areas in Staffordshire where iron smelting was carried on. In this chapter, Miss Bowers says that the forges at Oakamoor, Cinsall and Chartley were the chief customers, but castings of forge hammers and anvils were sent as far afield as the Stour Valley and the Forest of Dean. The site of this furnace, as far as I know, had nothing to do with Mr. Plant’s foundry, which older people will remember existed at Meir Heath.

There has been no great building at Rough Close, and it is of interest to note that eighty years ago, the population of both places numbered seventy people. For more recent history, Miss Bowers has secured a lot of her information from Mr. Key, of Rough Close, whose memory goes back over eighty years. One doubts if there are many people now who can remember Mr. Prince, who was the last to work the Meir Heath windmill, and who, I believe, kept the Dusty Miller, where Mr. Banks now has his shop.

Before the coming of piped water, use was made of two wells at the bottom end of the common, one of which is still in use today, a well at Leadendale and “Cheshire Well”, the remains of which can still be seen at the beginning of Leadendale fields off the Hilderstone Road.

The Common Lane, according to Miss Bowers’ information, is one of the oldest tracks, being part of the route of Monks travelling from Caverswall to Maer Hills, and in those days the Common was woodland. Mr. Key can remember many great trees growing on the Upper Common and as many as forty families of gypsies encamped upon the whole area. Incidentally, the Bye-Laws prohibit the drawing up of any vehicle upon the Common, but there are still people who have “commoners’ rights”, and Mr. Deakin, of Rough Close, is allowed to keep haulks of timber on the Common in payment of a “Chief Rent” to the Lord of the Manor.

I believe many people are interested in the history of the place in which they live. Quite a number find pleasure in these bygones, in knowing, for example, that the old toll gates can still be seen at the entrances to “Spring Croft, Rough Close, that opposite the “George and Dragon”, Rough Close, can still be seen the “Pear Tree”, now no longer an inn, but where in days gone by, the Mail Coach from Stone to Leek used to stop, that close to the “Swynnerton Arms”, where the parking ground now is, there stood two cottages, where lived a famous character named “Toffee Jack”.

A copy has been made of Miss Bowers’ survey, which will be of value, because of the picture it gives of Meir Heath and Rough Close as it is today, but if it is that some of the older generation can add any information about the past, we should be most grateful if they would do so.

Your friend and Vicar,

G. H. A. Bateman.
OBITUARY.
The passing of Sydney Harvey Barlow has brought one more break with the past, for, with the exception of his earliest years, he had lived his life in this place. For a long period of time, he served as Secretary of the Diocesan Lay Readers' Association. He was a foundation manager of our schools, which, together with St. Matthew's, always held an especial interest in his life. For many years he audited the accounts of the Church, and continued this service when St. Francis was built. To the older generation he was very well known for his acts of kindness, and the delight it gave him to bring gifts of flowers and fruit in cases of illness. His illness was a long one, but he faced it with a courage that left no room for self-pity. Our sympathy goes to his relatives. R.I.P.

Before the August holiday commenced, many people were shocked to hear of the sudden death of Agnes Arnold. Since the loss of her husband some years ago, she had faced the future in a realistic way, and although she worked hard, she was the most cheerful person to meet. She was a regular worshipper at St. Francis from the time the Church was built, always enjoying the music of the Church. To her relatives, and to her son, Keith, we extend our sympathy. R.I.P.

YOUTH.
We are pleased to welcome Reg. Cope and John Beardmore, who are home after completing their Army service. Ken Deakin is due for demobilisation in the very near future. We also extend a welcome to Terry Cliff and his wife, who are returning to live in the parish. Dennis Griffiths has been over, and so also has Barbara Kettle, Jean Brassington, Eileen Turner and Margaret Irving.

RUMMAGE SALE.
It has been decided to hold a Rummage Sale on Saturday, September 15th. We shall be very grateful for any rummage, etc., that you can find.

FLOWER LIST.
St. Francis.
Sept. 2—Mrs. F. Smith.
9—Mrs. Campbell, Miss Nixon.
16—Mrs. Fletcher.
23—Mrs. Johnson.
30—Mrs. Hewins.

St. Matthews.
Sept. 2—Mrs. Bourne.
9—Mr. and Mrs. J. Heath.
16—Mr. and Mrs. J. Heath.
23—Mrs. L. Chapman, Mrs. Walton.
30—Mrs. L. Chapman, Mrs. Walton.

HOLY BAPTISM.
July 28—Stephen Jeffrey Cliff.
HOLY MATRIMONY.
July 21—Charles Campbell Wood and Kathleen Mary Perry.
Aug. 18—Vernon Percival Tomkinson and Doreen Adams.

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SIDESMEN'S LIST.
September 9th—
8. 0 a.m. Mr. Weavel.
9.45 a.m. Mr. P. Worsdale, Mr. B. Fisher.
6.30 p.m. Mr. F. Cope, Mr. J. K. Evans.

