The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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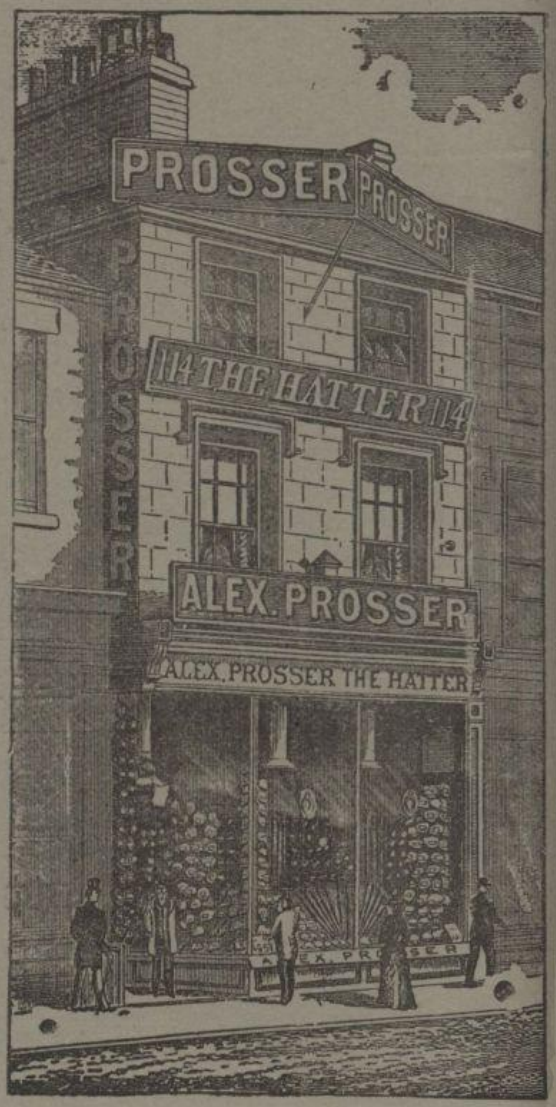
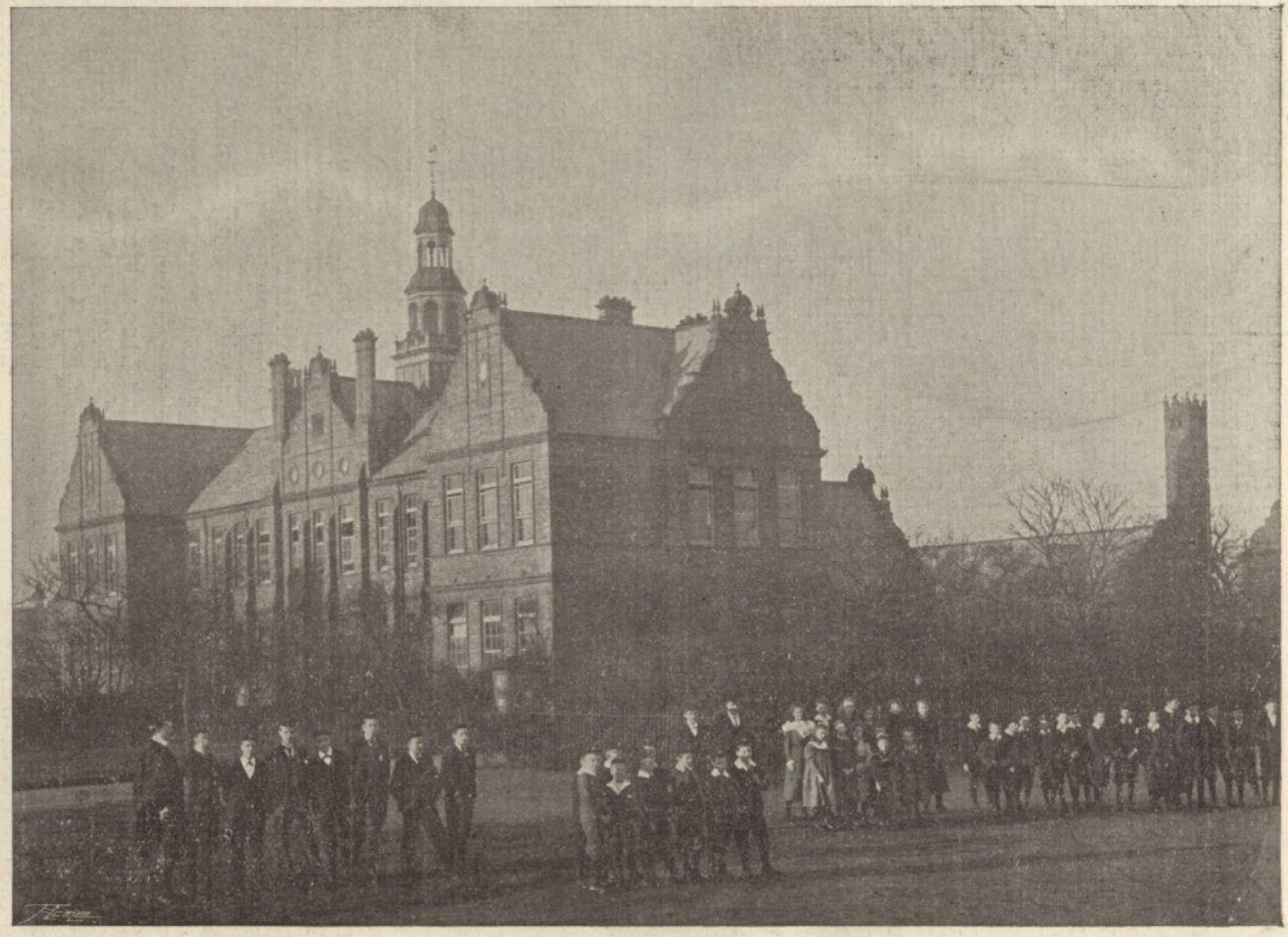




No. 4. June, 1899. BEDE SCHOOL: MAIN BLOCK.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON MUSIC AND EDUCATION.

"I CALL *that* a complete and generous education which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, *all* the offices, both public and private, of peace and war."

This magnificent sentence from John Milton's *Tractate* puts before us his view of what a perfect education should be; and we might safely infer from it, even if no other evidence were available, that the great Puritan Poet regarded the Study of Music as an essential branch of a 'complete' education—for it is hard to see how a man ignorant of music can meet Milton's comprehensive requirements. We know, however, that the Author of 'Paradise Lost'—the friend and Latin Secretary of Oliver Cromwell, the Tercentenary of whose birth has just been celebrated—took pains to become a superb organist, and that he found Music a joy in youth and a solace in old age.

All our Senses ought to be cultivated and exercised. Sight, Taste, Touch, and the rest, supply us with the raw material from which are manufactured feelings and emotions, thoughts, decisions, and all the other complex products of the mind. But, next to Sight, the most important of all the Senses for knowledge-giving purposes is *Hearing*. That is because its sensations are usually of a high degree of definiteness, both as to quality and intensity.

Besides, apart from the *utility* of the information that comes to us through Hearing, it is this Sense, and that of Sight, which give us all aur Æsthetic Pleasures, or Pleasures of the Beautiful.

The Pleasures of the Beautiful have, in addition to the quality of being 'Ends in themselves' and not merely things useful for ulterior purposes, two well-marked characteristics.

They are pure or refined—that is, they have no loathsome or displeasing accompaniments. Unsatisfied appetite causes the pain of craving; satiety produces disgust. But to watch a glorious sunset, or to listen to a beautiful song, gives pure pleasure, and pure pleasure only.

