

"Reading maketh a full man; Conference a ready man; and Writing an exact man."—BACON.

THE
Elizabethan.

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A TWO DAYS' TRIP.

Last February an Old Elizabethan, C. E. Saunders, tempted me to join him in a short trip to the Isle of Wight, mainly with a view of seeing the stranded ship "Eider." We settled that we would meet at Ryde Pier Head, as we could not leave London at the same time. Although on a pneumatic tyred safety I was much hampered by greasy roads intersected by tram lines; however alternately walking and riding I had got some little way over Kew Bridge when BANG went the back tyre. I took the train and my machine back to town, and after hunting about and fruitlessly trying to borrow a suitable bicycle, I became reckless, and decided to journey by train to Southampton, and rely on getting a machine in the island. I caught the first steamer across to Cowes in the morning, having a beautiful view of the New Forest, ending at Calshot Castle on the right, and Netley Abbey and Hospital, which is a quarter of a mile long, on the left, with a fine view of the Solent looking down towards the Needles, and of Ryde and Spithead looking Portsmouth way. A train soon took me to Newport, where a friend lent me his rather heavy tricycle, and wiring to Saunders to wait for me

at Ryde Pier, I started off. The road is in places very pretty ; it passes the Osborne estate, through the village of Wootton Bridge, which is at its best at high tide, and Quarr Abbey. After Ryde our first stopping place was Brading, where we inspected the old "stocks." The village is now principally famous for the remains of a Roman Villa, in a good state of preservation. Pressing on to Sandown and up a very hilly road to Shanklin, and just looking at the lower entrance to the Chine, we set to work to get to Ventnor, and a more trying climb I don't remember. To make matters worse the scenery was lovely, but we were too hot and breathless to enjoy it much. We gained the top of the hill at last, and after looking to our brakes (and here I would most strongly advise no one to ride over this part of the island without a brake), we had a beautiful run down into Bonchurch. After lunch at Ventnor we pushed on past the public park on the left, Steephill Castle on the right, and the long row of buildings comprising the Royal National Hospital for Consumption on the left, through St. Lawrence to Niton. Opposite the Royal Sandrock Hotel, a lane, leading to the sea coast, on the left takes one to St. Catherine's lighthouse. We did not go there but continued along a hilly road to Blackgang Chine, where we caught our first view of the wreck. At Chale Church we left the main road and went up what is called the military road, for about a mile, till we came to a gate with several wagonettes and private carriages waiting outside. Here we found we should have to leave our machines and walk about a mile over the fields to get to the vessel. When we reached the coast-guard station, at Atherfield, we found that as the sea was calm people were being taken aboard the Eider. Our first impression on seeing her was that all our pre-conceived impressions were at fault, for she only looked as if she were moored in calm water, but rather heavily laden at the stern. When we got aboard (after a pleasant row out)

we found a diver at work getting out bales of tobacco from the stern, while from the fore part Indian corn and cotton were being taken, but without a diver (it being low water). Everything looked most deplorable. The cylinders and engines were rusty and dirty, the floor of the beautiful main saloon was covered with maize which had escaped from burst sacks, and men were at work taking down all the handsome carvings and decorations. On deck things looked even worse. Two temporary donkey-engines were supplying the ship's own windlasses and capstans with steam to raise the cargo. After spending some time on the ship, we rowed ashore again and walked back to our machines (we did not succeed in finding any odd pieces of the specie, of which we had read so much, lying about), and retraced our steps along the military road to Chale, where we had tea.

As soon as the moon was fully up we again started, and riding *via* Kingston, Shorwell, Brixton, Mottestone and Brook, along a road which might have been transplanted from the Great North Road, its surface was so level and excellent, we arrived at Freshwater at 10 o'clock, where we put up. After supper we strolled round the Bay, which looked simply lovely by moonlight, had a good look at the stag rock and the arched rock, and then went to bed, having ridden about 30 miles only since twelve o'clock, walked up something less than hundreds of miles of hills, and having been rewarded by seeing a constant succession of the most beautiful scenery in England.

