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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Editorial	5	Eschatological	13
School Notes	6	An Isle of Man Concentration Camp	15
Robert Louis Stevenson	7	A "Comic" Paper	16
"Some" Poet	10	The Herring	18
Little But Brave	10	Old Boys' Association	20
An Epic that took the Wrong Turning	12	Athletics	24

Editorial.

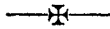
No rigid principles
O Tempora! of conservatism hold
O Mores! us enthralled, nor
 have we yet attained
 that stage of existence whose especial
 privilege it is to be reminiscent; never-
 theless, we would fain recall the good
 old times ere war blighted half the
 world, and the recollection make us
 sad. It is true that we had not then the
 privilege of watching the nightly frolics
 of a score of searchlights, whose re-
 flected beams are mighty mercies in
 those nights of hooded and non-lumin-
 ous street lamps, nor were our mid-
 night slumbers disturbed by harrowing
 thoughts of the possibility of our tak-
 ing a hurried and unexpected departure
 from this gloom-enshrouded world.
 We still remember the days of the
 crossing-sweeper; how sedative was the
 effect as we watched him leaning on his
 broom gazing in silent wonder at the
 fantastic curls of tobacco smoke which
 he wafted heavenwards! And when in
 the dim twilight of a winter's eve we
 recently plodded wearily homeward and
 were confronted by a trinity of stalwart
 damsels with brooms balanced cunningly
 on their shoulders, is it wonderful that
 in a moment of mental aberration and
 mistaking the positions of their

weapons, we conjured up visions of
 fierce amazons with bristling beards
 and lamented the consummation of
 female suffrage?

Once more we
Dum Spiramus, hail the advent of
Speramus. fair Spring, that
 glorious time of
 hopeful promise, and embark upon a
 new term of studies and of recreation,
 as also in external affairs upon a new
 political era. Matters of more import
 than mere politics, however, claim our
 attention, and we cast confident glances
 upon the fast-approaching Shield Tour-
 nament, in the hope that the courage
 and resource of those Shield veterans,
 whose services we still retain, coupled
 with the skill and ingenuity of that
 "galaxy of new stars" which we behold
 in all its splendour upon our football
 horizon, may so entrance Dame For-
 tune that she may deign to smile upon
 our hitherto futile efforts and assist us
 to consummate that task which for
 several years we have vainly set our-
 selves to accomplish.

As an afterthought,
Arrière indeed, do we modestly
Pensée revert to our own espe-
 cial province, and utter
 once again an oft-repeated exhortation
 on behalf of our columns. This time,

however, convinced that the outlook of our Seniors has been temporarily obscured by such earthly trappings as homework, football, debates, etc., we issue our appeal to our Junior Forms, whose higher ideals, we trust, have not yet been blunted by the gloomy materialism of to-day. We hope that any bright constellations which are to be found therein will benevolently direct the dazzling beams of their *vis poetica* into our editorial sanctum, so that our future pages may be illuminated by those poetic gleams for which we so ardently long.



School Notes.

END OF TERM.

The close of the term was signaled by a musical festival which comprised a whole series of concerts, the principal ones of which were organized by Mr. Keegan, who was ably assisted by Mr. Trowbridge and other masters. At the end of the concert, at which the senior section of the school assisted, the medals, prizes, and certificates awarded to those who had won honours and distinctions at the Oxford and other examinations were handed to them by the Rev. Br. Leahy. Before the distribution Br. Leahy briefly addressed those present, and congratulated the prize-winners on the honours they had won, as well as the staff on the great success of their work. He pointed out that the honours won by this school at the Oxford Summer Examinations exceeded those won by any other Catholic school in the country. He especially congratulated P. W. Denny, who had won the gold medal, which is the premier prize of the school, and P. Irvine, to whom the Junior Medal was awarded. Both had done remarkable work at their respective examinations.

SWIMMING CLUB.