Again, they may be shared among all persons capable of appreciating them. It is not so with other sources of pleasure. A single plum pudding, or one and the same roast turkey, can be enjoyed by but a few individuals, at most; while a picture like Lawrence's 'Master Lambton', or an air like 'Annie Laurie', affords delight, throughout generation after generation, to thousands of people who, perhaps, differ widely in rank, wealth, political views, and religious opinions, but who all agree in loving the Beautiful.

The study of Good Music, then, is to be encouraged as a means of qualifying us to enjoy a large branch of Æsthetic Pleasures—those derived from Beautiful Sounds. This, however, is by no means all that can be said in its favour.

The Ancient Greeks, the most intellectual and artistic race that the world has ever known, had a system of education in most respects admirable, and which always embraced instruction in both the theory and the practice of Music. They held that "the art divine"—which was under the tutelage of Apollo, the most beautiful of their deities—forms the taste, guides the affections, gives rational and most pleasing employment during leisure, and, in conjunction with poetry, stimulates to noble thoughts and worthy, valorous deeds.

We may remark, however—without labouring the subject by going into details—that, among the Greeks, 'Music' meant in one sense far more, and in another far less, than it means with us. In the wider sense it implied nearly all that the word 'culture' does in English; but, so far as mere singing and playing went, Greek 'music' dealt simply with melody. The arrangement of 'parts' in harmony does

not seem to have been known, and the lyre and the flute were the chief instruments in use. But the Greek 'ear' had fine discrimination, and even moderately-educated men could readily distinguish quarter-tones and other intervals smaller than any used in Modern Music.

Music, as is well known, had a prominent position in the system of knightly education in vogue all over Western Europe throughout the "age of chivalry." A knight was expected to be proficient in "the seven free arts"—to ride, to swim, to shoot, to box, to hawk, to play chess, and to write poetry.

The young candidate for knightly honours, after having spent in his father's castle the first seven years of his childhood, went to live with some friendly knight upon whom, or upon whose lady, he attended, and learnt music, chess, and knightly manners. When fourteen he became squire, and now had to take part with his lord in war, the tournament, and the chase. At the age of twenty-one he, if worthy, was solemnly elevated to the knightly order, after receiving the Lord's Supper, and swearing to speak the truth, defend the right, honour womankind, and use his sword against the Infidels of the East.

The only intellectual element of this education was music and poetry. In that age there were no newspapers, no novels, no theatres. *Minstrelsy* was almost the sole resource of the company of the castle. When evening had fallen all would gather round the great log-fire in the hall, and some knight, perhaps one just welcomed to friendly shelter, would take up the lute, and. to its accompaniment, pour out strain after strain, generally in praise of his fair mistress. These love-songs, or minnesongs as they are called, are perhaps the finest literary remains of the Middle Ages.

The study of the Greek and Latin Classical Authors is found to have a humanizing and refining influence : a good scholar has usually broad sympathies and a large outlook, and, though possibly shy and reserved in manner, is never of a churlish disposition. Music goes even farther than Letters in making a man or a woman susceptible to generous impulses. Shakespeare makes Cæsar say that Cassius has a suspicious nature partly because "he hears no music" ; and everybody knows how our great dramatist inveighs in another place against "the man that is not moved with concord of sweet sounds." In "Alexander's Feast", the finest Ode in our literature, Dryden nobly illustrates the power of music ; and Congreve opens his best play with the oft-quoted lines,

> "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
> To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

Pleasing sounds, sometimes on a grand scale, sometimes on a small one, abound in the World of Nature. Gilbert White instances the cry of a pack of hounds through hollow, echoing woods, the rushing of the wind through tall trees, and the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore. Byron declares

> "There's music in the sighing of a reed,
> There's music in the gushing of a rill".

The Ancient Mariner says

> "Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
> I heard the sky-lark sing ;
> Sometimes all little birds that are,
> How they seemed to fill the sea and air
> With their sweet jargoning !"

Pericles, on recovering his daughter, heard "the music of the spheres" ; and, in the sublime old book of Job, we are told of a time "when the morning stars sang together."

Musical training is perhaps not absolutely necessary to enable a person to enjoy, in some degree, instances of Nature's "still, small voice" and of her mighty choruses ; but the full appreciation of these must surely be confined to such observers as, with a cultivated musical taste, are able to "hear with the ear and with the understanding also."

The noblest object to which Music can be put is, of course, the praise of the Creator. The one hundred and fiftieth Psalm, after calling upon men to employ all sorts of musical instruments in magnifying Jehovah, concludes with the all-embracing exhortation "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord." And this use of Music is not restricted to Time.

"For, all we know of saints above
Is that *they sing* and that they love!"

* * * * * * * *

In our August number we hope to give some account of Sunderland Philharmonic Society—its history, its work, and the claims which it has for the support of all Sunderland lovers of music, whether men or women, boys or girls, Bedans or non-Bedans.

* * * * * * * *

We regret that, through pressure on our space, several Articles and one of the Views of the School have had to be left over until August.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

Our April number, like the previous ones, was favourably noticed by the local and Newcastle newspapers. We give what the *Sunderland Daily Echo* said of it:—

"THE BEDAN."—The third number of this magazine, published in connection with the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School, has been issued. The number is exceedingly bright and racy. There are four illustrations of the Bede School—the main block, the chemical laboratory, the lecture-room, and the manual instruction workshop, in which the work of the pupils is exhibited. "The Bedan" is full of good reading matter, and will no doubt be a great help to the scholars, as well as those interested in the work of the school. The issue is up to its usual standard of excellence.

The number of pupils at Bede School is larger at present than at any previous time in the School's history. Many new scholars have been admitted recently. Doubtless a good many old ones will, as is usually the case, leave at Midsummer. Though the teachers are always sorry to lose boys or girls who have been at the School a long time, it is, of course, inevitable that each pupil's school days shall, sooner or later, come to an end. We hope that those boys and girls who leave at Midsummer may, in the good old homely phrase, "do well" in every way in after life. But Parents are strongly advised to keep their children at school as long as they can. No absolute proposition can be made on the subject; but, undoubtedly, it is, *as a rule*, bad policy to remove a boy or girl from school when only fourteen—just the very time at which, the reasoning powers beginning to develop rapidly, he or she may hope to enter, with great benefit, upon a school course specially adapted to meet the educational requirements of pupils of ages ranging from fourteen to eighteen.

The 'year' of the Lower School ended on May 31st. The present is therefore the best time in the whole twelve months for the admission of new scholars.

Miss Dudgeon's girls have presented her with an exceedingly pretty cabinet album as a parting gift before they go to their new class.

The Annual Examination of the Upper School will take place shortly, and will be conducted by Hugh Gordon, Esquire, M.A., the Science and Art Department's New Inspector for the Northern District, with the assistance of two or more colleagues. There will be an Examination in Latin, French, English, and General Subjects, as well as in Mathematics, Woodwork, Cookery, Drawing, and the different branches of Science taught in the School.

The Oxford University Local Examination begins on July 17th. The number of candidates at the Sunderland Centre is this year larger than ever, and all of them—or nearly all—who reside in Sunderland, belong to Bede School; but there are several from Jarrow and other neighbouring towns. It is evident that the value of an Oxford Local Certificate is becoming more widely known.

Among Old Bedans who have visited the School within the past few weeks are Franklyn Robinson, Howard Duncan, James N. Day, and John C. Johnson. The former Art Master, Mr. F. W. Armstrong, now of London, called the other day, and was received with a rousing cheer.

