

GOREU ARF,



ARF DYSG.

Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

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VOL. II.

Editor W. B. THOMAS.

EDITORIAL.

For once the Editor is in a happy mood. The appeal for a greater number of contributions sent out in the last number of the Magazine has borne abundant fruit: "a heavy crop" of articles has been sent to him, thus not only providing him with a splendid variety of matter to choose from, but also obviating the need for a long Editorial as a stop-gap. It is gratifying to feel that all the contributions are worthy of a place in any school magazine; lack of space prevents us, however, from publishing them all. Those held over will find room in the next number.

A pleasing feature of the present year's editorship has been the support rendered by "old boys." Every issue has contained at least one article from one of them. May we suggest that past scholars should send in even more contributions? These are always acceptable. Here we are pleased to acknowledge in particular that of Mr. G. Sims (now of Sheffield), who sends us a very interesting account of "Hall Marks." Specimens of these "Hall Marks," taken in plaster, will be exhibited soon in one of the glass cases. The article will be complete in two numbers. The second part will contain actual examples of how to determine the full meaning of marks found on rings and other jewellery.

The inadvertently unacknowledged article on a "Debating Society," which appeared in the last number, was by Mr. Chris Barrett, B.A. The lively poem on football, which is published in the present issue, is by Mr. T. Quayle, B.A., one of the Aberystwyth students who were practising at our school a fortnight ago.

The full list of successes for the year 1911 will be published as a supplement to the next number. At this point we have pleasure in publishing the following results of "old boys":—

UNIVERSITY OF WALES.

M.A. (Political Economy).—J. M. Rees (1899-03), at present Head of a school in South Africa.

B.A.—W. King (1900-03), 2nd Class Honours, Political Econ.

T. J. James (1897-01) ,, ,, History.

W. C. Barrett (1899-03) ,, ,, ,,

J. H. Davies (1900-03), 3rd Class ,, ,,

Cyril Davies, B.A. (1898-02), has just been appointed Lecturer in English at the British College, Cairo.

S. D. Conway, Excise and Customs (85th position out of 1,700 aspirants), stationed at Bristol.

J. Lee (1906-09), Preliminary Examination of the Bankers' Institute.

The following students, who have left us within the last two years, have entered at various colleges:—

T. H. Rowlands and D. M. Edwards, Borough Road.

H. Tyler and J. Richards, Bangor Normal.

C. Ll. Davies, King's College, London.

S. Hopkins, I. Evans, and H. Ace, Cheltenham.

G. Hopkins, Swansea Technical.

J. Lloyd Davies, Swansea Technical.

Llew. Davies, Bangor University College, where he has obtained a £10 Open Exhibition, in addition to the ordinary Normal Scholarship.

We heartily congratulate Ivor Sims (IIIb) upon his winning the 1st prize for pianoforte playing (under 16 years) at the last National Eisteddfod.

To Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Williams we extend our heartiest congratulations upon their marriage.

We offer our best wishes also to Mr. Arthur Jones, who has taken charge of the commercial subjects at our school, and to Monsieur Sireygeol (of the University of Bordeaux), our new Assistant French Master. We trust that their connection with the school will be a pleasant one.

The present Editor's term of office expires with this number. Whilst regretting his inability to continue for the ensuing year, he wishes cordially to thank all the contributors and readers of the past four numbers, and hopes that even greater support will be forthcoming to the new Editor.

A SONG OF RUGGER.

- I.—Here's to the game of the 'leather,'
 And the "nip" of the cold winter day,
 As we enter the field with a cheer,
 And get us prepared for the fray.
 Some sing of the great joys of Cricket,
 And some Hockey's pleasures recall,
 But *we* sing the Song of the Leather,
 The song of our King—Football.

Chorus:

Let's sing all together,
 The song of the leather,
 The song of our King—Football.

- II.—Then forwards be ready and steady,
 When the fierce tight "scrums" are being fought,
 Don't shirk in the "pack" but be valiant,
 In the loose all the good chances note!
 The "halves" must be eager and keen, too,
 As the "threes" they incessantly ply,
 Then a glorious rush altogether
 Brings a cheer, long and loud—and a try.

Chorus—Let's sing, etc.

- III.—Call the full-back to try at the goal kick,
 He has fought the good fight in the rear;
 As the "oval" sails 'tween the two uprights
 Let the field ring again with a cheer.
 So here's to the game of the Leather,
 The game that we all like to play,
 The glorious game of King—Football,
 And may the best team win the day.

Chorus—Let's sing, etc.

T. Q.

A WONDERFUL WEDDING TRIP.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I was deeply interested in the long letter which you published in your last number from a correspondent who signs himself G. S. Arthurs.

I wonder whether it is the same Arthurs to whom the Master used to say "Seymour Arthurs, I do wish you would 'see more' and 'say less.' " To judge by the raciness of his writing, his fluency of speech, and the advice he gives your readers to write as they talk, it must be the same irrepressible conversationalist. If it be, then I can assure you that when ability to talk becomes the chief qualification for parliamentary honours, your correspondent will not be long before he is drawing (if not earning) his £400 a year.

His letter has induced me, another old boy—a very old boy—to drop you a note and to give the present generation an account of the marvellous adventures which lately befell one who was a fellow pupil with me at your school many years ago—in the days before the present monstrosity of a building was erected or designed and when we shared with the girls the school at Trinity Place.

Joe Smith (as I shall call him) was the son of a nonconformist minister and one of the earliest batch of pupils at the old Higher Grade School. He worked hard at school, not through any particular love of learning that was innate in him, but because, in those days, every boy had to work hard. There were—and doubtless are—schools in which some of the boys work and some skulk, but the most striking feature of the old Higher Grade was that every boy had to work hard. I hope, and believe, that the same feature obtains with you to-day.

The one great desire of this lad was to go to sea, but it was only with great difficulty he prevailed upon his father and mother to allow him to be apprenticed to the captain of a very large sailing ship. The trade in which his vessel was engaged carried him to the remotest parts of the globe—India, China, California and Australia were visited in turn.

In Australia he met and fell in love with a lady who promised to become his bride as soon as he became master of a ship.

With this incentive Joe worked hard, passed the necessary Board of Trade examinations, and in due course was appointed master of a splendid barque.

His ladylove was still in Australia and it was not long before she received a letter in which Joe claimed his reward. His first trip was to San Francisco, and as the trip would take him about four months, she was able to meet him on his arrival.

They were married on the day before the great earthquake which will still be fresh in the memory of your older boys.