September 16th—
8. 0 a.m. Mr. F. Shaw.
9.45 a.m. Mr. L. Jervis, Mr. C. Thomas.
6.30 p.m. Mr. H. Colclough, Mr. R. Powell.

September 23rd—
8. 0 a.m. Mr. A. Leese.
9.45 a.m. Mr. H. Leach, Mr. H. Caddell.
6.30 p.m. Mr. W. Robinson, Mr. F. Waterfield.

September 30th—
8. 0 a.m. Mr. W. Adams.
9.45 a.m. Mr. Shuttleworth, Mr. H. Leese.
6.30 p.m. Mr. T. Boden, Mr. L. Irving.

October 7th—
8. 0 a.m. Mr. J. Cliff.
9.45 a.m. Mr. S. Swift, Mr. N. Edwards.
6.30 p.m. Mr. T. Latham, Mr. T. Sunderland.
**Home Words**

**Church Pictures**

The Earliest Doctor's Stone

**Doctor's Stone**

At Llangian, in Carnarvonshire, a stone stands in the churchyard marking the burial of perhaps the earliest doctor in this country of whom any record remains. It dates from the 5th or 6th century. It is very unusual to find a profession named in this way at so early a date. The inscription runs thus: MELI MEDICI FILI MARTINI IACT. It has been translated to read: Melus the Doctor, son of Martinus lies here.—Miss M. Wight.

Parish Beadle

The photograph below is of Mr. A. V. Bull, the Parish Beadle of Eltham Church (Kent), taken in his official robes of office. In this imposing regalia, silver-topped wand in hand, he precedes the Choir on festivals and other important church functions. This office of Beadle (or Bedel) is of considerable antiquity, going right back to Anglo-Saxon times. Up to the time of the Norman Conquest he was attached to the folk-moot or court-house as a messenger under the Constable or Reeve. After the Conquest his importance declined until the office became that of a mere Grier. His activities as an ecclesiastical officer developed much later and his main duty was to keep order in the church and churchyard during the services.

Only one other church where the Beadle in his robes of office precedes the Choir is known to the writer—that of Kew Old Church. Do your readers know of any others?—Miles O'Mendie.

**Anagram Name**

In St. John's, Croydon, is to be found an anagram memorial (dated 1668) which reads:

Curious Reader, know that here doth lye
A rare example of true piezie,
Whose glorious was to prove herself in life.
A virtuous woman and a loyal wife,
Her name you obscurely I'll impart,
In this her anagram, "No arme but Hart."
And, least you should joyne amis, and so loose ye name,
Look underneath, and you shall find ye same.
Martha Burton, ye wife of Barnard Burton Esq.

Miss R. Paget.

**An All-rounder**

The record held for versatility by the Reverend Henry Dudley Bates of Bradwell, Essex, surely takes some beating. Not only was he Clerk in Holy Orders, but also the local magistrate. He distinguished himself as a journalist, play writer and tailor and was also an adept in the practical art of fisticuffs. In his varied career he was also, at one time, editor of the Morning Post. He died in 1824 having spent various sums of money on Bradwell Church.—Albert Monkfish.

The Church Drum

The following extract is taken from the minutes of the meeting of the Select Vestry on January 15th, 1675, of Shankill Church, Lurgan, in County Armagh: "Agreed on by the curate and parishioners of the said parish at a meeting of the said parishioners, this present day, we conceive a bell more decent and fit for calling parishioners to divine service than a drum, which hath hitherto been used, that the sum of eight pounds, be equally and indifferently apportioned on the inhabitants of this parish and to be levied by distress or otherwise by the churchwardens." In 1877 a peal of eight bells was installed in the steeple. They took part in the B.B.C. broadcast on Christmas Day, 1953.—E. V. Malone.

Three Bells

Mr. F. Matthews, verger of Little Thoatham Church, rings three bells for service, as shown in my photograph. The church is extremely beautiful and has a well-preserved Norman doorway.—K. Hutley.

The Mermaid

On an ancient bend-end in the Church at Zennor, North Cornwall, there is a mermaid with long hair, comb and mirror. Legend relates that long ago the son of the Squire of Zennor was considered to be the finest singer in the church choir. One Sunday the sound of his voice reached the ears of a mermaid swimming in the nearby bay, and she promptly fell in love with its unknown owner. Making his acquaintance, she exerted her wiles with such success that he was persuaded to accompany the charmer to her home beneath the sea, and was never heard of again.—P. H. Lovell.

The Mermaid of Zennor
When Abraham was young

By D. J. Wiseman, O.B.E.

About four o'clock each morning the Baghdad express on its way to the port of Basra on the Persian Gulf stops at Ur junction. Although this is a mere halt in a great expanse of desert, tourists often alight there to look at the remains of the ancient city of "Ur of the Chaldees," a short distance away. The sand and dust have covered over again the ruins of the temples and houses excavated in 1922-1934 by Mr. (later Sir) Leonard Woolley and others, but the massive stump of the temple-tower serves as a landmark. On the basis of the archaeological discoveries made in various parts of the city which covers an area of more than four square miles, and especially as a result of the study of thousands of documents found there, it is possible to picture life at Ur as it was in the days of Abraham, nineteen hundred years before Christ.