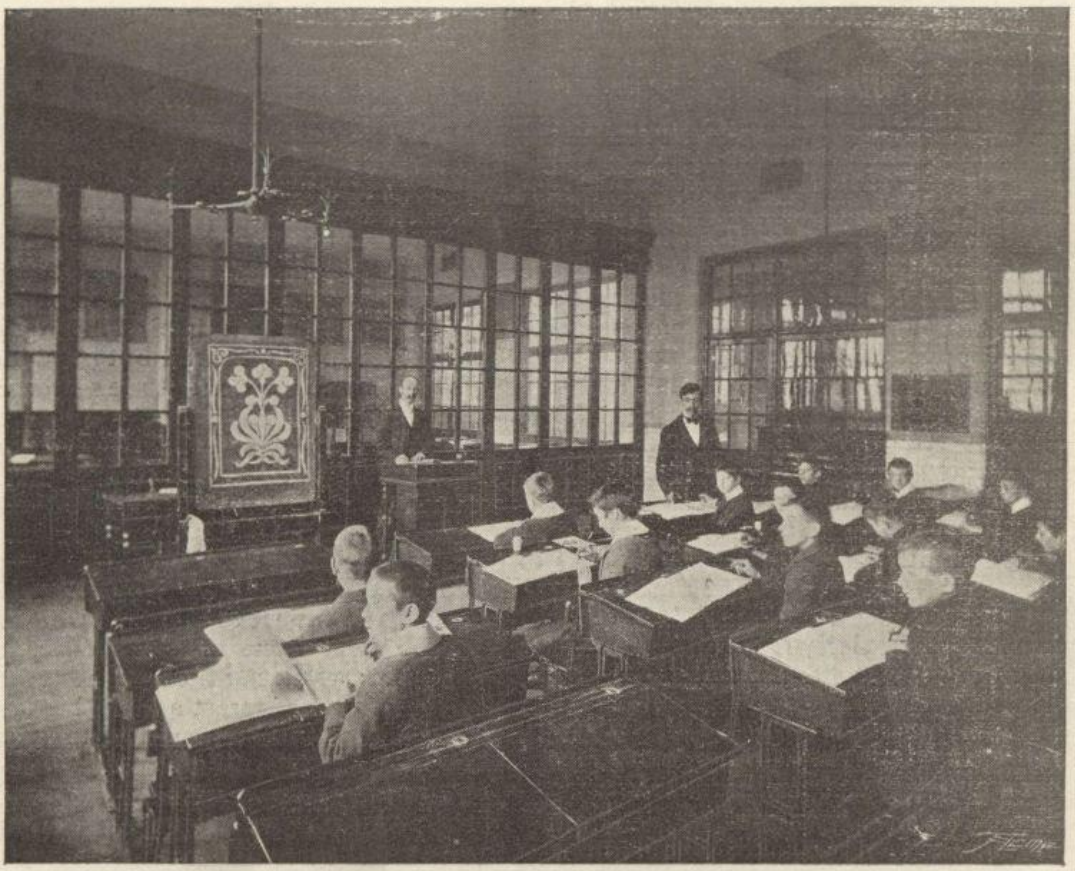
In the April number the Editor asked for information about former scholars who are now at sea. He has received a good deal, and will make use of it in some future issues of the Magazine. In this connexion his thanks are especially due to Mr. J. C. Johnson—who, by the way, is to be congratulated on passing recently as first mate.

Mr. Johnson—son of Captain Johnson, of the ill-fated *Westmeath*—was one of the boys admitted on the day when Bede School was opened, and two brothers of his are pupils there now.

Arthur Newton, Charley Newton, William Ward, Fred. Priestley, Ernest Lee, Edmund Laidman, Edwin Halliday, Arthur S. Morton, Jos. Edward Letbe, Thomas Nesbitt, David Fisher, Arthur Brewis, Ernest Brewis, James Day, and Alfred Milner, are a few of our old boys who now "occupy their business in great waters."

Any particulars which they—or any others in the same category—may send the Editor as to their present and past ships, their length of service, status, etc., will be gratefully received, and employed eventually in compiling as full a register as possible of sea-faring Old Bedans.

An Examination for Scholarships tenable at Bede School was held there on May 6th. The successful candidates will be admitted on June 1st, and will—like all other boys and girls who go into the Upper School—be required to give



BEDE SCHOOL: A LESSON IN DESIGN.

an undertaking to remain in attendance until Midsummer, 1900.

Three present scholars, and several past ones, will sit at the forthcoming London University Matriculation Examination.

"On the rack" is generally taken as a phrase expressive of torture. But every rule has its exceptions. We have reason to believe that most Bedans who travel by train between their homes and Sunderland are tolerably well-behaved. We are credibly informed, however, that one young gentleman—evidently of an aspiring turn of mind—climbed up, one evening lately, into the light luggage rack of his railway carriage compartment, and there disported himself for the greater part of the way home!

Master Soarer is warned against a repetition of his ambitious flights. Conduct like his would—as Shakespeare foresaw long ago when he wrote "The Tempest"—

"Leave not a (w)rack behind."

The number of yearly subscribers to *The Bedan* is steadily increasing. The circulation of each of the issues has been considerably in excess of what was guaranteed to Advertisers. Though the copies are, of course, for the most part disposed of in Sunderland, a few find their way to Africa, America, and some other far-distant climes.

We thank all our Contributors for their assistance. Sometimes for one reason, sometimes for another, the articles which they are good enough to send in have either to be put aside temporarily, or rejected altogether. But we are grateful for *all* contributions with which we are favoured.

We have to acknowledge a careful and discriminating, but, on the whole, generously appreciative criticism of No. 3, from the pen of our able and respected neighbour, Mr. William Duncan.

The Head Master has frequent applications from gentlemen in the town for well-educated boys desirous of entering upon this or that trade or profession. He has therefore decided to keep a Register in which a boy when he leaves school will have the opportunity, if he cares to avail himself of it, of writing down his name, address, date of birth, status—for instance, Lower School, Standard 7; *or* Upper School, Fourth Year—Certificates gained, and the kind of post that he would like best to obtain. This Register will make it possible to put would-be employers readily into communication with boys likely to suit them.

It is hardly necessary to add that lads of good character will—particularly if they have obtained pledges of fair ability and general attainments, such as the Oxford Local Certificates are—be recommended for the best positions.

CRICKET.

(INTER ALIA.)

'FAMILIARITY breeds contempt,' quoth the copy book. Even nowadays this holds good. Those boys of the William Wilberforce Cricket Club—O friends, what a phrase was there! Does it not deserve a flourish of trumpets?—who four weeks ago looked askance at a cricket ball hurtling along towards their shins, can now, most of them, regard the same with equanimity.

Sunderland thinks of her Trams, and sighs 'Nil desperandum;' she dreams of a Technical College, and adds 'auspice Deo.' But certain young Bedans of one Company of the League of Good Citizenship are so confident of their cricketing powers that they shortly intend to challenge *per rotam* all other Bedan Cricket Clubs. Captain Barkes's team defeated Master Phillips's side by 70 to 37 on Saturday morning, May 27th, at the Club's Cricket ground. The Clerk of the Weather, besides being respectfully requested to order land breezes on Tuesday and Friday evenings, and likewise on Saturday mornings, and thus to blow seaward all factory fumes at cricket practices and matches, is beseeched not to endeavour to convert Whitsuntide to Wetsuntide, next year. [Pardon, gentle reader, this somewhat trite joke. Everybody makes it; so why should not I?]

Various are the comments of the devotees of the noble game of cricket on being initiated into its mysteries. One youthful batsman on seeing his comrade gingerly handling 'the willow' at the crease remarked "Joe, you should have a very broad bat to cover the wicket completely; *then* they couldn't bowl you out." But it is not suffered to be so.

Barkes should make a good batsman before the season is out, as well as a good bowler. He carried his bat through the first innings on Saturday. Shipley also shapes well but is rather too fond of pulling an off ball over to leg—thereby no doubt adding greatly to his score but not always improving his style. It is hoped that with continued fine weather more members will attend on Saturday mornings, especially as there is plenty of room for two boys' matches to be played at the same time.