Next morning we left Freshwater with regret, rode to Alum Bay, and walked over the cliffs to the Needles battery, as far west as we could get. From the cliffs there is a fine view of both the north and south side of the Needles lighthouse, and in fine weather St. Albans Head, in Dorsetshire, can be seen. The cliffs are very dangerous, and several

people have been killed by falling over them. A few years ago a lad fell while looking for birds' nests, and later on a soldier missed the path while returning to the Needles battery one foggy night and was killed on the rocks below. A wooden cross now marks the place. Getting back to our machines we rode on to Totland Bay (where we went on the pier), Colwell Bay and Yarmouth; then on to Bouldnor, Ningwood, Shaftleet, and Newtown, which is a most extraordinary old town with an interesting history. Very many years ago it was the principal town in the island, but was destroyed by the French in the year 1377. Its old Town Hall is still standing, but the most curious thing of all is that the old streets can still be traced out (although there is nothing but grass tracks to show them), and retain their old names. Skirting Gurnard on the left, we had a fine run down-hill of a mile and a half into West Cowes. After dinner we crossed the Medina to East Cowes and had a lock at Slatwoods, where Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was born, and then up past Norris Castle, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, on our left, East Cowes Castle on our right, the seat of Viscount Gaut, and Osborne House not far away. A mile farther on we turned to the left and went down a most beautiful lane to Brox copse, and then up a short steep hill till we got nearly to Wooton Bridge, and had a magnificent view of the Quarantine ships at Ryde, the Pier, and Spithead. As we had arranged to sleep at Cowes, we now retraced our steps, and after tea went out in a boat by moonlight for a couple of hours around the guardship "Invincible." After a short turn along by the Esplanade past the Royal Yacht Squadron Club-House, on to the Green, we decided it was too cold to stay out any longer, so crossed over to East Cowes and went to bed. Next morning we rode past Whippingham (where the Princess Beatrice was married) to Newport, and after a look at the

church (where the Princess Elizabeth, who died while imprisoned at Carisbrooke Castle, is buried), we went on to Carisbrooke Castle. This is too well known to need description, so after spending an hour or so here, we visited Carisbrooke Church, a fine old building which has a genuine Peter's pence chest. As we had to get back to Highgate by six o'clock my cycling had to end here, so I returned the tricycle and took the train to Ryde, but Saunders rode to Ryde, where we met, crossed to Portsmouth, and caught our train to Waterloo after the most enjoyable (and hardest working) short holiday we ever had.

Should any Elizabethans, past or present, think of visiting the Island, I should be only too pleased to give any information in my power.

F. J. JAMES, N.R. and N.L.C.C.

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE.

"Charlie," said I to my friend, "come with me to-morrow to Cader." "Nothing I should like better," he replied, "we will go by the eight forty train to Landerfel, ascend the mountain, and go down the other side to Carrog, where we can dine with my uncle, who is there with his family fishing. I will write to him to-night to expect us."

Next morning accordingly we packed our lunch and started off. We agreed that it would be best to have only one satchel, and to take turns at carrying it, and the first turn fell to me.

"Rummy, isn't it," remarked Charles, to be going by rail to the last stronghold of Caractacus." Charles has a taste for history, and for ——— slang. It is also to be remarked that Caractacus made his last stand on every hill in North Wales. My reply, however, did not discuss this point, nor did it refer to Caractacus. What I said was "If we want to

