

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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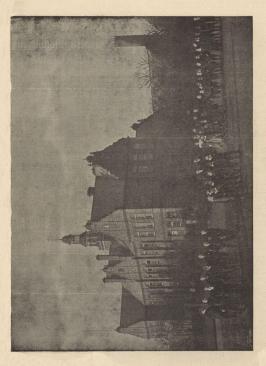
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No. 2. Feb. 1899.



BEDE SCHOOL PRIZE-GIVING AND CONVERSAZIONE.

DAVID once declared "The Hill of Zion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth." Nobody has ever said anything like that of the Victoria Hall. Many people have been known to swear something very different. Still, Sunderland's principal and best known public hall has some good points. It is well situated, large, and easy to speak or sing in; and so it gets taken.

On Friday, December 16th last, it afforded a gay and pleasing scene which not all the native and perennial unsightliness of its walls could spoil. Bede School was having its Speech Day. Ranged on benches before and at the sides of the organ were over two hundred boys and girlsthe black jackets of the former and the white dresses of the latter making an effective and agreeable contrast. A splendid profusion of noble palms, ferns, and other plants, all lent by the generous owner of West Hendon House, and beautifully disposed by his gardener, adorned the platform. The bulk of the younger scholars sat in the body of the hall, while parents, past scholars, and not a few of the general public, crowded the dress circle. Among those present were Mr. Lamb, Mr. Backhouse, Mr. Davison, Father Foran, Mr. Blumer, and the Rev. C. G. Hopkinson.

The genial Chairman, Mr. R. A. Bart-ram, J.P., having opened the proceedings with a short speech, some fine old glees and Mendelssohn's "Lift thine eyes," were well sung by the choir, Mr. Park conducting, and Mr. Jarman playing the accompaniments. The General Report of the school, then read, showed that the past year had been, on the whole, the most successful in the school's history. The fact was mentioned that, at every one of the five English Universities—Oxford, Cambridge, London, Durham, and Victoria—Bade School is now represented by some of its old scholar—either graduate-members, or

undergraduates; and it was stated that four of the past girl-pupils had recently taken their degrees.

Principal Gurney, on rising; got an enthusiastic reception. And here it may be remarked that Bede School has always been fortunate in having, in the distinguished stranger invited to give out the prizes, a gentleman excellently qualified for the task. Dean Kitchin is an eminent scholar, and the noble address which he delivered at the last Prize-giving in the Assembly Hall, and his conspicuous kindness to the prize-takers there, will linger

long in the memories of many.

Professor Gurney took his degree at Cambridge in 1870 with double first-class honours-mathematics and natural science. Sometime Senior Fellow of Clare College, he was for twenty years partner of the late Walter Wren, the most famous of all "coaches" for the Indian Civil Service and other hard competitive examinations; and, since 1895, he has been Head of the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne. He is therefore very competent to speak on educational matters-and not on educational matters only; for it may be observed, by the way, that he is one of the chief authorities on crystallography, and that he knows as much as most people about cycles and cycling, his experience as a rider dating back to 1867!

Dr. Gurney's opening words were highly complimentary. "I have often heard," he said, "excellent accounts of the school now known as "Bede School," but, on coming here and seeing things for myself, I am ready to declare, as the Queen of Sheba did of Solomon's wisdom and glory, that 'the half was not told me!" The list of successes just read out would do credit to any secondary school in the country."

He then went on to say, "I am glad the Report makes it clear that Bede School is by no means a place where Science alone is taught. Because the school has laboratories and scientific apparatus, and is sometimes called a Science School, many people think that the more general subjects of instruction are not included in the curriculum. This is quite a mistaken belief. In the same way many people in Newcastle are misled by the title-the Durham College of Science-of the College which I come from. They know that we have Professors of Science and every facility for teaching branches of science; but they do not know, apparently, that we have a most efficient literary side as well. The Oxford Local Certificates gained by the boys and girls who are here to-night are for successes in general subjects. Parents should notice the value of these certificates as regards excusing the holders of them from having to pass professional preliminary examinations. At our College we have had several excellent students from this school, and I know that the Girls' School is quite famous for its French."

The Professor then spoke encouragingly both to those who were to receive prizes and certificates, and those who were not. He dwelt on the value of both physical and mental work, and on the cruel teaching of the School of Experience; counselled a diligent use of present opportunities of learning; and made a timely reference to Lord Kitchener and the Gordon Memorial College. His speech, sometimes bright and humorous, sometimes earnest and to with marked attention; and we know that the scholars-for they have since written essays in which the address has been pointedly referred to-appreciated and enjoyed it most thoroughly, and were not slow to notice the spirit of genuine kindness and inbred courtesy in which it was conceived and delivered.

The Certificates and Prizes were then given out by Dr. Gurney, who shook hands with each of the recipients—a full list of whom appears in another column. Most applause was given to Robert W. Scott who, when sixteen, had matricu-

lated at London University, and to Norah March, who had gained Honours and the title of Associate in Arts at the Oxford Senior Local Examination.

The Conversazione followed. Good refreshments were served, and were partaken of with evident zest and enjoyment by visitors and scholars alike. The people strolled about in the big hall, and also the smaller hall behind. Some examined the exhibited specimens of school drawings and general school work. Others watched the boys who, at a fully-furnished bench, brought from the School Workshop, and under the superintendence of their Teacher of Woodwork, Mr. Simpson, did several pieces of joinery. Others, again, took an interest in numerous physical and chemical experiments performed, in various parts of the two halls, by the boys and the Richardson, Willis, and Witter, and the Misses E. Todd, Coburn, and Charlton. A full list of these experiments—which were a great attraction—and of the scholars who carried them out, will appear in the April Bedan. Here only a very few can be mentioned.

The etching performed by Louisa Marsden, by the action of Hydrofluoric Acid, was a striking experiment; so was the production of a long-drawn musical sound by the burning of Hydrogen; and also the blowing of soap-bubbles by the action of Hydrogen. The electric discharge, from a Wimshurst Machine, through rarefied gases; the recomposition of white light by means of a rapidly-revolving colour-disc fixed to an electric motor: and the analysis of water by an electric current from a handdriven dynamo; were interesting. The Magneto-Electric Machine was, as usual, popular; and so were shocks from Leyden Tars.