The Wilberforce Club now numbers 39 members. We expect to see some wins for it recorded in the next issue of *The Bedan*, and trust that other Companies of the League will see their way to sustain the interest and enthusiasm which the Wilberforce Club has undoubtedly aroused.

R.F.J.

JOB JENKINS' RIDE.

Job Jenkins was a burgess bold
(And a 'cute and knowing hand),
A member of the Council, too,
Of merry Sunderland.

Some fifty winters Job had seen,
Of summers thirty-three,
The seasons being a little mixed
In that chill North Countree.

Now Whitsuntide was drawing nigh,
And Job was blithe and gay;
Said he "For more than twenty years
I've had no holiday,

"My sister dear I'll go and see
Who does in Durham dwell—
For why? Because her husband there
Does boots and shoes-es sell.

"'Tis now the merry month of May,
Of old by poets sung,"
Said he, "I'd dearly like to be
The fields and flowers among.

"I can't do that and go by train;
And then the railway-fare
Is one-and-three without return,
I verily declare.

"I'll trouble my good neighbour Jones,
A cyclist bold is he,
To lend me his old shake-your-bones;
I'll ride it easily."

Alack! vain boast, as soon you'll see,
But here do we not find
That though on pleasure he was bent
Job had a frugal mind?

The day arrived, Job was arrayed
All in his Sunday best,—
A tall silk hat, a long frock-coat,—
No need to tell the rest.

He set off on the Durham Road,
The railway-bridge he passed,
Such happiness had ne'er been his,
Alas! it could not last.

As he drew near th' Infirmary
He felt so very ill
That to dismount he was obliged
Or risk a horrid spill.

Our friend was sea-sick, that was all;
The road, *it* was to blame,
And he a worthy Councillor
Did blush for very shame.

"A ploughed field this, no road at all,"
He cried indignantly:
The *rhyme* requires that I should add
He spoke malignantly.

The railway-crossing tried him sore;
In front he saw the hill,
Up which he pushed his squeaking bike
And then a while stood still.

As he his bike again did mount
The rain began to fall,
The wags say now that Whitsuntide
We *Wet*suntide should call.

The rain fell down, the wind did rise,
Job feared to lose his hat;
He raised his hand and knew no more
Till in the road he sat.

The road was wet,—and so was he,
His coat with mud was splashed,
It matched his hat which in the fall
Had been severely bashed.

Our hero brave, he heeded not
His bruises blue and big,
For people's smiles and sneers and jeers
He did not care a fig.

For hours and hours he rode *or* walked,
On reaching Houghton bank—
The horrid tale I cannot tell—
The rest must be a blank.

Suffice to say that wind and rain
And bank and bike and fright
Reduced our poor town Councillor
To a most sorry plight.

That bone-shaker shook no more bones;—
'Twas left in little bits;
And Jenkins thought that he and Jones
Might *possibly* cry quits.

To Durham he at last did get,
But how he does not say;—
A very different Jenkins he
From him at break of day.

Now let us sing long live the Queen,
And Jenkins, long live you!
And may this tale a warning prove,
For it is really true.

THETA.

"DUNCE."

THIS epithet is generally applied to a dull, stupid, unteachable boy.

But the person from whose name the word is supposed to have been derived was quite a different character.

The Thomists used "Dunce" as a term of reproach for any follower of Duns Scotus, who was the antagonist of their master in a religious controversy. The Thomists were the disciples of Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar highly celebrated for his learning.

Johannes Dunscotus was a famous scholar who lived at about the end of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth. The English and the Scotch both claim him as their countryman. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scotch allege that his birth-place was Duns, a town in the neighbouring Scottish county, Berwickshire, and that hence he was called Duns Scotus.

In support of this George Buchanan—who, besides being the tutor of James the Sixth of Scotland and the greatest Latin scholar born north of the Tweed, was an eminent historian—cites the epitaph of Duns Scotus:

Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
Gallia educavit, Germania tenet.

That is,

"Scotland gave me birth, England
received me,
France educated me, Germany
holds my bones."

Duns Scotus taught for some time at Oxford, and it is said that 30,000 scholars, in all, attended to hear his lectures there. He died at Cologne, November 8th, 1308.

Considering the derivation of the word, I think it would be a good thing if some name other than "Dunce" could be found for a dolt or a blockhead.

But I must make haste to bring this article to an end, lest someone should call me a Dunce for my pains. I am not desirous of having the word applied to me in its present-day sense, and, not being a great and famous scholar but just a mere rank-and-file Bedan, I am not worthy of it in its old-world signification.

STANLEY L.

SPRING CLEANING.

TWICE every year, at the Spring and the Fall respectively, this good town of ours is plagued by fever.

The deadly typhoid bacilli are its autumn visitors, and, sad to say, their coming is greatly encouraged and their stay prolonged by *about a dozen acres of open middens.* This is by the way; but it is to be trusted that such a state of affairs, so dangerous to the health of the borough, will be a matter calling for serious consideration on the part of the members of Our League of Good Citizenship, when they reach an age at which they will be able to discuss this and kindred matters with wisdom—unless, happily, by that time, the nuisance is no more.

But the fever which appears every spring, and which, although very trying even to the strongest systems, does not raise the death rate, is called the Spring Cleaning Fever. Strange to say, this malady is prone to attack the gentler sex, but men *have* been known to suffer from its effects.

A medical man is not required to diagnose a fever case of this kind, for the symptoms are easily discernible and usually appear shortly after the Easter Vacation. The milder indications of the coming disorder take the form of conversations of the following type between paterfamilias and his spouse:—

"Really, John, the ceiling is very black—we've had such bad gas this winter, you know—and the carpet is quite worn and faded, one can scarcely make out the pattern in some places."

"Yes, my dear, we must see about these things."

"John, did Mr. Spickandspan, next door, tell you that he was going to have the outside of his house painted? Number 21, over the way, is going to be painted too—their maid told our maid this morning. I'm afraid our house will look very shabby then. If the paintings could be washed it would be better than doing nothing."

"I see it has got to come, dear; it's like one of those things which, Dickens says, happen in the best regulated families. Well! let us get it over as quickly as possible."

The more pronounced symptoms exhibit themselves in the form of various calls, by the mistress of the house, upon paperhangers, whitewashers, sweeps, and painters. Soon after this the fever itself sets in, and its course runs seven days, or, in acute cases, a fortnight or three weeks.

The following is an attempt to summarize briefly the progress of the disorder:—

FIRST DAY.—Removal of all pictures, bric-à-brac, and furniture, from the rooms into the hall and staircase landings, so as to blockade these passages effectually; the covering up of such materials with sheets, table-cloths and dust-cloths. Mater declares she doesn't know where all the stuff comes from.

SECOND DAY.—Arrival of white-washers and paper-hangers, who have to be sent away again, because the sweep, who ought to have come at six o'clock in the morning, has not put in an appearance even at nine. Paint pots and pails of white-wash left in most inconvenient places. Cat lost. Mistress is cross, and looks worried. Little Tommy cannot find his school-bag; when at last it turns up, at the very bottom of a huge pile of books stacked up in the hall, Tommy, half an hour late, hurries off to Bede School with gloomy forebodings of a potential thrashing. The sweep and the cat turn up towards evening; the latter bearing outward and visible signs of having been on an exploring expedition among the paint-pots and white-wash pails. 10 p.m.—Chaos completed.

THIRD DAY.—Master of the house takes a hurried breakfast in his own room,—walking down stairs in carpet slippers is like coming through a plantation of cactus plants, for tacks appear to grow in clusters out of the bare boards. He leaves early for the office, and determines to dine in town during the rest of the week, and to work late every evening. Carpet-beating begins. The Vicar calls in the afternoon, but does not stay long—hasn't time even to talk about the bazaar.

