



The Times

May 2011

A journal of transport timetable history and analysis

**Le plus terrifiant
des vampires !**



I noticed that the table had been cleared and the lamp lit, for it was by this time deep into the dark. The lamps were also lit in the study or library, and I found the Count lying on the sofa, reading, of all things in the world, an English Bradshaws Guide.. He was interested in everything, and asked me a myriad questions about the place and its surroundings.



Bradshaw's audience

DRACULA

Inside: The man who invented the timetable

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EPONYMOUS BRADSHAW

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On the front cover

Welcome to the world that Bradshaw made. Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (played here by Bela Lugosi in the 1931 film), was an avid reader of the only timetable that mattered— *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. Although Bradshaw was responsible for the invention of the "time table" as we know it, he hardly ever applied the word to his own numerous publications. Although a Quaker, he was not above a bit of worldly self-promotion and he made sure his name appeared in the title of all of his works. He even twiddled with the issue numbers of some of them to make them appear better and longer-established than they were— although they did not need this boost. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Bradshaw must have glowed with pleasure most of the time anyway. The word Bradshaw is one of the few that transmogrified from a proper noun to a common noun and one that needed no qualifications nor dictionary definitions to understand it. Everybody knew what it meant— "timetable" Nevertheless, Bradshaw's Guide attracted more than its fair share of mockery and this issue looks into Bradshaw from this light.



Contributors

Jules Verne, Bram Stoker, Agatha Christie, Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope, LTC Rolt, Lewis Carroll, G.K.Chesterton, W.Somerset Maugham, Daphne DeMaurier, Henry James, Max Beerbolhm, Virginia Woolf, Francis Burnand, Erskine Childers, Freeman Croft, Ronald Knox, *Punch*, *The London Times*, George Bradshaw, Jack Simmons, David St John Thomas, Geoff Lambert.

The Times

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Eponymous Bradshaw

He invented the “time table” and so we made the two words equivalent. Just the same, he and his timetable were not immune to ridicule.

<i>brod</i> goad, pointed instrument, f. ON <i>broddr</i> spike]	brain, (colloc mental activi
brā'dawl <i>n.</i> Small non-spiral boring-tool. [f. prec. + AWL]	<i>brægen</i> , = ML
 Brā'dshaw <i>n.</i> (Hist.) Time table of (esp. British) passenger trains. [f. G. ~, Brit. printer d. 1853, first publisher of <i>Bradshaw's Railway Guide</i>]	brai'ný <i>a.</i> In prec. + -y ²]
brā'dý- <i>comb. form.</i> Slow, as: ~ car'dia , abnormally slow heart-action; ~ seism (-sīzem), slow rise and fall of earth's crust. [f. Gk <i>bradus</i> slow]	braise (-z) <i>v.</i> container. [f. brāke ¹ <i>n.</i> Br BRACKEN, -en
brae (-ā) <i>n.</i> (Sc.) Steep bank, hillside. [ME, f. ON <i>brá</i> eyelash, = OS, OHG <i>brāwa</i> eyebrow; for sense cf. BROW]	brāke ² <i>n.</i> Thic MLG <i>brake</i> b
bræg <i>n.</i> , & <i>v.i.</i> & <i>t.</i> (-gg-). Boast, boasting; card-	brāke ³ <i>n.</i> Tod and hemp; ~ ment for pe

WSOMERSET MAUGHAM (right) was an enthusiastic reader, so was DRACULA (cover).

CHARLES DICKENS (page 4) clearly wasn't. In his *Narrative of Extraordinary Suffering*, he relates the story of Mr Lost, whom Bradshaw drives mad (page 5). In *Mugby Junction* and *Dombey & Son* (page 4), he reflects sourly upon the impact of the railway on society.

A timetable proved to be the death of him. On 6th June 1865, he was involved in the Staplehurst accident, partly caused by the want of a timetable, which had been dropped on the line by a platelayer and run



"Oh, when I was a little Ghost,
A merry time had we!
Each seated on his favorite post,
We Chumped and chewed the
buttered toast
They gave us for our tea."
That story is in print! I cried Don't
say it's not, because It's known as
"Bradshaw's Guide!" (The Ghost
uneasily replied he hardly thought
it was).

over. Although the accident did not kill him, it weakened him and he died 5 years later to the very hour of the accident. As LTC ROLT remarked in "*Red for Danger*", upon the platelayers carelessness with his timetable, "We cannot estimate the loss which English literature sustained as a result of John Benges tragic mistake. Certainly, he deprived us of the solution to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*." None of this stopped his son (Charles Dickens) from going into the business of publishing timetables and tourist guides.

LEWIS CARROLL was in two minds about Bradshaw—its columns, its rows and its complicated algorithms appealed to his mathematical mind. As a child, in order to entertain his siblings, he gently mocked it in his manuscript "*Guida di Bragia*". In Canto IV of *Phantasmagoria*, the ghost makes a reference to *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. In many of Carroll's books and stories he has his characters moving about on trains – such as Alice in *Through the Looking Glass* who travels by rail to get to the third square.

He had this to say about punctuality

PUNCTUALITY

(From *Useful and Insirnaive Pocky*)
MAN naturally loves delay,
And to procrastinate;
Business put off from day to day
Is always done too late.
Let every hour be in its place
Finn fixed, nor loosely shift,
And well enjoy the vacant space,
As though a birthday gift.
And when the hour arrives, be there,
Where'er that "there" may be;
Uncleanly hands or ruffled hair
Let no one ever see.
If dinner at "half-past" be placed,
At "half-past" then be dressed.
If at a "quarter-past" make haste
To be down with the rest.

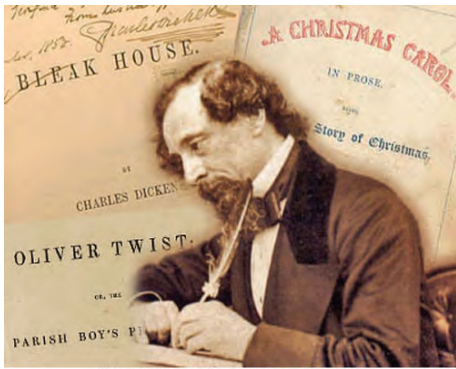


*Games tire me, and my own thoughts
which we are told are the unfailing
resource of a sensible man, have a tendency
to run dry. I would rather read the cata-
logue of the Army and Navy Stores or
Bradshaw's Guide than nothing at all, and
indeed I have spent many delightful hours
over both these works. At one time, I never
went out without a second-hand book-
seller's list in my pocket. I know of no
reading more fruity.*

*Better to be before your time,
Than e'er to be behind;
To ope the door while strikes the chime,
That shows a punctual mind.*

JULES VERNE was one of many authors who found the attraction of Bradshaw irresistible. As Phileas Fogg sets out from Charing Cross on his epic *Around the World in 80 Days*, what was he carrying?:

*'Under his arm might have been observed
a red-bound copy of Bradshaws Continental
Rail and Steam Transport and General
Guide, with its timetable showing the arrival
and departure of steamers and rail-
ways.'*



"It was the best of rides, it was the worst of rides"

As to the neighbourhood which had hesitated to acknowledge the railroad in its straggling days, that had grown wise and penitent, as any Christian might in such a case, and now boasted of its powerful and prosperous relation. There were railway patterns in its drapers' shops, and railway journals in the windows of its newsmen. There were railway hotels, office-houses, lodging-houses, boarding-houses; railway plans, maps, views, wrappers, bottles, sandwich-boxes, **and time-tables**; railway hackney-coach and stands; railway omnibuses, railway streets and buildings, railway hangers-on and parasites, and flatterers out of all calculation. **There was even railway time observed in clocks, as if the sun itself had given** in. Among the vanquished was the master chimney-sweeper, whilom incredulous at Staggs's Gardens, who now lived in a stucco house three stories high, and gave himself out, with golden flourishes upon a varnished board, as contractor for the cleansing of railway chimneys by machinery.

19th century and early 20th century novelists make frequent references to a character's "Bradshaw". In particular, it was crime writers who were fascinated with trains and timetables, especially as a new source of alibis. Examples are **RONALD KNOX'S** *The Footsteps at the Lock* (1928) and novels by **FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS**. Perhaps the most famous example is by Sir **ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE** in the Sherlock Holmes story *The Valley of Fear*: "the vocabulary of Bradshaw is nervous and terse, but limited." Other references include the Sherlock Holmes story: *The Adventure of the Copper Beeches*. There is also a reference in *Death in the Clouds* (1935) by **AGATHA CHRISTIE**: "Mr.