The Bible itself tells us little about the place except that it was here that Abraham spent his boyhood and early married life (Genesis xi, 28, 31) and from this city God called him to go out by faith even though he did not then know where he was to move next (Genesis xii, 1; Hebrews xi, 8).

Nearly four thousand years ago Ur was a busy port lying on a creek near the Persian Gulf. Here came large ships bringing luxuries, gold, pearls, perfumes and spicies from Arabia and distant India (Ophir). Smaller vessels brought in fish which, with barleybread and dates, was the staple diet of the thousand local inhabitants. Immense herds of cattle and sheep, sometimes numbering more than three thousand to one owner, grazed in the well-watered plains nearby and provided meat, leather, and wool. Wood was imported from the Persian hills, and stone quarried from a local outcrop or imported from distant sources. The local market was the centre of business activities and was divided into quarters each allocated to the different trades. The jewellers made the ornaments and vessels of gold and silver of a fashion best known to us from the royal graves of Queen Shubad and her attendants, buried near the sacred temple area more than eight hundred years before Abraham may have watched the craftsmen at this work. Nearby workers made boxes and musical instruments decorated with mother-of-pearl and lapis-lazuli inlays on a bitumen background. In the noisy copper market sickles, chisels, knives and utensils were cast and hammered while carpenters in their booths made wagons, boats and a wide variety of furniture. Leather workers, potter, seal-cutters and confectioners plied their skill and all manner of merchants sold their wares in this the busiest of trading centres. Near to the temple were shops where clay figurines of "magical" power or mysterious household gods were made to order. Much of Abraham's youth, according to Jewish tradition, was spent in helping his father, Terah, in the idol trade. It must have been a busy life, for more than two hundred different gods were worshipped in this one city (Joshua xxiv, 2). The principal deity was Sin or Nanna, the moon-god, and to him was dedicated the temple which was overshadowed by the three lofty stages of the great tower or ziggurat which dominated the city. Priests would be seen climbing the stairways leading to the terraces a hundred and fifty feet above the street level or walking among the trees planted there. A similar sight at the equally ancient city Babylon further north, gave rise to the story of that wonder of the world "The Hanging Gardens."

No document bearing the name of Abraham has come to light, so that it is an assumption, but a reasonable one, to think of him as a young man going down the busy streets to the residential quarters where lay some large private houses, individually designed by architects. Fourteen or more rooms facing with an inner courtyard gave plenty of room for slaves' quarters and the stais leading to the principal apartments and to the flat roofs were similar to many of the houses in the nearest modern town (Nasiriyyeh) to-day.

The Bible does not state that Abraham went to school, but it is possible that he did. The scholars sat on benches made of mud-brick while they learned the eight hundred wedge-shaped (cuneiform) signs needed to master the Sumerian or old Babylonian languages. By dictation and by copious exercise the fundamentals of reading and writing were learned before the student graduated to grammar (including irregular verbs), mathematics, law and commerce. The keener scribes specialised in accounts and banking, religious rituals, botany or medicine. If Abraham had a tooth-

Remains of the Temple Tower at Ur

66
SOMEbody once wrote of saying grace as being one of the most important Christian ceremonies. Is it not far more than that? Our Lord always said grace before a meal, and in St. Matthew's Gospel the Apostle tells how that after the Last Supper the little company sang a hymn before going to the Mount of Olives. But in his translation Tyndale expresses it quaintly thus: "When they say'd grace they went out."

From their earliest years the little ones should be taught to say their grace, and there are many delightful and simple thanksgivings they can offer. One that children love is this: Thank you for the world so sweet, Thank you for the food we eat, Thank you for the birds that sing, Thank you God, for everything. Sometimes we forget the many blessings that surround us, because they are familiar. So that this beautiful grace has much to commend it:

For all the glory of the Way, For Thy protection night and day, For roof-tree, fire, and bed and board, For friends, and home, we thank Thee, Lord.

And, in case we are inclined to forget others, this will not only remind us of their needs, but of our duty to Him Who gives us all: The Lord bless this food for our use in His service, and help us to remember the needs of others. This short grace embodies the same thought: May God relieve the wants of others and give us thankful hearts. And so does this, just as beautifully phrased: Heavenly Father, make us thankful to Thee and mindful of others, as we receive these blessings. These three short graces are written around the thought of gratitude, not only for earthly food but for the other gifts, both temporal and spiritual, with which we are blessed. They are: For these and all Thy gifts, we give Thee thanks; For Thee Who has given to us so much, give us a grateful heart; and, Lord, make us thankful for these and all other mercies, through Christ Jesus Our Lord. While this reminds us that

the food that perisheth is not all: May the food we are about to receive strengthen us, that the Holy Spirit strengthen and refresh our souls. This simple verse teaches us that our food is not simply something to which we have a right; we must be worthy of the bread of life.