N.B.—He fully intended staying to tea, for there is fever in his house too.

FOURTH DAY.—Arrival of painters, whitewashers and paper-hangers, who, in spite of dust-

cloths, etc., manage to give the furniture the appearance of its having been exposed to a shower of snow. Long paper ribbons are observed in every part of the house, and in every street within a radius of a quarter of a mile. Late in the evening the master is heard to say that there's no place like home—at spring cleaning time.

FIFTH DAY.—Your bosom companion and old school chum, who has been out of the country for years, calls to see you and have a quiet chat about old times. The young master finds his choicest collection of geological specimens, which has taken him years to get together, turned out of the box and scattered all over the floor. Paper-hanging and white-washing drawing towards completion.

SIXTH DAY.—Scrubbing of floors; polishing of furniture; tacking down of carpets; hanging up of pictures; broken finger-nails and bruised thumbs. General rearrangement of furniture; hanging of curtains. Evolution of Order from Chaos.

SEVENTH DAY.—Patient much calmer, but very tired and weary.

EIGHTH AND FOLLOWING DAYS.—Fever gradually wanes, but patient is left bruised and weak, although the mental disposition is cheerful and bright. Master now returns from business at his usual hour, and is heard to say that the house really looks beautifully clean and pretty, and that after all the Spring Cleaning Fever is an evil which leaves much good in its train.

CRYPTO.

OLD BEDANS.

(4) MR. G. E. CLARKE, A.R.C.S.

GEORGE Ernest Clarke was admitted to Bede School on September 1st, 1891. The Sunderland Local Scholarships Fund, supported from the proceeds of the big United Schools' Concerts given annually in the Victoria Hall for a number of years, was then in existence; and, at the time named, Clarke was one of six lads—the others were Richard Littlehailes, Robert Turner, Stanley Littlehailes, John Charles Gibson, and William T. Simpson—who were awarded Scholarships tenable at Bede School, and worth, in all, £36 each. In the same year John Nimmo, James H. Thompson, John K. Johnson, Thomas W. Renwick, and John Hodgson gained minor Scholarships; and, later, three of these five boys got into the same category as Clarke and his companions. It is impossible to refrain from expressing the wish that the Scholarships Fund may—either by means of the benefactions of wealthy local gentlemen, or in some other way—be resuscitated, and supply Bede School with a set of lads like those who have been named.

The subject of this notice had unusually good natural powers, which he cultivated with much perseverance and assiduity. His mental grasp and clear-headedness were always evident. He, Howard Duncan, Richard Littlehailes, and William Nimmo, are the only four boys who have ever taken Sixth Stage Mathematics—nothing but the Calculus—at the School, and they all gained Government Certificates for passing in that stage. In Fifth Stage Mathematics Clarke gained a *First Class Certificate*: he is the *only* Bedan who has ever done so. Persons who know what a First Class in the Fifth Stage implies will be more surprised at his success than at the failure of other boys to equal him. His First Class in Advanced Light was also a notable performance, for, in the year when he gained it, very few First Classes were awarded throughout the whole country.

In his day, the Science and Art Grants were awarded on a very different basis from that in vogue now. The old system was unsatisfactory through its one-sidedness, no official recognition being given to anything but Science and Art, pure and simple. *Now*, a comprehensive, all-round course is prescribed, the consequence being that present-day Bedans know more Latin, more French, more English Grammar, and more History and Geography, but less Natural Science, than their predecessors a few years ago. Again, they earn good average grants; but a very large grant for one individual is now an impossibility. The grant for Clarke one year was thirty-one pounds ten shillings—far the largest sum ever earned by a single boy in the school!

After four years of hard work, and when rather over seventeen years of age, Clarke gained, in 1895, in a National Competition open to British subjects of any age, a National Scholarship worth, in all, about £335. With this he went to London, and, after a three years' course, gained the Diploma of Associate of the Royal College of Science. He is now Science Master at the Jarrow Higher Grade School.

At the beginning of his school career he was somewhat slight of frame, but he grew into a sturdy youth. His eye and mouth both indicated firmness and steadiness of character. He was a good reciter, and it was pleasant to listen to his clear, strong voice, and to notice his correct expression. His friends no longer live in Sunderland, so that he is seldom seen here. If he were to come into Bede School to-morrow, probably very few of the present scholars would know him. There is no doubt, however, that he deserves to be regarded as one of the ablest of Old Bedans.

THE EARTH IN A RAGE.

[NOTE.—The Earth is generally considered an Old Lady—as, for instance, in the phrase "*Mother* Earth." But it wouldn't be polite to represent any member of the gentler sex as capable of getting very angry; so, in the following lines, the Earth is regarded, *pro. tem.*, as a He.]

A grey headed sage
Of incredible age
Once fell in a rage quite alarming;
Bedans early and late tried his wrath to abate,
For they knew that his health he'd be harming.

'Do tell us, sir, pray,
'What has ailed you to-day,
'For it isn't your way to be rusty,
"Is there anything *new* we can offer to you?"
But that word only made him more crusty.

'When I was a lad,'
Said this gentleman sad,
'I was often quite glad I existed;
'But now I'd as soon be as dead as the moon—
Things have got so abominably twisted.

"At one time, you know,
"It was I ran this show,
"And they no where could go but on my back;
"Now they take a balloon with a dining saloon
"And steal my best views with a Kodak!

"And I can't do a thing
"In the way of a fling,
"But the newspapers ring with the story.
"You of course understand that an earthquake's not planned
"Just to cover reporters with glory."

"Now, if some of their own
'Ways could to them be shown,
"Don't you think they'd condone my offences?
"Things at present appear as if those on this sphere
Had taken last leave of their senses."

Then this hoary old sage
Somehow swallowed his rage
And rememb'ring his age, thus reflected:—
"I was here before they, and, what's more, mean to stay
"Till they're dead—buried—roused—resurrected!"

W.E.

DUST.

MOST people consider dust to be only a modification of dirt. But if asked to state what they mean by dirt, they would probably be at a loss for an answer. A well-known, and what strikes most people as a very happy definition, says "Dirt is anything in its wrong place!" If this be true, then even dust may not be classed as dirt unless it is out of its proper position. It will be the business of this article to give to dust its rightful place in the economy of Nature.

1. (A). Try the experiment of allowing a sunbeam to enter a room inhabited by fidgety schoolboys. The path of the light is marked by a bright line of dust. If a lighted Bunsen burner is now held beneath the beam, the path is broken by a dark space immediately over the Bunsen. This is due to the fact that the dust is burnt up by the heat of the flame. The presence of dust in the air makes the light *diffuse*, that is, *spread itself out in all directions from the individual particles*, and thus the air becomes light-giving.

(B.) Imagine an atmosphere perfectly devoid of dust. The sun, moon, and stars would shine down brilliantly from the midst of a perfectly black, non-luminous sky. People standing in the direct sunshine would be dazzled by its brilliance, and scorched by its heat. Those in the shade would be in almost perfect darkness, relieved only to a slight extent by reflections from the clouds—if such things could exist, though this is by no means certain, as will be seen later. Without dust to diffuse the light, we should have nothing but black shadows and high lights, with none of the delicate gradations of shade so soothing to the artistic eye. The delightful blue colour of the sky, caused by innumerable reflections from dust particles, the beauty of twilight, and the brilliance of the aurora, would be lost to us.