In the course of the evening two most pleasing Exhibitions of Drill, by girls who had been trained by Miss Graydon, were given, and were heartily applauded. At half-past ten o'clock, after votes of thanks had—on' the motion of the Head Master, speaking for Miss Todd and himself—been given to Principal Gurney, the Chairman, and Mr. Backhouse, the Chairman, responded for all; and then "God save the Queen'—sung first as a solo by Tom Downes and afterwards by the whole company—brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

The Head Teachers are grateful to their colleagues—both those who have been mentioned and those who have not—for generous help and support in making the occasion a success. They are glad to have had the privilege of a chat with many parents and old scholars. They are sorry that Mr. Wood, Mr. Bentham, Mr. Bryers, Mr. Roche, and some other gentlemen who wished to be present, were unavoid-



BEDE SCHOOL: CHEMICAL LABORATORY; GIRLS AT WORK.

ably absent. They rejoice that everything—thanks to diligent rehearsing—wen smoothly, and without hitch or accident of any kind. Lastly, as the persons who undertook all financial responsibility with regard to the function, they are pleased not to have incurred any loss, the statement of accounts which is given in another column showing a small credit balance which will be used for general school purposes.

It may be remarked that the newspaper which gave the best account of the Prizegiving and Conversazione was the Newcastle Daily Yournal, of Saturday, December 17th last.



HOW THE BEDAN WAS RECEIVED.

The reception given to our first number was gratifying and encouraging. Of course

a maiden effort-whether a new member's first speech in the House of Commons, a youthful musician's first composition, a young minister's first sermon, or the earliest work of a set of novices in magazine production - generally meets with a certain amount of indulgence. The partial critic is ready to magnify little excellences, and-like a magistrate dealing with a first offence-to look leniently on every error not utterly unpardonable. Doubtless this goes far to explain the kind and favourable comments made upon our December issue; and, be the explanation what it may, the Magazine has been well spoken of in many different quarters.

Most of the local newspapers had something to say about it, and in no case was the notice unfriendly. This is what appeared on the leader page of the Newcastle

Daily Chronicle :-

SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

An instance of the way in which higher grade schools are trenching upon the ground of our old grammar schools and other secondary schools is to be seen in the issue of "The Bedan," the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School Magazine, the first number of which has just been published. In the early years of the century public schools and grammar schools generally had a school magazine for the purpose of increasing "esprit de corps" and providing a receptacle for the literary effusions of scholars afflicted with the "cacoëthes scribendi." These often perished after a few years, but in the last two or three decades the school magazine fever has broken out with renewed vigour, and few scholastic establishments have escaped the contagion. It is, we believe, a new departure for schools of the category in which the Sundertand Bede Higher Grade or the category in which the Sundertand Bede Higher Grade School is to be placed to embark on the luxury of a school magazine. "The Bedan," however, to judge from its first number, has made an excellent start, which, we hope, will en-courage the promoters to continue. "The Bedan"—which is to be published six times a year—is well got up and printed by Messrs Robert Attey & Sons, Sunderland, and is illustrated by no fewer than four large process blocks. It contains particulars of the school, the staff, the buildings, organization, rules, etc., with views of the main block of the school, the chemical laboratory, the physical laboratory, and the girls at drill. There are leading articles on Bede School and "The Bedan," and various contributors are responsible for a varied assortment of literary articles and poems. Naturally one expects to find the "Brief Biography of the Venerable Bede" which the "Bedan" contains, as well as one on "St. Bede's Well." "Is Sunderland Railway Station described in English Poetry?" is a question put and answered by one writer who saw the aforesaid station, on a pay Saturday after a big football match at Roker Park. Campbell is the poet who with seer's vision-for of course he had died before the station was built-wrote of the place

> "Where those who've lost, and those who've won, Shout in their sulphurous canopy."

" How the World Wags," is the title-familiar to readers of

the "Weekly Chroniclo"—of one of the articles, and in another article the school budge and motto are descanted on. The school motto—"Lux post tenebras"—may be described as the converse of that of Sunderland Station, which surely should be "Tenebrap post lucem". "The Bednai" reflects every credit on its elitor and editress—for the equality of the sexes appears to be recognized at Sunderland.

There is not room to give other press notices.

The remarks-some made orally, some by letter-of scholars and teachers, past and present, and of parents, friends, and not a few members of the general public besides, have, in the main, testified approval both of the idea of having a School Magazine at all, and of the first tangible outcome of that idea. It is curious and interesting to note how the different articles were relished and estimated by different people. That on Sunderland Railway Station was the most generally referred to by the press-no doubt because the whole reading and travelling public (Bedans and non-Bedans alike) are acquainted with that sorry spot, and can appreciate a picture of its manifold miseries. An old journalist writes, "St. Bede's Well" is really a not unimportant contribution to the antiquarian literature—unfortunately not voluminous-of this district.' And poor "Maid Glancenot" did not die in vain: the record of her adventures and tragic end proved most entertaining-Ah! how unfeeling people are !- to many old Bedans, and to the present scholars of the Upper School.

Advertisers will be pleased to hear that the circulation of the first number was a good deal in excess of what had been guaranteed. There is already a very long list of yearly subscribers, including not only many friends of the school in Sunderland, but others in different parts of the country, and a few—most appreciative readers they are, too!—in Scotland and Ireland.

We are often asked "How should the name of your Magazine be pronounced? As 'The Bédan,' or 'The Bedán?'"

The former is undoubtedly the correct way. It is quite true that the Latin words Románus, Germánus, silvánus, urbánus and the like, have the accent on the second syllable; but, as everybody knows, it is equally true that when these words take the English forms Rôman, Gérman, silvan, irran, and so on, the accent is placed on the first syllable. Similarly, therefore, the Tatin word Bedánus reduces to the English word Bédán.

Magazines may perhaps be divided, according to their quality, into four classes —those (1) absolutely good, (2) good of their sort, (3) poor of their sort, and (4)

absolutely poor.

The Bedan, a two-penny Magazine produced solely by persons connected with a single school, and with a good many of its articles written by boys and girls, can never be expected to get into the first class. But, on the other hand, the reception which the opening number has had must stimulate all our contributors to keep the Magazine from declining into either class three or class four, and to make it always worthy of being considered a production good of its sort.