When the earthquake occurred they were sleeping in their appartments on the fifth storey of one of the largest hotels in the city. The buildings on both sides were shaken to the ground and they were glad to be able to make a most marvellous escape to the ship, leaving behind them all the belongings which they had ashore. Among the articles lost was their marriage certificate. They sought the office at which their wedding had been registered and found that it had been destroyed with all the records it contained. The only way in which they could get a marriage certificate was to get married again !

After a few weeks in 'Frisco the vessel was chartered to Paget Sound to load grain. One day while Joe was confined to his cabin by a touch of sickness, trouble arose between the officers and some shore bullies, who were attempting to induce the crew to desert. The boatswain went to the cabin and borrowed the captain's revolver "just to frighten the bullies off." In a scuffle which ensued the revolver went off and one of the bullies was shot dead, with the result that the boatswain was arrested and charged with wilful murder. The captain was also arrested as "an accessory before the fact," and although he was released on very heavy bail, he was compelled to stand in the dock a few months later and be tried for manslaughter. After a protracted trial both the boatswain and Joe were acquitted, the jury finding that the revolver was fired in self-defence.

The ship was now ordered home to Limerick, and several unusual incidents occurred on the long homeward voyage.

While the vessel was rounding Cape Horn a sailor fell from the topmast to the deck and was killed, and the captain had the unpleasant task of reading the burial service over his body before it was committed to the deep.

Before reaching home Mrs. Smith was taken seriously ill and Joe, as the only man aboard who knew anything about medicine or surgery, had to act as her doctor and surgeon. She was still only convalescent when the ship arrived outside the Shannon.

It was a fearfully ugly night, and after entering the estuary, the captain found that the instructions in the official sailing directory were wrong in a most important particular, so that his only chance of saving the ship was to turn round, make for the open sea once more and wait for morning and a pilot.

Unfortunately wind and tide proved too much for the barque, which struck a sand-bank, and in less than an hour became a total wreck.

At San Francisco, as Joe grimly put it to me, they were glad to escape from the land to the sea; now they were equally anxious to escape from the sea to the land. The crew took to the boats, Mrs. Smith being one of the first to be taken off.

The captain, who was the last to leave his ship, which he did by means of a life-line, spent a miserably anxious night, for there was no certainty that the boats had been able to ride so angry a sea. Fortunately when morning came he discovered his wife, who had been well looked after by the sailors and mate, and suffered no ill effects from her terrible exposure.

Of course the usual Board of Trade enquiry into the loss of the ship was held and, marvellous to relate, the result was that Joe was not only exonerated from all blame, but was actually complimented on his magnificent handling of his vessel. Further, his owners shewed their confidence in him and their appreciation of his worth by appointing him very soon master of another and larger ship.

Thus ended this wonderful voyage — which included a wedding, an earthquake, a murder trial, a burial service, a surgical operation, and a shipwreck. No dramatist of the worst "blood and thunder" type would dare suggest such a combination in so short a time. Verily truth is stranger than fiction.

I am sure the story will prove especially interesting to your readers when they know that the leading figure in it is an old boy who still takes a keen interest in the old school, and who, only a week or two ago, was making the kindest enquiries as to the whereabouts of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Burns.

With best wishes for the success of your magazine,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

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THE SAD CASE OF CARTWRIGHT.

"Cartwright, this is the third time this morning I have had to speak to you for inattention; you will forfeit your half-holiday and re-learn this morning's lesson this afternoon."

Cartwright groaned inwardly: this afternoon was to be a half-holiday, and Major Roberts, an old Walton boy, had invited the school to his grounds. It was now early autumn and the nuts and blackberries in the grounds were always splendid. The Major also knew how to provide for his hungry guests, and the day was eagerly looked forward to.

Cartwright and his friend Dawson had made many plans, but according to Cartwright, "Old Adams had spoilt them all." Cartwright felt very sorry for himself during dinner and sought his friend's consolation. Dawson admitted it was "hard lines," but could see no remedy. He suggested that Cartwright should ask to be let off till next half, but Cartwright angrily retorted that he wasn't going to humble himself to any master and added, "Besides, my pains wouldn't be rewarded if I did." "And yet I don't know why I shouldn't go," he demanded of Dawson. "Old Adams will probably forget about me once he is full of excitement about going. As soon as the others have gone a little way, I'll follow."

Dawson looked surprised and hinted at the unpleasant consequences which might result from such an act. But Cartwright waived these aside and soon the two were deeply engaged in making arrangements for meeting.

Fifteen minutes after the others had started on their journey, Cartwright set out. In another twenty minutes he had completed the mile which separated Walton from the grounds.

Just within the woods was a large stone, surrounded with smaller ones, reminding one of a cromlech, and here was the trysting place of the friends. As soon as possible Dawson slipped away from the crowd of boys and joined his friend.

For two hours they roamed about apart from the others, so that Cartwright's presence at the outing might not be noticed. All at once they heard the loud report of a gun, and Dawson rose hurriedly from the mossy bank on which they had been resting. "Ah! that is our signal to meet at tea," he exclaimed. "Suppose you wait here, I will be as quick as I can, and I'll try to bring a snack or two for you, old chap."

The time passed slowly for Cartwright, who left to his own meditations, did not spend a very enjoyable half-hour. "Was it really worth it?" he asked himself. "If Adams found out, what would he say?" The time dragged painfully and hours seemed to have passed before Dawson returned.

"Here I am, old man," said he; I managed to clear off with a little more than my share. And he turned out of his pockets the mutilated portion of a jam sandwich, two cheese cakes and a Chelsea bun. Cartwright feasted on these fragments while Dawson kept up an animated conversation.

Old Moggs was very curious as to where I had been all the time. I had promised to see him to go beetle-hunting or something of that kind, but I passed him off by saying I must have missed him."

"It was jolly decent of you to keep away from the rest all the time," admitted Cartwright, "for my sake."

"Oh, rot; I've rather enjoyed myself this afternoon. It's been quite a game eluding them all and escaping when we heard voices," cried Dawson.

"Oh, by the way, the gun is the signal for our re-assembly, and there are to be races or something of that sort as soon as the lawn is cleared," resumed Dawson.

Cartwright sighed when he felt himself so out of everything, but said nothing. In ten minutes the gun again was heard and Cartwright took leave of his chum and immediately set out on his return journey.

* * * *

As he approached the gate he met Tomlinson, the janitor, commonly known as Janns. To his surprise, Janus hailed him joyously.