catch the train we shall have to make a bolt, for there it is." So off we ran as fast as we could, I leading, and bursting into the little station, tore down the platform on to the line and after the moving train. In a few moments I had hold of the buffer, and swung myself on to the footboard of the guard's van. It was then easy to get into a carriage. But where was my companion? I was too much out of breath to think much about him. Perhaps he might have got into some other carriage. As he did not get out at the station to which we were going, I came to the painful conclusion that he was left behind. Well, there was no help for it. No other train for hours, and it was no use waiting; I must go on alone. The first thing to be done was to rid myself of the oil and dust I had collected in climbing up by means of the buffer. So I went to an inn and got a wash, and then started on my tramp. The day was bright, with a fresh breeze blowing and a few light clouds scudding across the sun, making the shadows chase each other over the mountains in front of me, and occasionally coming so low as to envelope the loftier peaks. Soon I began to ascend and my view opened out showing a magnificent expanse of park-like country in the valley, and an endless vista of peaks beyond. There was no real climbing to do, only a pretty steep ascent over the yielding turf. After a while the turf became scantier, and huge boulders lay about, and large masses of rock jutted out. Still up, and now only the bare rock with here and there a patch of parsley, fern or moss. It was still clear, and in half-an-hour I should be at the top, and should see over the mountains to the Irish Sea. I would hasten on while it was still fine and lunch at the top under the shelter of the Cairn—where Caractacus has planted his standard no doubt. But in a few minutes down came the clouds, and all was enveloped in a dense white vapour, penetrating through everything, and wetting me to the skin. What was to be done? To try and reach the top

now was useless. It was doubtful whether I could find it, and even if I did there would be no view. I was getting hungry too, so I determined to sit down behind a rock and eat my lunch, and then go down towards Carrog, steering my course by help of map and pocket compass. In my bag I found sandwiches, cake, chocolate,—an excellent thing to take as it provides great nourishment in a compact form—and a small bottle of brandy in case one got very wet and cold, as often happens on these excursions. I fell to on the sandwiches, and then proceeded to attack the cake, but was disappointed to find it was quite unfit to eat, as in my struggles after the train the cork had come out of the bottle, and a very tipsy cake had been produced by the brandy getting out. Anyhow the sandwiches were all right, and I must do without the cake. Rather lucky now that Charlie did miss that train. But what can that noise be! Something between a fog horn and the wheezing of an asthmatic old man, heard through a microphone. Surely the fog is darker too, just opposite. It can't be Caractacus. It is coming nearer. I can't say that I felt particularly courageous at that moment. Then out of the fog came two large ears and a shaggy head. It was a donkey. I was rather relieved to find it was no worse, and as the donkey appeared inclined to be sociable, I threw him the fragments of cake I could not eat, and was astonished to find that he seemed to like them. He certainly was a depraved animal, and his taste must have been wonderfully depraved to prefer tipsy cake to the succulent thistle. I can't quite make out to this day what he was doing up that mountain at all; possibly seeking for the mountain dew, if so he "struck ile." Having finished my lunch I began to grope my way carefully down in what I took to be the right direction. Neddy had become earnestly attached to me by this time, and followed closely. As we descended we got out of the cloud, but only to find it raining

hard lower down. Now I had a private circus performance all to myself. The donkey began to play the most extraordinary antics. He trotted on unsteadily a few yards, then stood still and gravely wagged his head from side to side. Then he stood on his hind legs and pawed the air with his front ones, but he overbalanced and fell over backwards. There he lay rolling about, and as soon as he got on his legs on one side falling over on the other, and there at last I left him to meditate on his sins, and cool his brain in the regular Welsh downpour. I had a very unpleasant walk for the rest of the way, as I had to go over a morass, where I often sank up to my knees, but about six o'clock I reached Carrog. I was glad enough of the loan of dry clothes from my friend. The fit was somewhat like Mr. Weller Junior's knowledge of London—extensive and peculiar. Nature has endowed me with an altitude of some 74 inches, and has also made me approximate pretty closely to the mathematical idea of a line. She has also bestowed on my host a greater volume but a far smaller length of limb. The adjustment of the borrowed garments was a work requiring much engineering. It was suggested that the continuations would probably fit me and a pillow better than me alone, but this idea was abandoned as it did not get over the difficulty of length. The garments were at last secured by the help of their owner and his son, who held them up on each side till the "suspenders" could be attached. But the problem of slippers could not be made to yield. None could be found large enough, and I was fain to go without. There was no help for it, and I had to take Charlie's fair cousin in to dinner, looking very like a "Guy." The worst was now over, and when I was once fairly seated at the table, my visible part was not so bad. I soon forgot my fantastic appearance in the hearty laughter of my friends at the story of my adventures.