FICKLE LOVERS.

A MECHANICAL MIXTURE OF CHEMICAL COMBINATION.

PURE PASSION, AND OTHER INGREDIENTS.

Pray, Brother Bedan, bide a while,
And let this tale thine ear beguile;
A story that has ne'er been told
Of maiden mild and lover bold.
Whene'er in tête-à-tête these chanced,
The maiden downwards shyly glanced;
Like dimns in an acid spread
Her cheeks changed fast to roay red.
Both looks and blushes, tears and sighs,
As burning as the alkaties,
Informed the hearts of maid and youth
That they had fallen in love, forsooth.
Then joyful days, which quickly sped,
Were sweet as acetate of lead.
"Twas Spring when they their troth did plight
As firm as H and O unitle.

But ah! how sad it is to hear Their flame scarce lasted out the year: For love—'tis true what I relate— Like ether MAY evaporate!

Now why the end so long detain? The maid desired another swain! The pair, once ardent, come and go Like couple cold as salt and snow.

At length—her deed I fune to tell—
To her new friend she rushed pell-mell;—
As lightsome H, we know full well,
Forsakes poor O for base Cl!
The youth, like atom uncombined.

Another union tried to find; With three-fold zeal his quest he plied Till fixed—like stable trioxide.

And where did he such rest discover? Where now is our discons'late lover?—With a new sweetheart, full of glee!

CRYPTO.



Their love's as strong as SO. !

OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENCE.

Guis is really an admirable way of making a closer acquaintance with that "politest of languages," than can be obtained from an ordinary grammar-book; and one which can be heartily commended to anybody who feels the slightest inclination to give it a trial, The rules are simplicity itself.

I. You write a letter in English to a French girl, and receive a letter from her in return, in

rench.

 You write your next letter in French, and receive it back, corrected, with an English letter.
 You correct this letter, and enclose it with your

next English letter.

All of us who, by experience, are able to appreciate the beauty of this plan, derive the greatstranger friends. Moreover, I think none of us have the slightest objection to writing an English letter for their benefit; it is just when our turn comes round to write in French, that we realise, as we perhaps have never realised before, the undoubted truth that there is never a rose without a thorn. For my part, I very often begin an English letter with a congratulatory remark. addressed to myself, on the fact that it is now my turn to write in English. On the other hand, as an almost invariable rule, this is my introductory sentence, in the case of a French letter :- "Il est maintenant mon tour de vous écrire en français ; je le regrette un peu"; but it is a pretty big "un peu" all the same.

Sometimes amusing mistakes have been made It is decidedly mirth-provoking when one's corput down, "I shall have will must to practise for a fête" (this is fact, not fiction); but it's no joke when she goes on to request a full explanation of all her mistakes! However, it is a subject for congratulation, that such cases are the exception

My own correspondent is quite irreproachable. larly (which is not the case with many); her English is always quite "understandable," and she does not ask to have her mistakes explained.

It does not exactly improve a letter's appearance, to have words, and sometimes whole sentences crossed out; but so long as the end-the acquisition of a good knowledge of both languages-is obtained, we are content to believe

the means are justified.

It is just a little suspicious, perhaps, to note French epistles out of sight. Any other letter they will let you read with pleasure: but, as regards these, the utmost secrecy is preserved. One glance, however, at similar letters of my own makes me quite capable of appreciating other girls' feelings and actions in this matter. Yet, I think, in almost every case, great progress is being made. My correspondent is always assuring me that I am making, "de grand progrès'; but between you and me and the binnacle (to quote Gordon Stables), I don't quite see where the "grand progrès" comes in. However, I sincerely hope that it does come in somewherethough the corrections, not the advances in knowledge, are what is obvious to the eve.

Now, I suppose, a boy would end up with three cheers for our French correspondents. As a girl, I can only express my fervent hope that long may our correspondents live to give us their in-

"We jabber French like froggies" 'tis only "With anguish and with pain.'



ABOUT UAND UIN SUNDERLAND. AND SOME OTHER MATTERS.

OUR English Alphabet is very defective.

If it were perfect, we should have a different present-has to stand for at least six different sounds. This may be seen by noticing carefully the sound of the a in each of the following six well-known sample words :- father, fate, fall, fat,

Instead of the words fat and wan consider, if you like, the names Matthew and Walter. It is quite plain that the a in the one has an entirely different sound from the a in the other. Or take the shortened forms of these names, that is, Mat and Wat. Pronounce the first correctly, and make the second rhyme with it. Again, pronounce the second correctly, and make the first rhyme with it. The effect is in each case grotes-

Take the four words, fume, turn, put, cut. One poor u has to do duty in representing four easily

distinguishable sounds.

But let us think of only two of the sounds-

It would be possible to use the mode of pronouncing these two simple words as a sort of Shibboleth or test for deciding whether any given Sunderland boy should be classed as well-educa-

The well-educated boy would certainly pronounce both but and cut correctly.

The uneducated boy would certainly get the

first right, and the second wrong, The half-educated boy would perhaps get both

Every native of Sunderland, whether rich or

poor, learned or illiterate, says the word foot correctly. Listen, some Saturday, to hundreds of people talking about football, and you will notice that well-dressed youngsters and ragged little newspaper-boys, employers on the Vice-Presidents' stand, and workmen in the sixpenny part of the field, all-if they are Wearsiders-say the first part of the word football the same way, and, in fact, the right way.

rhymes with foot. In several other words-for instance, full, bull, pull, push, bush, cushion, butcher-the u should be pronounced just as in put, that is, with a round, full sound. These words are, as a matter of fact, quite correctly pronounced in Sunderland by the well-educated, and also by tens of thousands who make no pretensions to any sort of scholarship; but they are often sadly mispronounced by imperfectly educated persons

For there's another set of common words involving the letter u, and in them u has-or ought to have-a short, sharp sound. But, cut, gull, hull, gush, rush, are examples of this class.

