

The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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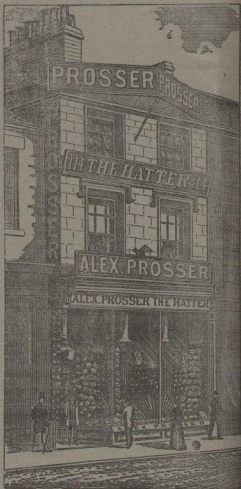
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THREE YEARS AGO.

The Bedan first appeared in December, 1898. It is therefore now three years old. Three years is not a large fraction of the life-time of a man, and is less than the hundredth part of the life-time of many a yew-tree; but it is longer than the period within which numerous school magazines, (and not a few more pretentious publications), though started ever so auspiciously, have been fated to flourish, to exist, and—to expire.

We have cause to be thankful, therefore, that—to use a homely phrase—we are “still alive and kicking”. Indeed, we ought, perhaps, to use language more expressive of robust health and vitality—for we know that, *financially*, our position is very strong (as will be seen when the Statement of the Magazine Accounts for the year now ending is published, probably in our next Number); while, as regards *the quality of the matter* in the Magazine, the Press and our readers are so kind as to speak most approvingly. Thus, commenting on our last Number, the *Newcastle Chronicle* gave it the following curious but gratifying encomium (which is worth quoting if only for the somewhat whimsical turn of the last sentence):—“It is quite remarkable how the excellence of the contents of the periodical is maintained. But then, *The Bedan* has a large staff, which automatically recruits itself. *This may partly explain its otherwise puzzling excellence.*”

The first Number of next year's series will appear late in January. It will contain few, if any, new features—except (as already announced) some finer illustrations than any seen in the pages of the Magazine hitherto.

It is possible that, next year, something may be attempted, by means of the Magazine, in the direction of procuring material for a Complete Register of Old Bedans, with their present addresses, occupations, &c. Such a Register would be most interesting and valuable; but, as it would contain more than *four thousand* names, its compilation would be a colossal work which we do not at present definitely promise to undertake.

May we point out that the Annual Subscription for the 1902 *Bedan* is One Shilling or Eighteenpence, according as the Numbers are delivered by messenger or sent by post, and that this Subscription is now DUE and may be sent to the school?

To Contributors, Reviewers, Subscribers and Advertisers, and those of our colleagues (notably Mr. Wordsworth and Miss Coburn) who attend to the sale and despatch of the copies of the Magazine, we give our hearty thanks for matter, criticism, money, and labour, respectively, and we are grateful to anybody else who has done

anything whatever towards making the organ of the school a success.

Our circulation is increasing, but only very gradually. Will each of our readers kindly impose upon himself or herself the light task of bringing the Magazine under the notice of some *one* Old Bedan not at present a subscriber? And, in concluding this, our third annual article of retrospect and prospect, of thankfulness and hope, we desire to repeat and to emphasise a statement often made in these columns, namely, that, while we are grateful for all original stories, original verses, and general contributions which may be sent us—even though some of them, for one cause or another, do not appear in the Magazine—we are always particularly glad to receive *items of news of former pupils*. Personal paragraphs are nearly always interesting. Will our friends therefore be so good as to keep us well supplied with this kind of matter? It is easy to write and easy to send, and yet we find it peculiarly acceptable.



EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

[The Editor and the Editress would be very grateful for items of news of Old Bedans—as to appointments, successes, details of careers, or any other matters on which Bedans may be expected to like to have information of each other. Even now this News Column is, by common testimony, read with much acceptance. It might be made interesting to a very wide circle if Old Bedans—whether at home or abroad—would be a little more communicative. Let this be remembered: Whatever directly concerns *one* of the big band of Old Bedans appears in some measure to *all* the rest.]

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our readers!

We notice with pleasure that, in the past fortnight, several of the older pupils at Bede School have (guided and encouraged by their able Art Master, Mr. Hawkins) designed, and executed in brush work, some really beautiful Christmas Cards. New times, new ideas. In former years our boy photographers—of whom we have always had a rather large number—often ‘took’ the School, the picture of which, with a suitable legend, was not only a handsome card, but also one very appropriate to be sent by Bedans to Bedans.

We are quite over-run with matter for this issue. *That* is not a thing to be sorry for, but, regrettably, we made a strange miscalculation as to the space which the Articles sent first to the Printer would occupy, and were astonished, when about to send, him several additional contribu-

tions, to find that fifteen-and-a-half of our sixteen pages were already 'set up'. Some of the items in our present Number could have waited. However, we hate to have type taken down unused, and are therefore compelled both to leave out of this month's Magazine all Illustrations and all Notices, and also to reserve, for the January Number, Articles or Notes on (1) the Sunderland Technical College, (2) Old Bedans: Mr. R. G. Richardson, (3) Bede School Prize-Giving on November 19th and Entertainment on December 4th, each of which was a splendid success, (4) Bede School Football Club and the fine performances of the team in the Schools' League Matches, and (5) the delightful Conversation at Bede School of the Sunshine Branch of the Sunderland League of Good Citizenship.

One of the objects of the Sunshine Branch is to provide children in the poorest parts of Sunderland with toys, dolls, picture-books, &c., at Christmas-time. The Officers of the Branch are Wilfrid Fairclough (President), 7, Summerhill East,

Ida Farrow (Vice-President), 28, Percy Terrace, Mabel Naylor (Treasurer), 2, Peel Street,

George W. Moor (Secretary), 5, Argyle Square, any of whom will, THIS WEEK, be delighted to receive, and to convey to the common stock for distribution, whatever any of our kind readers may be disposed to send them.

Among the Press Notices of our last Number—which was published late in September—were the following:—

Sunderland Daily Echo.

"THE BEDAN."—The September number of the periodical that appeals so strongly to past and present scholars of the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School is just to hand, and a glance through its contents is sufficient to prove that the instructive entertainment provided in its columns is as well maintained as ever. It was hoped to have some special illustrations, but the arrangements for them could not be completed as soon as was expected, and the innovation will be commenced with next year's numbers. There is one illustration this month, and it is a rather old but interesting picture of Christ Church. The editorial notes and school news are also full of interest and pleasingly written, while the several articles that comprise the principal contents are clever pieces of prose writing on different lines. "A Treatise on Treats" recalls many childhood reminiscences in the happy way; and "After the Holidays", "Chemical Recollections", "Plenty of Clothes and Nothing to Wear", "A visit to Some Lead Works", "Jamais", "Liquid Air", and "The Draught Fiend", are equally worthy contributions. Two poems "Keep off the Paint", and "From Sunset to Sunrise on Skiddaw", add to the liveliness of the very readable Magazine.

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

The September number of "The Bedan", the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School Magazine, breathes the holiday spirit. Contributors have been here, there, and everywhere, and now tell of what they have seen. The Magazine is hardly less interesting to past than to present pupils. It is quite remarkable how the excellence of the contents of the periodical is maintained. But then "The Bedan" has a large staff,

which automatically recruits itself. This may partly explain its otherwise puzzling excellence.

Newcastle Daily Leader.

The current issue of the "Bedan", the magazine of the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School, contains as usual several brightly-written and amusing articles. "A Treatise on 'Treats'" deals with the quickening effect which the near approach of a 'treat' has on Sunday school attendance. The trouble of a man who takes away a well-stocked portmanteau, but leaves his keys behind, is humorously described in an article entitled "Plenty of Clothes, and yet Nothing to Wear". There are other interesting contributions, while the editor has several things of importance to tell old Bedans in his Notes.

Sunderland Herald and Post.

"THE BEDAN".—The special illustrations with which it was intended to adorn the September number of that popular little magazine "The Bedan", have been unavoidably omitted, and therefore it is the intention of the directorate not to introduce this additional attraction until the [January] issue. The other features of the journal are up to the usual standard in the current number, which contains much that is of interest to Bedans. The editorial notes and news paragraphs contain a large amount of information, while the special articles are "A Treatise on 'Treats'", "After the Holidays", "From Sunset to Sunrise on Skiddaw", "Plenty of Clothes, yet Nothing to Wear", "A Visit to Some Lead Works", etc., etc.

Another Bedan wedding is to be chronicled this month. Miss Ethelwyne Kirkup who was admitted to Bede School in 1891, was married to Mr. William Priestley, of Sunderland, on October the twenty-sixth last. The young couple have many well-wishers and not the least hearty of them are among their Bedan friends and acquaintances.