The enthusiasm which prevailed in our swimming circles during the summer season, and which caused the membership of the Club to assume such huge proportions, has led to the establishment of a Winter Swimming Club, and so a goodly number of the more ardent aquaticians have decided to indulge in the luxury of a jump into the

briny, frost and snow notwithstanding. We hope they will enjoy it.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

On September 26th "the rattling tongue of saucy and audacious eloquence" was loosed among us, when J. Byrne opened the discussion, "Has Africa or South America greater possibilities of development?" He was supported by J. Barker, A. Daly, and P. Irvine, but failed to obtain the support of those present, who favoured the Cooke, Burchall, Cole and Kearney quartette. The next debate was held on October 16th on the subject, "Which contributed more to modern civilisation—Greece or Rome?" The "Romans"—A. Kieran, A. Hosker, J. Thomas, and J. Wright—had the better of the argument. Grecian interests were represented by P. Hawe, J. McDowell, A. McParland, and C. Kieran. "Was R. L. Stevenson a greater novelist than Scott?" was discussed on October 30th. The salient feature of the debate was the able maiden speech made by J. Macmillan, who led the partisans of Stevenson to victory. J. Wright led the opposing side. The subject under discussion at the next meeting was, "Does the public speaker exert a greater influence than the writer?" J. Cole, A. Hosker, A. Daly, and C. Kieran, who advocated the claims of the platform orator, were defeated. On the victorious side were P. Irvine, W. Cooke, P. Kearney, and P. Hawe. The subject, "Was Gladstone a greater statesman than Disraeli?" was set down for discussion on November 29th. Arguments from various historical treatises, both reliable and unreliable, were hurled by the speakers at one another. John Wright even condescended to consult Carter's Outlines for missiles which he hurled in vain, because the supporters of Gladstone were victorious.

Upper V. meanwhile carried on their deliberations "in another place." The subject, "Did the conduct of Napoleon justify his banishment to St. Helena?" evoked only one effort worth noting, that of F. Smith, who led the negative side to victory. A few hoary subjects will insist on turning up every term, and one of our recent visitors, "Should Capital Punishment be abolished?"

though very venerable, was by no means unwelcome. A side, of which F. C. Harris and G. Verspreuwen were the most prominent, defeated the group led by J. Lynch, who argued for abolition. This debate was followed by a poor display on "Is History an essential element in a practical education?" F. Smith was the most convincing performer on the winning—the affirmative—side; C. Bresnan and J. Murray were conspicuous for the opposition. The topic, "Has climate a determining influence on the character of men and nations?" took us far afield. W. Byrne, who speaks with the ease of a seasoned orator, and J. Bolger were largely instrumental in securing a verdict for the negative side.

ANNUAL SCHOOL CONCERT.

We understand the annual concert will take place early this term, and as the proceeds will be devoted to the erection of the Lady Altar in the new Church of St. Philip Neri as a memorial to the Old Boys of the school who have fallen in the war, we trust the function will be patronized by all who have been, and those who still are associated with the C.I.

TAX CLERKS' EXAMINATION.

The results of the above examination, which was held last October, have just been announced, and we are pleased to note that our three candidates—Arthur Daly, Hugh McGrath and Joseph Tracey—have all been successful. A. Daly obtained 18th place.



Robert Louis Stevenson.

(1850-1894.)

By J. F. O'NEILL.

Robert Louis Stevenson, essayist and romance-writer, was the only child of Thomas Stevenson, himself a distinguished civil engineer, and youngest son of the still more famous Robert Stevenson, the builder of the Bell Rock Lighthouse. Mathematical and engineering talent were hereditary in the family, which for three generations had been pre-eminent in the construction of lighthouses. His mother belonged to the old Scottish family of the Balfours of Pelrig. From her he inherited the delicacy which rendered him a chronic

invalid throughout his life. He was born at Edinburgh on the 13th of November, 1850; even in childhood his health gave constant anxiety, and his education was interrupted and irregular. From his thirteenth to his seventeenth year much of his time was spent in travelling, both abroad and in the South of England. He was intended for the hereditary profession of his family, and from 1867 to 1871 he took a course in engineering at the Edinburgh University, also gaining in the interval much practical experience of the sea and of sea-folk, which is a pronounced feature in his writings. But he had no aptitude for the scientific side of his profession, and insufficient health for the endurance of the exposure and physical hardships which its practice involved.