Now the thorough-going Sunderland vernacular doesn't contain this u at all; it simply ignores it. That is, the tens of thousands of people who say put and pull naturally and correctly, say cut and hull exactly as though they rhymed with these words-which of course is incorrect, But educated persons use the short u where it is required. This has an odd influence on the imperfectly-educated, who argue in some such

way as the following:

"We've heard Mr. Culture and Mr. Polite say gull and hull in a certain way. Plain Tom Workman and Peter Ordinary don't say those words in that way. Now, just at the present moment, we want to know how to say full and pull. We've never noticed how Mr. C. or Mr. P. pronounce these words; but, surely, if we may judge by the spelling, they would pronounce them to rhyme with gull and hull, and not in the round, full, homely, natural way of the common people that we know. At any rate, we'll do that!

Thus, misled by false analogy, they sound the u always as though it were short :- except that, their mother tongue asserting itself, they fall back now and then into the use of the full, round u, and occasionally employ it just where it should be

avoided.

In the December Bedan there were some clever verses entitled "Don't." The few doggerel lines which follow will perhaps serve to emphasise what has been said in the latter part of this article, and may be styled

'DO'.

Pronounce u short and sharp in but And do the same in nut and cut : And also in such words as dull, And Dutch and clutch, with gull and hull; Likewise in rush, and tush, and gush, And when you cry "Hush! there's a thrush." Just use your mother-tongue for foot,

And then, to make a rhyme, say put; And mind you sound the u quite full In "Butchers sometimes pull a bull;" And "This poor cushion's had a push," And "There's a blackbird in that bush !"



THE SILVER LADDER.

Mary and Ethel and Berty were coming home from "the party." It was Amelia Collins' party, and had been one of the parties. But now it was all over, and, somewhat excited vet, the three were going home-Mary and Ethel still enjoying the pleasure of a white muslin dress and white stockings and shoes, over which they had now drawn a pair of snowshoes and a waterproof. Berty felt a little uncomfortable-boys don't like Eton suits and cuffs; besides, there had been such awfully nice sandwiches. But the general feeling was a rather happy one.

"Oh! look," cried Ethel suddenly, "look at that ray from the moon, shining right on the ground. I never saw that in my life before.'

Mary and Berty looked in the direction in which Ethel pointed, and, truly, a beam shot There were some trees in the road. It shone through one of these and seemed to be loving the

The three hurried along and came to the place, and "lo and behold," as Amelia would have said, the beam was a little silver ladder, leading from the ground, up through the leaves, which lay quite still, for fear that the moon-beam should run away, up to the moon. This would have been enough to excite any one, but besides the little ladder which looked too frail to bear anything more than a light heart, there stood on the ground a little fairy-not one of those you can scarcely see, and which afterwards turn out to be a dream-but a real little creature in a dress of woven silver, with flowers round the hem, and waist, and neck. She carried a little wand of silver beauty, and a wee coronet, with a flashing star, adorned her hair.

Anything so lovely, neither of them had ever imagined.

Berty said afterwards, "You could have

knocked me down as easy as easy !" The little fairy, who was about the same size as Mary, said,

"Oh! I'm so glad you've come at last, I really began to give you up. I have waited hours.'

"For us?" said Mary, who was generally the boldest of the three. The little fairy began to laugh with delight at their surprised looks. Such a pretty laugh they had never heard, it was nicer even, as Ethel remarked later, than Mary Collins', who was a Big Girl, and wore her hair tied twice.

"Oh! yes," said the fairy, "I am the Fairy of the Moon, and I am going to take you to see the children in the Moon. This is the ladder. Shall

I go first?"

So the silver fairy tripped up the first few rungs of the ladder.

Ethel and Mary followed, very curious, and just a little frightened. Berty came last, and looked back every now and then to see whether the lower steps had vanished like the stairs in Castle Dangerous.

Up through the happy tree, up, up towards the Moon. Soon they grew quite used to it, and took great interest in looking at the clouds, of which they passed two on the way, at a little distance. When they were coming nearer to the Moon, Mary happened to glance back. "O, just look, she cried, "What is that silver down there?"

"It is the lining of the clouds; they are all the same," answered the fairy; and they passed on. "The children of the Moon are waiting for you," said the fairy, raising her eyes.

They all looked up and saw a large number of girls and boys standing near the end of the ladder. The little girls wore silver dresses, not unlike the fairy's, and all looked at them with great wonder and curiosity.

"Who is it? Who is it?" they asked, as the children stepped on to the surface of the Moon.

The ground and grass were both silver.
"We've come from the Earth," said Mary, with

just a little pride in her voice, because she knew that the Earth is larger than the Moon. "The Earth?" exclaimed the others, with great interest. "What is it like?."

"Wait a moment," said the fairy, "you visitors must first take off your cloaks and shoes,"

They did so, and Ethel saw with great surprise but satisfaction that *their* dresses seemed silvery

"Come and sit down," said the Moon-children, "and tell us about the Earth."

"and tell us about the Earth."
So they sat down on the shining silver grass,

and the Moon-children gathered round them. "What do you do all day?" said one of them.



BEDE SCHOOL: SENIOR BOYS' CLASS-ROOM -

"We go to school, of course. Don't you?"
"School!" they all cried, "What is that?"

"It's a place," answered Mary, "where we go

to learn things."
"Learn things!" said one little boy; "how

"The fairy just touches us with her wand, and then we know all we should." said another.

"That must be lovely," cried Ethel," I wish we had a fairy." They heard the pretty laugh again, and the fairy came forward. "I will touch you, and then you will know your lessons to-morrow," she said. (Berty was ever so glad, for he hadn't learnt his.)

And suppose you don't know them?"

"Oh! we are 'kept in' or something," said Ethel. "What do they do to you if you are naughty?"

"When we are very, very naughty," said one little girl, as no one else would speak, "we are butterflies for a whole summer, and have to draw the carriages for the others."

"That sounds awfully nice," said Berty.

"Oh, no," cried the little girl, "don't you know that a butterfly is a flutterby and can't fly

And all the Moon-children looked quite shocked at Berty.

"Do you never play at all?" said some of them. "We do after school," said Ethel, "But in

"What a shame!" cried all the Moon-children

"I suppose nobody can help it," said Mary, "but it is a shame, after all, And then we have

"What sort?" they all cried. "Sums, or grammar?" added one.

"O dear, no," said Ethel, "we get French, second stage, with irregular verbs. And algebra twice a-week. And arithmetic, simple interest and rate per cent.

"And if you don't do it, you get whacked," said Berty.