"Hey, Master Cartwright, here 'ave I been a searching of you since two o'clock. Mister Adams gives me a note for you, and ses 'e, 'Master Cartwright'll be in the common room, and see that 'e gets this at once.' Well, I goes, but blowed if I finds you, but here you be now, and here's the note."

Touching his cap, Janus withdrew, and Cartwright with strange forebodings opened the note. The note contained but two words—"Cartwright exeat"—but these were enough to drive him into a state of fury. "To think that I could have gone with the others after all and enjoyed myself like them instead of eluding everyone," he groaned aloud; and then there came to his mind an old adage, slightly altered to suit his case—"Obedience is the best policy."

GIRLS' SCHOOL NOTES.

Ehu anni fugaces laluntur! Since our last number sixty happy little faces have come to brighten our ancient precincts at Trinity Place—our ancient, renovated, but ever draughty precincts. More than thirty girls have just become S.T.'s and are daily engaged in moral and mental conflicts with the youngsters in the classrooms.

The hand of time moves each one on. No fewer than 22 old M.S.S. girls have been entered at the Training College, which 18 others have just left as fully fledged certificated teachers. Of these, 15 are engaged by the Local Education Committee and three elsewhere. Our sincerest wishes for success go with them all in their new spheres.

We congratulate all who passed the recent Matriculation and Oxford Examinations, but more particularly the two who were successful in the London Intermediate Arts Examination. Both these girls have been conspicuously successful throughout their school career, and we entertain great hopes for their success in the future.

It was with great regret that we heard of the death of Madeleine Donovan (IVc.) and also of Louie Page, who left the school towards the end of last year. Both deaths were most unexpected. Three weeks ago Madeleine was in school apparently strong and healthy. She died during the following week-end after an operation. Louie Page died on holiday in North Devon. Both were popular girls rather than great students so that their loss is all the more keenly felt by their friends.

GIRLS' CRICKET ACCOUNTS, 1911.

	£	s.	d.
Received—52 Members at 6d.	1	6	0
From Bouquets	0	0	3
Total	£1	6	3
<hr style="border-top: 1px solid black;"/>			
Expenditure—Cricket Set—Ben. Evans ...	0	11	10½
Rounders Bat, 4½d. ; Ball, 6d. ...	0	0	10½
Balance in hand... ..	0	13	6
Total	£1	6	3

TRINITY PLACE.

"Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams."

How well we know it—yet how hard to know
Just which of all our well-loved plans and schemes
Are doomed to be chimeras—nothing more.

For eleven long years we girls have hoped in vain,
We must believe the bitter truth at last.

'Twas nothing but a fable—to be plain,
And we for "greenness" cannot be surpassed.

The Board of Education threatened long
(How lightly we shall always hold their words),
Year after year we heard the same old song :
"No grant, unless you better cage your birds !"

And year by year we thought 'twould take effect,
And hugged ourselves with hopes of new domains,
Our Council, too, had led us to expect
They would not lightly sacrifice such gains.

But the Council and the Education Board
Have evidently known each other well !
The Grants—the Council has to spend or hoard,
And still the girls continue here to dwell.

But mind ! we've heard much talk from time to time,
"The College edifice has been condemned."

Our Couucillors now reckon it a crime,
Students and Staff should be so closely penned.

They've purchased a sanitary site :
The building is, we hear, well on its way.
It was suggested by some brilliant wight
That we should move to Nelson Street to stay !

We're mighty glad that proposition's lost,
We will not have a cast-off dwelling-place,
But meanwhile through the winter's cold and frost
What shall our motto be with these to face ?

For stay we must—we see it plainly now,
Else why the renovation in the Vac. ?
For the Church they'd never do it ; therefore how
Can they expect to get their money back,

Without our staying here at least ten years ?
Well let them do their worst—'tis just their style.
We know the remedy—'tis not in tears,
We'll smile and bear it—or leave out the smile.

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## MY EXPERIENCE AS A CAPTAIN.

In the year 1909, a fatal year for myself, I was appointed captain of the ocean going liner "Kingston" a boat of some ten thousand tons. It was the first boat of a new company, and as will be seen, not a very sea-worthy one. I had only ten passengers on board so it may be called the "trial trip." We set out from Falmouth, bound for Borneo, with a good store of provisions, and a hold of coal, the latter being chiefly for weighting the ship.

We got well round Gibraltar and were full of hopes for a quiet, uneventful voyage, when the mate saw a little black spot away on the horizon. As it approached us it was painfully evident that it was something more dangerous than "a little black spot" so I yelled to McKirk, our Scotch engineer "Are her engines sound?" "Aye, for the most part, but the cylinders are frisky" came Mac's guttural tones, in answer. With this from the engineer who was a capable man, I thought if it was a simple hurricane I could depend on a safe trip, but as events will prove it was not a simple hurricane. Down on us bore that black cloud when, as if acting on an impulse, it broke, and fell in torrents upon our helm. I rushed to the wheel, and held on to it with all my strength, but, even as I did so there was a streak on the sky, and a sudden crash told me that some part of our ship was gone. However, I could not stop to think.

I was helpless against the fearful storm. "What'll happen?" "Where will we drift to?" "Will it stop?" were the thoughts that flashed through my mind. But I was powerless as so many others in that terrible position have been before me. Not till then had I realized the merciless beating of the rain; the small storms I had encountered had been mere details to this. But the calm, cool headed mate, what did he think? I dragged myself to the hatchway and staggered down to his room. The constant pitching, swaying and rolling of the boat, dashing me against the rails of the hatchway, had completely unnerved me and I sank upon the mat, overcome by despairing thoughts.

The mate's cool tones however, slightly relaxed my feelings and I thought I was only very badly frightened at what the mate thought was only "rather" a bad storm. We looked at each other and he seemed to guess the question on my lips and said "I'm not a believer in tales, but if something doesn't happen soon we are lost." Seeing my ghastly look he tried to calm me by saying "But it is quite as likely that it will stop,

as it is likely that it will keep blowing." Suddenly a bright cloud appeared, although downstairs we could not see its effect. The storm blew over and we reached port safely. Never shall I forget that terrible storm and even now I can only think of it as a horrid, hideous phantasma at its best. The cylinders were replaced by fresh ones, the damage repaired and we returned to Falmouth safely. Since then we have had a series of successful voyages, the company has flourished and now is one of the most important lines in England.

CONRAD DAVIES (Hr).

## HALL MARKS ON SILVER AND GOLD.

By MR. GEORGE SIMS (Sheffield).