Clancy, writer of detective stories...extracted a Continental Bradshaw from his raincoat pocket...to work out a complicated alibi. It is also mentioned "The Secret Adversary" by **AGATHA CHRISTIE**. In **DAPHNE DU MAURIER'S** *Rebecca* (1938), the second Mrs. de Winter observes that "Some people have a vice of reading Bradshaws. They plan innumerable journeys across country for fun of linking up impossible connection". Another reference to a "Bradshaw" occurs in an aside in *Riddle of the Sands* (1903) by **ERSKINE CHILDERS** ... "an extraordinary book, Bradshaw, turned to from habit, even when least wanted, as men fondle guns and rods in the close season." In **G. K. CHESTERTON'S** *The Man Who Was Thursday*, the protagonist, Gabriel Syme, praises Bradshaw as a poet of order: "No, take your books of mere poetry and prose; let me read a time table, with tears of pride. Take your Byron, who commemorates the defeats of man; give me Bradshaw, who commemorates his victories. Give me Bradshaw, I say!". In **MAX BEERBOHM'S** *Zuleika Dobson* (1911), a satirical fantasy of Oxford undergraduates, a Bradshaw is listed as one of the two books in the "library" of the irresistible Zuleika. Bradshaw's is also mentioned in some

modern novels with a period setting. It is directly mentioned in **PHILIP PULLMAN'S** *The Shadow in the North*.

Although not a direct reference to the Bradshaw railway timetable, it is also worth noting the name of the character of Sir William Bradshaw in **VIRGINIA WOOLF'S** *Mrs. Dalloway*. Considering this character's association with rigorous quantitative measurement, it is quite possible that the name was chosen deliberately by Woolf.

Railways pervade the classic whodunit. They bring detectives to the crime scene, take criminals away from it, provide alibis and throw together unlikely groups of people. No-one can read many of the classic detective stories from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries without becoming familiar with "Bradshaw", the railway timetable and tutelary spirit of the genre. Sherlock Homes, Peter Wimsey, Hercule Poirot and their colleagues are all accustomed to consult Bradshaw for guidance in their quests.

The Editor of *Punch*, **FRANCIS BURNAND**, poked fun at Bradshaw over the years and collected all of his attempts (part II is on

(Continued on page 13)



Passepartout and Fogg carried only a carpet bag with only two shirts and three pairs of stockings each, a mackintosh, a travelling cloak, and a spare pair of shoes. The only book they carried was *Bradshaw's Continental Railway Steam Transit and General Guide*. This contains timetables of trains and steamers. He also carried a huge roll of English banknotes-about twenty thousand pounds. He also left with twenty guineas (equal to £1,391 today) won at whist, of which he soon disposed.



Agatha Christie, with part of her collection of Bradshaw's Continental Railway Guides.

A Narrative of Extraordinary Suffering

First published in Household Words, 12 July 1851- from which this text is reproduced.

A gentleman of credit and of average ability, whose name we have permission to publish — Mr. Lost, of the Maze, Ware — was recently desirous to make a certain journey in England. Previous to entering on this excursion, which we believe had a commercial object (though Mr. Lost has for some years retired from business as a Wool-stapler, having been succeeded in 1831 by his son who now carries on the firm of Lost and Lost, in the old-established premises at Stratford on Avon, Warwickshire, where it may be interesting to our readers to know that he married, in 1834, a Miss Shakespeare, supposed to be a lineal descendant of the immortal bard), it was necessary that Mr. Lost should come to London, to adjust some unsettled accounts with a merchant in the Borough, arising out of a transaction in Hops. His Diary originating on the day previous to his leaving home is before us, and we shall present its rather voluminous information to our readers in a condensed form: endeavouring to extract its essence only.

It would appear that Mrs. Lost had a decided objection to her husband's undertaking the journey in question. She observed, "that he had much better stay at home, and not go and make a fool of himself" — which she seems to have had a strong presentiment that he would ultimately do. A young person in their employ as confidential domestic, also protested against his intention, remarking "that Master warn't the man as was fit for Railways, and Railways warn't the spearses as was fit for Master." Mr. Lost, however, adhering to his purpose, in spite of these dissuasions, Mrs. Lost made no effort (as she might easily have done with perfect success) to restrain him by force. But, she stipulated with Mr. Lost, that he should purchase an Assurance Ticket of the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company, entitling his representatives to three thousand pounds in case of the worst. It was also understood that in the event of his failing to write home by any single night's post, he would be advertised in the fines, at full length, next day.

These satisfactory preliminaries concluded, Mr. Lost sent out the confidential domestic (Mary Anne Mag by name, and born of poor but honest parents) to purchase a *Railway Guide*. This document was the first shock in connection with his extraordinary journey which Mr. Lost and family received. For, on referring to the Index, to ascertain how Ware stood in reference to the Railways of the United Kingdom and the Principality of Wales they encountered the following mysterious characters:—

WARE TU 6

No farther information could be obtained. They thought of page six, but there was no such page in the book, which had the sportive eccentricity of beginning at page eight. In desperate remembrance of the dark monosyllable Iii, they turned to the "classification of Railways," but found nothing there under the letter I except "Taff Vale and Aberdare" — and who (as the confidential domestic said) could ever want then! Mr. Lost has placed it on record that his "brain reeled" when he glanced down the page, and found himself, in search of Ware, wandering among such names as Ravenglass, Bootle, and Sprouston.

Reduced to the necessity of proceeding to London by turnpike-road, Mr. Lost made the best of his way to the metropolis in his own one-horse chaise, which he then dismissed in charge of his man, George Flay, who had accompanied him for that purpose. Proceeding to Southwark, he had the satisfaction of finding that the total of his loss upon the Hop transaction did not exceed three hundred and forty-seven pounds, four shillings, and twopence half-penny. This, he justly regarded as, on the whole, a success for an amateur in that promising branch of speculation; in commemoration of his good fortune, he gave a plain but substantial dinner to the Hop Merchant and two friends at Tom's Coffee House on Ludgate Hill.

He did not sleep at that house of entertainment, but repaired in a hackney cab (No. 482) to the Euston Hotel, adjoining the terminus of the North-Western Railway. On the following morning his remarkable adventures may be considered to have commenced.

It appears that with a view to the farther prosecution of his contemplated journey, it

was, in the first place, necessary for Mr. Lost to make for the ancient city of Worcester. Knowing that place to be attainable by way of Birmingham, he started by the train at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and proceeded, pleasantly and at an even pace, to Leighton. Here he found, to his great amazement, a powerful black bar drawn across the road, hopelessly impeding his progress!

After some consideration, during which, as he informs us, his "brain reeled" again, Mr. Lost returned to London. Having partaken of some refreshment, and endeavoured to compose his mind with sleep (from which, however, he describes himself to have derived but little comfort, in consequence of being fitfully pursued by the mystic signs WARE Iii 6), he awoke unrefreshed, and at five minutes past five in the afternoon once again set forth in quest of Birmingham. But now, he was even less fortunate than in the morning; for, on arriving at Tring, some ten miles short of his former place of stoppage, he suddenly found the dreaded black barrier across the road, and was thus warned by an insane voice, which seemed to have something supernatural in its awful sound. "RUGBY TO LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, AND DERBY!"

With the spirit of an Englishman, Mr. Lost absolutely refused to proceed to either of those towns. If such were the meaning of the voice, it fell powerless upon him. Why should he go to Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby; and what right had Rugby to interfere with him at Tring? He again returned to London, and, fearing that his mind was going, took the precaution of being bled.

When he arose on the following morning. It was with a haggard countenance, on which the most indifferent observer might have seen the traces of a corroding anxiety, and where the practised eye might have



easily detected what was really wrong within. Even conscience does not sear like mystery. Where now were the glowing cheeks, the double chin, the mellow nose, the dancing eye? Fled. And in their place

In the silent watches of the night, he had formed the resolution of endeavouring to reach the object of his pursuit, by Gloucester, on the Great-Western Railway. Leaving London once more, this time at half an hour after twelve at noon, he proceeded to Swindon Junction. Not without difficulty. For, at Didcot, he again found the black bather across the road, and was violently conducted to seven places. With none of which he had the least concern — in particular, to one dreadful spot with the savage appellation of Aynho Junction. But, escaping from these hostile towns after undergoing a variety of hardships, he arrived (as has been said) at Swindon Junction.

Here, all hope appeared to desert him. It was evident that the whole country was in a state of barricade, and that the insurgents (whoever they were) had taken their measures but too well. His imprisonment was of the severest kind. Tortures were applied, to induce him to go to Bath, to Bristol, Yatton, Clevedon Junction, Weston-super-Mare Junction, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth,

Falmouth, and the remotest fastnesses of West Cornwall. No chance of Gloucester was held out to him for a moment. Remaining firm, however, and watching his opportunity, he at length escaped — more by the aid of good fortune, he considers, than through his own exertions — and sliding underneath the dreaded barrier, departed by way of Cheltenham for Gloucester.

And now indeed he might hate thought that after combating with so many obstacles, and undergoing perils so extreme, his way at length lay clear before him, and a ray of sunshine fell upon his dismal path. The delusive hope, if any such were entertained by the forlorn man, was soon dispelled. It was his horrible fate to depart the Cycloidal Parasol, the Cough Lozenges, the universal night-light, the poncho, All-sopp's pale ale, and the patent knife-cleaner. Failing, naturally, in all these appeals, and in a final address to His Grace the Duke of Wellington in the gentlemanly summer garment, and to Mr. Burton of the General Furnishing Ironmongery Warehouse, he sank into a stupor, and abandoned hope.

Mr. Lost is now a ruin. He is at the Euston Square Hotel. When advised to return

home he merely shakes his head and mutters "Ware Tu .. 6." No Cabman can be found who will take charge of him on those instructions. He sits continually turning over the leaves of a small, dog's-eared quarto volume with a yellow cover, and babbling in a plaintive voice, "BRADSHAW, BRADSHAW."