The Moon-children could hardly speak, they

were so impressed. carriages if I were staying for long," said Mary. She didn't like to ask quite straight out-but oh!

"Well! let us go!" said the fairy, "the night will soon pass, and then they must go back to

school."

" In the day !" cried the Moon-children. " We go to bed in the day, and have our fun and games in the night !"

"It seems the wrong way round!" said Ethel, greatly puzzled. "But do let us see the carriages!" So they all set off together, and on their way, passed a most beautiful field full of every kind of

"What is that?" asked Ethel.

"That," said a little girl, "is a place where the little children of the Moon go when they die. They turn into flowers and grow here." They all stopped a moment and looked at the flowers.

"See," cried Mary, "they are weeping." And so they were. In the heart of each flower there came a large tear, which rolled over the petals and dropped to the thirsty ground. And then another and another came. And the flowers rocked to and fro, and made a sighing sound.

"It means that some little Moon-child is dead,"

said the fairy. "Let us go on.' Soon they came to a row of little silver chariots

with silver butterflies harnessed to them. "Oh! how lovely," cried Ethel, "may we sit

in them-or will they break?" And all the little Moon-children laughed.

"Stop, stop," cried the fairy, "the day is ap-

All the little ones turned and ran back to their "On with your cloaks!" cried the fairy. And

she ran down the silver ladder a little way with

them. Very quickly then they said good-bye to the Moon-children, and promised to try to come

"Good-bye, good-bye!" they all shouted, and the three ran down the ladder.

Half-way down, the silver fairy bade them farewell, and watched them go on down the moon-

They came to solid ground.

"Where are we?" said Mary,

"We've come straight through our own staircase window," said Ethel, looking around,

"Where's the silver ladder?"

"Gone back to the Moon," said Berty.
"Gracious!" cried Mary, "we've got on our school-dresses! Why, it's morning!"

And so it was.

"Are you three never coming to breakfast?" said a voice downstairs.

But the strangest thing of all was that the fairy's wand had really cast the spell, and all knew their lessons perfectly that day-even Berty.

GRETCHEN.



"CLOUD TALES." BY GRETCHEN. A SHORT REVIEW.

THIS little book is by a girl Bedan, scarcely an ex-Bedan at the time she wrote it. It is a very pretty little book; it is something more, it is a thoughtful little book; and we do not hesitate to recommend it to Bedans of all ages.

There is not a shadow of doubt that too many books are written nowadays; and that far too many of us ache to see ourselves "in print." Hundreds of books are published in a year in England alone which shame the name of literature: and hundreds of others which, though clever, yet "never would be missed." The writer of this review feels that strongly, and yet cannot hesitate to give hearty praise to "Cloud Tales." The tales are very charming little allegories; and when one remembers how few people write allegory well, one has to acknowledge that Gretchen was fully justified in offering her wares to the

Gretchen doubtless knew her "Pilgrim's Progress," and had read some of Olive Schreiner's fine allegories; but the field which Bunyan ploughed is still not all turned up, and there was room for Gretchen's hoe. This is certainly a bit of Gretchen's own :-

"Courage looked again at Prudence. She raised her eyes. And straightway Courage loved

Courage took Prudence, whose name is also Discretion, to wife.

Thus became Discretion the better part of Courage, whose name is also Valour."

E.

Editorial Note.—"Cloud Tales" is published at one shilling, and may be bought in the Girls' School,



OLD BEDANS.

[Under this head short accounts of former teachers and pupils of Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School will, from time to time, appear in the Magazine.]

(I) MR. WILLIAM WALTON, B.A.

MR. WALTON, whose father was a Colliery Official at Medomsley, served his apprenticeship as a Pupil-Teacher there, under Mr. Wilkinson, Ba., now of Bury—an old college-friend of the Head Master of Bede School. Atter a highly-successful career at St. John's College, Battersea, where Mr. Walton gained a First Class at each examination throughout his course, he had a short sojourn at Leeds, and then, soon after the opening of Sunderland Higher Grade School, was appointed an Assistant Master here, and remained on the staff for seven years.

It would be difficult to speak of him too highly. Whether judged in respect of natural parts, or credentials, or teaching ability, or general good sense, he was not inferior to anybody who has ever worked in the school. Absolutely loyal and trustworthy, of a fine disposition and irreproachable character, patient, tactful, and yet determined, he was liked and respected both by colleagues and pupils. Detailed reference to the excellence of his work is impossible; but it may be stated that the success of his boys at the Chemistry Examination in 1894 was nothing short of phenomenal. S. Border, A. Crichton, W. Fairclough, O. Huntly, E. Laidman, W. J. Moor, J. Tindale. R. Tindle, J. Whittaker, E. Wilson, and T. Stephenson were that year at the top of the large class of which he had charge in the lower part of the Upper School.

Mr. Walton was very fond of football, and with Messrs, Park, Littlehalies, and Scholefield, often figured conspicuously in the school matches. He had also a passion for music, and no small skill in the art. And here it may be remarked that Bede Boys School has been singularly fortunate in always possessing, on its stari, two or three genuinely good musicians. Mr. Brittain, now of Rochdale, Mr. Foster, now of Darlington, and Mr. Witter, who has just gone to Gateshead, are all, as well as Mr. Walton, good singers and players, whose services were formerly available here; and they have worthy successors in Messrs. Jarman, Park, and Blyth,

At Midsummer, 1897, Mr. Walton, who had previously matriculated high in Honours at the University of London, and had afterwards gradulated in Arts there, and passed the Intermediate Science Examination, was appointed Head Master of Burnley Higher Grade School, and, on leaving Sunderland, was presented by his colleagues and boys with a testimonial.

We wish him, and believe that he will have, much success in his new sphere, and hope that he and his wife and family—for he is married and has two children—may enjoy "many years of sunshine days."

mic days.

(2) Mr. RICHARD LITTLEHAILES.

Mr. RICHARD LITTLEHAILES is in every way a distinguished alumnus of Bede School.

He was admitted in 1891, when 12 years old, and worked with such ability, diligence, and success that, by the time he was 16, he had passed the Science and Art Department's Examinations in all the first six stages of Mathematics (including Geometrical and Analytical Conics, Spherical Trigonometry, and the Differential Calculus), and had gained from the Department eight First-class Advanced Science Certificates, chiefly for Physics, Mechanics, and Chemistry.