A FUL FIERS FYGHTE.

The sonne bryght yaf forth hir light as on a someres day,
 And al the lond on eueryhonde with snowe ycouered ley.
 Yow mot I telle that than bifel, for recreacioun
 Ful mony a wyght with gret delyt from schole ran adoun,
 Than sydis tweye thurghout that day with skilful Iugement
 Snowballes casten fiers and fast from Est til Occident.

In this fiers fyghte a false Knyghte of strengthe and gret corage
 Asked echoon with him alloon in combat to engage.
 A champion of gret renoun quod, "I wol make assay,
 And do myn part with gode herte in al that euer I may."
 And noo merueyle, in this batayle wel fought these knaues tweye,
 Yet I beleue, it shal you greue and somewhat you dismay.

For this is soth, these mery yowthe ycast war in the snowe,
 And of them bothe, eche was ful wrothe with other, as I trowe.
 Eftsone oo cherl thother did hurl with craft and subtiltie,
 And whan adoun his nekkeboon he smoot with strokes thre;
 Half deed he ley, ah, weylawey! with feendly trecherye
 That cherl wold fayn his foe haue slayn to get the victorye.

And this is thende, al it amende, I wol sey yow namore,
 For, as I trowe, I haue told ynow, to mak your hertes sore.

EXPLICIT.

SUPERSTITION.

Superstition or belief in what is supernatural is most prevalent in the dark ages of the world's history, when the undeveloped mind of man is ignorant and nescientific. He would be a bold man, however, who would tell a boy even at the pen's point that his mind was undeveloped, and in a state of nescience and ignorance, and yet the majority of schoolboys are exceedingly superstitious. Who does not know the boy who will sit cross-legged for hours, or polish his inkpot with a perfumed embroidered handkerchief (cribbed from his sister), in order to bring good luck? To many it is a matter for great dread if they hear a ticking spider, spill salt at table, sit down thirteen to dinner, walk under an upright ladder, or see the new moon for the first time through the window. Others, again, attribute good and bad luck to the manner in which their hair is cut, or the day on which

they pared their nails, to such the following plain advice may be of assistance in ordering their future. It was piacular with the Romans to cut their nails upon the *nundinæ*, observed every ninth day, and with us there are days *fasti* and days *nefasti*, for our nurses tell us if we pare our nails on Sunday we shall have the devil with us all the week, and so also says the old rhyme—

A man had better ne'er been born
 Than have his nails on a Sunday shorn;
 Cut them on Monday, cut them for health,
 Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth,
 Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news,
 Cut them on Thursday for a new pair of shoes,
 Cut them on Friday, cut them for sorrow,
 Cut them on Saturday, see your true love to-morrow.

The fact is one is only afraid of what one knows nothing. Probably Socrates' *daimon* would have warned him to be cautious about handling an electric battery. If a Demosthenes had been shown his own photograph, or had heard a telephone speak, he would have said it was supernatural; and if he had had a message wired to him from twenty miles off in twenty seconds, he would have murmured "Mahatma."