(C). Apart from impossible conditions, however, the presence of unusually large quantities of dust in the atmosphere has been known to produce extraordinary phenomena. Thus, at the great volcanic eruption of Krakatoa, near Java, in 1883, enormous quantities of dust were thrown up twenty miles into the air, and took years to descend. It has been calculated that $1\frac{1}{8}$ cubic miles of rock were blown to atoms by the stupendous explosion which took place on that occasion. For months afterwards beautiful twilight glows were to be seen; the sun often had a blue, green, or other unusual tint; and brilliant halos surrounded both it and the moon—all which effects were directly due to the dust in the atmosphere.

2. The electrical condition of the air is also materially affected by dust, the innumerable tiny grains producing a very rapid fall of potential. In one striking instance recorded at Terre Haut, Indiana, where a fog formed after sunset, the potential of the air was found to fall in a short time from plus 1000 volts to minus 200.

3. When water-vapour condenses in the form of cloud, it requires small solid particles around which to condense, in order that each

tiny drop of water may have a finite radius. Without these, the air might remain saturated, and more than saturated, with moisture, and not a trace of a cloud appear, for lack of something solid around which condensation could take place. Under such conditions, the consequence of throwing up a handful of dust into the air would be to bring down a deluge on the unlucky experimenter's head.

4. Lastly, the phenomena of mist and fog are due to the presence of less or more dust. If over-saturated air contains too little solid matter, each little grain becomes heavily coated with moisture, and a wet mist is produced. On the other hand, when the amount of dust is in large proportion, a dry fog is the result, since the particles take up all available moisture, yet remain capable of holding more.

C. K. W.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

HOW *NOT* TO DO IT.

A little girl member of the Bede School Branch of the Junior League of Good Citizenship lately took a country walk with her mother. They carried with them a few biscuits with which to refresh themselves by the way. "Mother," said the little girl thoughtfully while munching her last biscuit, "I am a member of the League and can't throw the paper away. Will you do it for me?"

We are glad to be able to report that the paper was not disposed of in that manner.

RECIPE.

The word *Recipe* has an interesting origin. In mediæval times formulas for potions and decoctions were all written in Latin, and all began with "Recipe," that is, "take thou"—this initial Latin word being the imperative mood of the verb *recipere*. Now, the *whole* formula, not the opening word alone, has come to be called a "Recipe."

PARAPHRASING FACILITATED.

A girl Bedan suggests that poets—who, as a class, are credited with broad sympathies—ought, when writing, to remember that very probably some day their poems will have to be paraphrased by poor candidates for the Oxford Local Examinations, and, therefore, to "write easy."

Will all poets kindly take notice

ROYAL OAK DAY.

"Royal Oak Day,
"The twenty-ninth of May;—
"If you do not give us holiday
"We'll all run away."

So the School-boys and School-girls of past generations used to sing at play-time in the forenoon of the antepenultimate day of the "merrie month." The song was sung half-coaxingly, half-threateningly, and generally under such conditions that the master—particularly if he was known to be somewhat irate—might hear the voices, but not see the faces, of the singers. For years it led to the ready granting of the wished-for half-holiday. Then came a period when the half-holiday was annually yielded only after a "barring-out." *Now*, a festive Royal Oak Day is as extinct as the Dodo, and even the name has been relegated to the limbo of things well-nigh forgotten.

May 29th, 1630, was Charles the Second's Birthday, and May 26th, 1660, saw his return to England to ascend the throne; but Royal Oak Day, when it *was* observed, had reference to a well-known incident which occurred immediately after the Battle of Worcester, September 3rd, 1651, at which Cromwell utterly defeated the Royalist troops.

The Earl of Clarendon in his charming *History of the Rebellion*—not a book to form one's opinions from, but certainly, in parts, a most delightful book to read—tells us, in picturesque language, but at too greath length to be reproduced here, how Charles escaped from the battle; spent the night, with two of his servants, in a wood; got these men, when morning dawned, to cut off his hair, and to leave him; and then, wandering about, noticed up in an oak tree one of his officers, a Captain Careless, who invited him to take refuge there; and how the two fugitives, securely concealed by the great boughs and thick leaves of the tree, "saw many of Cromwell's soldiers who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, how they would use the king himself if they could take him." At night Charles came down out of the oak, and, some weeks afterwards he managed to get away to France.

Charles was a bad man and a bad king; but the attachment of the majority of Englishmen to the Monarchy has always been strong, and the element of romance in Charles's escape after Worcester has always appealed to their imagination. These considerations doubtless account for the vogue and popularity which Royal Oak Day long enjoyed.

"A was an Archer, and shot at a Frog."

[*Sunderland Version, May 27th, 1899.*]

A's the Arcade—pretty full, as a rule;
B is the Bridge, Borough Road, and Bede School.
C's Coronation Street, regal *in name*;
D is the Docks, and the Dues that they claim.
E is the *Echo*, if news you desire;
F is for Fawcett Street, and the big Fire.
G is the Garrison Field, and the Gill;
H stands for High Street, and Humbledon Hill.
I's the Infirmary—patients and nurses;
J is for John Street—law fees—clients' purses.
K is the Kensington Cycle Club Meet;
L's the Free Library—*air not too sweet!*
M is the *Mail*, Motor Car, and the Moor;
N's the Newcastle Road Football of yore.
O is the Ocean which bounds all our coast;
P is the Piers, and the Parks, and the *Post.*
Q is the Quarry beside Fulwell Mill;
R is for Roker: there's *some* beach there still.
S means the Sailors and Ships of the port;
T's the Town Hall: *once* 'twas used as a Court.
U's Union Street—very '*bus(s)y* each 'Pay';
V is Vine Place: cycles swarm there to-day.
W's the Wear, of ship-building renown;
X is the Xylonite used in the town.
Y is the 'Yards where new steamers have birth;
Z is our Zeal to build vessels of worth.

I. I.

[Note.—Our Poet was much discouraged at the weakness of some of the lines in the above jingle in imitation of a well-known Nursery Rhyme. But a few stanzas from the Poet Laureate's Ode on the Queen's Birthday have happened to come under his notice, and, since reading them, he has "taken heart again".—Ed., *The Bedan.*]

Bede School: Girls at Drill.

COLLEGE IMPRESSIONS.

As many of us intend entering College within the next few years, I have been trying to gather scraps of information concerning the life there from those who have come safely through that perilous course. In most cases the first few weeks seem to have been a "reign of terror." First the momentous question arises—"Shall I enter for Science or Arts." The decision is followed by a series of interviews with Tutors and Grandparents (a term of affection for senior

students). Then if one is particularly innocent one is tested in the Common Room by such questions as the following :—

(*a*) Give an account of the synthesis of orchestras and nigger minstrel troupes.

(*b*) What is your opinion upon the efficiency of old milk cans as calorimeters ?

(*c*) Give an account of the action of strong sulphuric acid on the human flesh.

Above all things avoid asking the way to the "Refactory."

Once one has ceased to be a "Fresher," and as the sessions follow each other in rapid succession and one is gradually approaching the threshold of a wider knowledge, glorious vistas are spread out. 'English' is no longer the wearying task of finding the relation of one word to another, but becomes a country filled with figures of the imagination into which one can retire when the cares of the world are too heavy ; Latin and Greek cease to be forms of mental gymnastics to be performed at regular intervals. History instead of being a string of dates and facts becomes the story of living people, who, having passed through this life, have left "their footprints on the sands of time"; under the soothing tones of the Physics lecturer one dreams of future ages when man shall easily talk with his brother at the Antipodes; Chemistry far from being a summary of such facts as—Hydrogen and Oxygen combine to form water—appears a thrilling history of the most patient research that ever man has known.

But apart from all this there is the social life of College. There it is hard to choose between the charms of Debating Societies where are discussed questions of this type—Do women or men rule the world ?—, and those of the various clubs for Football, Hockey, Lacrosse, etc., in winter time.