A good many girls have called at School during the last few months. Ida Bodin came to say good-bye before setting out for Germany, where she is going to stay for at least six months to perfect her German. Ida is already something of a linguist, having learned both German and Norwegian at home, and French at school. When she was in Norway some time ago she stayed awhile at Sandefjord, into which port the Duke of Abruzzi's boat, the "Stella Polara", had put. As most Bedans will know, the Duke of Abruzzi fitted out an expedition to explore the North Polar seas. The sailors who manned the "Stella Polara" were all Italians and spoke only Italian, with the exception of one or two who spoke French. Ida's friends spoke only Norwegian and English, so she took her courage *à deux mains* and began a conversation in French. The conversation proved most interesting, and the French-speaking Italians were so delighted to find some one who could understand them and whom they could understand, that they loaded her with presents, cigars (!), tinned fruit, compressed coffee and sugar, and other commodities which had been provided for the expedition.

Bedans may see by this how useful their

studies may be to them. Perhaps this story will encourage certain French students whose energies are occasionally known to flag.

Other visitors to the Girls' School were Isabel Nicholson, a second-year student at St. Hild's College, Durham, who took the opportunity of seeing her old friends when enjoying a half-term holiday, and Edith Mudd who has just completed two years' training at Ripon College, and gained a first class in each part of the Certificate Examination. Neither of these girls was able to be present at the Re-union, but it will take a good deal to prevent their being two of us next year.

Jenny Anderson whose visit to Bede School was chronicled in a late issue of the magazine has kindly sent her photograph to Miss Todd, accompanied by a letter divulging all sorts of ambitious plans. After she has finished her course of training in the Children's Ward at the Royal Hospital, Waterloo Bridge Road, Jenny intends to take a course of general nursing, and, after that, hopes to go in for Indian Army nursing. There doesn't seem to be any immediate danger of Jenny's 'rusting out'. We hope she will not go to the other extreme of *wearing* herself out.

Some time ago the Sunderland League of Good Citizenship offered prizes for the best essays on "Some aspects of the duties of a young citizen". The competitors were girls from Bede School and from Chester Road School. The prizes were won by two girls from the latter and three from the former school. Dorothy Ross, Lizzie Todd, and Alice Cook were the happy Bedans who received very handsome prizes in the shape of books in recognition of the excellence of their essays.

The girls of Bede School must all have noticed lately a new addition to the school-pictures, a drawing of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's statue of King Alfred, recently unveiled by Lord Rosebery at Winchester. The picture, which gives a very clear idea of the statue, is a present to the school from a former pupil, Winnie Curtis, who now lives at Alesford, near Winchester. A few weeks ago, when lessons on King Alfred were being given throughout the school, the teachers found that the picture gave an added interest in the subject, and thought gratefully of the donor.

Winnie passed a Civil Service Examination and is now employed in Post Office work. But her new duties have not made her forget her old friends. She is a subscriber to *The Bedan* (as all Old Bedans surely should be) and further shows her regard for her old haunts, by saying, in a

post-script to her last letter to Miss Todd, "I *should* like to be at school again".

In a school of the size of ours the perpetrator of "howlers" is always with us. And King Alfred has lately been the subject of two. One young lady informed her astonished teacher that King Alfred wrote the Ten Commandments, while another sorrowed because he died of an "eternal" disease.

We are glad to learn that an Old Bedan, Annie Butterwick, who has for several years been more or less of an invalid, is now so much improved in health that she has accepted an appointment as assistant-mistress in St. Columba's School, Southwick. Annie has been one of the most loyal of Bedans and has rarely missed a Re-union. She was present at the last one on October 18th, and with her was her old school-fellow, Lavinia Hull, who has been a stranger here for a long time, but who was determined to be present at this year's re-union although she lives in Hartlepool. We hope that the fact that she is now a teacher under the Hartlepool School Board will not prevent her from being present at many future re-unions.

Constance Johnson and Dorothy Ross, who have just entered St. Hild's Training College, Durham, have, as their old school-fellows will be glad to hear, come successfully through their first examination for the B.Litt. degree. They have our congratulations.

An amusing incident took place a few days ago during a French lesson. A Bedan—whose sex we will not divulge—translated "il a quatre chevaux pur sang" which means "he has four thorough-bred horses", by "he has four well-bred horses"! We like to picture those well-bred horses. Presumably they won't spill any oats out of their nose-bags, or make a noise when they drink—as most of the equine tribe do.

There is an old riddle, that has probably made us all feel foolish, of which we were reminded the other day. After a description has been given of two farmers and their respective farms, which are adjacent, and of a peacock which belongs to one of them but which often visits the farm of the other, we are told that on one of its visits the peacock laid some eggs and we are gravely asked for our opinion as to which farmer they would belong to. Many an animated discussion on the subject has taken place before it has dawned on those taking part in it that peacocks don't usually lay eggs. A Bedan who was translating a new piece of French the other day was so much in earnest that she didn't realise

why the class laughed when she rendered 'ses ceufs' by 'his eggs'. But she had made such a good attempt that a slip like that was not considered a very heinous fault.

The Head Mistress has received a letter from Emma Graham, an Old Bedan who has been teaching in France and Germany, and from whom a most interesting letter in French appeared in *The Bedan* some months ago. Since then Emma has been translating a German book into English for a blind gentleman, and now she is teaching French conversation in the Boys' Higher Grade School at Cardiff. We should be very glad if she would describe her experiences there to us through the medium of the French language.

We very heartily congratulate Franklyn Robinson on the way in which he has consummated a brilliant academic career by gaining a Fellowship at Durham University. A Fellowship at Durham is neither so distinguished nor so lucrative a success as a Fellowship at Oxford or Cambridge;—still, it is never gained by anybody not having conspicuous ability and attainments, and, without requiring the man who gets it to perform any duties, it brings him in *£120 a year for eight years*.

Robinson was—either at Valley Road School or at Bede School—for six years a pupil under the present Head Master of Bede School, and some of his brothers and sisters have been Bedans; but he spent several years at Barnard Castle County School before proceeding to the University, and was, in that respect different from many boys and girls—Littlehailes, Barron, Scott, Pilling, L. Smith, Duncan, Clarke, Miss Coburn, Miss Charlton, Miss Wilson, Miss Graydon, Miss K. Smith, and numerous others—who were connected with Bede School right up to the time when they went to College. We have, therefore, little right to claim much credit for Robinson's striking successes at Durham, though we are delighted to record them as those of a loyal Old Bedan who has paid many a visit to the school of his boyhood since he won the Flounders Scholarship which took him to Barnard Castle, and whom we were very glad indeed to see the other day when he came and modestly announced his latest and best achievement.



AN EPISODE IN BOMBAY.

(AS RELATED BY THE 'RAJAH CHAWLES'.)

[An Old Bedan, a sea-going engineer, visits Bombay rather frequently. Not long ago, at a friend's house there, he went to a children's party. Every guest got a funny present: his was 'a monkey on elastic'. Happening to let his brother—

another Old Bedan, now in Cornwall—know of this incident, he found, by the next mail, that the said brother had taken the liberty of making him the subject of the following verses. Ed., *The Bedan*.]

No more I watch the throttle-valve, or shout at
lazy greasers;
No longer work out Euclid's Props., or algebraic
teasers;
No longer check, or lubricate, eccentrics' evolu-
tions,
Or carefully observe the gauge control the revol-
utions.
I do not hear connecting-rods; the crank-shaft's
sound is wanting;
My talk is unaccompanied by the piston's cease-
less panting;
The stokers have an easy time—I am not there
to hustle;—
In fact, I'm glad to get away from engines' noise
and bustle.
I join a game—called "Gathering the brightest
flowers of May"—
And, after that, a dozen "Rings of roses" gladly
play;
I'm ready to be dragged about by kiddies, young
and hearty;—
For, am I not at—what d'ye think?—a children's
birthday-party!
And don't I just enjoy the change most glorious-
ly fine,
And taste, with gusto, birthday-cake, and sample
ginger-wine?
And when at length I take my leave with some
derangements gastric,
I carry off triumphantly "a monkey on elastic!"
A.E.B.



HIGH ART.

I SPEAK on the subject only as it refers to the Midget and myself. This should be clearly understood, or the title may seem misleading.

Nobody can accuse the Midget of having too strong artistic proclivities. That is what I always tell her when I find her incapable of appreciating my works. It is remarkable, considering the truth of the statement, how cross it makes her. That, too, I tell her, and she gets crosser still. It will be seen, therefore, that we differ considerably in certain particular points of view. Every now and again I am seized with a great desire to do something artistic. The model drawing and light and shade which my teachers at Bede School have endeavoured to teach me, nay, even the captivating groups of "grapes and dead fish," "a cat eyeing a vase," "roses and a turnip," and such like, fail to satisfy my yearning to express myself on canvas.