A few days since, Mrs. Lost, having been cautiously made acquainted with his condition, arrived at the hotel, accompanied by the confidential domestic. The first words of the heroic woman were:

"John Lost, don't make a spectacle of yourself, don't. Who am I?" He replied "BRADSHAW."

"John Lost," said Mrs. Lost, "I have no patience with you. Where have you been to?"

Fluttering the leaves of the book, he answered "To BRADSHAW."

"Stuff and nonsense you tiresome man," said Mrs. Lost. "You put me out of patience. What on earth has brought you to this stupid state?"

He feebly answered, "BRADSHAW."

No one knows what he means.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW

PREFACE.

SELDOME, if ever, has the gigantic intellect of man been employed upon a work of greater utility, or upon one of such special application and general comprehensiveness, as in the projection, completion, publication, and sustentation of the now familiar Bradshaw. Few literary efforts, however high their aim, either in the ethereal regions of Art, or the sublime paths of Philosophy, have ever achieved so much for the cause of Progress as has the Book of Bradshaw.

And yet, such is the original imperfection inherent in even the most carefully elaborated human scheme, the writings of Bradshaw, it is objected, contain so many difficulties, real or apparent, so many contradictions, so much error, mingled, it is allowed, with a certain amount of truth, as to partially destroy its character for credibility, and so far to injure its usefulness for guidance, as to render it unworthy of that implicit reliance which most minds would be willing to place in the dicta of an acknowledged superior and accredited teacher. In answer, we contend that the so-called difficulties are far less real than apparent, and that the honest student, who applies himself heart and soul to the work, will encounter no greater obstacles than such as were surmounted by Champollion, during his laborious researches into the mysteries of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER II.

Of the Phenomena of BRADSHAW—His integrity—An Irishman's testimony—BRADSHAW considered Politically—Ecclesiastically—Astronomically—Mystically—Musically—The Key.



N dealing with BRADSHAW according to the plan proposed, we will commence with the exterior of BRADSHAW.

The outside is Yellow, and the inside is Read. The name of the Month of Publication at once strikes the eye, and herein, in spite of all the temptations to falsify facts, is invariably shown BRADSHAW's characteristic regard for Truth. If it is June, he writes June; if July, July; if December he follows the same inflexible course.

Does this not speak volumes for such a man's integrity? It does, twelve volumes annually; not counting the Abridgments.

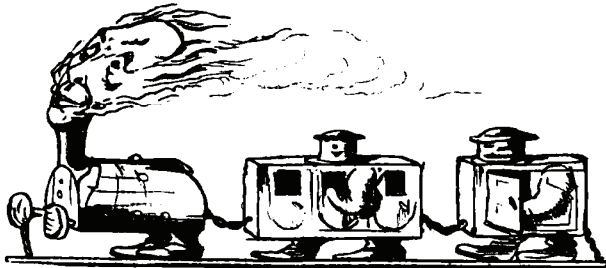
Again, the Price is Sixpence. He makes this pecuniary statement bluntly. He says it's Sixpence, not a penny more or less, and there's an end of it. No haggling, no bargaining, the lowest price mentioned and nothing under that will suit the Book of BRADSHAW. Isn't this honest? Who after this can entertain doubts of BRADSHAW?

Twopence more, and down goes BRADSHAW into all parts of the Country by Post.

Who does not know the excitement occasioned by the arrival of a Box of Books in a Country House? Well, you've gone through them all, from the Sensation Novel down to the last Theological pamphlet, within a week. But in that time is BRADSHAW exhausted? You may have tired of your favourite poet in a fortnight; but how many of BRADSHAW's grandest lines remain unscanned? and as to those that you have perused, are they not fresh again at the beginning of the next month?

The urn is hissing on the table; in spite of such senseless opposition let us applaud; Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to propose a toast—I see you are on the rack, it is . . . BRADSHAW for Ever!

An Irishman best described the Editor of this Book of Railways, when he spoke of him as "a *raile* gentleman."



Before getting at the Key, we will, while glancing at the front page of the cover, stop for a second to gather some notion of what is meant when we speak of BRADSHAW's Railery. Observe then a notice that reads the page. "Look for Index, pages 1 to 15."

Look for it by all means; but that's quite another affair from *finding* it. Note, the sly but honest fellow doth not commit himself even in jest. In the first fifteen pages you may glean intelligence about a Rotary knife-cleaner, a Turkey carpet, or a Crystal sewing machine, but nothing about an Index.

Now that's one specimen of BRADSHAW's fun. What is the result? You must be the most crusty person and ill-bred into the bargain, if you don't enjoy a hearty laugh at the neat way in which you've been "done," and then set to work to discover the index in the place where Mr. Sam Weller fixed his abode, that is, "Varever you can."

It has been left for the Astronomer Royal to make the profound observation, that BRADSHAW, like the Moon, changes once a month. But

* BRADSHAW may say that he never meant you to look in the Roman numerals which commence the book, and reach XXXII. "Oh, didn't you?" say we, ironically.

the book is under the Patronage of the QUEEN, the PRINCE OF WALES, the Royal Family, both Houses of Parliament, and *all* the Government offices; "Wherein," saith this Constant Reader of the Morning and Evening Star, "the book hath no little advantage over the Moon." How often has the statement been read, and yet who has ever pondered on its significance!

What unbounded joy must the First of every month bring to Her Most Gracious Majesty, to H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES (why is the PRINCESS excluded?

—*fic*, BRADSHAW!), the Royal Family, and both Houses of Parliament, when The New Guide is laid damp from the Press upon the Breakfast table. This then is why the Church bells ring on the Commencement of every Month. Imagine the jubilation in both Houses of Parliament. LORD DERBY examining it for opportunities for *classe metre*. LORD HOWORTH making all the Stations rhyme. EARL RUSSELL writing extracts from it, and sending it to his friends on the Continent.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, you may see, doing funny little *sams* in addition and subtraction out of the Fares from Oxford to South Lancashire. MR. WHALLEY, in Petersborough, the Town of St. Peter, Anglican Home in fact, will occupy himself in rapidly turning over its pages, lest perchance a Jesuit should lurk within them—and SIR ROBERT PEEL shouting out a playful alphabet to the effect that—

- A. B. WAS A BRADSHAW,
- C Out it,
- D Didn't,

and getting up to X, the Xpress, which would take him for a day's holiday into the Country.

For the Day of the Publication of BRADSHAW is a General Holiday omitted in the Calendar.

A century hence, perhaps, the Festival of BRADSHAW will be kept as that of St. LINUS, or St. Railway LINUS.



DEATH OF MR. GEORGE BRADSHAW.—The public will regret to learn that Mr. George Bradshaw, of Manchester, of the firm of Bradshaw and Blacklock proprietors of the celebrated *Railway Guides*, and of other useful and well-known topographical works, died at Christiania, in Norway, on the 6th inst., of cholera. Mr. Bradshaw left England for the north of Europe about a month ago, with the intention of visiting Sweden and Norway. After passing through various places and enjoying the fine scenery of those countries, he reached Christiania, where the cholera has been raging with virulence for some time. The brief account of his melancholy demise states that he was seized with the fearful disease about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, of the 6th instant, and that he was a corpse by 12 o'clock the same night. According to a law of Christiania, the body was interred in that place, within 36 hours of his death. The mournful intelligence was received on Thursday last, in Manchester, where Mr. Bradshaw's wife and numerous family reside. Mr. Bradshaw was an old Associate of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and a Member of the Society of Friends, and was highly esteemed by all ranks and classes of his fellow-citizens of Manchester. His health had failed him some years ago, since which he had taken no active part in the concern in which he was a partner.

"Exactly, my dear Watson. Hence the extreme importance of Porlock. Led on by some rudimentary aspirations towards sight, and encouraged by the judicious stimulation of an occasional ten-pound note sent to him by devious methods, he has once or twice given me advance information which has been of value- that highest value which anticipates and prevents rather than avenges crime. I cannot doubt that, if we had the ciphers, we should find that this communication is of the nature that I indicate."

Again Holmes flattened out the paper upon his unused plate. I rose and, leaning over him, stared down at the curious inscription, which ran as follows:

534 C2 13 127 36 31 4 17 21 41
Douglas 109 293 5 37 Birlstone
26 Birlstone 9 47 171

"What do you make of it, Holmes?"

"It is obviously an attempt to convey Secret information."

"But what is the use of a cipher message without the cipher?"

"In this instance, no use at all."

"Why do you say 'in this instance'?"

"Because there are many ciphers which I would read as easily as I do the apocrypha of the agony column; such crude devices amuse the intelligence without fatiguing it. But this is different. It is clearly a reference to the words in a page of some book. Until I am told which page and which book I am powerless."

"But why 'Douglas' and 'Birlstone'?"

"Clearly because those are words which were not contained in the page in question."

"Then why has he not indicated the book?"

"Your native shrewdness my dear Watson,



that innate cunning which is the delight of your friends, would surely prevent you from inclosing cipher and message in the same envelope. Should it miscarry, you are undone. As it is, both have to go wrong before any harm comes from it. Our second post is now overdue, and I shall be surprised if it does not bring us either a further letter of explanation, or, as is more probable, the very volume to which these figures refer."