If we have earned the right to eat this bread,

Happy indeed are we:

But if unmerited Thou giv'st it us,

May we more faithful be.

At a time like the present this ancient grace is very appropriate: Lord, save Thy Church, our Queen and Realm, and send us peace in Christ. An old and beautiful grace, wherein the blessing of peace is beseeched, and in which the attribute of gratitude is asked, is still said at the end of dinner in the historic Middle Temple Hall, London: Glory, honour and praise be given to Thee, O Lord, Who dost feed us from our tender age, and gives sustenance to every living thing; replenish our hearts with joy and goodness, that we having sufficient, may be rich and plentiful in all good works, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. God send us peace and truth in Christ Our Lord.

Concerning this feeling of gratitude, and the expression of it in grace, the following story is apocryphal. On one occasion the bluff, but tender-hearted Dr. Johnson was rightly rebuked by his wife, for it seems he was occasionally inclined to grumble after offering thanks. One day he began, "For these and all His mercies—" when she interrupted him, saying, "Nay, hold Mr. Johnson, and do not make a farce of thanking God for a dinner which in a few minutes you will protest not eatable."

In one of his most delightful essays, "Grace before Meat," Charles Lamb wrote something as true now as it was when he wrote it: "It is a habitable style: "Graces are the sweetest prudling strains in the banquet of angels and children; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man;... but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and luxurious, as they become of dissolvent mood, less timid and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befriending organs would be which children hear tales of at Hog's Norton." God can be just as truly thankful for an unostentatious meal as for a splendid repast. One simple grace, mentioning "bread and butter" and "frugal feast on milk and bread," ends like this:

Praise to God Who giveth victual: Convenient unto all who eat:
Praise for tea and buttered toast, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. One has no doubt, too, that the following grace was just as acceptable to the little officer's heavenly Father as the most elaborate of Latin recitations. She was a toddler of two years and seven months, and had just finished her tea. Though very anxious to get down from the table she remembered her grace, and this is the form in which she rendered it: "Thank God for my good tea. 'Scuse me, Amen."

Dean Ramsey, in his celebrated book of "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," relates another good story in which a little girl figured. Its setting was Scotland, and it was told him by the actor in the incident herself, then an old woman. When only eight years of age she was taken by her grandmother to church. The parish minister was not only a long preacher, but, as the custom was, delivered two sermons on the Sabbath day without an interval, and thus saved the parishioners two journeys.

Elizabeth was sufficiently wearied before the close of the first discourse, but when, after singing and prayer, the good minister opened the Bible, read a second text, and prepared to give his second sermon, the young girl, being both tired and hungry, lost all patience. "Oh, my dear grandmother," she said, "I wish you were a little more silent, for I am so very tired, and I have no small amusement of all near enough to catch her words, "Come awa, granny, and gang hame; this is a lang grace and nae meat."
Sermons from Nature

By W. A. RAMSAY

There seems always to be a thrill or excitement of some sort when one is interested in wild life, even if it be so humble a beastie as a mouse that has attracted one’s attention. Once, for instance, I came on our big fluffy tabby-Persian cat sitting beside four naked, newly-born field-mice that she had pulled from their nest in the grass. They were quite unhurt, so, after seeing Pussy safely locked up in the house, I came out, put the tiny creatures back in the nest and was weaving a crisis-cross of grass to hide them, when I felt my finger tips being gently tickled by—whomever could have guessed such a thrill?—by the mother mouse working with me from below! When I pulled the grass aside gently I saw the hole under the nest where she had been hiding while the cat was pulling out her babies. Unafraid, she kept weaving the grassy roof, tickling my fingers again when I resumed my job of nest-mending. I put a wire netting round the area so that Pussy could no more despoo it, and every day I looked in to see how the field-mice were doing. The mother would run down the hole in fright, but she came back quickly and helped always with the re-thatching when she saw that there was no harm coming. In a few days the little field-mice were able to fend for themselves and the nest was no more. But I shall always remember the pang of joy that it gave me to feel that field-mouse working with me in the weaving of her nest. Quite without fear, she was by no means the “wee cowerin’ timorous beastie” of the poem!

Recently a boy gave me a fledgling blackbird that he had taken from some children who could not remember where the nest was from which they had stolen the little bird. So I was bringing the foundling up in my bedroom, and in order not to be disturbed through the night I placed little “Blackie” on a high shelf as far from my bed as possible and drew the heavy curtains so that there was complete darkness. I was under the impression that birds cannot fly in the dark—even owls prefer a moonlit night. Anyhow this ridiculously ignorant little fledgling did not agree with me at all. I was just turning over doz-sly and not a sound was in the room when to my horror (for I did want to sleep) that little beggar came whirring down like a helicopter, landing right beside me on the pillow. “Beggar” is the right name for him of course, for there he was, flapping his wings to be fed as soon as I switched on the light. I stuffed him up with food that I had in a tin box beside me and this ensured me some hours of sleep, but I have no idea how that enterprise bird found his way in the dark. It was an excitement that I could well have done without; on the other hand it was a thrilling piece of navigation for a bird—and for so young a bird.