What was left to me, under these circumstances? I began to draw *faces*. No harm was done as long as I took for models impersonal faces sketched from magazines. I took care to show each copy apart from the original. People are so unreasonable. They expect the two to resemble one another. Cheered by the praises I received I attempted more ambitious works, and began to copy photos of living people, who were not there to protest. It was fatally easy to obtain a weird sort of unlikeness, and, by holding the copies at carefully graduated distances, and at certain angles, it was even possible to trace resemblances. I never could get the Midget to hold the copies properly, however. She took the unreasonable view that the resemblance ought to be visible from all points of view, and therefore she never gave my works a chance.

She would say, "Oh, poor X, what has she done to deserve this?" and gaze mournfully at the copy of the much-maligned X. Secretly I had felt that it was somewhat like X, but I never ventured to say so. The Optimist was gentler in his criticisms. He would say, "We don't know the artist's intentions. She may have intended to draw X with that look." Compared with other speeches, this was praise, and I felt duly grateful.

Later I took to drawing from *life*. My models had at first a sort of pleased curiosity—until they saw the drawing; then all joy went out of the business, and willing models became scarce. The Midget, who was the greatest sufferer, always protested. She said that she would not have cared so much if I had made her more beautiful than she already was, but that the tendency was too much in the other direction for her to bear it. Even the Optimist objected to having his features transferred to paper by me; so I was reduced to drawing by stealth. Once I drew my grandfather, who was reading in peaceful ignorance of my designs. This drawing he totally failed to recognise when shown to him, even though the spectacles were drawn beautifully and with every regard for perspective. I did not enlighten him as to the identity of my model. I felt that too many explanations would be needed.

"Draw a horse," say the Midget and the Optimist. "You'll probably get it like some horse, even though it is not like the particular one you are aiming for, and, in any case, the horse will not care. *We do!*" I think that it is very unkind of them to make such remarks.

But I encourage myself by the reflection that the course of Genius never did run smooth; and when the Midget and the Optimist revile, I murmur beneath my breath, "Wait till I'm an R. A.!" They're waiting.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

TWO TRIFLES MAKE ONE ARTICLE.

(I.) "THE EXCEPTION PROVES THE RULE".

"ALL boys are bad", said Emily, vehemently.

She had been snowballed by some mischievous urchins in the street, and was in consequence led to include all young people of the sex opposite to her own in a sweeping denunciation.

"Nay, my dear," replied Aunt Mary, soothingly, "I am sure that your brother George is a very good, kind, thoughtful little fellow".

"Yes, Auntie; but 'the exception proves the rule', you know", triumphantly exclaimed Emily. She was a clever girl—one of the cleverest at Bede School, and this last statement of hers silenced her Aunt; but in making it she erred.

Emily, however, went wrong in very good company. The phrase which she quoted is misapplied almost every day, sometimes by Members of Parliament, sometimes by the clergy, sometimes by writers in periodicals. It is surely obvious that every exception to a rule *invalidates* the rule. If, for instance, it be given as an absolute rule that

"No man seventy years old can carry a sack of flour",

and I can bring forward one man of three score years and ten who *is* able to carry a bag containing twenty stones of flour, this exception to the rule does not *substantiate* it; it shows it to be inaccurate. And yet, even in the case supposed, many people would glibly remark "Oh; but *the exception proves the rule!*".

The Latin for the italicised phrase is *Exceptio probat regulam*. Now *probat* means

- (1) 'tests', 'tries', 'examines'; or
- (2) 'demonstrates', 'guarantees'.

When the old logicians wanted to show their pupils how a proposition could be called in question they said

Exceptio probat regulam, that is, "An exception tests the rule".

The ordinary translation "The exception *proves* the rule" is unfortunate because misleading, and it is misleading because *proves* is ambiguous in English just as *probat* is in Latin.

Consider the following passages from the Bible:—

Thou hast *proved* mine heart (Ps. 17, 3),
I *proved* thee at the waters of Meribah (Ps. 81, 7),
Prove your own selves (2 Cor., 13, 5),
Prove all things; hold fast that which is good (1 Thess., 5, 21).

In all of these the word 'prove' has the meaning 'test' or 'try'. In fact, this was a very common signification of the word 'prove', nearly three hundred years ago when the Authorised Translation of the Bible was made.

Nowadays, on the other hand, 'prove' is almost exclusively used in the sense 'show conclusively', 'demonstrate'.

Let my fellow-Bedans therefore never employ the retort "The exception *proves* the rule" without clearly understanding that the word 'proves' has there its old-fashioned meaning 'tests' or 'tries'. Indeed, since the whole phrase is misunderstood by nine people out of every ten, it is best not to use it at all.

HO MANTIS.

(2.) "NOT WORTH HIS SALT".

Nowadays, in England, salt is so cheap that, for a penny, anybody can buy quite a large quantity—at any rate, an amount sufficient to serve a boy for a considerable time. When, therefore, one of my fellow-Bedans has been told very plainly that he is "not worth his salt", he has perhaps thought himself decidedly undervalued. Perhaps, too, he has wondered why the humiliating estimate should be given in terms of *salt*. Why isn't he appraised as not being worth his pepper, or mustard, or vinegar? Not one of these condiments is very costly; but, at any rate, each of them is dearer than salt.

The phrase that I am considering is really not so disparaging as it at first appears. People find salt indispensable, and, in countries where it is scarce, it fetches a very high price. Writing more than half a century ago Liebig said, in one of his *Letters on Chemistry*, "In several countries of Africa, men are sold for salt; amongst the Gallas and on the coast of Sierra Leone, the brother sells his sister, the husband his wife, parents their children, for salt; in the district of Accra (Gold Coast), a handful of salt, the most valuable merchandise after gold, will purchase one, or even two slaves".

We, however, did not get the idea underlying the expression "Not worth his salt" from Africa, but from Rome. In England the words 'beer-money', 'pin-money', 'smart-money', and 'hush-money' are common enough. We need not stay to discuss their significations. In ancient times a Roman soldier's pay was made up of various portions, each to supply a definitely-specified requisite. For instance, every one of Caesar's legionaries who fought with our Britannic ancestors would get shoe-money (*argentum calcearium*), clothes-money (*argentum vestiarium*), salt-money (*argentum salarium*), and so on. The Latin word for salt is *sal*; and a soldier's salt-money—usually denoted by the word *salarium* alone—was so important a part of his pecuniary reward that, in time, *any person's whole stipend* came to be called his *salary*—literally, as I have said, his *salt-money*.

If, therefore, any Bedan boy, while he is still at school and has not received any wages or emoluments in return for work done, should

be stigmatized by his teacher as "not worth his salt", he is now in a position to question the justice of such an assessment by pursuing a line of argument like the following:—

"When you say that I'm not worth my *salt*, you really affirm that I'm not worth my salary;

But my salary is *nothing*;

Therefore you mean that I am not worth even so much as nothing;

But, if I'm worth less than nothing, I must, by algebra, be a *negative* quantity;

Yet you once, as the teacher of my class, on discovering that I was really present though you had accidentally marked me absent, corrected the register by putting "+ 1" after the original total of boys;

Therefore you were confident (I am sure) that I am *positive*;

Therefore, according to you, I am both *above* zero, and *below* zero, in value;

Which, as Euclid would say, is a *reductio ad absurdum*;

Therefore, unless your register is incorrect, or I am a mere *cypher*, the hypothesis from which we started is wrong;

Wherefore I *am* worth my *salt*."

SAL VOLATILE, JUNR.



BY MOUNT, AND STREAM, AND SEA.

WE decided to spend our holidays this year in Germany. "We" includes my brother Roderigo, my two friends Seraphina and Clotilda, and myself. I was known to have a sneaking fondness for maps and guide-books, and was credited with knowing, at any rate, rather more geography than the undergraduate who, when asked to say what he could tell about the Rhine, remarked, in a meditative way, "Let me see, is it a river?"; and so to me was entrusted the duty of planning the tour. I began by giving my friends advice as to their luggage. "Don't take much", I said, "so that in an emergency we can carry it". My advice was rigidly followed, and I profited by it to a surprising extent, my parcels being distributed among the others so that I might be at liberty to make enquiries of all and sundry who seemed likely to help us. "One ought to be free from other worries when the need for speaking German arises. Five minutes' talk in that language makes me as weak as a kitten. One other piece of advice I also endeavoured to instil—to carry sufficient soap for the journey.

I feel very deep pity for *any* one—and that is, of course, nearly everybody among my readers—who

has not been privileged to travel with my friend Seraphina. She was a continual source of surprise and joy. She had less luggage than any of us, and yet she could always supply our wants. Had we lost our one and only needle, Seraphina had one handy. Did we express a desire for a pen, a pen was produced from her pocket. A cup of tea could be made only with her help, for Seraphina carried a kettle, matches, and a spirit-lamp. Did you require ink, the wonderful creature produced an ink-bottle from her pocket. These surprises were never exhausted. At the end of our holiday, when we mustered on deck at 5 a.m. off Harwich, I observed that Roderigo's collar and tie were apparently afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance. He moaned as he vouchsafed the information that he had lost his stud in his cabin. Seraphina's hand dived into her pocket, and, difficult as you may find it to believe, out came a stud!