Holmes's calculation was fulfilled within a very few minutes, by the appearance of Billy, the page, with the very letter which we were expecting.

"The same writing remarked Holmes, as he opened the envelope 'and actually signed', he added in an exultant voice as he unfolded the epistle- 'Come, we are getting on, Watson.' His brow clouded, however, as he glanced over the contents.

'Dear me this is very disappointing | I fear Watson, that all our expectations come to nothing. I trust that the man Porlock will

come to no harm.

"Dear Mr. Holmes", he says, "I will go no further in this matter. It is too dangerous—he suspects me. I can see that he suspects me. He came to me quite unexpectedly after I had actually addressed this envelope with the intention of sending you the key to the cipher. I was able to cover it up, if he had seen it, it would have gone hard with me, But I read suspicion in his eyes. Please burn the cipher message, which can now be of no use to you.

"Fred Porlock"

Holmes sat for some little time twisting this letter between his fingers, and frowning as he stared into the fire,

"After all," he said at last "there may be nothing in A. It may be only his guilty conscience. Knowing himself to be a traitor, he may have read the accusation in the other's eyes."

The other being, I presume. Professor Moriarty"

TUES. MARKET WIMBORNE, BUTLETT, and BELL. - North Station.			
Train	Time	Train	Time
1	7.15	2	7.45
3	8.15	4	8.45
5	9.15	6	9.45
7	10.15	8	10.45
9	11.15	10	11.45
11	12.15	12	12.45
13	1.15	14	1.45
15	2.15	16	2.45
17	3.15	18	3.45
19	4.15	20	4.45
21	5.15	22	5.45
23	6.15	24	6.45
25	7.15	26	7.45
27	8.15	28	8.45
29	9.15	30	9.45
31	10.15	32	10.45
33	11.15	34	11.45
35	12.15	36	12.45
37	1.15	38	1.45
39	2.15	40	2.45
41	3.15	42	3.45
43	4.15	44	4.45
45	5.15	46	5.45
47	6.15	48	6.45
49	7.15	50	7.45
51	8.15	52	8.45
53	9.15	54	9.45
55	10.15	56	10.45
57	11.15	58	11.45
59	12.15	60	12.45
61	1.15	62	1.45
63	2.15	64	2.45
65	3.15	66	3.45
67	4.15	68	4.45
69	5.15	70	5.45
71	6.15	72	6.45
73	7.15	74	7.45
75	8.15	76	8.45
77	9.15	78	9.45
79	10.15	80	10.45
81	11.15	82	11.45
83	12.15	84	12.45
85	1.15	86	1.45
87	2.15	88	2.45
89	3.15	90	3.45
91	4.15	92	4.45
93	5.15	94	5.45
95	6.15	96	6.45
97	7.15	98	7.45
99	8.15	100	8.45

"Whatever your reasons may be, you are perfectly correct," said she. "I started from home before six, reached Leatherhead at twenty past, and came in by the first train to Waterloo. Sir, I can stand this strain no longer; I shall go mad if it continues. I have no one to turn to — none, save only one, who cares for me, and he, poor fellow, can be of little aid. I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes; I have heard of you from Mrs. Farintosh, whom you helped in the hour of her sore need. It was from her that I had your address. Oh, sir, do you not think that you could help me,

Comment [RFM10]: As Leslie Klinger notes in his excellent *The New Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, Bradshaw's reveals there is no way Helen Stoner could have arrived at Baker Street as early as she did coming from Leatherhead. Is the Leatherhead area wrong? Was her real home somewhere else altogether? I find it easier to believe that Watson just got the railway schedule wrong, as he usually did. Writing years later, I suppose he felt it good enough just to approximate times.

"Bradshaw's" was the famous railway guide for travelers published beginning in 1839.

Comment [RFM11]: One of London's great railway stations, Waterloo has been with us since 1848. It is on the south bank of the Thames opposite the Houses of Parliament and the Victoria Embankment. Waterloo, built to be a convenient terminus for the London and South Western Railway dates to 1922 in its present form. In Holmes day, it was sprawling, confusing, and somewhat ramshackle. According to Jack Tracy's (excellent) *Encyclopedia Sherlockiana*, it appears in the Canon no less than six times.

too, and at least throw a little light through the dense darkness which surrounds me? At present it is out of my power to reward you for your services, but in a month or six weeks I shall be married, with the control of my own income, and then at least you shall not find me ungrateful."

Holmes turned to his desk and, unlocking it, drew out a small case-book, which he consulted.

"No less!" When any of that party talk about 'He' you know whom they mean, There is one predominant 'He' for all of them."

"But what can he do?"

"Hum! That's a large question. When you have, one of the first brains of Europe up against you, and all the powers of darkness at his back there are infinite possibilities. Anyhow, Friend Porlock is evidently scared out of his senses—kindly compare the writing in the note to that upon its envelop which was which was done, he tells us, before this ill-omened visit. The one is clear and firm, the other is barely legible

"Why did he write at all? Why did he not simply drop it?"

"Because he feared I would make some inquiry after him in that case, and possibly bring trouble on him."

"No doubt," said I. "Of course" I had picked up the original cipher message and was bending my brow over it, "It's pretty maddening to think that an important secret may lie here on this slip of paper, and that it is beyond human Power to penetrate it."

Sherlock Holmes had pushed away his untasted breakfast and lit the unsavoury pipe which was the companion of his deepest meditations. "I wonder," said leaning back and staring at the ceiling. "Perhaps there are points which have escaped your Machiavellian intellect. Let us consider the problem in the light of pure reason. This man's reference is to a book. That is our point of departure."

"A somewhat vague one."

"Let us see then if we can narrow it down. As I focus my mind upon it, it seems rather less impenetrable. What indications have we as to this book"

"None,"

"Well, well, it is surely not quite so bad as that. The cipher message begins With a large 534, does it not! We may take it as a working hypothesis that 534 is the particular page to which the cipher refers, So our hook has already become a large book, which is surely something gained. What other indications have we as to the nature of this large book? The next sign is C2, What do you make of that, Watson?"

"Chapter the second, no doubt."

"Hardly that, Watson. You will, I am sure, agree with me that if the page be given, the number of the chapter is immaterial. Also that if page 534 finds as only in the second chapter, the length of the first one must have been really intolerable

"Column" I cried.

"Brilliant, Watson. You are scintillating this morning. If it is not column, then I am very much deceived. So now, you see, we begin to visualize a large book, printed in double columns, which are each of a considerable length, since one of the words is numbered in the document as the two hundred and ninety-third. Have we reached the limits of what reason can supply?"

"I fear that we have,"

"Surely you do yourself an injustice. One more coruscation, my dear Watson—yet another brain-wave! Had the volume been an unusual one, he would have sent it to me. Instead of that, he had intended, before his plans were nipped, to send me the clue in this envelope. He says so in his note. This would seem to indicate that the book is one which he thought I would have no difficulty in finding for myself. He had it and he imagined that I would have it too. In short, Watson, it is a very common book."

"What you say certainly sounds plausible,"

"So we have contracted our field of search to a large book, printed in double columns and in common use."

"The Bible" I cried triumphantly.

"Good, Watson, good! But not if I may say so, quite good enough! Even if I accepted the compliment for myself, I could hardly name any volume which would be less likely to lie at the elbow of one of Moriarty's associates, besides, the editions of Holy Writ are so numerous that he could hardly suppose that two copies would have the same pagination. This is clearly a book which is standardized. He knows for certain that his page 534 will exactly agree with my page 534."

"But -very few books would correspond with that"

"Exactly. Therein lies our salvation. Our search is narrowed down to standardized books which anyone may be supposed to possess."

"**Bradshaw!**"

"There are difficulties. Watson. The vocabulary of Bradshaw is nervous and terse, but limited. The selection of words would hardly lend itself to the sending of general messages. We will eliminate Bradshaw. The dictionary is, I fear, inadmissible for

the same reason. What then is left?"

"An almanac!"

"Excellent, Watson .I am very much mistaken if you have not touched the spot An almanac. Let us consider the claims of Whittaker's Almanac, it is in common use. It has the requisite number of pages. It is in double column. Though reserved in its earlier vocabulary, it becomes, if I remember right, quite garrulous towards the end." He picked the volume from his desk. "Here is page 534, column two, substantial block of print dealing, I perceive, with the trade and resources of British India. Jot down the words, Watson Number thirteen is 'Mahratta,' Not, I fear, a very auspicious hemming. Number one hundred and twenty-seven is 'Government'; which at least makes sense, though somewhat irrelevant to ourselves and Professor Moriarty. Now let us try again. What does the Mahratta government do? Alas the next word is 'pig's bristles' We are undone, my good Watsons it is finished

He had spoken in jesting vein, but the twitching of his bushy eyebrows bespoke his disappointment and irritation. I sat helpless and unhappy, staring into the fire. A long silence was broken by a sudden exclamation from Holmes, who dashed at a cupboard, from which he emerged with a second yellow-covered volume in his hand,

"We pay the price, Watson, for being too up-to-date he cried. "We are before our time, and suffer the usual penalties. Being the seventh of January. We have very properly laid in the new almanac. It is more than likely that Porlock took his message from the old one. No doubt he would have told us so had his letter of explanation been written. Now let us see what page 534 has in store for us. Number thirteen is "There' which is much more promising. Number one hundred and twenty seven is 'is— "here is"— Holmes's eyes were gleaming with excitement, and his thin, nervous fingers twitched as he counted the words—" 'danger' " Ha ! Ha! Capital! Put that down. Watson. There is danger-may-come-very-soon then W have the name Douglas "rich-country-now-at-Birlstone-House Birlstone confidence—is— pressing.' There, Watson What do you think of pure reason and its fruit? If the greengrocer had such a thing as a laurel wreath, I should send Billy round for it."