While walking in the fields with my sprirng spaniel I noticed him leaping at a gorse bush and out again, as a dog does when it is not quite sure of things. When I came up with him he looked at me as if to say, “What sort of beast is that?” It was something that he had not seen before and he was afraid to catch it, but as soon as I bent down to pick it up (it was a grass snake about eighteen inches long), the spaniel sprang forward and took the snake from my hand—the dog had a very soft mouth and would even catch small birds without hurting them—and he was obviously saying to me, “If you are not afraid of that thing, neither am I.” But he certainly was quite puzzled and almost scared until he saw his master stoop to pick up the snake. His quick change-over from fear to courage was amusing indeed, and I had quite a job to make him give up his captive to me, that I might release it.

My spaniel did not come off so well one day when he tried to pick up a toad, for that creature has a dreadfully acid taste all over its skin when picked up by an enemy. It must indeed be a powerful liquid, for my poor dog subsequently was the toad at once and seemed as if he would go mad, leaping and howling in pain or nausea. And it was more than half an hour before he had recovered. It was so alarming to see him that I feared he really might go mad.

In the story of London’s ordeal during the Battle of Britain, there is an amazing incident which was dealt with in a leading article in The Times which told of the remarkable courage of a cat called “Faith”—a stray attached to St. Augustine’s, in Watling Street, which church was bombed and burned in September 1940.

In all the horrors of fire and explosion “Faith” shielded her kitten in a corner of the rectory while four floors fell through in front of her. Fire and water and ruin were around her, yet she remained calm and steadfast waiting for help. “We rescued her in the early morning while the place was still burning, and by the mercy of God she and her kitten were not only saved but unhurt. God be thanked for His goodness and mercy to our dear little pet.” (This is an extract of the story which is now enshrined in the church tower.) The cat, so well-named “Faith,” lived for eight years after that astounding rescue.

Many an adventure could I relate of cats of my own, but it seems to crown all my stories, this one which is actually recorded for all time in a church that has risen from its ashes.

The Solitary Owl

According to an ancient legend which may or may not have been invented to point a moral, the owl is always solitary and always cold because once he was too selfish to part with a feather. At that time, the birds were without fire, and the wren, tiniest of them all, offered to bring it down from heaven. In doing so all her feathers were scorched off and the grateful birds each gave her one of their feathers to make her warm. But the owl would not be punished he was considered to be always lonely and always cold!
A Weekday Page for Women
CONDUCTED BY MISS E. M. HARDING

Sewing difficulties are caused by the slipperiness of the fibres of nylon and terylene. When sewing turnings need to be more generous to prevent fraying, seams must be double-stitched or French seamed, with no extra stuff in and stitches must be fine and close.—Miss E. M. HARDING.

Wednesday's Nursing

Warts.—A few months ago I had 14 warts on the thumb and fingers of my right hand. I painted them frequently with liquid iodine, then brushed them with a hard, small brush. Now they have all disappeared.—Miss BAILEY.

Invalid's Bed.—In making a bed it is a great help to mark the centre of the top hem of the blankets with coloured wool; one can then at a glance whether the blanket is in the right position without having to go to the foot of the bed to see both sides.—S. S. LINTON.

Thursday's Cooking

Dates and Apples.—If you wish to roast some apples, but are short of sugar, try using dates instead. Prepare the apples in the usual way, and instead of filling the hole with sugar, stuff it with stoned dates, and just sprinkle a little sugar over the top, and bake on a tin pan with a little water. The apples will come out very good and nourishing dish and the children will appreciate it, too.—Miss M. L. WALLACE.

Savoury Supper Dish.—Small tin of H. beans, one onion, two tomatoes, one egg. Slice the onion thinly and cook in a little fat, skin and slice the tomatoes, add to the onions, cook until soft, add the beans and drop in the egg unbeaten. Stir until all are cooked. Serve on toast or with fried bacon and sausage.—Mrs. S. PRICE.

To keep cheese fresh.—To prevent cheese going mouldy, take a piece of cotton material not much larger than the size for the amount of cheese in cheese-dish. Soak in vinegar, dry, and then wrap the cheese in it and it will keep fresh a good time.—Miss C. CURZIA.

Friday's Household

Steel Wool.—After using steel wool for cleaning aluminium saucepans, I find it will last longer and can be used again and again without becoming rusty if it is squeezed out thoroughly in very soapy water, then rubbed all over with soap (keeping it as dry as possible) before being left in a ball to dry. I find also that soap alone used with steel wool gives a brighter shine than if an abrasive is used.—Mrs. B. H. MAVER.

Drought.—When the east wind is very strong the smoke is liable to come down my sitting-room chimney. To prevent this happening I just open the window about an inch in the bedroom immediately above so that the smoke then goes up the chimney instead of puffing down into the room below.—Miss M. BARNETT.