Even as a boy he was chiefly engrossed in two interests—literature, and the curious study of human nature in all its aspects, with a strong leaning towards the sordid and more squalid side, and as strong a sense of revolt against convention. In 1871 he abandoned engineering, and commenced to study law, being admitted advocate to the Scottish Bar in 1875. To his legal studies he devoted but an absolute minimum of attention, but whether at Edinburgh, or at his father's house among the Pentlands, or even on rambles both far and wide and over highland and lowland, he was a most industrious student of human nature, an eager devourer and assimilator of all sorts of imaginative and historical literature, and, to use his own words, "a sedulous ape" of writers upon whom he had an ambition to form his style. The art of the "*mot propre*," a quality even then more French than British, became his consuming passion. He did not, however, take up this matter seriously, for the Puritanical instincts of his own temperament seem to have withheld him from such a course. About this time the formative influences of his after life asserted themselves in rapid succession—he was now twenty-five. First, there was his acquaintance with Sydney Colvin, which soon ripened into a life-long friendship; then his own introduction into authorship through the medium of Mr. Leslie

Stevens and the "Cornhill Magazine." In the summer of 1875 his cousin—that brilliant artist and critic, R. A. M. Stephenson—took him to Fontainebleau, and introduced him to the Cosmopolitan Artists' Colony at Barbizon. For three years he passed much of his time there. In 1876 he made, in company with Sir Walter Simpson, the famous canoe voyage from Antwerp to Pontoise, the record of which—"An Inland Voyage," 1878—was his first published work. Though it had no wide or striking success, it gave him a significant position in literature among the small but select circle of critics who ultimately constitute public opinion and taste. In the same year there appeared in magazines a series of fantastic stories called "New Arabian Nights," and also that striking study called "The Well o' the Mill," one of his first and most successful of essays in that mixture of romance and psychology which he was to make his own. In 1879 appeared "Travels with a donkey through the Cevennes," which was the record of a journey through Southern France taken in the previous autumn.

During this time he lived almost as much in France as in England or Scotland. Whilst at Barbizon he became acquainted with Mrs. Osborne, whom he married later. She was his critic and collaborator on much of his work hereafter. This was the darkest period of his fortunes, for his writings as yet brought him but a small and precarious income, and the hardships of the journey which, partly for economy and partly for new adventure, he took in an ordinary emigrant ship, reduced considerably his small stock of bodily strength. Then the winter of 1879, spent in poverty, loneliness and dejection, almost wore through the frail thread of his life. However, with his marriage and his return to Europe in 1880 the tide of his fortunes began to turn, but there was no physical recovery, and for the rest of his life he had to struggle against constant ill-health, which seldom permitted him to work for more than two or three hours a day, and often for months together debarred him from both work and companionship. The excellence and

volume of his productions under these appalling difficulties are equally amazing, and now at last his laborious apprenticeship was becoming fruitful. The volume of collected essays published in 1881 and called "Virginibus Puerisque," was the production of a winter spent in Davos. In the same year he wrote that brilliant story entitled "Thrown Janet," begun the series of verses on childhood which took the whole world by storm when they appeared four years later, and began also the first of his serious romances of adventure, the epoch-making "Treasure Island," which was published in 1882, when it obtained immediate and universal recognition. Hitherto he had been known but to a small circle of appreciative critics, but now he took his place as one of the foremost imaginative writers of his time. The "New Arabian Nights," already mentioned, were collected and published about this time, and were followed in 1883 by a fresh series, "More New Arabian Nights," and a second volume of collected essays, "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," which established his reputation as the founder of a new, original and suggestive philosophy of life. From this time forward he was not only a writer of unquestioned originality and distinctness, but the head of a school, and an influence of profound import in literature.