Our first two days on the Continent were spent in Cologne—or Köln as the Germans spell it. Most Bedans know enough Latin to appreciate the origin of the name, "colonia". The sight of Cologne is the Cathedral, vast, rich, and graceful. No wonder that many legends are associated with that magnificent pile! The story of the building of it has always had a fascination for me, and as many of my readers love a story, I will give it here in my own words.

The Master-builder, or as we should say, the architect of the cathedral, was ambitious, and longed to produce something so beautiful and striking that all men should admire it—longed, indeed, to produce "a poem in stone". But plan after plan was sketched only to be rejected after dissatisfied consideration by its author. One morning the Master, tired, impatient, and feverish, sat in his work-room. And as he kept endeavouring to think out a new idea, his old castaway plans began to dance about him like very sprites. One of the pieces of parchment was wrapped in an impenetrable veil. When the Master tried to grasp it, it eluded him, and, from a corner of the veil, peeped out at him, chuckling, one of his old discarded plans. Gasping and possessed with frantic impatience, he followed the partly-hidden parchment which continued to flutter in front of him out and away to a rock below which was a deep and terrible chasm. Then the veil suddenly fell off the plan, and, with a cry of joy, the Master darted forward to seize it, but it floated away, and he fell down and down and down. Suffering unspeakable anguish and bathed in a cold sweat the Master awoke from his terrible dream. He was however, although agitated, quite certain that he had seen in that dream the plan he had striven after so long. "Oh", he sighed, "if only that drawing would appear just once again. Just once that I might grasp the details thoroughly". Then he seemed to hear a crackling in the dark-

est corner of his room, and a sort of vapour began to take a definite shape. Alarmed and having a presentiment that something wicked was near, he was about to rush from his own room when he was confronted by the Devil himself, on whose face was a look of malicious joy. "You will be satisfied if I show you the picture once again", he said. Fired with a great longing the Master called "Bring it to me, and I will give you anything you want!" "Oh, I really want nothing for it", the Devil answered. "You have merely to sign this document and you shall see it". The document which was held out glowed like fire, and the Master shuddered: but the Devil drew forth the parchment covered with the veil, which had appeared in the dream, and the sight of it drove the Master to put aside all scruples, and he took and read the document. Suddenly he threw it away and cried "Shameful! Away from me! So you want two souls, mine and the soul of the first creature who enters the church I am building?" After a long debate, in which the Master offered to yield his soul to the Devil a year before the required time, instead of the soul of some unknown and innocent person, the Devil had his way, the document was signed, and the Master received the plan.

Years passed away, and the cathedral was almost ready for the consecration service, though the building was far from complete. But even the unfinished edifice was enough to show the people of Cologne what a magnificent church theirs was going to be, and the architect became famous. His name was in every mouth, and the nobles, and even the Archbishop himself, were glad to call him their friend. But the Master received all their praise, all their admiration, all their proffers of friendship, coldly. And as the day of the Archbishop's consecration service drew near the Master grew paler and paler, and more and more wretched, for a terrible anxiety was leaving him no peace.

The burghers of Cologne shook their heads about him and plainly hinted that his mind was unhinged. Then strange and secret rumours began to spread concerning the builder; people avoided him: and he seemed eager to be left alone. The stories reached the Archbishop's ears, and, after long consideration, he determined to question the Master, and if possible to bring him to repentance for his sins. The poor, unhappy man unburdened himself, only too glad to tell someone of his fearful secret. Promising to pray to God for his forgiveness, the Archbishop urged the Master to go and humble himself before Heaven, saying that their united prayers might induce God to listen kindly. But in vain the Master prayed. The Devil seemed to have the power to turn all his words into impious mockery, and, throwing away the Bible and tear-

ing his hair, the poor man fell senseless to the ground.

You can but faintly imagine the feelings of the burghers of Cologne when they heard what a terrible fate awaited the first worshipper in their church. They fled from the spot, avoided the Master's house, and never even mentioned his name. And meanwhile the cathedral remained deserted, forsaken.

At this time a woman renowned for her wickedness was shut up in the Archbishop's prison. Hearing of the fears of the people of Cologne, clergy and all, she offered to be the first church-goer, asking, in return, that if she succeeded in outwitting the Devil she was to have her freedom. After some consideration on the part of the Archbishop the request was granted to this woman, who was clever and beautiful, but had been brought up in sin and wickedness.

When the day arrived, a crowd assembled to see the consecration service. A procession was formed, and in front of it a large box was carried. At a given signal it opened, and out came a woman on hands and knees, who made her way into the church while the Archbishop began the service. Suddenly Satan himself appeared, seized the woman, twisted her neck, and vanished with her, leaving a smell of brimstone. He next visited the Master-builder's house, and carried his *soul* away thence to the lower regions.

While the Archbishop and all the congregation were on their knees, a second woman got out of the box and entered the church. She had in very truth got the better of the Devil, for the first church-goer had been a pig dressed as a woman. The real woman obtained her freedom, but, fearing Satan's power, she entered a convent.

The poor Master's *body* was quietly buried.

And the story goes that the dreadful bargain he made with the Devil is the reason why the cathedral of Cologne was never finished building.

VIATRIX.



A QUEER THING TO HAPPEN.

[It happened this way, do you see:

We all were going home from school,
Mary, and Kate, and Nell, and me—
We go together, as a rule.

And we were all just walking on,
And talking, like we always do,
And Mary said she'd been and gone,
And put down three instead of two;

And just then I looked up, and there
The sun was dropping down the sky,

So naturally, I declare,

I never thought to wonder why.

And then, before I ever knew,

The moon came dancing down as well,
And after that, stars, red and blue,
Quicker than I can ever tell.

This *was* a little odd, I thought,
But all that bothered me just then
Was just to wonder if one ought
To try to send them back again.

But anyhow I took some string,
And tied them to it, for I thought
It would not be the proper thing
To leave them lying in the dirt.

I think the girls had run away,
They couldn't think what else to do,
When I heard someone near me say,
"O Miss! comment vous portez-vous?"

It was our Doctor; and he had
A string of onions dangling down
Behind. He said he would be glad
If I would call on him in town.

I said, "With pleasure, Doctor dear,
I'll bring the Sun and Moon in too,
And all these little Stars; I fear
They may a little bother you?"

"The More the Merrier," he said,
And so we all went in, and he
Arranged me, standing on my head,
But gave the Sun and Moon some tea.

That seemed a little impolite,
And made my head feel rather sore,
And so I asked him if I might
Stand right-side-up. "No, nevermore,"

He roared. It gave me such a fright,
I nearly jumped right out of bed—
A voice was calling at the door—
"Get up, you lazy child," it said.

H. S. +



THE RE-UNION.

[It is hardly necessary to tell any of our readers except such as are not Bedans that the Re-Union is an Annual Gathering at the Girls' School of those who were formerly pupils there. —Ed., *The Bedan*.]

[F some of the many "Ancients" who assembled on the evening of Friday, October 18th, could have been present at the preliminary clearance of desks, and other mere school furniture not conducive to social joys, they would have been pleased to see that—literally—moving spectacle; it was only one testimony to the general enthus-

iasm in the cause. Those concerned with the preparations have certainly the satisfaction of feeling that they did not labour in vain, for the consensus of opinion is that the evening was an undoubted success.

"Box and Cox" was acted at the beginning of the night, and that amusing farce—which was new to many among the audience—was much applauded. The ingenuity of the stage arrangements well deserved praise, as did the capital acting of the three who took the parts of Box, Cox, and Mrs. Bouncer. Daisy Filkin, Fanny Witten, and Winnie Thatcher, who played these three parts so excellently, undertook to 'play the piece up', very generously, and against time, for they are all at present deeply engaged in the strenuous and solemn toil of preparation for an important examination.

During the whole of the evening girls exchanged reminiscences; *cela va sans dire*; it is what always takes place when friends meet; but a more notable feature, or at least one that lends itself more readily to description, was the charades.

First was shown the interior of a barber's shop, in which some assistants were complaining of the monotony of life. Such exceedingly lively customers entered in the course of the next ten minutes that the assistants no longer had to complain of anything of the sort; monotony fled, and Pandemonium succeeded.