Saturday's Children

To keep baby's pram dry.—Make a pillow slip and mattress slip from plastic or nylon, put pillow and mattress inside; then sew tapes on two places at the open end, or, better still, sew this end up also; it will keep them clean. This nylon or plastic will be much better this way and won't slip like a piece laid on the top, and will protect them from stains, and is easily sponged.—Miss M. CHESWORTH.

New use for table runners.—As table runners are out of date now, I use my linen and crash ones to make bibs for my grandchildren. I cut them in two, cut out for the neck. I have just to sew shoulders and neck and put on tapes. For the older child I make them a little longer, put on a pocket and put tapes at the waist; these serve as pinafores.—Mrs. NORRINGTON.

For drying or airing a tiny baby’s woollies, buy one yard of small-mesh wire, fit the corners to cut down and bend up some 3 or 4 inches all round to form a flat tray or basket, set square at corners, and hammer into shape, also flatten all jagged edges safely. Give two or three coats of hard enamel, suspend by corner cords, secure to outdoor clothes line or any convenient place indoors where a current of air can get around it.—Mrs. E. REID.

Teach the children to help clean their own rooms. Buy a blacklead brush with handle; this is easier for children to hold. They will enjoy doing the shining, if mother puts on the polish.—Mrs. E. JAMES.

** If you know of a good hint for our household page, send it to the Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, E.C.4. We offer six 5s. prizes every month.

Photo by E. V. Malone

Teapot in a garden!

Photo by MRS. CARDING

Smile, Smile, Smile!
THE HEALER
By HOOLE JACKSON

Chapter III

DARTMOOR was in her loveliest autumnal robe when Squire Dester's son Harry was sent home on extended leave, after a long spell in hospital, with the possibility of being invalided out of the R.A.F. at the end of it, if his condition showed no improvement.

His gallantry had been the topic of admiring talk in all the moorland market-towns and hamlets for weeks after his machine had come down in flames, and he had floated down, target for German fighters, while another fighter- aircraft of his own flight battled to save him. Just another of the glorious epics of the few, in which Harry had accounted for two of the enemy before being shot down.

Your friends? Good, the young Flight-Lieutenant made a rapid physical recovery; but his nerve had gone, and it seemed as if he would remain a nervous wreck, unless, as both the Squire and he hoped and believed, Dartmoor air, and the peace of the great upland, would effect a cure in God's good time. So Harry came home quietly, the Squire impressing on friends and neighbours, who would otherwise have gathered to give a true moorland welcome to the young hero, that their devotion to his son would best be shown by allowing him to settle undisturbed in their midst.

The old Moor had turned from purple of heather to the golden-rust of bracken; in her vales the hedges, maple made brilliant splashes of bright ochre to contrast with the bronzes of beech and scarlet holly berries, while the beautiful orange of the euonymus or spindle added a softer hue.

Doctor Croker, driving to the Manor house, caressed by a deep fold of the moor, with a noble avenue of beech - trees leading to drivew ay through the evergreens, felt something of the beauty penetrate even his anxious mind. Squire was as big a fool as any old countrywoman about this silly woman with her herbal cures and supposed powers!

Squire Dester sighed, as he saw the Doctor emerge from the car and make for the front door. Good thing Harry had gone out for a ride! Here was trouble in a twink suit.

"Look here, Dester," began Croker, when the Squire had him safely ensconced in a big arm-chair beside the dining-room fire, and the usual courtesies had been exchanged, "your family and mine are old neighbours. No point in you and me quarrelling; but if what I've heard is true, confound it, man, I'll be the laughing stock of the district. I'm the one to look after Harry."

So that was where the shoe rubbed! Squire Dester suppressed the retort which sprang naturally to his mind, but remained there. He knew there would be trouble when Harry insisted that Tanzie might be able to heal him. Why not? The young fellow was sweet on her, and there were no bars to the marriage, and if a woman who might become a man's wife couldn't use her undoubted skill on him, who had better rights?

"Miss Candish would be no more than—a kind of nurse," he ventured, after a moment of thought. "No reflection on you. Harry's out riding with her now, if I'm not mistaken. Do him good, I'm sure.

"You know as well as I do that my professional reputation won't be worth tuppence, Dester," Croker told him. "They'll say you turned me down for that charlatan. What else is she? Doesn't know a thing about medicine. Less about psychological treatment of a case like Harry's. I've specialised on that side for the past few years. If you persist, then the Manor won't see me again, that's all."

Dester remained silent so long that Croker felt he was about to refuse, and rose.

"No, wait a moment, Croker," said the Squire. "I know how you feel, and there is something in what you say; but you must attend Harry and allow Miss Candish to act as your nurse? It won't be a bedside affair; just that her soothing company and calls will help."

"Work with her? That would be worse. I've never entered Croker. What an influence this woman had on the moor folk, even the educated ones, who ought to know better! "People would say I'd been forced to turn to her. Either she stays away, or I do."

Dester was growing angry, but his father and Squire had been good friends. After all, Harry would have Tanzie's company outdoors when her farm-tasks allowed, and that wouldn't be too often, with thrashing in full swing, and then the preparation of the land for new sowing.