FASTI.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Perhaps the best epithet to apply to our football season so far is—disastrous. Yet, however gloomy the outlook at the present time, a small ray of hope struggles through, for we have often noticed that if one season is very unfavourable, the next is in all likelihood particularly successful. Probably this is due to the fact that in the "lean year" the majority of the players are small and inexperienced, and so the composition of the team is almost, if not quite, the same in the succeeding season, and those who at one time have only chronicled small beer, can boast of goals to their hearts' content. But it is not to next season that we must now

look, rather to what remains of this. It is true that even at its best this year's team is a weak one, but the match results might have been more favourable if greater attention had been paid to our combination; indeed, our misfortunes must be attributed to want of weight and system, rather than to lack of interest. Each individual in the eleven should feel that he is, as it were, a cog-wheel in a great machine, and that the work of others is dependent on his unselfishness, and so should do his level best to further the success of his side. The defective combination is especially noticeable in games with other boys' teams when the weight is more even. The forwards have a knack of straggling down the field in a broken line, this must be remedied; the *wings* should curve in gradually as they near the goal. Shooting is another weak point; shooting at goal when nobody is near is a very different matter to tackling and shooting at the same time, above all things the leather must be sent in hard and low. The half-backs should pass more often across to the wings, and back the forwards up. In tackling all should endeavour to pass the ball to some other player, and not kick at random, and those who receive a pass should never dawdle, but get the ball onwards as quickly as possible. Every member of the up-field play should single out an opponent, and cling to him as closely as possible throughout—and remember this does not imply rough play, football accidents are almost invariably due to neglect of the rules. All should face the ball after a free kick, and when *heading*, use the outside and inside of their heads at the same time. If the ball is caught on the top of the forehead, it will travel much better than from the crown of the head, and is much less likely to cause a headache. In throwing in from touch care should be taken to send the ball out at once, and directly over the head. In case of *hands* the ball should be placed for the back or half-back to kick, and the forwards must run

well up the field at once. It is not necessary for a back to take a *corner*; in fact, it is better for a half or a wing-forward to do so, as it saves the time of running down the field, and the defence is much stronger in case of a rush being made by the opposite forwards. If only our fellows would practise regularly, and endeavour to play a combined game, our fortunes would change entirely. Let us all turn our chairs, and see if we cannot change our luck; at present the football is disastrous.—*Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

FOOTBALL FIXTURES.—FIRST ELEVEN.

Date.	Opponents.	Ground.	Result.	For	Against
1892.					
Wed. Oct. 5	Totteridge Pk. School (boys)	Home	Lost	1	8
Sat. " 8	Finchley F.C. 3rd XI. . . .	Whetstone	Won	8	2
Sat. " 15	Hadley Juniors F.C.	Home	Lost	nil	8
Wed. " 19	St. Albans Grammar School	St. Albans	Lost	nil	10
Sat. " 22	Totteridge School (full XI)	Home	Lost	nil	4
Wed. " 26	Tottenham College	"	Won	8	1
Sat. " 29	Barnet Reserves	"	Lost	2	7
Sat. Nov. 12	Trinity Church F.C.	"	Lost	2	4
Sat. " 19	St. Paul's F.C.	"	Drawn	1	1
Wed. " 23	Tottenham Grammar School	"	Won	3	2
Sat. Dec. 3	Finchley F.C. 3rd XI.	"			
Wed. " 7	Tottenham College	Tottenham			
Sat. " 10	Barnet Reserves	Home			
Sat. " 17	Cowley A.C. Reserves	"			
1893.					
Sat. Jan. 28	Trinity Church F.C.	"			
Wed. Feb. 1	St. Albans Grammar School	"			
Wed. " 8	Totteridge School (full XI.)	Totteridge			
Sat. " 11	Hadley Juniors F.C.	Home			
Wed. " 15	Tottenham Grammar School	Tottenham			
Sat. " 18	Masonic School 1st XI.	Home			
Sat. " 25	Trinity Church F.C.	"			
Wed. Mar. 1	Masonic School 1st XI. . . .	"			
Sat. " 11	Totteridge School (boys) . . .	Totteridge			
Sat. " 18	St. Paul's F.C.	Southgate			

SECOND ELEVEN.