Next the "general utility" girls put up a map of England. This looked so scholastic and severe that many of the guests felt impelled to think of geography. Such thoughts were put to rout by the entrance of a comic band of infants with their teacher. The latter endeavoured to instil an elementary geographical idea into the minds of her scholars, but they refused to budge from the position expressed by their reiterated remark, "We don't live on the map". Their teacher did not feel competent to dispel this illusion, so she abruptly changed the lesson. The infants proved no less intractable in grammar, and persisted in giving absurd sentences which their teacher declared "worried her". She was something more than "worried" when her class was dismissed by her irate head mistress, and the infants went out weeping bitterly.

In the last act the claims of little negroes to pocket handkerchiefs were put forward in eloquent language to an assembled party. Thereupon a member rose, and, in impassioned words, proposed that little negroes be left still longer without those adjuncts to civilised life. He enunciated, with much oratorical effect, the proposition that 'patriotism begins at home'. Many individuals in Sunderland had no pocket handkerchiefs; nay, he had little boys and girls of his own who had no pocket handkerchiefs!! His

proposal was that the collected money be divided amongst the members of the party. This was, however, not agreed to, and he was hustled out, protesting to the end.

The intelligent reader will have already guessed the word—Patriot. For is it not a hair-dresser's business to deal with the hirsute adornments of each customer's 'pate'? And is not a 'row', whether it occurs in shop or school, often called a 'riot'?

The infants' class had been so successful, from the audience's point of view, that it was recalled for another lesson. In this, a singing lesson, their voices rose in triumphant discords, and 'high doh' presented such difficulties to them that they were led out before they had mastered its subtilities.

With the exception of Mr. Annandale, the obliging caretaker of Bede School, and a sturdy policeman, Mr. Greenwood was the only 'mere man' to grace the proceedings. This singularity would alone demand the mention of his presence; but he did more than put in an appearance, for he gave keen delight to his audience by reciting, with the most perfect assumption of solemnity, a humorous description of "My First and Last Appearance on the stage".

Meanwhile, dancing claimed its votaries in another room; and a very charming sight it is to see girls dancing together.

The penultimate proceeding of the evening was the singing of "Auld Lang Syne". The two large rings, which had to be made to include all the 250 girls present, proved graphically the number who had enjoyed what might be called the first Bedan Re-union of the Century.

And the final act was two cheers, the first for Bede School, the second for Miss Todd; not half bad cheers—for girls.

E. G.



AN INTERESTING
LETTER IN FRENCH
ABOUT FRENCH RURAL SCENERY, PARIS
STREET SIGHTS, ODD MISTAKES, AND
WORRIED CHICKENS.

Les Chesneaux,
Château Thierry,
Aisne, France,

le 7 Oct. 1901.

Ma chère Miss Todd,

J'ai été très contente de recevoir votre lettre l'autre jour, et j'aurai beaucoup de plaisir en vous écrivant de temps en temps en français. Oui, j'ai vue dans le 'Bedan' la lettre dont vous me

parlez. Je l'ai trouvée très bien écrite et très intéressante : Plusieurs français auxquels je l'ai montrée, pensent de même. Il y a presque huit mois que je suis ici, et le temps a passé très vite. En ce moment, c'est le temps de la vendange, et les vigneronns se hâtent de faire leur vin avant le mauvaise temps. De ma fenêtre, je vois des vignes à perte de vue et la campagne est très, très jolie. Vous dirai-je les autres choses que je vois au moment où je vous écris ? Nous sommes, comme vous le savez, sur une colline, et la vue de tous les côtés est charmante. A gauche, dans le lointain se trouve le château de Nesles, et le village portant le même nom. Plus près, le convent bleu, où se trouvent les sœurs Célestine, et où je vais souvent à la messe. A droite, on voit la ville avec ces maisons blanches ; la vieille église de St. Crépin qui date du 12^{ième} siècle ; la prison (je trouve l'*extérieur* de ce bâtiment très joli—j'ignore les beautés de l'intérieur) le vieux château, qui a été construit sous le roi Thierry et qui donne son nom à la ville. Les murs sont encore très pittoresques, mais ce sont des ruines ; de la plateforme du château on voit toute la ville, et deux des vieilles tours existent encore,—ce sont les tours St. Pierre et St. Jean. Il y a aussi le collège de Jean de la Fontaine ; et la Marne, qui brille en ce moment au soleil comme de l'argent. Ensuite, il y a cinq ou six villages, séparés les uns des autres par des prairies et des champs. Les forêts et les collines s'étendent aussi loin que la vue peut aller.

J'ai remarqué que votre correspondante parle de Paris, et je trouve très naturel qu'elle ait été ravie de tout ce qu'elle y a vu. La dernière fois que j'y suis allée j'ai vu Notre Dame, la Madeleine, le Louvre, la tour Eiffel, l'Opéra comique, le jardin des Tuileries avec ses grands bassins où tous les petits parisiens viennent jouer, la Place de la Concorde, avec les statues de toutes les villes de France, l'Arc de Triomphe, l'Avenue des Champs Elysées, le palais du Luxembourg, l'Hotel de ville, la rue Etienne Marcel où se trouve la statue de Louis XIV, la Sorbonne où se passent tous les examens universitaires et plusieurs autres endroits dont je n'ai pas le temps de vous parler. Il n'y a rien de plus intéressant à un étranger que le nombre extraordinaire de gens différents que l'on voit circuler dans les rues. On remarque les agents de police qui sont très drôlement habillés, les militaires qui sont si coquets—surtout les officiers—les nourrices et les bonnes et les bonnes d'enfants, avec leurs bonnets, leurs grands rubans et leurs petits tabliers de fantaisie ; les bretonnes qui ont un costume si bizarre—vraiment il y a tant de choses qui me paraissent drôles dans la vie française. Je me rappelle très bien comme au commencement, moi-même, j'avais l'habitude de glisser sur les parquets qui sont très cirés.

Hier, j'ai demandé en anglais à un monsieur (qui connaît un peu l'anglais) quelle heure il était. Il m'a répondu "a quarter to middle." Moi, j'ai trouvé cela un peu drôle, mais lui pas du tout.

Un autre jour, je suis entrée dans un magasin et j'ai demandé des "*poste cartels*". La bonne dame qui tenait la boutique était très amusée, et moi, je ne comprenais pas pourquoi elle souriait, jusqu'à ce qu'elle m'ait dit : "Ce sont des cartes postales que vous voulez, n'est ce pas, Mademoiselle ?"

En ce moment les messieurs chassent, et je vais vous raconter une petite histoire qui se passait récemment avec un monsieur que je connais ici. Monsieur J. partait à sa ferme—qui se trouve auprès de Verdilly—lorsqu'il rencontra Monsieur M., qui lui dit : "Où allez-vous, M. J.—?" "Je vais à ma ferme," lui fut-il répondu. "Eh ! bien ! je vais avec vous", et voilà les deux messieurs en route. Tout alla bien jusqu'à leur arrivée près de Verdilly, lorsque, tout à coup, le chien de M. M— apercevait des poules et se mit à les poursuivre. M. J— dit to M. M— "Rappelez votre chien ; sans quoi il va étrangler les poules." M. M— répondit : "Il n'y a pas de danger, Black est bien trop raisonnable pour cela", et ils continuèrent à causer. Tout d'un coup ils entendent des cris terribles ; ils se retournent et virent Black, le sage Black, en train d'étrangler une poule. "Black ! Black !" s'écria M. M—, mais il était trop tard, et Black continuait à étrangler les poules sans se soucier des cris de son maître, qui approchait. Quand il vit son maître près de lui, il se sauva dans un petit bois à côté. M. M— ramassa tristement six poules qui gisaient mortes sur le sol. A ce moment voilà le fermier qui arrive, et, en voyant ce désastre, il attrapa sa casquette dans un geste de désespoir et la lança par terre, il se mit à crier comme un fou. Ceci fit accourir sa femme qui regarda son mari et ses poules alternativement, puis une larme coula lentement de ses yeux et fut suivie par un vrai déluge. "Mes poules ! mes poules Hollandaises ! c'étaient mes meilleures pondieuses", sanglota-t-elle. M. M—, voyant ses lamentations, s'empressa de demander combien Black en avait tuées. "Six ! mon bon monsieur", s'écria la fermière en retombant dans un désespoir affreux. M. M—, tenant Black, qui avait l'air pitieux, par le collier, dit : "A combien les estimez vous ?" La fermière répondit tristement : "Cinq francs, chaque, mes pauvres poules, et vraiment elles valaient au moins le double, mais comme il y en a six, vous ne paierez que cinq francs." M. M—, très ennuyé, mais voulant absolument éviter une dispute, paya les trente francs demandés, et reprit le chemin de sa maison en emportant ses six poules, suivi par des lamentations du fermier et de sa femme. Madame M—, en voyant cette

collection de poules, dit que son mari était "un homme impossible", et comme elle-même avait acheté deux poules le matin, ce pauvre M. M— fut obligé de manger les poules pendant une semaine entière, et, comme il nous a raconté ensuite "à toutes les sauces".