I have no doubt you all are aware that most articles made of gold and silver bear upon them certain marks known as "Hall Marks." These marks are there by virtue of laws passed at different times. Special places or Halls have been from time to time fixed by Act of Parliament for this purpose, and the towns enjoying this privilege are called Assay Towns. To these towns all gold and silver plate (with the exception of jewellery) manufactured in the country has to be sent to be assayed and stamped. No one can doubt the utility of these marks as they are the only guide to genuineness of plate at sight and we are so used to them that we could not do without them. Every mark on your gold and silver means something, but it requires some little experience and a special application to the subject in order to recognise each of the many marks and know their exact meaning, for they not only vary for England, Scotland, and Ireland, but they are also different in some features for every Assay Town. By means of these Hall Marks we can ascertain not only where the article was made, but also when and by whom it was made. At one time thirteen towns enjoyed the privilege of marking plate, viz. :—London, Chester, Birmingham, Sheffield, York, Bristol, Norwich, Exeter, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hull, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin, but these have all been closed with the exception of London, Chester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Dublin, and the two Scotch offices.

Hall Marking has been from the earliest times connected more or less with coining, and probably, the idea of marking plate was suggested by the ancient practice of marking the sovereign's head on pieces of precious metal for coinage.



Marking appears to have been customary in the thirteenth century, although the Goldsmiths' Company was not incorporated until 1327. In these times it appears that wares had to be sent up to London to be assayed and stamped, but in 1379 Mayors of certain cities and boroughs were authorised to perform the duty.

In 1462 the Wardens of the Goldsmiths' Company were empowered to search and try gold and silver throughout the Kingdom and break all deceitful wares.

For five centuries a record has been kept at Goldsmiths' Hall, London, of annual date letters and the registered silver-smiths and their private marks.

During the reign of Edward IV the Goldsmiths' Company of London, as it came to be known, invented and put into practice an alphabetical system of date-marks, changing each year, and similar codes were later introduced in the provincial assay offices.

This system is one of the few bequests of the middle ages which have stood the test of time practically without change. By the provisions of this system we have not only a lasting index by which to judge the age of gold and silver plate, but as I have previously stated, a guarantee of genuineness.

Before, however, dealing with the meaning of these marks it may be well to say something about the various alloys from which gold and silver wares are made.

Gold and silver are both soft metals, too soft to stand everyday wear ; consequently, they are never employed in the pure state for industrial purposes, but are almost universally alloyed with a certain proportion of copper or of silver, the alloy being made up to definite proportions or standards. In the case of gold, pure gold is described as 24 carats fine and the proportion of gold in the alloy is therefore expressed by stating the number of carats of pure gold present in 24 carats of the alloy.

The English gold coinage is made from an alloy commonly known as standard gold, consisting of 22 parts of gold with 2 parts of copper and is described as 22 carats fine, this being equal to 91·66% of gold ; 18 carat gold consists of 18 parts of gold and 6 parts of copper and contains 75% of gold. In some cases, part of the copper is wholly or partly substituted by silver.

In England at the present time five legal standards exist for gold wares viz :—22 carat or standard gold, 18 carat, 15 carat, 12 carat, and 9 carat. The three lower standards of gold viz :—15, 12, and 9 carat were introduced in 1854.

It may be mentioned that the term carat when applied to gold is not real weight as in the case of diamonds where 151.5 carats equals 1 oz. troy, but merely denotes the proportion of gold in 24 parts, *i.e.* pure gold is stated to be 24 carats. Therefore, gold of 18 carat would contain 18 parts of gold in 24 parts (or carats).

In the case of silver it is enacted that British silver coin and plate shall consist of 11 ozs. 2dwts of fine or pure silver and 18 dwts of copper in the troy pound, or, 925 parts of fine silver per 1,000 parts of alloy. In 1696 the standard for plate was raised to 11 ozs. 10dwts of silver to the pound troy, or 959 parts per 1,000 in order to prevent the melting of coins for conversion into plate which was at that time carried on to a considerable extent by persons regarding their own private gain more than the public good. This new alloy of higher standard being softer was less serviceable and durable than the old standard, 11 ozs. 2 dwts. The latter was therefore revived in 1697 concurrently with that of 11 ozs. 10 dwts, and these two standards still exist for silver plate though only the former is in general use.

The standard alloy containing 92.5% of silver is usually spoken of as "Standard or sterling silver" while the alloy containing 95.9% of silver although seldom used, is referred to as "Britannia" standard owing to the fact that silver wares of this standard must be hall marked with the figure of a woman called "Britannia."

If we examine a hall marked article we find it bears 4 marks,

- |                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| (1) The makers' mark. | (2) The date letter.   |
| (3) The city mark.    | (4) The standard mark. |

From 1784 to 1890 a period of 106 years, a fifth mark known as the duty mark, and consisting of the reigning sovereign's head was struck upon all wares. When the payment of duty was abolished in 1890 this mark was discontinued.

(1)—The makers' mark which was formerly a device or initial, now consists of two or more letters, denoting his christian name and surname. It is compulsory for all manufacturers to register their mark at the assay office and to put it on all their articles before sending them for assay.

Makers began to use their private marks about 1363. At first they used the first two letters of the surname; about 1739 the initials were substituted.

(2)—The date letter consists of a letter of the alphabet which is changed each year, for example; in Sheffield the letter "a"

in small old English was used in 1893 -4, the following year old English "b" was used and so on up to the present time, the letter for this year being "t." When this alphabet is exhausted, a new alphabet of different type, say Roman capitals will be used. It will be seen that in this way each year has a distinctive letter and the date of any particular piece of plate can be readily ascertained. Each assay office has its own particular date mark. In Birmingham for example, the letter for this year is "m" in small Roman type.

This year mark system seems to have been definitely settled about 1518 for although there was an alphabetical system more than fifty years before, it is customary to go back to 1518 as an accurate starting point. This is a most interesting and useful mark as it enables us to determine the year in which any gold or silver ware was marked.

(3)—The city mark denotes in what city the article was hall marked. At the present time there are four cities in England that have halls at which gold and silver wares are assayed and hall marked, each having a distinctive mark.

(1)—London is represented by a leopard's head (this is the oldest mark on record.

(2)—Chester, by a dagger between three wheat sheaves.

(3)—Birmingham, by an anchor.

(4)—Sheffield, by a crown.

(4)—The standard mark, which is the same for all offices is represented in the case of silver by a lion. This is the special mark that all people look for when buying silver wares.