Two years at Hyères did nothing to restore his health, and in the autumn of 1884 he settled at Bournemouth, where he remained until the summer of 1887. The first fruit of this period was the singular and interesting "Prince Otto," a romance in a manner quite new to him, and one which he never repeated; the influence of George Meredith is very marked in it, and to that influence may be, at least in part, attributed the fact that, alone in all his romances, he makes a serious, if not wholly successful, attempt to embody female characters in his story—for the absence of female interest is one of the most marked features of his works. On men—and especially young men and boys—he lavished all his art and all his refined psychology; his heroines, where any occur, are mere boys in petticoats,

and his subsidiary women characters little more than part of the scenery or back-ground of the action. Two years' labour was spent on "Prince Otto," but a few months before it was produced there appeared the celebrated "Child's Garden of Verse," as decisive and important a success in its own field of literature as "Treasure Island" had been two years previously. The field in this case was almost entirely new—in fact this work may be said not only to have promoted a new school, but to have opened up a new side of the study of life. These verses, perpetually quoted, reprinted, and in many cases set to music and sung, have become household words in the English-speaking world. A few months after "Prince Otto" appeared the brief but very highly-finished psychological romance "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

During these years much of his time was spent in writing plays and dramatic sketches. He had not any pronounced dramatic talent, and the best that can be said of his plays is that they are no feebler nor more ineffective than Scott's. By this time he had turned to a field for romance with which he was alike by birth and training peculiarly qualified to deal. A passionate lover of Scotland and Scottish character, he also had been a student of Scottish history, and hence was well versed in the annals of both Whigs and Jacobites, as well as the celebrated political and criminal trials of that period, all of which were his favourite reading as a law student. He had planned and had already commenced to collect material for more than one historical work dealing with Scotland between 1660 and 1800. Even in his boyhood Edinburgh still retained a tradition of the period when it was a centre of national life as varied, crowded and thrilling as ever had been in Athens or Florence, and the eighteenth century had from the first strongly attracted his imagination. Where the magician had been it might seem presumptuous to follow, but the field from which Scott had culled with so large and careless, yet so sure and fine a hand, still left ample resources for the new method

which was the outcome of a century's lapse. It was at this time that there appeared "Kidnapped" (1886), "Master of Ballantrae" (1889), "Catrioni" (1893), and the "Weir of Hermiston," this latter left a fragment at his early death.

In 1887 his lung disease had become so serious that neither English nor French climate any longer held safe refuge for him. He left England that autumn in order to spend the winter in the dry air of the Adirondack Mountains at Lake Saranac, and from that time never returned to Europe. The charming volume of poems, "Underwoods," was published just after his departure. In verse he was only a brilliant amateur, but these poems have all the fascination which attached to the work of a trained artist who digresses from his own pursuits into an alien though cognate art. In the summer of 1888 the voyage in the Southern Pacific, which had been one of his cherished dreams since boyhood, was actually undertaken. The climate there was favourable, and the semi-barbaric and adventurous life of the Polynesian Islands entertained a peculiar fascination for him. After almost two years wandering in the South Seas he bought a piece of land in Samoa and settled down there for the remainder of his life. In a work of this period, "The Wrecker" (1892), he attempted to introduce the suggestions and memories of his earlier life at Edinburgh, Fontainebleau, and among the artists at Paris, together with his experiences at California and in the Pacific. "St. Ives," the account of a French prisoner's adventures in England during the Napoleonic Wars, is perhaps the weakest and most placid of all his romances. He left it incomplete; but his own vitality, no less than that of the work, was already exhausted.

In the last months of his life he was able to rally his powers in a last effort, and the opening chapters of the "Weir of Hermiston" are on a level with his best and finest work, but this was the last flicker of a dying flame. On the 3rd of December, 1894, he died suddenly at his home at Vailima in Samoa. Death claimed this brilliant author

at the early age of forty-four. He was buried among the mountains of his island home at Samoa. His funeral was attended solely by the Samoan natives and a clergyman of the Scotch Church. By his own request the mourners sang the verse which he himself composed. It ran as follows:—

“ Brief day and bright day
And sunset red,
Early in the evening
The stars are overhead.”