Becoming a Pupil Teacher in the School, he matriculated at London University, gained additional credentials in Science and in Art, and, at the end of his apprenticeship, was second in England, out of 1957 successful candidates at the Queen's Scholarship Examination. Immediately alterwards he won one—James W. Stewart, himself and old bedan, known to his friends by the fitting and affectionate soubrigated or "Little Jinself and the Company of the state of the Little Scholarship for Pupil deachers, and, as the result has a falliol College, Oxford, where, after passing "Responsions," he went into residence last October.

The learned Rector of Sunderland, Dr. Randell, who has done, and still does, without fee or to help individual Students in the town in some branches of their work, gave Littlehalles much valuable assistance and direction—particularly in his study of Greek, and especially in the ten months between his leaving school and his going to the University. Littlehalies also wose not a little to his Master at the Pupil Teachers' Central Classes, the late Mr. Frank Woodward, B.A.

Richard Littlehailes is not the only member of his family who has attended Bede School, His older brother Stanley, now a sea-going engineer; his younger brother Anderson, who, after having spent several years in Scotland learning farming, is about to set out for Britist Columbia with another Old Bedan, C. Barker; and his only sister Lindsay, now a Pupil Teacher; were all scholars there.

Among the boys working in the same class as Littlehaites during his last two years as a scholar were Charles Gibson, now in the Railway Audit Office at Newcastle; John Nimmo, who went to the Engineering Shops at Doxford's; Joseph Cottee, now at Westoll's Shipping Office; William Nimmo, the noted chess-player, who is a chemist; and Howard Duncan and Ernest Clarke, both of whom went to the Royal College of Science, London, stayed there three years and gained the Associateship, and are now Science Masters, one at the "Salt" Schools, Yorkshire, and the other at Jarrow Higher Grade School.

There is no doubt that Bede School owes much to these lads. They had good brains; but that was not their best quality. Most of them were scholars for a long time, and, though fond of fun and sturdy in character, they were so good-tempered with one another, their general conduct was so satisfactory, and their influence was so thoroughly wholesome, that they established at the top of the School a good tone which the majority of the Senior Boys who have succeeded them have striven to maintain.

A few months ago, Melville Miller, an Old Bedan, called at the School after having been away at sea for two years. In the course of conversation he inquired for Littlehailes, and said that, one day at Melbourne when glancing at an Australian newspaper, he happened to notice, under the heading "Scraps of News from the Mother Country," a short account of Littlehailes' successes last year!

Balliol is the "crack" College at Oxford for scholarship. The late Master, Benjamin Jowett, had a world-wide reputation, and the present Master, Dr. Caird, is not unknown to fame. Several of the public men most prominent in present-day affairs were formerly at Balliol, We may instance four—Sir Alfred Milner, the Queen's Representative in South Africa; Sir Edmund Monson, the English Ambassador at Paris; Lord Curzon, the Governor-General of India; and the Right Honourable H. H. Asquith, M.P., the late Home Secretary.

Littlehailes is a handsome fellow, quite six feet high, and is almost as good at football, skating, cycling, and swimming as at mathematics and natural science. Withal, he is singularly modest. A man bearing his name was Fourth Wrangler and a distinguished "Don" at Cambridge a hundred and fifty years ago! He finds the air of Oxford rather relaxing, and not so conducive

to health and hard work as are the bracing blasts which blow on our cold North-eastern coast, Yet we are hopeful that, at the famous seat of learning on the Isis, he may have an academical career not unlike that of his old-time namesake at the sister University on the Cam.



A NOVICE'S SENSATIONS AT A SOUTH KENSINGTON EXAMINATION.

TWENTY minutes to seven, and the ordeal is timed to begin at the hour!

A terrific muddle—that is what you are at first conscious of. A big room—groups of candidates standing here and there—eager questions being put and answered more or less incoherently, each girl seeming to become suddenly cognisant of being not quite certain as to first one and then another point in connection with the subject of examination, and consequently giving her unfortunate neighbours no peace until her doubts are set at rest.

At length, however, the uproar subsides. The general excitement is suppressed. Seats are taken. Silence reigns supreme. The Rules are

being read out.

Ah't those Rules. "Before commencing your the printed form attached to the blank sheet", and so on. These words, uttered in stentorian tones, increase greatly, to a new candidate, the importance of the trial through which she is now passing; and, as the last phrase of all is pronunced, "If any of you break any of these Rules, or use any unfair means, you will be expelled and your paper cancelled", the voice growing deeper and stronger the while, Chill Terror seizes the heart of the Inexperienced one, and she is shocked at the utter sang froid of those of her companions who are old stagers, and who, having heard the same rules a dozen times before, are only bored, not frightened, by them.

But now, at five minutes to seven, the Superintendent breaks the seal of the luge envelope containing the questions. His assistants are giving them out. The crisis is at hand. Thea, as each student near you receives her paper, there are doleful glances, involuntary shakes of the head, and hopcless sighs—and "a feeling of sad-

ness steals o'er" many hearts.

You get your own paper, eagerly scan the questions, and at first conclude, with the usual error of hasty judgment, that you can do absolutely nothing. But by this time the two girls

next you—who are, as the Rules require, each five feet away—have already made a good beginning. The spirit of emulation comes into play, "If they can do the paper, why can't It" is your mental ejaculation, and, summoning all your mental ejaculation, and, summoning all your mental ejaculation, and, summoning all your mental ejaculation, and are associated and reasoning frame of mind is attained, you find, at this calmer moment, that there are several questions you can do quite easily, and you inwardly designate yourself a donkey for wasting several precious minutes in uncalled-for fears.

Now you are writing away at the rate—so to speak—of fifty miles an hour, utterly oblivious of everything passing on around, the paper securing your undivided attention. One—two—three four questions are answered, and then, for the first time since you set to work in deadly earney, you take a look at the clock. What a relief! Half the paper finished in less than half the time!

Now a glance at your fellows, prompted by an irresistible curiosity to know how they are getting



BEDE SCHOOL: SENIOR GIRLS' CLASS-ROOM.

on. What a study are the faces which surround you l—some calm, self-reliant, and confident of their own powers; others, lackadaisical and indifferent; others, again, flushed and distressed. Poor girls! Perhaps a sense of their inability to fulfil, by brilliant success, the hopes of their dear, kind, partial friends at home, is what worries them most.