"Just look up the trains in Bradshaw," said he, and turned back to his chemical studies.

The summons was a brief and urgent one.

Please be at the Black Swan Hotel at Winchester at midday to-morrow [it said]. Do come! I am at my wit's end.

HUNTER.

"Will you come with me?" asked Holmes, glancing up.

"I should wish to."

"Just look it up, then."

"There is a train at half-past nine," said I, glancing over my Bradshaw. "It is due at Winchester at 11:30."

"That will do very nicely. Then perhaps I had better postpone my analysis of the acetones, as we may need to be at our best in the morning."

"BRADSHAW'S RAILWAY GUIDE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—A correspondent informs us that "Bradshaw's Railway Guide" completed its 50th year of publication on the 1st of the present month.

Is it too much to hope that the beginning of its second half-century may be marked with some much-needed improvements? These are:—

1. An earlier issue. The inconvenience experienced by those who have to travel on the 1st or 2d of a new month, from the impossibility of obtaining information of changes in the time bills, is only too familiar. Why should it be impracticable to issue the new "Guide" a day or two before the end of the current month? This is done on the Continent. Can it not be done in England? It is a simple fact that, the 1st of July falling on Sunday, it was impossible on Monday to obtain a "Bradshaw" of the present month at either of the railway stations or stationary shops in the city of Lincoln—truly an ill-omened beginning of its second half-century.

2. The complete separation of the market trains, running only once or twice a week, from the ordinary trains. Nothing is more productive of mistake and disappointment than the present confusion of daily and weekly trains on the same page. A burnt bishop was said by Sydney Smith to be the only cure for locked-up railway carriages. One hoped a disappointed Royal Duke might have remedied this unhappy muddle. But the Duke of Edinburgh, during his tour of inspection of the Lincolnshire Coastguard stations a little while since, fell into the trap, and had to waste some valuable hours at a forlorn little station, and the public were none the better. The Sunday trains do appear in a division by themselves. Why cannot the same plan be adopted for the market trains? A difference of type would make the distinction still more obvious.

3. The publication of the fares. When one has to arrange for a journey for a child, or a servant, or a poor pensioner from one part of England to another, it would be a great convenience to be able to calculate the cost beforehand. This is now impossible, save by correspondence with stationmasters.

We owe much to "Bradshaw." It is compact, well-arranged, and, with a little trouble to master its details, very easy of comprehension. The improvements I have suggested would add much to its general utility, and could not be difficult of execution.

Yours, &c.

The Precentory, Lincoln. EDMUND VENABLES.

On the Training of Library Assistants

An address delivered at the Inauguration of the Library Association's Class for Library Assistants
By Mandell London.

No one has such a need of encyclopaedic knowledge as a librarian. I remember it was once said that a man who had distinguished himself very highly at a University was asked to what cause he particularly attributed his success, and what book he thought had helped him most. After meditating a little while he said: "Bradshaw's Railway Guide." The habit he had acquired of taking imaginary journeys by the help of Bradshaw's Guide, had, on the whole, done more to train his mind than all the lectures to which he had been subjected. That is to say, in his spare moments he picked up a work which is certainly not devoid of interest, if it is read with a little imagination on the part of the reader, and constructed for himself imaginary tours; and in that way he gained a more complete knowledge of geography than he could have secured in any other way. He knew the distances by rail from one place to another, knew their relative position and gained an enormous amount also of accurate and useful knowledge. A librarian has to do something of the same kind. He cannot even say that "Bradshaw's Railway Guide" is not a useful thing for him to know.

BRADSHAW'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—The letter from the Rev. Edmund Venables referring to our Railway Guide, in *The Times* of the 11th inst., seems to call for some reply.

With regard to the desirability of an earlier issue of the book, we are entirely at one with Canon Venables, and we need scarcely add that our efforts are unceasing to attain this end. We regret, however, that these endeavours are constantly frustrated from causes which, though entirely removed from our own control, we are satisfied might to a large extent be obviated if long-needed reforms in the arrangements of the various railway companies in the alteration of their train services could be secured.

The bulk of the changes effected from time to time by which the publication is delayed are proposed at meetings or conferences of the officers of the various companies, and have afterwards to receive the sanction of the directors. The first essential for the attainment of the desired object is, that these meetings should take place sufficiently early to allow of the final settlement of the alterations in time for us to receive and deal with the information, so as to enable us to issue the Guide at least two days before the end of each month. This has been frequently pressed upon the attention of the railway companies, and though we must acknowledge that efforts in this direction have been made in isolated instances, yet for want of combined and mutual recognition of the importance of the subject on the part of the companies generally, they have not as yet resulted in any appreciable improvement.

As will be readily understood the constantly increasing interchange of traffic arrangements between the different lines tends to add to their complexity, involving a larger expenditure of time in their settlement, so that the difficulty is likely to continue to increase year by year.

We have no hesitation in saying that if a few of the leading companies could realize the importance of the subject, and determine that, in the interests of their individual lines and also of the travelling public—which must necessarily be identical—the ever-recurring and constantly increasing difficulties should be fairly faced, the whole matter could be effectually grappled with.

That it is by no means impossible of attainment is proved from the fact that one of the principal lines furnishes the information, almost invariably, at as early a date as can be reasonably expected.

How essential it is that some step should be taken may be seen from the fact that although, as Canon Venables states, the guides for July were not obtainable in many districts till the 2d and 3d of the month, we have received since going to press further alterations from several of the leading lines.

No complaint is more common than the impossibility of settling in advance the details of a journey with any degree of accuracy during the closing and opening days of the month, and it is to obviate this that we urge the importance of our proposal.

We have, however, pointed out the only way in which this very desirable end can be attained, and we can only add that any efforts which may be made will secure our hearty co-operation.

With regard to the minor suggestions of the letter of Canon Venables, which have all claimed our notice for many years past, they are so largely dependent upon the success of what we now propose, that at present they do not come within the scope of practical consideration.

Yours, &c.,

HENRY BLACKLOCK AND CO., Proprietors of
"Bradshaw's Railway Guide."

106, Albert-square, Manchester.

Res. Eng., Geo. Douglas.] Birkenhead, Lancashire, and Cheshire Junction. [Sec., J. Gibson.

Miles.	Fares			An Omnibus from Parkgate meets these trains at Hooton (except on Tues. & Thurs.)												Sundays.				
	fm. Birkenhd.			Up.																
	1 cl.	2 cl.	3 cl.	1 2 3	1 & 2	†	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	aft	aft	aft	aft	aft	aft	aft	aft	aft	aft	
	Liverpool...dep	6 07	45 8	15 9	30 10	30 10	10 30	12 15	1 45	3 04	15 04	15 07	15 08	15 08	15 08	15 08	15 08
	Birkenhead „	6 15	8 08	30 9	45 10	45 10	10 45	12 30	2 03	15 03	15 05	15 07	15 09	15 09	15 09	15 09	15 09
10	40	30	1	Tranmere.....	6 19	8 4	10 49	12 34	...	3 19	...	5 19	7 19	9 19	11 19	13 19	
20	40	30	2	Rock Lane	6 21	8 6	10 52	12 36	...	3 21	4 35	5 21	7 21	9 21	11 21	13 21	
30	60	40	3	Bebington.....	6 25	8 10	10 55	12 40	2 9	3 25	...	5 25	7 25	9 25	11 25	13 25	
40	80	60	4	Spital	6 28	8 13	10 58	12 43	...	3 28	4 42	5 28	7 28	9 28	11 28	13 28	
61	00	90	6	Bromborough	6 32	8 17	11 2	12 47	2 16	3 32	4 46	5 32	7 32	9 32	11 32	13 32	
71	20	100	7	Hooton	6 35	8 21	...	9 58	11 5	11 5	12 51	...	3 35	...	5 35	7 35	9 35	11 35	13 35	
81	41	00	8	Sutton	6 37	8 25	...	10 0	11 7	11 7	12 55	2 20	3 37	4 51	5 37	7 37	9 37	11 37	13 37	
122	01	61	0	Mollington	6 48	8 33	11 18	1 3	...	3 48	...	5 48	7 48	9 48	11 48	13 48	
152	62	01	3	Chester 77 79 a	7 08	45 8	55 10	15 10	11 30	1 15	2 45	4 05	10 6	08 09	45 10	02 10	08 10	14 10	20 10	