Je ne sais pas si vous connaissez beaucoup les poètes français. A présent je suis en train de collectionner toutes les jolies petites poésies que je trouve. Aujourd'hui j'ai trouvé de Victor Hugo "La Source de l'Océan". Peut-être l'avez vous déjà lue, et probablement trouvée charmante comme moi. Il faut que je cesse maintenant. Veuillez agréer, Mademoiselle, l'expression de mes meilleurs sentiments.

Votre ancienne élève,

JENNIE CLASPER.



FLAG FLOODS FREELY FLOWING.

SUNDERLAND is perhaps the only large town in England where, the down-coming pipes, which carry off all the water collected from the house-roofs by the spouts, are so arranged that, whenever there is a fall of rain, they discharge, right across the paved footpaths, torrential streams eagerly making for the roadside channels. On a wet day I have many a time been asked by indignant pedestrians, who found the main street far dryer than the causeway, *why* the Members of the Corporation tolerate the system of pavement-irrigation alluded to. The following verses embody the best reasons which I have been able to offer these enquirers—who yet, strange to say, seemed to think none of my replies wholly satisfactory:—

"What are our Councillors about?

On rainy days do they walk out,

Or do they stay indoors?

Why don't they stop this senseless plan?—

Across the flags, go where I can,

A rushing river roars."

Thus spake a lady, stout and old.—

"Madam, let me the truth unfold;"

I answered most politely,

"Our Councill'rs like to see you spring;

Agility's a splendid thing;

They know you're young and sprightly."

A lame man, hobbling, came along.—

The side-walk floods were flowing strong.

"Oh! *why* are these allowed?"

Thus he. Then I: "To make you *jump*;

But you may fall into the 'sump';

Best *plodge* through. Don't be proud!"

Two Bedans, on their way from school,

Discussed the famous Ampère's rule

About electric currents;

This rule they said they understood,
But wondered *what* could be the good

Of our town's pavement torrents.

The day was wet; so were my feet;

I chanced these studious lads to meet

And heard them talk things over:

"These streams make doctors thrive full
well,"

And cause", I said, "those folks who sell
Thick boots, to be 'in clover'."

One stormy Tuesday in November

—The twelfth day as I now remember—

The flags were simply brimming.

A friend who saw this—and who's fat—

Cried "Tell me what you think of *that*!"

I said, "Twill teach you swimming!"

Another time a Bedan girl

—Whose hair had all come out of curl:

The weather was so damp—

Expostulated as I passed:

"Oh! will this system always last?

Wading gives me the cramp."

"Fair maiden"—thus I 'gan reply—

"My feet, no more than *yours*, are dry:

I sympathize sincerely;

Our Aldermen think, if streams are deep,

'Folks who won't wade must learn to leap'—

That's their opinion, clearly."

A thunder-storm, some months ago,

Made sluices o'er our pavements flow,

And moved a stranger's wonder.—

He seemed to think—presumptuous man!—

We act on a peculiar plan,

And make a sort of blunder.

But I convinced him he was wrong:

"Our way affords folks reasons strong

For taking to the *road*,

And pavements will not wear away

So soon if, every good wet day,

They're lightened of their load."

A shipowner, the other morning,

In spite of my repeated warning

Stept thrice into a stream!

"These cursed pipes!" he cried. "I say,

Why should they be arranged that way?"—

His eyes sent forth a gleam!

"To teach you patience, Sir;" I said.

"Some heads, like pipes, are made of lead,

And plan things bad to bear;

You cannot very well be *jolly*

As victim of our rulers' folly,

But you must never *swear*!"

FANE WOOD I. PHLIGH.



SWIMMING.

It is the object of this article to give our readers a correct idea of the work done during a season at the Baths. Too often the results at the swimming gala are the only test by which the value of the work is judged.

At the time at which this account is written, there are sixty-one boys attending Bede School who are able to swim more than the breadth of the bath. Of these, only seventeen had learned to swim before they came to the School.

The present season began on Saturday, the 3rd of March, and individual tuition has been given to all who asked for it, on every Saturday since that time, except during the Midsummer holidays. During the last eight months forty-five boys have learnt to swim. Those of them who have not been named in previous Numbers of *The Bedan* are: Charles Rutledge, William Brown, Matthew Johnson, William Hardy, Geo. Watson, William Logan, Robert Chisholm, Fred. Clough, George Atkinson, Oscar Earnshaw, John Thatcher, Robert Esdon, and Wayman Cook.

Eleven boys have fulfilled the requirements of the examination for School Swimming Certificates. They were tested by the official examiners and had:—

1. To swim fifty yards in sixty seconds.
2. To swim twenty-five yards on the back.
3. To dive from a height not less than three feet.
4. To pick up some simple object from the bottom of the bath.

The names of the eleven, and the times which they took to swim fifty yards, are:—

	Seconds
Fred Sutton	40
Henry Gardener	42
Richard Stamp (Memb. of School Squadron) 46	46
James Graham	49½
Allan Usher (M.S.S.)	50
John Watson	51½
Thomas Hetherington (M.S.S.)... ..	53
Stanley Johnson	54
Percy Lavers (M.S.S.)	55½
Norman Douglas	56
Harold Ure	56½

Gardener, Graham, and Watson are this year's beginners. John Watson should have swum in the school squadron at the Gala, but in consequence of a serious illness was replaced by Percy Lavers, who, with only one week to prepare in, filled the vacancy very creditably.

And now, what of the Schools' Swimming Gala on October 28th?

The four best swimmers in the school can do a squadron race of one length each in a total time of one minute, forty-six seconds. Three of these boys were unexpectedly debarred from

swimming by the imposition of an age limit three weeks before the gala, but two of them had the satisfaction of showing their best speed in the two-lengths open handicap, in which race the best swimming of the night was exhibited. The times of the five best swimmers in that race were as follows:—

A. Scott (Gateshead H.G.) ...	44 secs.
R. Ellis (Rectory Park) ...	52 "
G. Conway (Gateshead H.G.)... ..	53 "
W. F. Sutton (Bede) ...	56 "
H. S. Gardener (Bede) ...	58 "

Gardener's time is especially praise-worthy, as he is a *this-year's beginner*. It is seldom indeed that a boy attains such speed in his very first season.

Alwin Scott's phenomenal swimming was perhaps the greatest attraction which drew Bede School boys to the baths on gala night, and he fully justified our expectations. In the Intertown Race, the time of the Gateshead boys for the four lengths was one minute, twenty-seven and a fifth seconds, Scott's own length being done in nineteen and a fifth. It was unfortunate that the postponed Elswick Shipyard Gala was at the last fixed for the same night as our Schools' Gala; but rather than disappoint us, Scott gave up the best chance he has had this year to win really valuable prizes, and *never even mentioned the sacrifice he had made*. Our thanks are also due to his brother, Mr. L. G. D. Scott, who early in the season taught our best swimmer the correct stroke to use.

In consequence of the altered regulations, we had to scrape together, in the last three weeks before the gala, a squadron of younger boys. After a fortnight's practice, one of them fell ill, and a fresh lad had to fill his place with only a week in which to prepare himself. The result of the Schools' Squadron Race is given here.

First heat... ..	Bede School won easily.
Time	2 min. 3 secs.
Second heat	Hendon won.
Time	2 min. 4½ secs.
Final	Hendon beat Bede School by a touch.
Time for both teams...2 min. 4½ secs.	

The list of individual prizes won by boys in Bede School is as follows:—

Breadth for beginners...1st prize, H. S. Gardener.	
Four lengths' Championship...2nd prize, W. F. Sutton.	
One length Novice Race...1st prize, A. P. Lavers	
" " 3rd prize, N. R. Douglas.	
Two lengths' Open Handicap...1st prize, H. S. Gardener.	
" " 2nd prize, W. F. Sutton.	
Neatest Dive	4th prize, N. Gaudie.

Although, as the gala approached, a good deal

of time was necessarily given to the best swimmers, beginners were not neglected, as will be seen on reference to the list of new swimmers given at the head of this column. It is to be hoped that, now that the gala is over, a large number of recruits will avail themselves of the Saturday morning lessons during the winter months.

C. K. WITTER.



BEDANS IN BORDERLAND AND BEYOND.

A FEW years ago three Bedans, all of whom had for longer or shorter periods taught the young Bedan idea "how to shoot," left the Sunderland railway station on a holiday journey to Bonnie Scotland.

The quaint little Border town of Selkirk was their chosen destination. It was new to each of them, and they were all equally charmed by its lovely woods and limpid streams, its pleasant hills and valleys, its rugged heathery moors. Indeed, one of the party has twice revisited the spot, and she it is who tells this tale. Not a thrilling tale—only a chatty story of happy hours and merry tramps.