In the summer, cricket bats and tennis racquets play "The Invitation to the Field," whilst the exams. hang over one like the Sword of Damocles and keep one firm to the resolution to work.

Then the last day of this little world arrives, and amidst the high spirits of the fortunate ones who have passed and the groans of those whose names are not 'on the list' the curtain falls, whilst in silent expectation the next act is awaited.

T. A. N.

FRESH 'HOWLERS.'

Interesting historical fact—and one that we had never heard of before—culled recently from the Composition Exercise Book of a young Bedan girl :—

"Sir Henry Havelock was born at Ford Hall, *and educated at Hylton Road Board School.*"

A short while ago a much older girl blithely asserted that "the air consists largely of Sodium"; and, when asked what the Sodium was like, gave, confidently, the lucid answer, "Long Sticks !"

Will any Chemistry-loving Bedan say, in the Correspondence Column of our August number, what the girl was probably thinking of when she made the first mistake, and what when she made the second ?

Some girls, apparently, after visiting or hearing about Zoological Gardens can think of nothing else. It is not many weeks since a class in the Girls' School read that a certain town has a Theological College. "What," said the teacher, "is a Theological College ?" "A place where monkeys are kept," replied one girl immediately.

Let us hope that her statement has no foundation in fact.

The Head Mistress once delivered a homily on "Honesty is the Best Policy," and the girls were afterwards asked to write an essay on the subject. One of them expatiated at length on the advantages of honesty, and wound up with the following thrilling warning :—

"Those who are dishonest will be sent to the place that burns *with brimstone and treacle.*

Several methods are adopted in the Girls' School to assist pupils in widening their vocabularies. This is one of them :—There is a dictionary in each room, and, if a girl happens, in her own reading, to meet with a word that is new to her, she is encouraged to look out, for herself, at some convenient time, its meaning as given in the dictionary, and then to form and write down a sentence incorporating that word, the written sentence being finally shown to the teacher for approval or correction. Some of the sentences are very droll, and prove that dictionaries are, beyond certain limits, powerless to guide us to the right use and choice of words. For instance, though the dictionaries say that pernicious=destructive, corroborate=strengthen, a hyperbole=a figure (of speech), permeable =capable of being passed through, the following sentences, all recently offered, are sufficiently grotesque :—

He is a very pernicious boy.

The Doctor gave the man some medicine to corroborate him.

The Tower is not permeable to children without a nurse.

She is a very smart hyperbole.

The speculations of the human mind as to the nature of a thing about which nothing is known but the name, are generally curious, and sometimes diverting. This is true not only of philosophers' theories, but also of children's guesses.

He would be a very clever person who could tell, from the name only, what 'Irish poplins' are. We may state—for the information of boys and girls unenlightened on the matter—that this name is given to the beautiful silk-and-worsted stuffs or fabrics made in Ireland for ladies' dresses. When a piece of poplin is being woven, the 'warp'—that is, the threads that run from end to end of the loom—is of silk, while the 'weft'—the threads which the shuttle carries across from side to side or selvedge to selvedge—is of worsted. The resulting fabric is somewhat like corded silk, or silk repp—for the 'cords' are all of the same breadth.

Now for the 'howler.'

One night some time ago K.R., a clever little Bedan girl, said to her mother,

"Mother, it's very easy to remember what manufactures the geography-books say that Dublin is famous for, because there are only three of them, and they're *so much alike.*"

"Oh! What *are* they?"

"Dublin stout, Irish whiskey, and Irish poplins."

"Indeed! Well, I can see that stout and whiskey are both things to drink. But how are Irish poplins like *them.* What *are* Irish poplins?"

"Why, mother, *ginger-beer, lemonade, soda-water,* and things of that sort, to be sure!"

Note.—It is so remarkable to find *any* member—big or little, old or young—of the softer sex in ignorance about a dress material that the above 'howler' seems incredible. But, like every other appearing in this column, it is, we can assure our readers, absolutely true.

On April 14th some boys at Bede School had this question dictated to them:—

Distinguish between *rhythm* and *metre,* and between *a fable* and *an allegory.*

One youngster spelt 'rhythm' 'writhm.'

Another wrote "A metre is a French measure 39·37 inches long."

A third, instead of saying "A fable is a story of something which never really happened, intended to illustrate something that *does* happen,"—which, whether a good definition of a fable or not, is probably what he meant to express—answered as follows:—"A fable is a story to illustrate something which never happened!"

On the same day another class was being questioned on the events of Henry the Eighth's reign, and a boy was asked what the Statute of Six Articles was.

This famous—or infamous—Act, passed June 7th, 1541, and which the Puritans of that time called "The Whip with Six Strings," tried to compel all the King's subjects to profess belief in six doctrines:—(1) Transubstantiation, (2) The Sufficiency of Communion in one kind only, (3) The Unlawfulness of the Marriage of Priests, (4) The Obligation of Vows of Chastity, (5) The Propriety of retaining Private Masses, and (6) The Necessity of Auricular Confession.

The boy named the Articles correctly enough, and was then asked what the penalties for non-acknowledgment of them were.

These penalties, as prescribed by the Act, may be broadly stated as follows:—

1. For refusal to accept Article 1, Burning.
2. For withholding assent to any of the five other Articles;—Imprisonment, for a first offence; Hanging, for a second.

The lad, however, gave an answer which, if not correct, was at any rate concise and compendious. It ran thus:—

"For a breach of the Articles, Burning was the punishment for a first offence; Hanging, for a second."

This reply provokes two queries.

(1) *How* could a man who had been burnt for one breach of the law commit a second offence?

(2) If a man's body had been reduced to ashes at the stake, *how* was the the executioner to hang it on the gallows?

But *The Bedan* itself has made some 'howlers.' Not one of its numbers has been absolutely free from slips. This, perhaps, is not much to be wondered at. Large Magazines, produced by persons who have no other business than to write, print, and publish them, are sometimes disfigured here and there by blemishes of one sort or another.

The Bedan, therefore, the work of amateurs who bring it out during the press of ordinary avocations, can hardly be expected to show *no* marks of haste or inadvertence.

Such mistakes as *have* appeared, however, have been neither numerous nor very important. Perhaps the worst was a misprint in the April number. "Puppy-dogs' tails" was given as "Puppy-dog's tails." This led one facetious but not ill-natured reader to write and ask the Editor "Pray, how many tails has a puppy-dog got?"

THE MUTE SPECTATOR.

A TALE OF WHAT HAPPENED LAST FRIDAY.

A wee little mousie
Came out of its housie;
Forty girls gave a screech,
And the teacher lost speech.
By a gymnastic feat
Each sprang on her seat.
A small boy went in,
And—hushed was the din!
They have hope in the might,
Of this their young knight.
The wee little mousie
Ran off to its housie.
Sage are the faces
On resuming places,
And demure are the looks
On re-opening books.
The girls disdainfully scorn the idea(r)
That they, and not boys, had shown any fear.

R.

CURIOUS PRIVILEGES.

Now and then odd instances crop up of the possession, by certain individuals, of rather remarkable rights.

Recently a gentleman died who was entitled, by a special Royal Charter granted to one of his ancestors hundreds of years ago, to remain covered in the presence of the Sovereign—though we believe that, as a matter of fact, out of regard to ordinary good manners, he always relinquished his hereditary right and took off his hat when he stood before the Queen.

Again, a short time ago, some young gentlemen connected with the United States Embassy in London were caught riding their bicycles on the footpath, and, when threatened with prosecution, they claimed that their relationship to an Ambassador relieved them from being liable to punishment for not conforming to common English Law. This claim was actually allowed!

But it appears we have privileged persons here in Sunderland.