Fares.	A Coach to and from Holywell meets the No. 8 Up & 6 Down at Sutton												Sundays.						
	Down.																		
	1 cl.	2 cl.	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2
Express.	1 cl.	2 cl.	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn
s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	Chestr d	4 50	7 08	15 9	0 9	15 10	30 10	12 15	3 15	5 15	7 15	9 15	11 15	13 15	15 15	17 15	19 15
...	Mollington	...	7 68	21 15	...	21 10	36 10	12 21	3 21	...	7 21	9 21	11 21	13 21	15 21	17 21	19 21
...	Sutton	...	7 15	30 9	15 9	30 10	42 10	12 30	3 30	5 30	7 30	9 30	11 30	13 30	15 30	17 30	19 30
...	Hooton	...	7 19	34 9	19 9	34 10	46 10	12 34	3 34	5 34	7 34	9 34	11 34	13 34	15 34	17 34	19 34
...	Brombro'	...	7 22	37 9	19 9	37 10	49 10	12 37	3 37	5 37	7 37	9 37	11 37	13 37	15 37	17 37	19 37
...	Spital	...	7 26	42 9	19 9	41 10	52 10	12 41	3 41	5 41	7 41	9 41	11 41	13 41	15 41	17 41	19 41
...	Bebington	...	7 30	45 9	19 9	45 10	56 10	12 45	3 45	5 45	7 45	9 45	11 45	13 45	15 45	17 45	19 45
...	Rock Lane	...	7 32	48 9	19 9	48 10	59 10	12 48	3 48	5 48	7 48	9 48	11 48	13 48	15 48	17 48	19 48
...	Tranmere	...	7 35	50 9	19 9	50 10	61 10	12 50	3 50	5 50	7 50	9 50	11 50	13 50	15 50	17 50	19 50
...	Brknhd	5 35	7 45	9 30	10 11	10 11	0 4	0 5	5 58	0 9	45 11	20 5	...	5 35	10 15	15 09	20 05
...	Livpool	5 55	8 59	20 9	50 10	20 11	25 1	20 4	20 6	10 8	20 10	5 5	...	5 55	10 35	15 20	20 10

An Omnibus to Parkgate meets these trains at Hooton, except Tuesdays and Thursdays.

MANCHESTER, WARRINGTON, and CHESTER.—Birkenhead, Lanc., and Ches. Junc.

Fares			Week Days.						Sndys		Week Days.						Sndys		
1st	2nd	3rd	Down			Up.					Down			Up.					
cls.	cls.	cls.	1 2 3	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2 3	
s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	Victoria Station	mrn	aft	aft	mrn	aft	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn	mrn
...	Manchestr dep	8 30	1 05	30 8	30 8	10 7	0	8 0	10 45	4 30
...	Ordsal Lane	8 33	1 35	33 8	33 8	10 7	0	6 30	9 0	12 15	5 45	7 45	9 45	11 45	13 45
...	Eccles	8 39	...	5 37	6 41	9 13	12 26	6 56	7 56	9 56	11 56	13 56
...	Patricroft	...	1 10	...	8 43	6 45	9 17	12 30	6 58	7 58	9 58	11 58	13 58
...	Kenyon Junction	8 51	1 23	5 47	8 53	6 49	9 21	12 34	7 03	8 03	10 03	12 03	14 03
...	Newton	8 56	1 32	5 52	9 1	6 52	9 25	12 38	7 06	8 06	10 06	12 06	14 06
...	Warrington	9 12	1 50	6 10	9 12	9 50	8 0	7 09	9 34	12 47	7 13	8 13	10 13	12 13	14 13
6/2	6/2	0	Moore	9 20	1 56	6 16	9 20	9 56	6	7 59	9 39	12 52	7 20	8 20	10 20	12 20	14 20
6/3	4/2	3	Norton	9 24	2 06	20 9	22 10	10 18	11	7 15	9 50	1 26	3 8	5 30	7 30	9 30	11 30
10/3	7/2	5	Runcorn Road	9 31	2 6	25 9	28 10	10 6	16	7 25	10 8	1 15	6 49
0/3	9/2	6	Frodsham	9 36	2 10	6 30	32 10	10 8	20	7 30	10 13	1 20	6 54
6/4	0/2	9	Helsby	9 42	2 18	6 36	40 10	10 16	26	7 30	10 13	1 20	6 54
10/4	4/2	11	Dunham	9 48	2 25	6 42	45 10	10 20	30	7 45	...	1 36
6/5	0/3	4	Chester 77, 79 a	10 52	4 45	7 01	0 10	10 35	8 45	7 50	10 50	1 42	7 17
0/5	0/3	4	Birkenhead „	11 10	4 08	7 11	20 10	10 45	8 0	11 01	1 45	7 25	10 10	12 10	14 10	16 10

London and North Western trains between Manchester and Warrington, see pages 60 and 61. An Omnibus from Runcorn meets these trains at Moore. 3rd class from Stations between Manchester & Chester to Stations beyond Chester. FARES.—Birkenhead to Warrington, 1st class, 4s.; 2nd, 3s. 4d.; 3rd, 2s. 2d.; to Manchester, 7s.; 5s.; 3s. 4d.

BANGOR and CARNARVON.

Fares.			Week Days.						Sundays		Week Days.						Sundays		
1st	2nd	3rd	Up.			Up.					Up.			Up.					
cls.	cls.	cls.	1 2 3	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2 3	
s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	Carnarvon	mn	aft	aft	mn	aft	mn	mn	mn	mn	mn	mn	mn	mn	mn
0 60	40	3	Griffith's Crsang	8 15	12 15	2 15	4 20	7 25	6 10	5 20	7 25	4 55	9 40	1 53	30 5	10 30	4 55
0 90	70	6	Port Dinorwic	8 21	12 21	2 21	4 26	7 31	6 16	5 26	9 49	1 14	3 39	5 19
1 10	110	9	Treborth	8 29	12 29	2 29	4 34	7 39	6 24	5 34	9 56	1 21	3 46	5 26
2 61	31	0	Bangor 79 a	8 45	12 45	2 45	4 50	7 55	6 40	5 50	7 55	10 0	1 28	3 53	5 33
...	Bangor	8 55	12 55	2 55	5 00	8 05	6 50	6 00	8 05	10 10	1 33	4 08	5 48

Bradshaw—the notorious page 78

BRADSHAW – A MYSTERY

A farce is being performed at the Haymarket under the title of Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw; but if the first two were omitted, Bradshaw alone would form an excellent subject for a tragedy. We have much pleasure in making a present of the following frightful plot to any dramatist who will just take the trifling trouble to supply the dialogue.

Act 1 opens with a scene in a home in London, where Orlando is discovered earnestly perusing the second column of *The Times* newspaper. He utters a soliloquy something like the following:

Sweet second column of the friendly *Times*,
'Tis by thine aid the broken-hearted J.
Entreats the truant C. to hasten home.
To thee the Lady Eleanor repairs
To find her bracelet dropp'd at last night's ball.
To thee the pining and deserted wife
Turns anxiously to meet her absent lord.
Thou sweet restorer of lost property,
Rings, wives, keys, money, husbands, brooches, dogs;
All are recovered by thine agency.
To thee Orlando is indebted now
For finding where to write to Leonora.
But stay—I will not write—I'll go at once.
The act concludes with a bustling scene, in which Orlando racks up his carpet bag and sends for a *Bradshaw*.

Act 2 begins with the opening of the *Bradshaw*, which has just arrived, and Orlando eagerly turns over the page to find the train for Liverpool. After some dialogue of a hurried nature with his servant, and a display of some irritation, the following passionate burst might be introduced with considerable effect:

Why, what is this? I'll to the Index turn,
And see if that can help me. Ha, ha, ha!
There's no such place as Liverpool set down.
It don't exist! Liverpool is a myth.
Its commerce, shipping, public buildings, docks,
Are all a dream—there is no Liverpool!
Servant.—Be calm, good master—turn to Birkenhead.
Orlando.—My head—not Birken—'tis enough to turn
Servant (finding a place in the book, and handing it to his master).—
See, Sir, I have discovered Birkenhead.
Orlando (snatching the *Bradshaw*, and looking at it).— Why so it is—there's comfort for me yet.
What does it say I've got it right at last (reads)
Birkenhead Lancashire and Cheshire

What's J.? Who's J.? Why J.? What does J. mean?

But to the Page—I see 'tis seventy eight.

[Turns furiously to page 78.]

Ha, ha! I thought as much! Here's Landing stage."

Where's "Landing stage?" Ho ho! I shall go mad
Let me read further. Ah! Here's Liverpool

The place I fain would reach—but by the book

I'm there already. How to get there, though?

I'll try the down train. Horror. 'worsed worse!

That starts from Chester—how to get to Chester?

Will, no one tell me how to get to Chester?

Or-why to Chester need I go at all!

[Collars his servant.]

Slave, tell me! Wherefore didst thou bring this book—

Was it to torture me with?—

Servant.—Sir—"Tis *Bradshaw*—

The second act being concluded,

the **third act** opens at Liverpool, where Leonora is discovered anxiously expecting Orlando. She is intently gazing on a *Bradshaw*, which she throws away from her, with a speech to the following effect:

Away! away! thou torturer of hearts,

Breaker of heads—thou brain perplexer go!

I cannot spell thee out with all my pains.

Can'st tell me when Orlando should be here?

Thou can'st not—tantalizer--mocking fiend!