Well then to begin. Selkirk stands, as I dare say many Bedans know, on the wooded banks of the Tweed, and it is in its near vicinity that the Ettrick and the Yarrow combine their waters and join the famous stream already mentioned.

Tweed! Ettrick! Yarrow! How those names seem to breathe forth the spirit of Scott, of Wordsworth, and of the Ettrick Shepherd.

The district teems with historical memories. Close by our lodging stood the rough monument of stone erected to the brave memory of those sturdy Covenanters who fell at Philiphaugh. A little further up the river, on a wooded hill overlooking the winding streams of both Ettrick and Yarrow, stands the ruined tower of Newark Castle—where, according to the 'Wizard of the North', the 'Last Minstrel' chanted his 'Lay'. For miles around, every hill and fell and ruin could, if able to speak, tell some thrilling tale of Scottish history.

This party of ours, then, as intelligent Bedans, enjoyed not only the beauty but the associations of this Borderland. All but the Castles!! One of the three actually informed us she thought very little of Scotch castles! Heretic! But then she was a rash, irrepressible young person, and had not long inhaled the classic air of Bede School. Castles were not her only objection. Being well-trained, methodical Bedans, the other two devised a plan whereby all might live well but wisely. Two small books were chosen, and

in one were entered all household accounts, while the other recorded the cost of drives, excursions, and our little impromptu picnic meals. Admirable! Of course it was! But the young woman aforesaid would say—"I should like a few of those strawberries in that shop, but then if I get them *she*"—the unfortunate account-keeper being scornfully pointed at, meanwhile—"will out with that horrid little book. What a comfort to get home and not have every bite one eats recorded," etc., etc.! Our accountant was also the guardian of the guide-book, and many pleasant little tramps she planned. Captain Cook we dubbed her. For if not a circumnavigator she certainly loved circumambulation. She was always taking us short cuts which very often proved circular tours, for we came out just exactly where we went in. Certainly that had *this* advantage: like Charles Lamb's friend who walked into the river in the darkness, we "knew in a moment where we were!"

Shopping had its difficulties and its humours. "Baked bread" and "Loaves" seemed easy terms, but were misleading. Indeed, but for the timely help of a native the writer would have ordered *three yards* of bread. "Pies covered and fired", and "solid milk" (blancmange), were among the mysterious terms which met the eyes or ears of the two of us who acted as caterers. But our kind landlady was truly hospitable, and frequently enlightened our ignorance. She told us she had had a busy summer. "All my friends came one on the back of the other", said she; and then the Irrepressible above mentioned rushed off to enjoy her laugh, leaving her two older companions to "do the polite". But dear young boy Bedans, doesn't our landlady's phrase suggest a jolly game of leap-frog?

We visited Abbotsford, the beautiful home of Sir Walter Scott. The house is simply concrete history. Every ornament, relic, and picture speaks of some world-famed name. And looking round the library one could not but mourn that the erstwhile owner's prolific brain was at last so sadly overtaxed. For the Waverley Novels are a monument of stupendous human effort and matchless skill put forth under the shadow of black Care.

And his beloved Melrose! A poem in stone! Could only Melrose Abbey stand where Dryburgh (his burial place) overlooks the bonny Tweed, then the setting would grace its gem.

Our next year's excursion was again a Scotch one, but this time we set out for the Clyde. I believe that someone has suggested before (and, if not, let me now suggest) an additional monument for St. George's Square in Glasgow—the patron saint protected by a substantial umbrella; for certainly they do make a speciality of rain in that city. Shopping, too,

again presented difficulties. It upset long-established modes of thought to be asked to deal with the practical household question of the price of eggs, when reckoned by the *pound*; and a 'gigot of mutton', though good Scotch, and tolerable French, is a phrase which might convey to the English mind the idea of a 'sheep's dance'. I remember too an occasion on which we gave distinct offence to a worthy saleswoman by our failure to distinguish between 'home-grown' and 'English'. It was tomatoes we wanted, and one of us, the Captain, who had already explained that we particularly desired the home-grown article, made the somewhat unfortunate addition of, 'You are sure they are English?' The reply, 'No, they're a' *Scotch*!' delivered with dignity, crushed the Captain as I have seldom seen her crushed.

Next time I crossed the Border, my companion was not a Bedan. That is her misfortune. She was a dear and trusted friend long before the founding of Bede School. Once again Selkirk was our home, and its bonny scenes and canny folk were still a joy and pleasure. We went further afield than on my previous holidays, for we reached the famed St. Mary's Loch—and were reminded of Wordsworth's oft-misquoted lines:—

"Let
The swan on still St. Mary's lake
Float double, swan and shadow!"

Close by the side of the lake stands the stone monument erected to James Hogg. Oh, my dear fellow-Bedans who form the League of Good Citizenship, may your spirit float thitherwards. For on every available bit of that stone, erected to one who loved the Beautiful, are scribbled the names of — fools.

Last summer the same friend accompanied me to bonny "Peebles for Pleasure." Here also flows past the delightful Tweed, and hill and fir wood, moor and glen, afford an ever varying round of beauty.

We took our guide-book with us again, and, though mere women, stuck manfully to our two little tell-tales of expenses. 'Have you put it down?' a gentle voice would insinuate, just as I began my meal. My companion, it will be noted, was like John Gilpin's wife:—

" . . . though on pleasure she was bent
She had a frugal mind."

But we didn't stint ourselves. And, truly, there was no need. Scotland doubtless makes its holiday-makers hungry; but it also supplies a ready means of satisfying their appetites. For is it not "the Land of Cakes"?

THE SILENT ONE.



PRIZE AND CERTIFICATE LISTS.

THE Eleventh Annual Prize-Giving of Bede School took place in the Assembly Hall, Fawcett Street, on Tuesday Evening, November 19th. R. A. Bartram, Esq., J.P., Chairman of the Sunderland School Board, presided, and the Rev. Canon Moore Ede, M.A., Rector of Whitburn, gave out the Prizes and Certificates. The pupils provided an Entertainment consisting of numerous Tableaux, a French Play, a Minuet, and Music. This was so successful that it had to be repeated on Wednesday, December 4th. Full accounts of both the Prize-Giving and the repeated Entertainment will appear in the January *Bedan*; they are excluded from the present Number through lack of space.

The Prize and Certificate Lists were as follows:

LONDON MATRICULATION CERTIFICATES.

1st class: Samuel Lister and Cuthbert Wm. King.

OXFORD LOCAL CERTIFICATES.

SENIOR STUDENTS

(each of whom gains the title of Associate in Arts of the University of Oxford).

Honours: Cuthbert Wm. King. 1st class: Elizabeth Eaves (distinction in practical chemistry), Herbert Alex. Wood (distinction in practical chemistry), and Wm. Logan.

JUNIOR STUDENTS.

Honours: Thomasina Rutter. 1st class: Mabel N. Naylor, Bertha Saxby, Thomas A. Atlay, John H. Blacklock, John J. Hurdman, David Macnair, and Geo. C. Watson.

PRELIMINARY STUDENTS.

(1) Under 14 years of age: Hilda M. Chapman, Jane Graham, Carrie Peat, Nora Ridgeway, Blanche B. Walters, Edgar P. Lumley, and John H. Watson. (2) Over 14 years of age: Ethel Bruce, Madge M. Forbes, Arthur C. Hey, Harold G. Jordan, Lionel J. Lee, W. Fred. Sutton, and John H. Williams.

SPECIAL SCIENCE AND ART CERTIFICATES.

(Awarded to Students who have taken the full course of both literary and science subjects in the Upper School for at least three years, and have obtained at least three advanced science certificates).

Elizabeth Eaves, Thomasina Rutter, Alberta Farrow, Constance B. Johnson, Dorothy Ross, Cuthbert Wm. King, Herbert A. Wood, William Logan, and James Ayers.

ORDINARY SCIENCE AND ART
CERTIFICATES.

CUTHBERT WILLIAM KING: Mathematics, 2nd stage, 1st class; advanced inorganic chemistry, theoretical, 2nd class; advanced inorganic chemistry, practical, 2nd class; elementary theoretical mechanics, solids, 2nd class.

HERBERT ALEXANDER WOOD: Mathematics, 2nd stage, 1st class; advanced inorganic chemistry, theoretical, 2nd class; advanced inorganic chemistry, practical, 2nd class; perspective, 2nd class; model drawing, 1st class.

WILLIAM LOGAN: Mathematics, 2nd stage, 1st class; advanced inorganic chemistry, theoretical, 2nd class; advanced inorganic chemistry, practical, 2nd class; perspective, 2nd class; model drawing, 2nd class.