About three weeks ago one of the Masters at Bede School, while on his way thither from home, saw a boy belonging to the Industrial School wilfully damage a shrub in a garden.

"You young rascal," he cried, "it's a pity there's not a policeman at your elbow!"

The lad's rejoinder was a grotesque combination of dignity and impudence:—

"*If a bobby was here, he couldn't tak us. Nee bobby dare touch huz.* HUZ IS UNDER GOVVERMENT!"

IMPRIVILEGIARIUS.

CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

To the Editress of *The Bedan*.

Dear Editress,

You will doubtless be aware that many Bedans are cyclists. Don't you think a Cycling Club would be an agreeable institution? Many of our mistresses and masters, are, I believe, enthusiasts in the branch of sport. If a club could be arranged, with one of the teachers as President, and certain days and rides planned, I have no doubt that the idea could be carried out with success. I am not a cyclist myself, not having the time to devote to the sport, but I hope the fact that a non-cyclist is propounding the proposal will not deter you from judging it practicable. Saturday afternoon rides during the summer would, I am sure, give great pleasure to many Bedans, scholars and teachers alike.

Hoping soon to hear the announcement that the "Bedan Cycling Club" has sprung into existence,

I remain, yours truly,
N.M.

To the Editress of *The Bedan*.

Madam,

Our April Magazine invited correspondence. I therefore should like to propose that we Bedans have Saturday afternoon rambling or cycling during the summer months. Do you not think this would benefit our Botany and Geology students? Also the exercise in the fresh air would be sure to renew the energies of all for the following week's hard work.

CYCLIST.

GEMS.

[NOTE.—The choice extracts which appear under this heading are selected with some degree of care from the works of standard English Authors. Either the matter, or the style, or both, will generally be found excellent. These 'Gems' are the only pieces in *The Bedan* which have not been specially written for it, and they are given in the hope that the boys and girls of Bede School—to say nothing of past scholars—may learn them by heart;—and that, not as a task, but as a treat. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" and the Editor and

the Editress are certain that any boys and girls who now, when they are young and can commit things to memory easily, spend (say) three minutes' time each day in learning these fine samples of good English, will often in after life find them fountains of pleasure and stores of satisfaction.]

(5). INTRODUCTION TO "THE STONES OF VENICE."

SINCE first the dominion of men was asserted over the ocean, three thrones, of mark beyond all others, have been set upon its sands: the thrones of Tyre, Venice, and England. Of the First of these great powers only the memory remains; of the Second, the ruin; the Third, which inherits their greatness, if it forget their example, may be led, through prouder eminence, to less pitied destruction. The exaltation, the sin, and the punishment of Tyre have been recorded for us, in perhaps the most touching words ever uttered by the Prophets of Israel against the cities of the stranger. But we read them as a lovely song; and close our ears to the sternness of their warning: for the very depth of the fall of Tyre has blinded us to its reality, and we forget, as we watch the bleaching of the rocks between the sunshine and the sea, that they were once "as in Eden, the garden of God."

Her successor, like her in perfection of beauty, though less in endurance of dominion, is still left for our beholding in the final period of her decline: a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak,—so quiet,—so bereft of all but her loveliness, that we might well doubt, as we watched her faint reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the City, and which the Shadow.

I would endeavour to trace the lines of this image before it be for ever lost; and to record, as far as I may, the warning which seems to me to be uttered by every one of the fast-gaining waves, that beat, like passing bells, against the STONES OF VENICE.

JOHN RUSKIN,

Art Critic and Philosopher,
Born, 1819.

Notice as to Advertisements.

1. Advertisements in *The Bedan* are charged for at a uniform rate—£1 per page per issue.
2. No Advertisements are printed on the front or the back of the Cover, or with the text. But half-page Advertisers may have a loose Leaflet inserted into each copy of the Magazine for a charge of Five Shillings per issue.
3. *All the space available for Advertisements is already occupied*, and New Advertisements will be accepted only, of course, in cases where Present Advertisers, after being offered the option of continuing their Advertisements, withdraw them.

Applications to advertise may be sent to the Editor, or the Editress, of *The Bedan*, Bede School, Sunderland.

Notice to Contributors.

1. *The Bedan* is published on the first day of each of the following months:—February, April, June, August, October, December.
2. Correspondence from *any* quarter, and Contributions from persons in any way connected with Bede School, are invited.
3. All Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed either to the Editor, or the Editress, of *The Bedan*, Bede School, Sunderland.

Special Directions to Scholars with respect to Contributions.

1. Read the above general notice.
2. Use foolscap paper only; leave a wide margin; and write plainly.

Notice to Readers of "The Bedan."

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

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

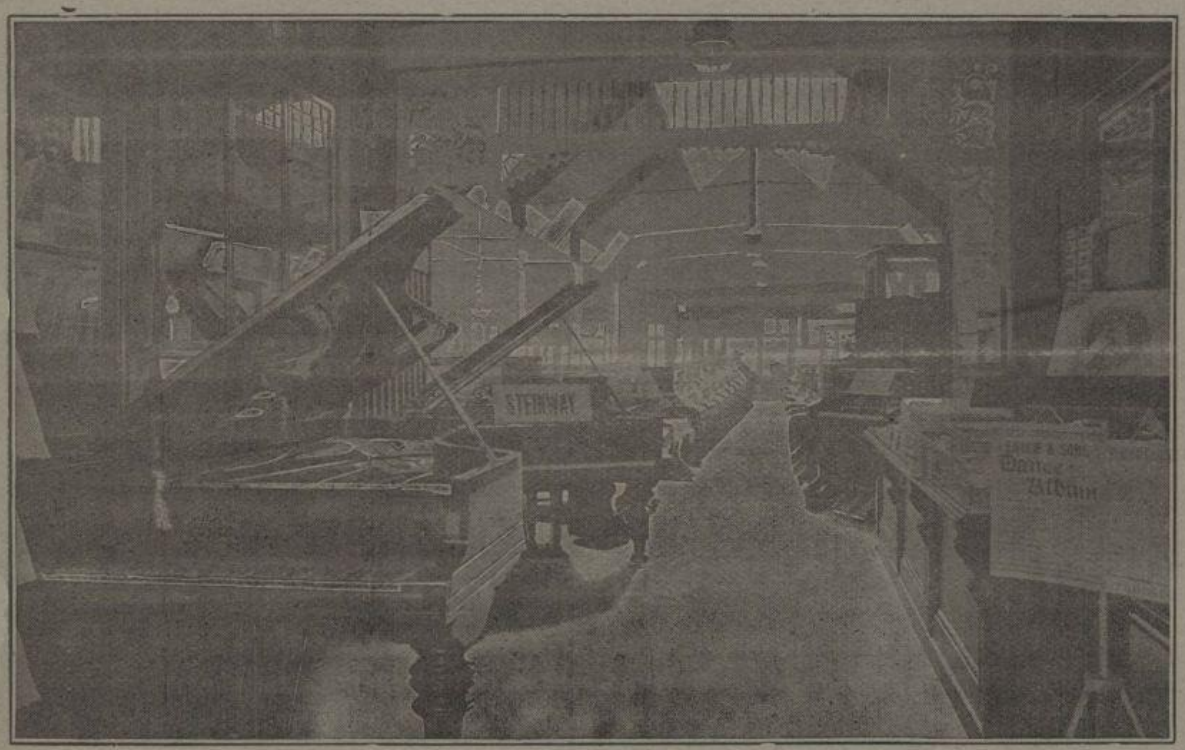
Ferry & Foster,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Brinsmead,
Berhstein, and
Steinway Pianos.

Special Discount for Cash.

Hire System : Inspection Invited.



3 Bridge Street, Sunderland.

BRANCHES :—

HETTON-LE-HOLE AND TRIMDON COLLIERY.