But not more than a moment or two can be given to pathos and poetical dreaming; for the merciless clock keeps racing round, and there are still four more questions to be answered. Again your pen flies over the paper, and you-get the last question done at ten minutes to ten!

The few minutes to spare are spent in reading

over—and, where necessary, altering the eight answers. What mingled feelings this occasions! Some of the answers are felt to be distinctly satisfactory. Others, after all the cobbling and correction that you can give them, still seem, te quoque, qui feith!, judice, only poor. However, your rapid review suffices to show, here and there, grotesque little slips which can be speedily put right. Presently the Superintendent calls out "Time's up;" and handing him your book of answers to be initialed, you leave the room.

In the corridor you join a knot of your schoolfriends. Your volatile spirits re-assert themselves. The paper is animatedly discussed, doubts are dismissed, and, alas! mistakes discovered. Then, philosophically remembering that it's no good crying over spilt milk, you try not to think of the shortcomings of your paper, and go home full of hope that you have gained a First-Class Certificate.

ZALEH.



THE SAD FATE OF WILLIE JONES.

[Aliter: Exitium Gulielmi Jones, E Discipulis Bedanis Pueruli.]

A little Bedan, Willie Jones,

A bicycle had got; His aunt had furnished him with cash,

He'd bought one on the spot.

Now of the devious ways it took
I really cannot tell;
No sooner had Will mounted it

No sooner had Will mounted i Than from the seat he fell.

At last he managed to keep on
And guide the thing all right;—

In time he'd enter for a race And prove a speedy wight!

One day he had a weary task
To mount a long steep hill,

And when he reached the other side He thought the danger nil.

Of course he coasted down the bank, Steering with but one hand;

Yet, strange to say, of that machine He soon lost all command.

Now farther down the hill there chanced
A nanny-goat to be:

Its rope was fastened to a stake

Of height just two feet three.

As goats quite often do;

A very sound sleep too.

And so my quondam schoolmate small, Upon the rope, drawn tight,

It was an awful sight!

They found the stake, they found the bike,
Ah! doleful history!

For where the goat and Willie went Is still a mystery.

JNO. B.



BOYS

I suppose that Creation would not be complete without the disturbing element of a boy to mar

the bliss. What a paradise of happiness this mundane sphere would be without boys to tease, to make rows, to set off squibs behind one's back, to pull girls' hair, to make places untidy !- in short, to do anything objectionable and disagreeable. Until they are six or seven years old, most boys are charming little creatures, with their childish witticisms and their questions that the wisest man cannot answer. But after that age, when they begin to go to school, to learn to fight and punch one another's heads, to take a pride in dirty hands and muddy feet, don't you girls all agree with me that they lose the hold they once had on feminine hearts? Who would like to rhapsodize over the sayings,-no longer quaint, but cheeky,-that issue from the lips of a dirty little urchin, with a sticky face? At the age of eight or nine he begins to talk slang, and thinks it most manly. Football, cricket, and cycling come in for the lion's share of his thoughts. Cricket he plays with the ability of Grace himself, while the football team to which he belongs is second to none-at least that is his opinion. However, he has not yet reached his most objectionable stage. He has nearly finished his schooling, and thinks it time he was recognised as a man, a man ! !! He learns to smoke ('on the sly,' so far as his friends are concerned, be it said), and struts along the street with his hands in his pockets, his head in the air, and a cigarette between his lips; and imagines that the world at large will have arrived at a lofty estimate of his worth.

Have you eyer seen a boy wearing his first standup collar and long trousers? How big he feels! The collar may be a good deal too high, or decidedly too tight; but what does that matter? What is a little physical discomfort compared with a large amount of self-complacency? He bears the pain with Spartan fortitude, and groans, but in solitude—though he may beend the day in wishing he had the stud un-

About this age he begins to think of taking dancing lessons. Have any of my girl-readers ever tried to teach a boy to dance? It seems to me that the learner's feet are like the young rascals who get sent to a Reformatory School. They are beyond control, But, by degrees, Rule succeeds Anarchy, and Order is evolved from Chaos. In other words, the boy,—thanks to excellent tuition!—in time dances not so very inelegantly after all.

The next epoch in our young nero's life is his going to business. He, perhaps, finds himself in an office, bound for so many years. He comes home every evening about half-past six or seven o'clock, and, being no longer a mere school-boy, he must, of course, have a specially-prepared, dainty tea. At home, they begin to realise his

importance—though not by any means to the extent which he desires. He talks about the "business" down at the "office"; about the "great press of work," and about the "rush of trade," till one would take him to be at least junior partner; but when the truth is known, he is simply the youth who stamps the letters and answers the telephone.

However, these tasks, though not supereminently intellectual, are necessary and useful enough; so perhaps we cannot do better than leave him-for the present, at least-engaged upon them.



List of Boys and Girls

who received Certificates or Prizes on December 16th. 1898.

London University.

Matriculation.

June, 1898. First Division. Robert W. Scott.

Oxford University Local Examinations. July, 1898.

HONOURS .- 2nd Class, with distinction in French and Botany, Norah H. March.

Pass.-ist Division, Elizabeth E. Wright,

Tunior.

Honours.-ard Class (distinction in Practical Chemistry and Heat), John Neill; Maurice Jacoby, George W. Moor.

Pass .- 1st Division : Elizabeth E. Brown, Mary A. Grace, Margaret Graham, Gertrude M. Grundy, Lilian Langley, Elizabeth Niel, Laura Reavley, Janet S. Smith, Ida R. Wilkinson, Adelaide Wright, Thomas D. Macnair, Wm M. McKenzie,

2nd Division: Lydia Newby, Angelo J. Smith.

Preliminary.

Pass.—1st Division: Elizabeth Eaves, Jennie Grimstead, Stanley March, Frank N. Marsh, Herbert S. Lundy, William Logan, Arthur Grieveson, William Green, James Avers, Herbert A. Wood,

and Division: Edith Bailey, Mary A. Causfield, Annie Jack, Annie Philip, Gladys M. Risdon, Irene R. Tate, Winnie Thatcher, Harold Robson, Cuthbert W. King, William K. Hewson, Eric C. Weddell, Frederick Donald.