In the case of gold, the standard mark for 22 carat is 22 and a crown; 18 carat is 18 and a crown; 15 carat is 15.625; 12 carat is 12.5; and 9 carat is 9.375.

Neither the date mark nor maker's mark are hall marks, properly speaking, though all marks on silver are commonly referred to as hall marks. The true hall marks are the city mark and the lion. The leopard's head was first used from 1300, and in 1545 a lion's passant was added. These marks were punched into the metal with a die, the animal appearing in a shield or oblong field.

Until 1550 a small crown appeared over the lion; from 1557 to 1680 the puncheon followed the outline on the lion's body, and after that the lion appeared on an oblong shield.

These various forms of hall marks indicate certain broad periods and are something helpful in determining the age of the piece of silver when the mark is indistinct.

There were changes made from time to time in fixed hall marks which are worth noting. For example, the leopard's head was set in a puncheon following its outlines until 1678, when it began to appear in a symmetrical shield of five sides. In 1696, the head was reduced somewhat in size. In 1720, the leopard lost his beard, and his shield became oblong, and in 1833 his crown was taken away from him. These were all London marks.

In addition to the London and provincial offices there are the Scottish and Irish marks.

The Edinburgh mark dates from 1457. The city mark is a triple Turreted Castle or Tower. The standard mark for both gold and silver is a thistle. The date letter cycles began in Edinburgh in 1681.

Glasgow has a curious emblem, a tree with a bird on the top, a bell hanging from one branch and a fish across the trunk. The lion rampant is the standard mark for both gold and silver.

Dublin is the only assay office in Ireland ; its standard mark is a crowned harp for silver and for 22 carat gold ; for 20 carat gold, a plume of three feathers ; and for 18 carat gold, a unicorn's head. Dublin by the way is the only office that marks 20 carat gold, other special marks were long used in Newcastle and many other towns. Familiarity with these Provincial Marks will often prevent confusion in studying old silver.

[To be continued in our next number].

## **INCOHERENT JOTTINGS ON A MOST ENJOYABLE TRIP TO FRANCE.**

We met on the bridge at midnight, but not to plot an evil deed. We were about to set out on a "collier" for France. We left Swansea at 4 a.m. on a Tuesday morning, and after a journey broken only by our consideration for the hunger of the fish, the sight of a few battleships, and a magnificent shoal of porpoises, we arrived at the mouth of the Seine. As we sailed up the glorious river the silver moon shone in silvery spangles on the water, which was now as calm as a lake. At 7.30 a.m. on Thursday, after many windings in the river, we reached Rouen. Having got rid of my beard, and generally making myself as respectable as possible, I set out with a friend for the town.

The first thing we saw was a transporter across the river. We boarded it, paid our half-penny, and then listened to a

"loud long blast" from the trumpet of the guard, which blast reminded me forcibly of the rag and bone merchants of "merrie olde Englande!" A moment's gliding through the air and we were on the other side of the river.

Providing ourselves with French money, and regaling ourselves with lemonade, we went a-hunting cathedrals. My friend, who knew my weakness for detective tales and my natural abilities for discovering lost cathedrals (and houses, by the way), said "Lead on, McDuffer." Following his advice, I lead the way, and four hours peregrinations enabled us to visit the churches of St. Maclou, Notre Dame, and St. Ouen.

The most curious animals we saw at Rouen were the French poodles and French conscripts. The latter wear baggy, vermilion trousers and long, gentian (I think that is the term used by the fair sex) blue coats, which are so long that their corners are pinned up not to impede the progress of the muffled heroes. When on the march they carry an axe, a rug, a kettle, and a few other things strapped to their body.

Rouen is, in my opinion, far in advance of most towns as a thirst producer. To make a confession that makes me blush at Swansea, we supped, during the two days we were there, seven shillings' worth. However, as the strength of the drinks were, paradoxically speaking, very weak, we have at present a perfectly light conscience.

On Friday morning we boarded a tramcar (that vividly reminded us of sea sickness) en route for Bonsecours with its exquisite church overlooking a wonderful panorama on the Seine.

During our visit we did not fail to visit the various monuments and places of interest around which the name of Joan of Arc clings with venerable honour. Rouen, possibly one of the most old-fashioned places to be found, seems to breathe for ever the spirit of Joan. An Englishman standing near the spot where she was burnt can scarcely be said to feel at that moment that he is a humanitarian.

Our trip was not to last for ever. With regret we left the glorious old river port, cautiously wended our way down the river, passing in and out the islands, till we reached Havre. After a journey, whose monotony was relieved only by the gulling of the sea birds and the lapping of the waves against the sides of the ship, we were once more back in dear old Swansea at 7 p.m. on Sunday.

W. D. (VB).

## RUGBY NOTES.

A most enthusiastic gathering was held early in the term when H. Clement and I. Fitzgerald were elected Captain and Vice-Captain respectively of the Schools' League Rugby Team for the 1911-12 season. Of last year's players only K. Howells, with the above two, remains eligible. A number of fresh candidates for places have come forward and the chosen players will have to keep up their form if they desire to retain their places.

The season opened with a "friendly" with Brynmill on Sept. 30th, and the team had a fairly easy win of 4 tries to nil—although their opponents gave them a stiff game in the second half. The scorers were Hughes, Waters, G. Jones and Clement, in the order named—all except the last try being scored in the first half. Clement's score came right at the end of the game.

The League fixtures are :—

|                    |     |              |
|--------------------|-----|--------------|
| Oct. 7 and Jan. 13 | ... | Hafod        |
| " 14 " 20          | ... | Dyfatty      |
| " 21 " 27          | ... | Danygraig    |
| " 28 Feb. 3        | ... | Brynmill     |
| Nov. 4 " 10        | ... | Brynhyfyd    |
| " 11 " 17          | ... | Terrace Road |
| " 18 " 24          | ... | St. Thomas   |
| " 25 Mar. 2        | ... | St. Joseph's |
| Dec. 2 " 9         | ... | St. Helen's  |
| " 9 " 16           | ... | Bye          |
| " 16 " 23          | ... | Industrial   |

Hafod was met on Oct. 7th and the team was a trifle lucky to run out winners by two tries to nil. The first half was a pointless one and the game was largely in our half, the wind being against us. Clement's clever clearances and strong rushes by the forwards kept our line intact. Playing with the wind second half, the team opened well and Clement, picking up in the loose, dodged over with the first league try. Soon after a bout of passing put Morgan over with a pretty try. Hafod experienced "hard lines" in failing to score as their outside half crossed the line but lost the ball.