For now thou seem'st to bring him to my arms,

And now thou rudely hurl'st him back again;

Referring me to some far distant page,

Prating of junctions or some other jargon.

I shall go mad!—I'm going mad!—I'm mad!

The fourth Act shows Orlando more calm, with the *Bradshaw* still open before him. After some quiet dialogue with his faithful domestic, a speech like the following might naturally ensue.

We've got it now at last 'tis the North-Western;

Yes, that's the line that leads to Leonora,

I mean to Liverpool—what's the first train!

There's one that starts at nine-fifteen—that's good!

But when does it arrive—never, by jingo!

It stops at Stafford. Come, Let's try again,

One at nine-thirty- that will do as well;

It reaches Liverpool at—ha, ha, ha!

It never-gets to Liverpool at all;

But I'll be patient— Now to try the next;

It starts at eight the third before the first,

"The cart before the horse". But never mind!

When does it reach? This is beyond a joke;

This stops at Dunstable. Where's Dunstable!

Who wants to go to Dunstable? Do you?

Or you, Sir' all my brains are dancing reels;

Dunstable bernes whirl about my head.

Servant (catching; him in his arms).—Poor fellow well, his wits are gone at last.

The fourth act being thus ended,

the fifth opens with Leonora at the Railway Station at Chester. After making numerous enquiries in a state of great agitation, she goes off into the following rhapsody -

What junction? 'Where's the 'Up and where's the "Down"?"

What train meets which? When other due?

What's the express? Is this the proper platform?

Or that?—or neither'?

Guard (rings bell)—now- the train from London—

A train arrives and Orlando looks out from a window of a carriage.

Orlando.—Where am I- is this Liverpool—or London—Or Wolverhampton?

Leonora—Ah! it is his voice!

[Orlando leaps out of the carriage and the lovers are immediately locked in each others arms]

Orlando.—How came you here? I know you cannot tell

For I can't say at all how I got here.

I looked at *Bradshaw*.

Leonora-Oh, don't talk of *Bradshaw*,

Bradshaw has nearly maddened me.

Orlando.—And me,

He talks of trains arriving that ne'er start;

Of trains that seem to start, and never arrive

Of junctions where no union is effected

Of coaches meeting trains that never come;

Of trains to catch a coach that never goes -

Of trains that start after they have arrived;

Of trains arriving long before they leave?

He bids u " see" some page that can't be turned;

Or if found, it speaks of spots remote

From there we seek to reach! *Bradshaw's* aid?

You've tried to get to London—I attempted

To get to Liverpool—and here we are,

Chester; 'Tis a junction—I'm content

Our union at this Inaction to cement.

And let us hope, nor you nor I again

May be attacked with *Bradshaw's* on the brain

Leonora.—I'm happy now I My husband I

Orlando Ah My bride

Henceforth take me mot *Bradshaw* for your guide.

[**The Curtain falls**]

(Continued from page 4)

our page 7) into "The Guide to Bradshaw", a chapter of his book *Out of Town*, published in 1865. We have previously published in The Times his mocking "illustration" of a page from Bradshaw and which formed the centrepiece of Burnand's Guide.

THE TIMES was somewhat more tolerant but, as we saw last month, rather inclined to let its readers take aim at Bradshaw's Guide.

The following material is taken from Jack Simmon's analysis of Bradshaw.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE first refers to the timetables in a neutral way in *Barchester Towers*. In the fifth chapter (written in 1855), the Evangelical clergyman Mr Slope observes that on looking at the "Bradshaw", I see that there are three trains in and three out [of Barchester] every Sabbath'. But by 1869 Trollope was making the frequently-heard complaint too: 'At what hour I shalt get to Glasgow I cannot learn without an amount of continued study of Bradshaw for which I have neither strength nor mental ability. By this time he finds no need to put Bradshaw into inverted commas. To him the book has become part of the vocabulary of ordinary life.

The wry jokes continued. HENRY JAMES treated Bradshaw as one of the mysteries of country, unintelligible to any foreigners, except perhaps Americans. Arnold Bennett made fun of its intricacies in 1911 joined in the same year by MAX BEERBOHM - 'We always repulse, at first, anyone who intervenes between us and Bradshaw. We always end by accepting the intervention. We never have any confidence in the intervener. Nor is the intervener, when it comes to the point, sanguine.'

There were however other people who looked into Bradshaw's publications, not in urgent search for the times of trains needed for journeys they had to make, but treating them in a quite different way, as an intellectual diversion. Here is one of them, under amused and attentive scrutiny: 'I lent that entertaining work [Bradshaw's Commercial Guide] to an American friend, and found the utmost difficulty in recovering it from him. It was duly restored, indeed, on the morning of my departure, and I found that my friend had sat up all night, "just to see how it ended", he said.

Another writer remarked of the British Guide that 'the different threads of its plot tare interwoven like the patterns in the products of the Jacquard Loom.

All timetables, other than those showing the simplest out-and-back journeys, necessarily demand a little patience. 'It has long been agreed on all hands that nobody can

END OF THE LINE FOR 'BRADSHAW'

FINAL ISSUE IN
MAY

ECONOMIC TROUBLES

Bradshaw will make its last appearance with the issue for May. The famous railway guide will then have had 122 years of life. Its centenary, in 1939, inspired at least two books and many articles in magazines and newspapers. For generations Bradshaw has been a household word implying railway time-tables on the grand scale.

The decision to cease publication was announced "with regret" in Manchester yesterday by the publishers, Henry Blacklock and Co. Ltd. It includes, besides the railway guide, *Bradshaw's Air Guide* and *Bradshaw's Manchester A B C Railway Guide*, all of which are issued monthly.

COMPLEX TASK

The publishers stated that their decision had been taken for economic reasons. During the past few years, it was pointed out, every issue of the railway guide contained more than 1,000 pages and its production was one of the most complex printing tasks in the world. The preparatory work involved something over 20,000 hours annually, and that was one reason why the publishers could no longer afford to publish the guide.

The firm said there was no other publication comparable with the guide. "The only way in which people will be able to gain information about railway timings in future will be through the railways' own handbooks", they added, "and as these are published on a district basis it will be difficult to get a complete picture of the railway timing network".

FIRST APPEARANCE

The first Bradshaw timetable is generally accepted as that which appeared on October 19, 1839, or as set out by Bradshaw, who was a Quaker and an engraver by trade, "10th Mo. 19th, 1839". It was a small pocket book with stiff green cloth covers on the front of which was embossed in gold *Bradshaw's Railway Time Table*. The cost was 6d. and the contents comprised times and fares for the "northern" railways, together with engraved maps of towns and a coloured map of the "railways in Lancashire".

The scope of the timetables was extended to cover all railways in Britain in December, 1841, when the first "guide" was published at 6d. In March, 1845, the serial number on the yellow front wrapper, instead of being 40 became 140, and this error—genuine or made with a purpose—was perpetuated in the guide's long history.

Journey's End

There are some items of news that have to be repeated before we can be brought to believe them. This is one. Bradshaw will pull up at his final terminus, puffing gallantly to the last, in May. His has been an historic run. The time of departure was 1839 and as the years rolled past this greatest and most complicated of all time-tables—the *pons asinorum* of the fumbling looker-up—became a legend. BRIGHT is said to have remarked that the two most widely read books in English were the Bible and Bradshaw. For the comfort of the weaker brethren BURNAND invented his famous definition of the three kinds of Bradshavian trains. There were those that started but did not arrive, those which arrived but did not start, and those which neither arrived nor started but stopped at all intermediate stations.

The father of the classic once received an apt compliment from a critic who had seen his picture in the National Portrait Gallery. "I cannot imagine Mr. Bradshaw's ever missing a train. His face is that of a lover of order, accuracy and punctuality." It is rather sad to reflect that, with all these qualities and what must have amounted to genius in finding his way about the mazes of the iron grooves, he died as early as 1853, before the true rigours of the game of which he was master had evolved. Asiatic cholera struck him down in Christiania while he was still in his early fifties. He had lived a full life. His parents had placed their little George under a Swedenborgian minister and then apprenticed him to an engraver. From his native Pendleton in Lancashire he migrated to Belfast but was soon in Manchester, with which city his work has for so long been associated. There he engraved maps of Lancashire and of the canals as a preliminary to the first railway time-table. It was a small 18mo volume, bound in cloth and sold at sixpence.

The once familiar yellow wrapper first appeared in 1841 on *Bradshaw's Monthly Railway Guide*. This was followed by a Continental guide and, in the late forties, by what must have been a very necessary and, if it did not pull its punches, a very sensational *Shareholders' Guide*. BRADSHAW himself moved in that murky atmosphere of company promotion without being besmirched. He joined the Quakers as a young man, was active with COBDEN and others in holding peace conferences and in supporting such worthy causes as an Ocean Penny Post and the establishment of schools for the poor. The man deserves to be remembered today when the passing of what might have been thought to be his permanent claim to fame has to be recorded. Nothing, alas, in this mortal world is non-stop—not even Bradshaw.