1892.					
Wed. Oct. 5	Totteridge School 2nd XI.	Totteridge	Lost	nil	15
Wed. " 19	St. Albans 2nd XI.	Home	Lost	nil	2
Sat. Dec. 3	St. Paul's F.C. 2nd XI. . . .	"			
Wed. " 14	Oakfield School	"			
1893.					
Wed. Feb. 1	St. Albans 2nd XI.	St. Albans			
Sat. " 18	Masonic School 2nd XI.	Home			
Sat. " 25	Totteridge School 2nd XI. . . .	"			
Wed. Mar. 1	Masonic School 2nd XI. . . .	"			
Sat. " 4	St. Paul's F.C. 2nd XI. . . .	Southgate			

PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Following on a successful Summer Session a very satisfactory programme for the Winter has been arranged, and the members, now numbering over forty, are to be congratulated on the success that has rewarded their efforts. Mr. A. Samuels, who is an O.E., devoted to the interests of his old school, now shares the secretary's duties. The first evening of the Winter Session was wonderfully well-attended, and all seemed pleased with the pictures exhibited—the slides in every case being from the work of the members. The Society has now purchased a lantern, could it not be used for illustrating lectures more immediately connected with the school curriculum, say on history or geography? The following are the future fixtures of the Society; we would specially call attention to the value of the "practical" evenings, the first of which is to be devoted to instruction in lantern-slide making by Mr. Birt Acres, whose picture, "At the foot of thy crags, O sea," was so much admired at the exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain.—December 15th, "Rambles among the bees," Mr. T. E. Freshwater. 1893.—January 11th and 12th, *Conversazione* (under the direction of Messrs. Samuels and Medland); February 9th, "Architecture," Mr Lambert Matthews; March 8th, (i) "Barnet, Old and New," (ii) "Barnet Fair," Messrs. Matthews, Samuels, Medland, and Birt Acres. The following are members' evenings for practical work, slide testing, &c.:—December 7th, January 4th, February 1st, March 1st, and April 5th.

 THE LIBRARY.

The post of Librarian which for many years has been so ably filled by Mr. Kingsford, has been this Term entrusted to Mr. Harrison. With the proverbial fate of the willing horse, Mr. Kingsford has of late had so many offices thrust

upon him that it became absolutely necessary that he should be relieved of some, and as Mr. Harrison kindly offered to undertake the Library, that burden has been shifted from the shoulders which have borne it so long. The school owes a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Kingsford for his self-denying labours, and hereby records it. Mr. Harrison has "hanselled" his new office by thoroughly overhauling and re-arranging all the books under classified heads, and we hope soon to see a printed catalogue as the outcome of his labours.

The following books have been purchased since our last issue:—

"Robinson Crusoe." "Home and Colonial Library," 38 vols. "Studies in Shakespeare's Plots." "Outdoor Games." "Story of the Nations," 22 vols.

CHORAL SOCIETY'S ACCOUNT.

Balance Sheet, July, 1891-92.

RECEIPTS.				EXPENDITURE.			
	L.	S.	D.		L.	S.	D.
Balance from last				Music	1	4	11
year	8	7	3	Hire of Piano ..	0	10	0
Subscriptions—				Pianist	1	1	0
Michaelmas Term,				Printing, Station-			
1891	4	12	0	cry, and Postage	2	7	6
Spring ditto,				Labour	0	3	6
1892	4	11	0	Honorarium to			
Summer ditto,				Mr. Kiddell ..	7	0	0
1892	3	19	0	Balance in hand	11	3	10
Sale of Book of							
Words	2	1	6				
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	£23	10	9		£23	10	9
	<hr/>				<hr/>		

NOTES OF NEWS.

“ Quicquid agunt pueri nostri est farrago libelli.”