One of the features of the forward play was the strong rushes, but the pack must play more together. Howells set an excellent example with some pretty dribbling. The backs should settle down, with a change or two perhaps, into a good combination.

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## S.Y. VIKING, AT SEA

BETWEEN BERGEN AND SUNDAL,

Sunday, August 6th, 1911.

Dear Miss Holmes,

To-day is wet and hence I have a few minutes to spare for letter-writing.

Last Sunday was very different from to-day. Then everyone was lounging full length on deck chairs and meals were left severely alone by the majority. The sun was scorchingly hot and we were out in mid ocean. To-day we are sitting huddled together under all the covered decks, so that there is barely room for deck chairs. There is a good drizzle, although a promise of fine weather later on. We are in Sundal Fjord with land close to us on either side. On the side from which I write, I see low hills (that is, compared with what we have had), covered with grass and trees, except where the cliffs are perfectly straight. Dotted here and there on either side are small lighthouses.

As soon as we sighted land on Monday, the passengers cheered up. We went ashore for the first time at Hangsund, after which we sailed for nearly twenty hours till we reached Molde, our most northerly port of call. It is a small town situated at the foot of a steep mountain. Three cruisers belonging to the German Fleet were anchored there. The men and officers came ashore to bury a sailor who had been drowned the day before while bathing. At the Church at Molde we saw the original painting of the "First Easter Morn," a well-known picture by Axel Ender, which forms the altar piece.

The active members of our party climbed to the top of Moldehei (1,350 feet). Here, at 10 o'clock at night, we obtained a fine view of the whole of the Molde Fjord, with its surrounding mountains, and at 11 o'clock that same evening amateur photographers were busy with snap shots, so light were the evenings. Our next halting place was Batholm, an even more beautiful spot than Molde. The people of Christiania and Bergen have summer residences here, and it is also a favourite place for English and Germans. What struck me most were the houses with their roof-linings of turf, on which pansies grew in great profusion, giving the appearance of a flower garden. The S.P.G. have a Missionary Church built on the model of one of the Viking Churches. The rain came down in torrents, so that many sought shelter in the Church, where they sang hymns.

By the time the last of the party were ready to return to the Viking, it was found that the motor launch had been struck by lightning and rendered useless. Many fruitless efforts were made to attract the attention of the crew on board, and by the time they were successful, we were told the steam launch had been pulled up for the night and could not be sent. Finally, the lifeboat and crew arrived and rowed us safely to our haven of rest.

By 6.30 the next morning, everybody was on deck to watch the entrance to the narrow fjord, which is only 200 feet across. These fjords are sometimes as much as 4,000 feet deep and then the cliffs on either side rise to the same height. We landed at Gudvangen and rode in the native carriages to the foot of Stalheim. These carriages hold two, with a small seat at the back for the driver. Ours is such a large party that we have to go in two lots. We also divide up for meals and distinguish ourselves as first and second party. We require seventy or more carriages for each party and these are brought from the surrounding district, sometimes as much as thirty miles. At harvest time all who are capable of hard work go to the mountain tops and consequently the drivers are either old men or little boys. Imagine seventy of these carriages proceeding in single file along the narrow roads and then you get a picture of us. When a carriage wishes to pass in the opposite direction, each party has to go into the ditch. Once a motor car tried to get ahead of us. Our boy, who was perhaps thirteen years of age, made frantic signs and still more weird noises in Norwegian, imploring us to jump out of the carriages, which we did none too soon, for the horse started rearing before the boy had got it unharnessed. Several gentlemen rushed to his aid and at last they managed to calm the horse sufficiently to reharness it. All along the line we saw empty carriages and unharnessed horses.

Some of the boys who were driving could not have been more than ten years old. The smallest, a little fellow in a sailor suit, let his horse slip on a hill and began to weep bitterly. The gentleman in front quickly took possession of the reins for the rest of the journey, while the boy sat meekly behind. From the foot of Stalheim we climbed by a zig-zag course to the Hotel right up in the mountains. The rain had greatly improved the waterfalls, two of which were close to us as we climbed the mountain.

Norwegian lunches are things to be remembered. Their tables are always decorated with little Norwegian flags,

usually on wooden stands, giving an idea of patriotism. Lunch consisted of salmon trout with proper melted butter, followed by reindeer, a most delicious meat, somewhat resembling venison. Stewed gooseberries and cream were served in soup plates: cream seemed as plentiful as milk is with us. A German lady, who was having lunch at the same time, told us she was on a walking tour by herself through Norway. Walking is a favourite way of spending a holiday in these parts, and no wonder, with such glorious scenery. Early yesterday morning we reached Bergen, where we once more met a part of the German Fleet. Boats of all nationalities were gathered together. We went ashore in the morning—did sight-seeing and shopping. The fish market especially engaged our attention. Each salesman has a large water-tight tank, so that the fish are in their native element. When purchasers come, the man rakes the fish up with a net and places it in a large wooden tray. If not required, the fish is dropped back again into the tank. If bought, a knock on the head with a wooden hammer puts an end to its life and it is immediately cut up and cleaned. Selling the fish alive has stamped out leprosy which was at one time prevalent, through the eating of stale fish. The afternoon was also spent sight-seeing. We returned to the ship for dinner and once more made our way back to Bergen, where we spent the evening at the opera. The house, which is usually closed on Saturdays, was opened for our benefit. There we saw Goethe's "Faust" in Norwegian. The play is so well known that one could follow it without a knowledge of the language.

As I write we are anchoring at Sundal, and after lunch we shall visit Bondhus Glacier, which we can see in the distance. This fjord is so steep, that ships cannot anchor except at one spot which rises like a mountain under the water. We are so close to land that we are also moored. If another big steamer comes up while we are here, it will have to keep moving till we have gone.

I will let you know about our visit to the glacier when next I write.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

I. LANDON.

## A NIGHT'S CAMPING.

One day my brother proposed that we should go camping on a Saturday night at Langland. I was overjoyed at the proposal and readily assented. The Saturday night, at last, came. We boarded the Mumbles train, en route for Oystermouth, at Rutland Street station at about 11 p.m. Fortunately we, or rather the train, managed to "do" the distance of the four miles, separating Oystermouth and Swansea, in something less than an hour. We proposed to reach our tent by walking through a lane and some fields. Although the moon was shining, the light could not penetrate into the narrow lane, and so we had to walk in complete darkness for about a quarter-of-an-hour. About that period I had been reading "Macbeth," so I was constantly thinking of witches and ghosts while walking in the lane, where you could not see an inch in front of you. I felt a bit creepy, but, fortunately, we met no such beings described by Shakspeare (or Bacon)? But suddenly we heard voices ahead of us. Was that lane the meeting place of Hecate and the witches, dancing round the cauldron containing a "tooth of a wolf," a "nose of a Turk," etc.? I could almost hear the witches singing:—

"Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

But no! The voices were human. We increased our speed and reached a party of lively young men off, like us, to camp.