JAMES AYERS: Mathematics, 2nd stage, 1st class; advanced inorganic chemistry, theoretical, 2nd class; advanced magnetism and electricity, 2nd class; perspective, 2nd class.

CAAS. H. WATSON: Model drawing, 2nd class.

JOHN JACOB HURDMAN: Mathematics, 2nd stage, 2nd class; advanced inorganic chemistry, theoretical, 2nd class; model drawing, 2nd class.

THOS. A. ATLAY: Mathematics, 2nd stage, 2nd class; model drawing, 2nd class.

THOS. B. PHILIPS: Mathematics, 2nd stage, 2nd class.

ALF. P. LAVERS: Mathematics, 2nd stage, 2nd class.

JOHN GEO. ENGLISH: Mathematics, 2nd stage, 2nd class.

DAVID MACNAIR: Model drawing, 2nd class.

CONSTANCE JOHNSON: 2nd advanced, practical chemistry; 2nd advanced, theoretical; 2nd advanced, botany; 2nd advanced, physiography; 2nd, freehand drawing of ornament.

ALBERTA FARROW: 2nd advanced, practical chemistry; 2nd advanced, theoretical; 1st, 2nd stage, mathematics; 2nd advanced, physiography, 2nd, freehand drawing of ornament.

DOROTHY ROSS: 2nd advanced, practical chemistry; 2nd advanced, theoretical; 2nd, freehand drawing of ornament.

BESSIE EAVES: 1st advanced, practical chemistry; 2nd advanced, theoretical; 1st, 2nd stage, mathematics.

WINIFRED THATCHER: 2nd advanced, practical chemistry; 1st, 2nd stage, mathematics.

DAISY FILKIN: 2nd advanced, practical chemistry; 2nd, 2nd stage, mathematics; 2nd, light and shade; 1st, freehand drawing of ornament.

ELIZABETH NEIL: 2nd advanced, practical chemistry; 2nd, 2nd stage mathematics.

ANNIE PHILIP: 2nd, 2nd stage, mathematics.

CHRISTINA HIRST: 2nd advanced, practical chemistry; 1st, 2nd stage, mathematics.

THOMASINA RUTTER: 2nd advanced, practical chemistry; 2nd advanced, theoretical; 2nd, 2nd stage, mathematics.

IDA WILKINSON: 2nd advanced, practical chemistry; 2nd, 2nd stage, mathematics; 2nd, freehand drawing of ornament.

LAURA REAVLEY: 2nd advanced, practical chemistry; 2nd, 2nd stage, mathematics.

BOYS' CLASS PRIZES.

UPPER SCHOOL: FOURTH YEAR.—General excellence, C. W. King; practical chemistry, Herbert A. Wood; Latin and drawing, Wm. Logan.

UPPER SCHOOL: THIRD YEAR.—Scripture and drawing, David Macnair; general excellence, Robert Ross.

UPPER SCHOOL: SECOND YEAR.—Latin, George Watson; mathematics, John H. Blacklock; drawing and woodwork, Edwin Allison; drawing, Norman Wood.

UPPER SCHOOL: FIRST YEAR.—English, William Fred. Sutton; drawing and woodwork, Harold Jordan and C. G. Gardner; Latin and chemistry, William Blacklock; Latin, chemistry, and physics, Arthur Hey.

STANDARD VII.—General excellence, John H. Taylor and Robert Esdon.

STANDARD VI.—General excellence, Frank Hall and Charles Magee.

STANDARD V.—General excellence, Edward Bowden and Norman Hudson.

STANDARD IV.—General excellence, Charles Herbert Wade and John Thomas Fairs.

GIRLS' SPECIAL PRIZES.

UPPER SCHOOL.—Fourth year. 1st prize, Dorothy Ross; 2nd, Alberta Farrow. Third year: Bessie Eaves. Second year: 1st, Jessie Bruce; 2nd, Mabel Naylor. First year, B. C.: 1st, Lavinia Hughes; 2nd, Edith Lumley. First year, A.: 1st, Frances Duncanson; 2nd, Elsie Bruce.

LOWER SCHOOL: FRENCH.—Stage III.: Eliza Smith. Stage II.: Upper, Edith Errington; lower, Annie Hubbard, Lilian Marley. Stage I.: Upper, Mabel Witten; lower, Freda Smith.

GIRLS' CLASS PRIZES.

VII. A: Emily Watson, general improvement; Edith Errington, arithmetic.

VII. B: Florence Bell, class prize; Edith Scott, writing and composition; Beatrice Scott, needlework.

VI. A: Isabel Fidler, composition; Mabel Witten.

VI. B: Norah Hodgson, general work.

V.: Jessie Wilson, general improvement; Madge Barlow, English.

IV.: Esther Orest, general improvement; Jennie Gibbs, arithmetic; Jennie Thompson, sewing.

BOYS' ATTENDANCE PRIZES.

For the year August 1st, 1900—July 31st, 1901.

No pupil who was ever absent gets a prize, except that attendance at *one* Sunday School Treat does not disqualify for a prize.

Never absent for 9 years: Herb. Alex. Wood and Gilb. Hy. Wood. For 8 years: Wm. Blacklock. For 7 years: John Geo. English. For 5 years: John Jacob Hurdman. For 4 years: W. Logan, John Haward, and James White. For 3 years: Edgar Lumley. For 2 years: Wm. Mitchell, Harold Smith, James Wm. Blyth, and Stanley McIntyre. For 1 year: Robert Davidson, John Hy. Watson, Wm. Fred. Sutton, Robert Douthwaite Grieves, Harold G. Jordan, John Henderson Taylor, Wm. Armstrong, Ernest Bundred, Victor Buckwell, Wm. Hutchinson, Jas. Kerr, Wm. Askwith, Alb. Richardson, Wm. W. Cowens, Samuel Fletcher, Stanley Robson, Ernest Hanselmann, Geo. Reed, Chas. Rutledge, John Cecil Eaves, Chas. Wm. Hooker, and Herbert Martin.

GIRLS' ATTENDANCE PRIZES.

Not absent for 4 years: Norah Goldsbrough. For 3 years: Edith Lumley, Bell Proctor, and Doris Thompson. For 2 years: Mabel Tooby, Lydia Bainbridge, Caroline Taylor, Ethel Mit- chinson, Eliza Smith, Beatrice Scott, and Cath- erine Davison.

Neither late nor absent for 1 year: Minnie Finkle, Ethel Bruce, Emily Watson, Elsie Eaves, May Dixon, Florence Bell, Gertie Philips, Jessie Wilson, Ethel Thatcher, and Gladys Campbell.

Late, but not absent for 1 year: Florence Wardell, Thomasina Rutter, Fanny Witten, Kate Wright, Edith Elliott, Frances Duncanson, Blanche Toft, Hilda Kendal, Jessie Stafford, Gertrude Hanselmann, Sally West, Ethel Fletcher, Hannah Mitkinson, Minnie Robson, and Mabel Witten.



Bede School, Sunderland.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS OF THE PRIZE-GIVING HELD IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL, FAWCETT STREET, ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19th, 1901.

Dr.	Receipts.	£	s.	d.	Expenses.	£	s.	d.	Cr.		
	By Sale of Shilling Tickets	11	16	0	By Hire of Hall (Mr. Gibson)...	...	3	3	0	
	„ „ Sixpenny „	9	11	0	„ „ Piano	10	0	
	„ Money taken at the Doors	11	0	„ Hire or Purchase of Wigs (Mr. Sax- on), Dresses, Lace, Flowers, Books, Vaseline, Coals, &c. ...	3	0	10			
	„ Sale of Programmes...	12	0	„ Properties and Scene-Shifting (Mr. McClements)	1	0	0		
					„ Minuet (Mr. Wetherall, Teacher of Dancing)	2	2	0			
					„ Gratuities to Hall Caretakers and others	8	6			
					„ Lime Light (Mr. Postgate)	18	6			
					„ Printing (Messrs. Attey), Stationery, and Postage	1	11	2		
									12	14	0
					Credit Balance to be equally divided between the General Funds (for Prizes, &c.) of the Boys' and the Girls' Schools	9	16	0		
									£22	10	0

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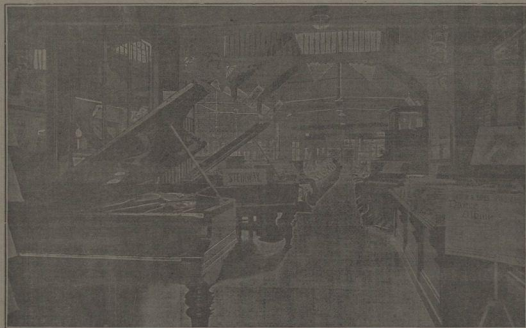
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