

THE BOROUGH.

The speech of the evening was that of Mr. Harold Rylett in submitting Success to the Borough of Tenterden, coupled with the name of the Mayor. Having paid graceful compliment to the retiring Mayor and Mayoress, he continued; As regarded the Borough of Tenterden, what more could he say than

"Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

It was not a large place, but as Bobbie Burns had said

"Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite;
Be sure it was because He meant mankind
To place a higher value on it."

Though Tenterden was small they loved her for her beauty. Some gifted son of Tenterden had described her as "Tenterden the beautiful." Like all beauties, she had her spots (laughter). She had spots which they would like to see removed, and he trusted that under the rule of His Worship the Mayor something would be done in that direction. They were proud of the town and of its historic associations. Some of these were very curious. Last year he met a lady outside the Old Meeting House anxious to see the tomb of her ancestors. The visitor was Lady Mathew, the mother-in-law of a distinguished member of the Irish Nationalist party, Mr. John Dillon, and he (the speaker) had had the satisfaction of telling his friend that though his children had a Catholic father, he (Mr. Rylett) was the grandson of the ashes of their ancestor of good old English Presbyterian stock (laughter). The town of Tenterden called for enlightened administration (cries of oh! oh! and laughter). The duties of municipalities were growing, and many people were anxiously wondering whether their local authorities were equal to the tasks imposed upon them. He was not in the least degree anxious about Tenterden. A distinguished French philosopher once observed that the constitution of England was perfectly safe because it rested on a thousand pillars, meaning that it rested upon the common sense of her citizens, who were singularly gifted with the commodity (applause). They were very grateful for the services rendered to the town by the borough Council. Their Aldermen and Councillors discharged their onerous duties with unexampled zeal and unparalleled faithfulness (hear, hear)—according to their light (laughter). The Council's light was large because it consisted of all the town's best men (applause). They were elected for that reason. They were also elected unanimously; no question there of majority or minority, but alas! there was one short; their local Diogenes had wandered up and down the town and hunted in every corner, but to no purpose. Yet, there were two, he believed, who could be found, but, unfortunately, were ineligible. The law decreed that bankrupts, felons, clergy men and ministers of religion should not sit on the Town Council (laughter). They would therefore have to do without their friends the Vicar and Mr. Barker (renewed laughter). They would have to ask Mr. Lloyd George to bring in a Bill (laughter). Meanwhile they must make-shift. But they could make-shift very well indeed, for had they not a goodly team? Literature was represented in the Tenterden Council by an eminent playwright (laughter); science (the science sometimes called by the vulgar the noble art of self-defence) was represented by an expert "putter up" and "knocker down" (laughter); art was represented by an expert "Whistler" (laughter); philosophy (the queen of sciences) by the "omniscience and omnipotence without whom is nothing done that is done, and nothing can be done that ought to be done" (laughter); and then, if anything went wrong, had they not the King of "Tenterden" (loud laughter)—he meant the Colonel-

to take care of them? But above all, they had at the head of their local administration a man with a sound mind in a sound body (applause), to wit, their Worshipful Master (laughter)—he begged his pardon, his Worship the Mayor. They were told that trouble was brewing. Fit it was, therefore, that their affairs should be in the hands of a brewer (laughter). If they were to have a good brew, surely it was important that they should have a master of the craft in charge (renewed laughter and applause).

Replying to the toast, the Mayor referred to the prosperity of Tenterden. Trade was good, he said—a builder had told him the other day that he had more work than he could do. Regarding the beauty of the town, a visitor could not fail to be impressed with its wide, clean streets, and the way in which it was kept, and would know that for those things an efficient Council was responsible. As regarded economy, on the Council they had different kinds of economists. Councillors connected with the agricultural industry had the bump of economy very largely developed; the bump became smaller the nearer the member lived to the Town Hall (laughter). They could depend upon it, however, that in the Tenterden Council they would get the maximum of efficiency with reasonable economy. He accepted the office of Mayor, he said, with considerable misgiving, but still, there was rather more satisfaction in doing a duty when it was put before one than afterwards being fined for it (laughter). They had spoken some very kind words about him, and Councillor Sutton had referred in kindly terms to his father, and for these things he heartily thanked them. He had a great cause of gratitude to Colonel Munn-Mace. Eighteen years ago he joined the Volunteers, and during that time he had served under Col. Munn-Mace. He considered that was one of the best day's work that he ever did in his life. If a young man had any grit in him at all a course of military training would bring it to the surface. Colonel Munn-Mace was not only a good officer; he was a good prophet, for about fourteen years ago when he (the Mayor) went to receive a prize the Colonel turned to the company and said: "Here is one of your future Mayors" (laughter and applause). He believed that his military training had done him good in more ways than one. During his term of office he would endeavour to carry out his duties with credit to himself, with satisfaction to the Council, and with advantage to the borough (loud applause).