The comic Bradshaw

Angus Bethune Reach, Henry George Hine



half-past five o'clock, to be in time for the Liverpool express, which had left the platform at half-past four. It would positively be worth the while of every amateur of amusement to spend his afternoons regularly at the terminus. But then again, this is a stupid, matter-of-fact world, and it is perfectly possible that not one of the disappointed travellers would be able to see exactly where the joke lay. Instead of joining in a hearty guffaw, and

snare, we went at such a pace, that we managed to knock a hind wheel off a brougham, and the cabman had to go into a shop, to write down his address and give it to the police. Sixthly, we ran over a baby, which didn't signify; but, seventhly, when we got to the terminus, the train was gone—which did.



As a finish to this part of the subject, we set our prophet—a sharp-sighted fellow, who can look into a millstone (when there's a hole in it) as far as most men—to get us a glance at the Number of Bradshaw which will be published on the 1st of April, 1948. In a few moments he favoured us with the following. Its authenticity may be entirely relied on :

EASTERN COUNTRIES LINE.

DOWN TRAIN.

LEAVES			HOOR.	MIN.	A. M.
SHOREDITCH STATION	6	"	"
BOW	6	0½	"
CONSTANTINOPLE	6	45	"
ALEPPO	7	30	"
JERICH0	8	35	"
ISPAHAN	9	20	"
BAGDAD	10	1	"
WHERE BABYLON USED TO WAS	10	35	"
CANTON	11	0	"
PEKIN	12	0	"

* * * Return tickets for Pekin available for three days.

* * * A cheap train daily—arriving there in time for tea.

* * * Omnibuses meet the trains at the Jericho Terminus.

* * * The Millionth Edition of "The Comic Bradshaw, or Bubbles from the Boiler," to be had at all the stations.

understand a railway timetable', *Punch* remarked in 1854. Nothing had changed in that matter 100 years later. L.T.C. Rolt considered that 'the average traveller seems totally incapable of deciphering even the simplest of timetables or, if he can he refuses to believe what he reads. But Bradshaw's Guide did labour under one defect that might have been remedied. The size of the page changed scarcely at all. The book grew enormously thick: by 1939 each issue comprised over 1,100 pages. The small square format set problems to the printers - striving to accommodate the lists of stations, the times of the trains, and the necessary notes - that were not soluble satisfactorily under these conditions. In most countries on the mainland of Europe and in the United States, the pages of the national railway timetables were made larger, which considerably eased this task. No such change occurred in Britain until after the railways had been nationalised. The new management then arranged to amalgamate some of its regional timetables with Bradshaw's, as the former Southern Railway had done from its formation in 1923. This produced a curious new Bradshaw. It was taller than the old one, but scarcely any broader; and that was still a most troublesome restriction, requiring much matter to be set sideways. The last issue, of May 1961, is a sorry spectacle of mixed typography, through the printing of some of the text in accordance with the railways own specification, interwoven with Bradshaws. Turned out in this way, it was discreditable to everyone. Plainly it must be abandoned in favour of a new timetable, planned and laid out as such. That was duly produced at last, in a well-considered form, by the British Railways Board in 1974. It was a pity that this sensible conclusion had to be reached in slowly, and by such a disorderly route.

Beginning in 1968 David St John Thomas began to reprint old editions of Bradshaw to a mixture of acclaim and derision. Here is what he had to say about his experiences when he published a reprint of the 1922 edition in 1985 (dust jacket and sample hotel advert. overleaf).

Of all the things I have done in my publishing career, none has been more widely commented upon than the reprinting of old Bradshaws. When David & Charles produced the first (for April 1910) in 1968, it was the signal to many, who had watched the output from our then offices in Newton Abbot railway station with some amazement, that we would not be troubling the book trade much longer! But the title verso of that reprint shows that two impressions had to be run off within a few months.

The sales of the first were greatly helped

by publicity. I did around fifty radio and television interviews in a fortnight. Almost all the interviewers thought me a prime target at whom to poke fun. . . wasn't it like painting Union Jacks on chamber pots and other such silly things? I let them have their laugh but each time got in my commercial message with which indeed I began the introduction to the first reprint itself: 'Old copies of Bradshaws are now scarce and expensive. Even copies with tattered pages and missing maps fetch substantial prices. So the main idea of this new edition is to provide a typical issue in a more permanent form. The enlarged type on better-quality white paper, in a conventional binding case, will make far easier reading.'

And so it proved. Our reprints are now if anything more scarce than the originals. My own personal copies show signs of much usage. Almost every railway book and many magazine articles written ever since pay especial attention to the services provided in 1910!

Inflation put the price of such long books horribly up. But the demand has continued: when, oh when, I am always being asked, are we going to reprint our reprint. One day we may indeed bring back the 1910 issue. We also did August 1887 and July 1938. But meantime here is a brand new reprint, catching Britain's railways at an especially emotional moment: during the last summer before the Grouping. It cannot be cheap, but I know that in twenty years time it will itself again be a collector's piece, and that I shall welcome an additional reference point on my own shelves.

It would make perfect reading on a desert island, for there is so very much to study. The mileage columns alone are of tremendous value. The company ownerships, the numerous duplicate routes that were shortly to be rationalised, and numerous other long-abandoned features of our railways come to life just as they were seen and indeed used by village parsons and other subscribers to Bradshaw.

Look up the service at your local station, or was it stations in those days? Wonder at the enormous variety of cross-country service and through coaches, at the efforts to encourage traffic along the least likely routes to help swell the company's coffers. Think of the local pride still displayed by companies like the Highland Railway which within months was to receive a serious knock. If you were going from Birmingham to London, or Manchester to Liverpool, or Aberdeen to England, which way would you have chosen? Which of the thousands of forgotten travel opportunities would you select if you had the power to

relive just one?

But all was not rosy. Some services had not totally recovered from the First World War; interesting comparisons can be made between this and the 1910 edition. And it is easy to pinpoint services so badly run that the railways were inviting competition from the bus services spawning all over the country. Few people yet thought that the Railway Age was ending.

Enjoy your bedside travels, in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland with its 'Troubles'. And give a thought for the poor people who had to amend this mammoth publication each month. It was seldom a day late, and almost totally accurate.

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YORK, DONCASTER, GAINSBORO', LINCOLN, and MARCH.—G. N. & G. E. Joint.

Week Days.

From	To	Dep.	Arr.	Dep.	Arr.
York	Doncaster	7.40	8.20	12.40	1.20
Doncaster	York	8.20	9.00	1.20	2.00
Doncaster	Gainsboro'	8.50	9.30	1.50	2.30
Gainsboro'	Doncaster	9.30	10.10	2.30	3.10
Doncaster	Lincoln	9.50	10.30	3.10	3.50
Lincoln	Doncaster	10.30	11.10	3.50	4.30
Doncaster	March	10.50	11.30	4.10	4.50
March	Doncaster	11.30	12.10	4.50	5.30
Doncaster	Lowestoft	11.50	12.30	5.10	5.50
Lowestoft	Doncaster	12.30	1.10	5.50	6.30

Sundays.

York	Doncaster	7.40	8.20	12.40	1.20
Doncaster	York	8.20	9.00	1.20	2.00
Doncaster	Gainsboro'	8.50	9.30	1.50	2.30
Gainsboro'	Doncaster	9.30	10.10	2.30	3.10
Doncaster	Lincoln	9.50	10.30	3.10	3.50
Lincoln	Doncaster	10.30	11.10	3.50	4.30
Doncaster	March	10.50	11.30	4.10	4.50
March	Doncaster	11.30	12.10	4.50	5.30
Doncaster	Lowestoft	11.50	12.30	5.10	5.50
Lowestoft	Doncaster	12.30	1.10	5.50	6.30

BRADSHAW'S
JULY 1922
RAILWAY GUIDE

LOWESTOFT, GORLESTON, and YARMOUTH.—G. E. and Mid. & G. N. Joint.

Down.

From	To	Dep.	Arr.	Dep.	Arr.
Lowestoft	Central	7.35	7.55	12.50	1.10
Central	Lowestoft	7.55	8.15	1.10	1.30
Lowestoft	South	8.15	8.35	1.30	1.50
South	Lowestoft	8.35	8.55	1.50	2.10
Lowestoft	Beach	8.55	9.15	2.10	2.30
Beach	Lowestoft	9.15	9.35	2.30	2.50
Lowestoft	Yarmouth	9.35	9.55	2.50	3.10
Yarmouth	Lowestoft	9.55	10.15	3.10	3.30

Up.

From	To	Dep.	Arr.	Dep.	Arr.
Yarmouth	Beach	10.15	10.35	3.30	3.50
Beach	Yarmouth	10.35	10.55	3.50	4.10
Yarmouth	South	10.55	11.15	4.10	4.30
South	Yarmouth	11.15	11.35	4.30	4.50
Yarmouth	Central	11.35	11.55	4.50	5.10
Central	Yarmouth	11.55	12.15	5.10	5.30

NOTES.

a Stops at Gorleston Links and Gorleston-on-Sea.

b Stops if required to set down from Peterborough, Bourne, and beyond.

c Stops if required to take up for Peterborough, Bourne, and beyond.

For other Trains

Between York and Doncaster: 338 Saxby and Lincoln. 703 Lincoln and Spalding. 358

BRADSHAW'S

JULY 1922 RAILWAY GUIDE

HOTELS.

941

BETTWS-Y-COED.



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