BOYS WHO LEFT LAST TERM.—Hart, E. A., King, P. L., Johnson, E. M., Owen, J. H., Goodship, G. H., Ilott, P. H., L'Estrange, S. G., Lovegrove, L., Lovegrove, C. F., Titford, P. M., Jefferson, H. C., Stockley, J. P., Fradd, S. T., Smith, F. M., Beall, H. W., Owen, O. R., Playle, C. S., Brumell, F. E., Brumell, A. O., Kirby, Jos., Woodall, C., Moore, E. G., Roberts, A. C., Power, W. H., Nelson, C. L., Brumell, F. H.

NEW BOYS THIS TERM.—Form II: Cruddas, N., Clissold, F., Coulthard, R. D., Smith, H., Thyss, S.; *Lower School*—Sennet, R. L., Wheatley, A. M. (*Foundation Scholars*); Brewerton, J. K., Crouch, G., Mees, C. E. K. *Preparatory*: Roos, G. C., Hartley, W. J., Cruddas, S., Mees, G. E., Gilling, C., Matthews, A.

LEAVING DONATIONS.—We have much pleasure in acknowledging the following donations to the Field Fund: £1 1s. each from J. H. and O. R. Owen. We would commend the bright example of these two (“among the faithless, faithful only they”) to the rest of the 26 who joined the Exodus of last Term.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT.—This will take place on Thursday, December 22nd. Combined with which will probably be the distribution of the Prizes and Certificates gained at the Summer Examination, some of which have only lately arrived.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.—It is gratifying to be able to announce that all who went in for these Exams. have again been successful, the following being the list:—

Seniors.—Honours: 2nd Class, E. A. Pitson (distinction in English and French), E. A. Hart (distinction in English); 3rd Class, E. S. Wilkinson. Pass: P. L. King.

Juniors.—Honours: 1st Class, E. G. Hart (distinction in Religious Knowledge, Latin, French and English), E. J. Fry (distinction in Geography, Latin, French and English); 2nd Class, E. J. M. Johnson, J. H. Owen, G. N. Johnson

(distinction in French), G. H. Goodship; 3rd Class, P. H. Ilott. Pass: K. Cunningham, H. N. Price, W. H. Wright, L. Lovegrove, E. G. Marvin, E. E. Meacher, S. G. Chappell, S. G. L'Estrange, F. H. East.

SCIENCE AND ART EXAMINATIONS.—The following have gained Certificates: *Chemistry*—E. J. Fry (advanced stage), G. H. Goodship, G. N. Johnson, J. H. Owen, S. G. L'Estrange, E. S. Wilkinson, E. G. Hart, E. J. M. Johnson. *Drawing*—(Freehand) 1st Class, H. G. Fry, J. F. Stockley, C. S. Playle, H. C. Jefferson; 2nd Class, F. R. Webb, A. N. Heath, E. G. Marvin, S. G. L'Estrange. (Model)—1st Class, J. F. Stockley; 2nd Class, F. H. East, C. F. Lovegrove. (Geometrical)—H. C. Jefferson, E. G. Hart, W. P. Chappell, H. W. Beall, S. G. L'Estrange, E. G. Marvin, S. G. Chappell.

NEXT TERM.—Will probably begin on Tuesday, January 24th, 1893.

Obituary.

*It is with deep regret that we have to announce
the death of*

HENRY PARKER, J. P.,

Aged 68 Years,

who for five years previously to the revision of the Scheme in 1888, and again this year was one of the Governing Body; the event, which occurred on the morning of November 25th, was the more sad on account of its suddenness. Our sincere sympathies are with the family of the deceased in their affliction.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.—We beg leave with many thanks to acknowledge the receipt of the following School Magazines:—*Felstedian, Thistle, L'Union, Berkhamstadian, Tonbridgian, Sutton Valence, Our Magazine, Magdalen College Schoo', Elizabethan (Westminster), St. Andrew's College, The Blue, Leys Fortnightly, Aldenhamian, The Tottenhamian, The Pelican, The Dalreockian.*