"I'll tell Harry," he said, and rose, as Croker was still standing. "All that matters is that my son shall be restored to his old self. He's breaking his heart because he's out of the fight; but he knows better than we do that to fly, even if they let him, would endanger those grand lads of his flight. Do your best—I needn't ask you that."

Croker almost gave way at that, but remembered the chatter he imagined would result if he did. So he gripped the Squire's hand warmly.

"I wish I could see Harry through this," he said. "I'll do all in my power, and I don't think you'll regret this—wise decision. If I've seemed immovable, you'll understand better than anyone how deeply I feel what they would have regarded as a slight on my professional skill; and I don't think it wise to have this woman encouraged. She might do Harry irreparable harm."

He left at once, and Dester remained standing by the window for some time. Croker had said that rest, coupled with proper treatment, would result in certain cure. He ought to know. His reputation stood high. Yet Harry had such faith in Tanzie.

At that moment a taxi was climbing the moorland road, with a young man in officer's uniform seated happily in the back seat, and the two 'pips' of a lieutenant denoting his rank. All the way up the steep ascent along the high moorland, Richard had gazed on the beauty of the hedges, rows, caring little that these shut out the magnificent landscape either side.

Each familiar group of courgettes, the gardens gay with chrysanthemums and even late roses were as the welcome of an old friend; but, when the taxi emerged from the confining banks with ash and hazels, and rushed through the pretty hamlet which led to the gateway of this part of the Moor, he sat up, as the great expanse opened out in a way that always seemed magical to him.

The tors came in view, with all the westward glory of Dartmoor spread before him. Then Wolf Tor was round, and the sight of Moorland sustained Richard through experiences which had bitten deep into his mind returned in full flood. There could be no other woman for him!

Suddenly he leaned forward. Wolf Tor Farm spun into view, with his own land beyond. He stared at his few acres in amazement, as they appeared in the distance. It wasn't possible! His trained eye took in the stubble and counted the crops that had been harvested; the next hay-stall told its tale. Tanzie had said no more than that she had managed to keep his fields in trim and Barley Burton going. This was a miracle; but a miracle of fine supervision and hard work.

Then he saw the horseman talking to Tanzie, who had dismounted at her own gate, and was standing by her pony. Harry Dester Hitchcock! Richard noted how the Squire's son had eyes only for the woman, bending slightly in his saddle to talk with her.

"Slow down," Richard told his driver, so peremptorily that the man started. "I want to look round here,"
Richard explained, conscious that he had spoken too sharply. "Pull up by that big rock there."

The car reached a mass of granite which hid it from the view of Tanzie and Harry. Richard sat very still. Harry was a good fellow; never run foolishly wild as he had done; Tanzie might be making the wiser choice.

Yet the world of Richard's dreams was shaken by the sight of the woman he loved with a man who all too obviously worshipped her.

"Drive on, " Richard said, after what seemed a longer time, and he was thankful when he saw that Harry was already topping the ridge which separated Wolf Tor Farm from the Manor. Tanzie had disappeared, and the taxi drew up at the farm gate.

"It's Mas' Richard, " cried the voice of Benny Snow, as he ran out of the stable, and the next moment Richard was being greeted by him, Susan Stark, and Tanzie with a warmth which brought moisture to the young soldier's eyes.

"What for didn't he let us know he were coming?" chided Susan when handed upstairs things were over.

"Me with nothing ready for 'ee, and you'm thinner gone than a winter fox. There's nothing in the house but cold chicken and what be left of a ham."

She flung up her hands and rushed back to her kitchen. Benny followed.

"Oh, Richard," said Tanzie, "thank God you're safe. The last letter I had was from North Africa."

"Our crowd was ordered home, " Richard told her, as he followed her indoors with his kit. Susan was already lighting a fire in the pleasant farm sitting-room, with its view of Wolf Tor and the bronze glory of the Moor. Richard sat down, and Tanzie took a chair opposite.

"I've seen what you've accomplished, Tanzie, " Richard said slowly, seeking for words to break the strange silence which had fallen, unusually, between them. "There aren't words to thank you. Only a moor-bred farmer knows how much love and sweat has gone into what you've done."

"There's need for all I've done and more, " Tanzie said gently. "Every ear of grain count, but tell me about yourself, Richard. It's so good to have you home. You'll have your meals with us at Wolf Tor, won't you? Susan has kept your house aired. I suppose you know that Harry Dester was sent home. His plane was shot down. He was one of the Few, you know."

"I saw him," confessed Richard.

"He was talking with you by the gate, so I stopped my taxi for a minute, not expecting to see him."

Tanzie's voice was in a moment that any unlooker would guess from Harry's obvious attitude that he was fond of her. She was about to reply, when Squire Dester's car drew up in the farmyard. The moment she greeted him at the door she knew he was wounded. Richard, who had followed her, saw that the Squire wished to speak to Tanzie alone, and after warm greetings between the two men, he made an excuse and went to look at his last case.