Science and Art Certificates.

Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.

ADVANCED STAGE .- 2nd Class: Alan Pilling, Robert W. Scott,

ELEMENTARY STAGE,-Ist Class: Norah H. March, Elizabeth E. Wright, Diana E. Birchall, Agnes Turnbull, Louisa Marsden, Stella Bailes, Ethel E. Smith, Muriel Watson, George W. Moor, Charles L. Bradley. John A. Gaskell.

STAGE II .- Ist Class: Stella Bailes, Norah H. March, Alan Pilling, Robert W. Scott.

2nd Class: Muriel A. Watson, Kate Robson, Eliz. E. Wright, Agnes Turnbull, Ethel E. Smith, Diana E. Birchall, John A. Gaskell,

Magnetism and Electricity.

ADVANCED STAGE .- 2nd Class: Alan Pilling. Robert W Scott

Theoretical Inorganic Chemistry.

ADVANCED STAGE. - 1st Class: Stella Bailes. Norah H. March, Alan Pilling. 2nd Class: Elizabeth E. Wright.

ADVANCED STAGE,-Ist Class: Alan Pilling, Robert W. Scott.

2nd Class: Agnes Turnbull, Geo. W. Moor.

ELEMENTARY STAGE .- 1st Class: Agnes Turnbull, Muriel Watson, Diana E. Birchall,

ADVANCED STAGE .- 2nd Class :- Muriel A. Watson, Constance Wilson,

Physiography.

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—Ist Class: Gretchen Körner, Louisa Marsden, Jessie Blumer, Eliz. L. Boggon, Mary Burnett, Ethel E. Smith,

ELEMENTARY STAGE -- 1st Class: Alan Pilling.

ADVANCED STAGE, -- 1st Class: Agnes Turnbull, Ethel E. Smith, Norah H. March, Eliz, E. Wright, Kate Robson.

2nd Class: Louisa Marsden, Muriel Watson, Stella Bailes, Diana E. Birchall, Eliz. L. Boggon. ELEMENTARY STAGE.—1st class: Eliz. E. Wright, Stella Bailes, Norah H. March, Diana E. Birchall, Agnes Turnbull, Alan Pilling.

2nd class: Kate Robson, Eliz. L. Boggon, Ethelywn Davidson, Constance Wilson, Janet Boggon, George W. Moor, Charles L. Bradley, Richard Hodgson.

Model Drawing.

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—1st class: Alan Pilling, William M. McKenzie, John A. Gaskell, Charles L. Bradley, George W. Moor.

2nd class: Richard Hodgson, Robt. W. Scott

Drawing in Light and Shade.

ADVANCED STAGE.—1st class: Norah H. March, Diana E. Birchall, Agnes Turnbull.

2nd class: Ethel E. Smith, Louisa Marsden. ELEMENTARY STAGE.—1st class: Muriel A.

2nd class: Stella Bailes, Kate Robson, Eliz. E. Wright,

Attendance Drizes.

NEVER ABSENT:—Stella Bailes, Alice Cummings, Blanche Pinkney, Diana Birchall, Lily Wright, Maggie Graham, Lizzie Niel, Nellie Brown, Winnie Thatcher, Mary Causfield, Laura Black, Annie Philip, Mary Stainsby, Sarah Thurlow, May Glass, Samuel Lister, Thomas H. Rae, William Logan, Herbert S. Lundy, Arthur S. Davidson, Lawrence Smith, William K, Hewson, John J. Kendal, James Mouat, William Potts, John E. Cooke, Gilbert Brumwell, John Riseborough.

ÖNUR ABRENTY:—Beatrice Williams, Olive Sheel, Lydia Elliott, Florence Lister, Sarah Cook, Florence Taylor, Jennie Grimstead, Nellie Mc-Meckin, Adelaide Wright, Ida Wilkinson, Mary Pattison, Janet Smith, Robert W. Scott, Stewart Fairclough, Frederick Rutledge, Harold O. Ure, Norman Fothergill, Thomas S. Downes, Henry G. Mason, Frenet Sinclair, Elden Clifford.

TWICE ARSENT:—Mabel Brewis, E. Tait, Nellie Kelly, Arthur E, Holmes, John G. Beal, Harold Robson, Frank N. Marsh, Henry Robson, William Bolam, William Willing, Albert Peacock, William Wood, Thomas Phillips.

Special Prizes for Good Work.

(Presented by Girls' Teachers and Friends).

Ubber School.

SECOND YEAR GIRLS.—1st prize, Stella Bailes,

2nd prize, Diana E. Birchall.

FIRST YEAR GIRLS.—A division: 1st prize,
Kate Burnett, 2nd prize, Dorothy Ross.

B division: 1st prize, Mary Grace, 2nd prize Gertrude Dryden.

Lower School.

UPPER SEVENTH.—Gladys Risdon, Winnie Thatcher, Emily Thompson.

LOWER SEVENTH.—Edith Ridley, Ethel Moore, Sixth.—Jessie Howe, May Todd, Winifred

Allison.

Fifth.—Poppie Fowler, Nancy Ewart, Isabel Todd, Gertrude Watson.

FOURTH.-Lily Marley.



Notice to Contributors.

- The Bedan is published on the first day of each of the following months:—February, April, June, August, October, December.
- 2. Correspondence from any quarter, and Contributions from persons in any way connected with Bede School, are invited.
- 3a All Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed either to the Editor, or the Editress, of The Bedon, Bed School, Sunderland, and received fully a week before the date of the issue they are intended for.

Special Directions to Scholars with respect to Contributions.

1. Read the above general notice.

2. Use foolscap paper only; leave a wide margin; and write plainly.

Notice to Readers of "The Bedan."

A great deal of matter—including the Statement of Accounts of the Prize-Giving—is again unavoidably crushed out.

Any person residing in Sunderland who tends to the School a shilling—for which a receipt will be given—and his or he name and address, will have the first six numbers of The Bedsus delivered at the given address regularly, one every two months. Subscribers at a distance who wish to have the Magazine sent them by post must pay skepence a year extra.

It is hoped that Scholars, Old Scholars, and Parents will kindly make *The Bedan* known as widely as possible.



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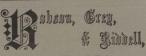
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