When we at last gained our tent at about 12 midnight I was not displeased. The tent was far away from all the other tents—a few yards from the edge of the cliff. We entered the tent, lighted a candle, fastened the "door," and went to "bed," thinking that we should be able to sleep in peace and in quietness for at least eight hours. But alas! it was not to be.

About 12.30 we heard footsteps. Who could it be?

"Who is there?" With these words we greeted our unknown visitor. "Hullo! Asleep?" answered a voice well known to us. It was a friend whom we did not expect to camp with us that night. At last all was right. Our newly arrived companion repeated what we had done half-an-hour before. He went to "bed." We talked for about thirty minutes and tried to fall asleep, and succeeded. But about 1.30 a.m. we heard footsteps again; this time of more than one person. Who could it be! We were not expecting anybody now. Suddenly we heard someone cutting the tent with a knife.

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"Who's there?" shouted our companion boldly.

"It's only me, Tom," answered a voice unknown to me, but known to our third fellow camper.

"If you want to come in, crawl under the tent. Don't cut it with your knife," said our companion.

We soon discovered that our . . . was unwelcome, for he was a most voluble talker and hindered us from sleeping till about 2.30 a.m.

We slept for about another hour when we were again awakened, this time not by mysterious footsteps, but by rain. It was pouring. I was sleeping just under an opening in the tent, so I had to move further inwards not to get wet. At last I succeeded in dodging the rain and falling asleep for the fourth time that night.

At last morning came with a sight unusual to Swansea and district—a beautiful sun. I dressed myself at about 6 a.m. and went blackberrying. When I came back the others were actually up. We prepared our breakfast; sat down on a box and thoroughly enjoyed the simple food prepared by man, as a suffragette would have said. We went bathing at ten in the beautiful Langland Bay near by, and tried in vain to imitate Burgess' example, or, at least, swim from Langland to Ilfracombe.

But time was flying and the Mumbles train, en route for Swansea, was crawling, containing amongst other campers and travellers, your humble correspondent,

A. FONER (IVB).

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### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

My first impressions of teaching! Well, it seems so long since I started my duties as a student-teacher, that I have almost forgotten what really *were* my first impressions.

One Monday morning I started gaily off for the Elementary School, which was to be the field of our labours for the next year. The first that I can remember of that eventful day was the strange feeling, not unmingled with excitement, that I experienced at finding myself in new surroundings and at seeing the curious glances directed at me by most of the scholars, who probably wondered what was my business there.

For a short time, of course, I did nothing but observe—a very dull occupation, indeed—and then came the time when I first did any practical teaching. It was a mental arithmetic lesson, and I can well remember wishing heartily that the scholars would not be able to work out the examples I gave them before I could find the answer myself. I was terrified

lest any of them should give me an answer before I knew whether it was right or not, but, as it happened, nothing so terrible occurred, and I managed to scrape through the lesson all right.

Another thing that I remember of that lesson was that my voice seemed to have undergone some peculiar change. Now, I must tell you that I had always thought my voice to be quite loud and clear enough, and great was my disgust when I found that my voice seemed to sound more like a sparrow's chirp than anything else. Well, they say everything improves with practice, so there's still hope for me, and by the end of the year, perhaps I shall have cultivated a voice which will bid fair to rival the town crier's.

There is a story (a Yankee one, I believe) which likens our educational system to a large tank containing a precious liquid to be distributed as follows:—Here are a number of pitchers of all shapes and sizes, some large enough to hold a gallon, some half a gallon, some a quart, some only a pint, while some are cracked and some are broken (these are, of course, the scholars). Now it is the duty of the boss of the tank (this is the teacher) to fill these pitchers in such a manner that they must all be full to the brim, and each must contain an equal quantity of the precious liquid, while none of it must be spilt in the process. I do not conscientiously declare that the foregoing is a true description of a teacher's task, but it seems to me that the simile between the pitchers and the children is not at all badly carried out.

The gallon measure is evidently the child who is always full of information on all things and at all times, whether you require it or not, while the cracked and broken pitchers represent those upon whom one may for half-an-hour impress the fact, say, that b-a-g spells bag, and at the end of that time be told that b-a-g spells—well, anything but bag.

Of course, there are children and children. There are some who are always good, some bad, and some like the little lady who

When she was good, Was very, very good,  
When she was bad, She was horrid,

and one always finds some who are amusing. Certainly, it often requires the whole of one's self-control, especially if one's "risible faculties are highly developed," to prevent oneself from laughing out at the comical mistake of some eight or nine-year-old cherub, who is blissfully unconscious of having said anything out of the common.

I. E. F.



## MY HOLIDAY IN BRITTANY.

One fine morning at the end of July, my sister and I awoke on board the s.s. Sarnia, to find ourselves in the brilliant blue waters of the Bay of St. Malo with its fringe of golden sands and dark cliffs, and immediately before us the picturesque town of the same name. St. Malo, now a fashionable summer resort, was once a Corsair stronghold; a walk round the town walls afforded us a splendid view of the bay with its numerous little islands, and of the cathedral with its lovely spire.

Dinan was to be our headquarters for a fortnight, and in order to reach our destination we had to cross in a "vedette" to Dinard, a typical French seaside resort, with a handsome casino, large hotels, and beautiful sands composed principally of tiny particles of mica which shine so brightly in the sun that their brilliance goes by the name of "l'Or au Chat."

A short railway journey in open, five-compartment "horse-boxes" (the French 3rd class) brought us to Dinan, an old town on the banks of the Rance. The Rue de Jerzual has been described as the most mediæval street in Europe; it is exceedingly long, steep, and narrow, with old timbered houses on either side, and in hot weather is not very savoury although the people and their houses appear to be scrupulously clean. Thursday is market-day in Dinan; stalls are placed in the squares and streets, and on them are goods of almost every description. The peasant women who come into market, bringing their cattle, poultry, butter, and eggs, nearly all wear black relieved only by the white coif or head dress made of tulle, net, or embroidered muslin. Each town and village has its distinctive coif, and an experienced person can tell you from what town a woman comes by her head covering.