No report of an event of harmony and goodwill such as this can be closed without an allusion to the great part played by the vocal contributions of Messrs. Byron Dewhurst, Sam Dyson, Sidney Coltham, and Alfred Dobson, who form the accomplished quartette known as the Canterbury Glee Singers. In the under-mentioned glees the voices were nicely balanced and the essential harmony was not lacking at any point: "Robin Adair," "Soldier's Farewell," "Tommy went Fishing," "Drink to me only," and "Hark! the Nightingale." The tenor songs of Mr. Sidney Coltham produced the utmost enthusiasm. The solos of Mr. Sam Dyson (baritone) and Mr. Alfred Dobson (tenor) were also keenly appreciated. Mr. A. H. Smith acted as accompanist.

They were safeguarded by a competent body of Territorials, under a competent Commander, and now at the head of the Borough Council they had a brewer who could deal with all troubles that were brewing (laughter). In adding his congratulations to his Worship upon the distinction and honour conferred upon him he remarked he had a grievance. While he was the Parliamentary candidate for Burton-on-Trent he received a telegram from Tenterden to the effect:—

"Wishing you may fail. Wire result. — Fred. Edwards."

(loud laughter). Was this not monstrous? He asked them to charge their glasses and

drink a bumper to His Worship, remembering the adage that every drop smothered away a wrinkle (applause)

CHURCH PARADE.

On Sunday morning the mayor (Councillor F. Edwards) attended by the Serjeants-at-Mace, in full regalia, attended the parish church. His Worship was accompanied by Aldermen E. Howard, E. H. Hardcastle, H. S. Norton and Jabez Chacksfield, Councillors E. Apps, A. R. Boorman, F. Care, John Chacksfield, S. Hook, H. Judge, J. S. Jordan, W. Love and J. Sutton, and the Clerk of the Peace of the Borough (Mr. A. H. Latter). The parade was a very imposing one, in fact, the largest that has ever been held in Tenterden, those taking part in the procession numbering two hundred and ninety-nine. The various units assembled at three different spots of the parish. The Territorials, with the battalion band (conducted by Bandmaster Thorne), assembled at West Cross, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Munn-Mace, the other officers present being Captain J. Body and Lieutenants T. H. O. Collings and A. Cheesman. There were also present Regimental Sergt-Major Hawkins, the Sergeant-Instructors from Ashford, Staplehurst, Hawkhurst and Cranbrook, in fact, almost the whole of the permanent staff and the members of the sergeants' mess of the 5th Battalion the Buffs. There was also a muster of the Legion of Frontiersmen. At Gallows Green assembled the National Reserves, the Tenterden Fire Brigade, the members of Court Men of Kent, Ancient Order of Foresters, and the Tenterden Town band, conducted by Bandmaster Batt. At the Ashford-road School assembled a very large number of Boy Scouts, including the Cranbrook patrol, with Scoutmaster S. Russell and Instructor Hinkley, and the bugle band; the Tenterden patrol, with Scoutmaster E. R. Clifton and Assistant Scoutmaster A. Millen, and the Bethersden patrol, with Scoutmaster H. Padgham. At 10.45 the three detachments, with three bands playing, proceeded to the Town Hall, where they met the Mayor's procession, and thence proceeded to the parish church. The vicar (the Rev. J. A. Babington) and the choir of St. Mildred's met the procession at the west door, and while the processional hymn, "O Worship the King," was being sung, the various units took their appointed seats in the sacred edifice. The service was conducted by the Vicar, who also preached the sermon, taking for his subject, "Liberty." The hymns, "O God, our help in ages past," and "Before Jehovah's awful Throne," were very heartily sung by the vast congregation, the service concluding with the singing of the National Anthem, which was accompanied by the Buffs' band. The service concluded, the procession re-formed in Church-lane and marched to the Town Hall, where an interesting ceremony took place, when Lieutenant-Colonel Munn-Mace (Commander of the 5th Buffs), the Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors appeared on the balcony, and before an assemblage of about fifteen hundred people Lieutenant-Col. Munn-Mace, amid cheers, pinned on the breasts of Sergt. A. Masters, Sergt. G. F. Hook and Pvt. B. Link, of the G Company, long service medals which had been awarded them. In a short speech Colonel Mace impressed upon the young men present what patriotism had done for some of the countries who were now engaged in the great war which was taking place in the Balkans. He regretted seeing so many young men present who were not wearing a uniform and he appealed to them to don one of some kind or other. The parade was continued through the High-street and East Cross, returning to the Town Hall, where Bandmaster Thorne's band played several selections. Not since Coronation Day has such a crowd assembled in Tenterden.