"It's a Cooker, " Dester told Tanzie, the moment the door of the room was closed. "I'm afraid I've been a coward, Miss Chandish, but—well, our family and his were friends always, and there was his professional reputation. All the same—"

"Nothing matters except that Harry is cured, " Tanzie said, guessing what had taken place, at once. "I'll talk to Harry. I never thought of anything but that I well—might be able to heal him."

Dester remained silent a moment or so. Then a smile came to his lips. He bent towards Tanzie's ear and whispered. Her answering smile told him that his idea tickled her, and, soon after, they parted.

A week later, Richard and Tanzie were home together. This time by two neighbouring farmers. Both looked a little uncomfortable at sight of Richard; but presently Emmanuel Hancock, elder of the two, and a square-jawed, broad-built farmer of the old school, spoke.

"Us be on come a queer errand, miss," he said. "Seems like you'm not playing fair, and speaking out be the best cure. My workers and Tom Trigg here, and a lot more beside, be sayin' that no woman could do what 'ee've done with Wolf Tor and Barley Barton—not without help that be denied to us."

Richard hid a smile, but Tanzie, after the first momentary surprise, said quietly, "What you mean is that I can do things others can't."

"To be sure, miss. Tasn't fair. You've only elderly workers for the most. They'm never tried. Why for? Share that secret and there won't be no trouble. Us only want our workers to be on equal terms, sort of. They Government officials, they'm always holding up these two farms as an example."

So that was the trouble! Tanzie went out. After some time, Susan Stark entered and beckoned to the two farmers to follow her. Richard, in their wake, saw Tanzie bending over a small bowl from which smoke arose; by her elbow was a retort, and some bottles filled with black liquid.

Muttering a few words over each bottle as she handed them to the two farmers, Richard admitted to himself that she looked a witch to the life.

"No more than a few drops, and only when the moon is full," Tanzie told the two men. "The recipe is very old. I've written the instructions down. Now go."

The two went gladly, carrying with them the memory of raven hair and brilliant, dark eyes. "Put your pony to gallop, Tom," Emmanuel urged uneasily, as they took the Moor road. They galloped off at full stretch, glancing uneasily around.

Richard was troubled. Why had Tanzie given way to these superstitious fancies? He had no time to voice the question. A servant from the Manor arrived before the sound of hooves had died away. Tanzie tore open the note from Squire Dester.

"Harry needs you. No better. Can you help without our letting Doctor Croker know? Like to talk it over."

(To be continued)
Harvest in History and Today

By THE REV. C. H. D. GRIMES

ANY people have read St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, but have never asked themselves who were the Galatians. They may indeed know that they occupied a small territory in Asia Minor, but they would be surprised to learn that these people came originally from a country, in the time of St. Paul called Gaul, where Julius Caesar fought his famous campaign. What induced them to make that long trek across Europe to Asia Minor? The answer is Food! Gaul could no longer with the slender resources of that time support a population, so these adventurous men and women made this long trek till they found a country which was either empty or its inhabitants too weak to defend themselves.

It is interesting to note that St. Paul says that at his first reception by them they were so enthusiastic that they would have given their eyes for him—but a little later he has to write to them in stern terms—they had been nearly won over by his opponents. Do we not see in this a characteristic failing of present-day France (Gaul of to-day): a nation too volatile!

We can also trace another great trek for food which touched us more closely.

A thousand years ago the climate of the Scandinavian countries was very much warmer than it is to-day, with the result that under these favourable conditions the population grew, so Danes and Northmen spilled over into Greenland (no one would call it Greenland to-day) and came down the east coast of England burning and harrying, and went on to Normandy which they conquered, and even down to Sicily. Then the climate got colder and the waves of invaders ceased. Here again we see the law of supply and demand at work. An expanding population must go far afield in its search for food. When, however, the climate gets colder the population seems to contract and its own borders are insufficient.

It was so with England in the time of Elizabeth, and later the population began to increase for various reasons, better health no doubt being one. This sent our adventurers roaming the world; then making settlements in N. America where landless men could obtain food in abundance after initial hardships were overcome. We may be assured that men, women and children rarely leave their homeland if they can obtain their wants easily.

But what is the position today? We do not emigrate in large numbers—it might be better if more did—but by stepping up our manufactures we are able to barter these for the food we must have or else we perish.

At the same time, by supplying machinery to the many backward nations of the world, we are enabling them to use to the best advantage many of their natural resources. Better bloodstock, better dams to preserve their water, often a most important item in their economy, all helps. By enabling them to improve their food supplies it makes it unnecessary for them to go to war as in the past to take from their neighbours the food they do not and cannot possess for themselves.

Man does not live by bread alone, but man requires bread to make life possible and Our Lord has taught us in His Prayer to ask for our Daily Bread.

In the past all too often a large part of the human race has gone short of food, and as our numbers are increasing significantly every year—the problem is immense. I do not believe that we shall solve it without vastly increasing our Harvest from the Sea to add to that of the earth. Man has made great strides since his early harvests: let him so continue in Faith and Hope and nothing will be impossible.

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