A few miles from Dinan is the huge "menhir" of St. Samson, supposed to be a Druidical remain. It is an immense stone, half below and half above the earth, the upper half, which is 30 to 40 feet long, making an angle of about  $45^{\circ}$  with the ground. There is a local tradition to the effect that any girl who succeeds in climbing to the top and sliding safely to the base will be married before the year is out. None of our party, however, attempted the feat.

At St. Cast, one of the many places which we visited, we saw a tall column, crowned by the French dog trampling under foot the British lion, in commemoration of the French victory in 1758, when 1,200 English were left dead on the sand and 800 were taken prisoners.

But perhaps the most interesting of all the excursions was that to Mont St. Michel, the great rock which forms the dividing line between Brittany and Normandy. This "Marvel of the West" is surrounded at the base by walls and towers; for, higher up, are quaint, irregular houses, and crowning all is the Abbey, one of the most perfect of Gothic monuments. The original chapel was built in 708 at the request (so the story runs) of the Archangel Michael, who wished to expel the former inhabitant, namely, His Satanic Majesty. A Breton churchyard, which we saw at Mont St. Michel, was a curious spectacle. At the head of each grave was a cross of stone, iron, or rough wood, and every cross was covered with wreaths made of beads, generally black with a few white or purple, threaded on wire. In the country we saw many wayside Calvaries, at the sight of which the peasants would stop to cross themselves. A very common sight, which greatly amused us, was that of the women washing their clothes in the river, streams, or ponds. After soaking the clothes in the water and soaping them they would beat them with a flat wooden board, while their tongues went incessantly to the accompaniment of the beating. The result, however, was quite successful, for the clothes all looked beautifully white and fresh. One other thing which interested us was the Breton custom of planting apple trees in the corn-fields. This may be done to economise space; but more probably to prevent the introduction of machinery which would deprive many of the peasants of their labour.

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## EXAMINATIONS.

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- (a) There were some students at Shoreham  
 Whose work seemed always to bore 'em  
 And as for exams.,  
 They said they were shams,  
 For the questions always used to floor 'em.
- (b) Scratch, scratch, scratch,  
 In a yellow-backed foolscap book,  
 And scratch, scratch, scratch,  
 While the face wears a feverish look :  
 Gas and fiction and fact,  
 Fact and fiction and gas,  
 With the words and phrases judiciously spaced  
 To give an appearance of mass.

## LONG WORDS.

German is a language with many long words, some of them, as Mark Twain humorously put it, "having a perspective." Among those with appreciable perspective are: "Jungefrauenzimmerdurchschwindsuchttoedtings--gegenverein," and "Zurchersalzverbrauchsbuchhaltungsverordnung."

The dead language, Sanskrit, has also several alarming specimens as: "Sankashtachaturthivratodyahana,"

People have often amused themselves with making sentences of only long words. Here is a specimen of one in Latin: "Conturbabantur constantinopolitani, innumerabilibus sollicitudinibus." The English equivalent of which is "Constantinopolitan maladministration superinduces denationalisation."

It must be somewhat tiring to sign frequently the following name:—

"Juan Nepomuceno de Burionagonatotorecagageazcolcha," which was borne by an erstwhile employé in the Madrid Finance Department.

But Aristophanes, in an obscure work of his, entitled "Ekklesiazonsai," beats all these with a word of 78 syllables, and 179 letters, as follows:—

"Lepadotemachoselachogaleokraniroleipsanodrimupotrimmatosilphioparaomelitokataheclummenokichlepikeossuphophatto-peristeratektruonuptegkephalokigklopeleiolagoosiraiobaletragonopterugon."

I sincerely advise readers to commit some of these long words, especially the last, to memory, and spring them off on friends when other conversation flags.

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## MY EXPERIENCE OF MORRIS DANCING.

Morris dancing, what is it? A number of girls jiggling about a room. When you are well dancing is most enjoyable, but, when you have a bad headache, well, you know it. Unfortunately that is how I felt on the first Monday, but the second time it was worse still. There was a feeling worse than sea sickness, as though everything inside me was jumping and twirling. Really I began to dread Monday afternoon. However, the third time was better. "Three tries for a Welshman," they say, and I suppose the same thing applies to a Welsh girl.

Then came the trouble of combined dancing and twirling handkerchiefs. When I turned the handkerchiefs I stopped doing 'right behind,' 'left behind,' 'together jump,' and then, when I moved my feet I forgot my hands. This was not at

all a pleasant sensation. At last I acquired the art of doing both at once and managed to do all the first part of the dance. But on Tuesday and Wednesday—sore legs and stiff calves.

It is evident that Morris dancing has its advantages, for, though my legs were stiff, it proved to me that muscles have been used that were not sufficiently exercised before.

DORIS RICHARDS (Form II).

### A SUBMARINE EXCURSION.

One day, as I was sitting at the garden gate, deeply engaged in enjoying myself by reading that uproarious book "Valentine Vox," my young friend Edward came up to me and, said "Look here! I have just invented a new submarine driven by petrol, will you come on a trial trip?" "Ye-es," I said, with a certain amount of hesitation. "But is all absolutely safe?" "Just imagine any of *my* inventions being unsafe," said he laughing the while. At last, after all preparations had been completed, we started on our trip. As we started out of the harbour our friends came to wish us "good luck." When about three miles out, we dived; it all seemed a green maze vividly streaked with the silvery flashes of fish of tremendous size.

On, on, on, we travelled until at last the temperature became lower. We rose, and to our amazement saw that we were surrounded by ice. We therefore landed on the first floe and ate some food. We then changed our marvellous submarine (marvellous, because by certain contrivances we could adapt it to almost any purpose) into an aeroplane, and continued to fly. After flying for about two days longer, we reached Peary's flag. We now camped for two or three days after which we flew onward for a short period and camped again. This time we halted longer than before because of the strange animals that we saw. Some of these were fowls with one leg and one eye, foxes with no tails, and bears boxing with each other. At last, after collecting specimens of each creature, we flew on until we reached a big pole of ice. "Hurrah," exclaimed my friend, "We've reached the North Pole." After making some geographical measurements back we flew at the enormous speed of 1,000 miles an hour. We lost our way and flew hither and thither. At last, overwhelmed by fatigue, we decided to form a camp, in which we stayed for three years. When we again reached Swansea, horses were unknown in the streets and could only be found as stuffed specimens in museums; everybody now had his own monoplane.

ARTHUR WILLIAMS, 11R.