Over his grave they erected a tablet to his memory, and on it inscribed his own epitaph—

“ Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.”

“There linger on the lips of men a few names that bring to us, as it were, a breeze blowing off the shores of youth. Most of those who have borne them were taken from the world before early promise could be fulfilled, and so they rank in our regard by virtue of their possibilities alone.” Of many this is true, but Robert Louis Stevenson is among the fewer still who bear the award of both promise and achievement, and is happier yet in this; besides admiration and hope he has aroused within the hearts of his readers a personal feeling towards himself which is nothing less deep than love; but if the populace never entertained any affection for him, according to the Greeks, the Gods loved him, for he died young.



“Some” Poet.

I can show you bright ladies; creation
Their equal ne'er put upon earth—
On the top of my trunk. Isolation
The curse that's upon them from birth!
And heroes? Sh—listen a second,
Do you hear? 'Tis the roll of the drum,
And behold the commander has
beckoned
And up the auxiliaries come.

They've been halting, advancing, retir-
ing
Since—well, '93 'tis, I think,
In the box with my shirts—not inspir-
ing?
Well, no, but it's merely in ink.
And I've roses and lilies, carnations

Abloom on that slope over there—
'Tis the slope of the bag my relations
Sent up for the socks I don't wear!

If you'll walk in the orchard I'll show
you
Rich fruits with the gold of the sun,
And the peaches and apples I'll throw
you
Like honey they'll taste, every one.
Of course Covent Garden won't take
'em—

Too big! “Pater noster” won't be
Pater meus at all. You say “Bake
'em!”

I can't, for they're sonnets you see.

ENVOI.

Young man with your shining verses,
Gentle maiden, coy and sweet,
You shall know that Fate reverses
All your fairest measured feet.
So I beg you to remember,
And I vouch it to be true;
Little June and much December
For us rhymer*s* (*me and you*).

D. L. K.



“Little but Brave.”

By W. BYRNE.

“Who's that kid?” said John Blake to his school-mate, pointing to a delicate-looking boy with thick brown hair.

“Oh, it's the new fellow that came last Tuesday, the kid that must leave class every day at 11 o'clock to take a baby mixture,” answered Bob Ellis, commonly called “The Bully.”

The summer holidays were just over at St. Thomas's College, a well-known boarding establishment in Berkshire. As usual, after a summer vacation, there was an inrush of new pupils. Ted Ainsley, a small puny-looking boy of thirteen, with bright blue eyes and thick brown curly hair, was one of the new arrivals. Ted had not long recovered from an attack of scarlet fever, which had left him very weak, and was still to some extent under medical care.

Poor Ted did not know the life he was to lead in his new sphere—it was his first experience of a boarding school. Owing to the state of his health he could not play football, nor join in the

games with the other boys. His class-fellows were constantly jeering at him and making him ridiculous before the whole of the school. One boy was particularly hostile, and never lost an opportunity of annoying him. This was "The Bully," who was a big fellow of sixteen, and was, if a person can judge by appearances, a regular prize-fighter. He could never do his school-work—never tried to do it, and consequently when in the classroom was always in trouble.

On the other hand, Ted was a very clever boy, and a great favourite with his masters. But this, although a source of comfort to him when in the classroom, was when outside but an addition to his many sources of trouble. During recreation he frequently heard such words as these: "There's Ainsley, the swot, the miserable coward, afraid to have a game of football because he might get injured."

Ted had not been quite three weeks at St. Thomas's when he asked his mother to take him away, but she reassured him by telling him that before long his school-life would become more pleasant.

On Nov. 1st, a holiday at St. Thomas's, Ted was going through a very busy street in the adjoining town of W—e, when he noticed that a gang of embryo hooligans, armed with sticks, were beating an unfortunate horse. This was more than Ted could stand, and in an instant he bounded forward, seized a stick from one of the young ruffians, and began to lay about him right and left. For a moment they were too astonished to retaliate, but recovering themselves they attacked him fiercely, yet Ted held his own courageously. However, in a moment he began to lose ground, and a number of the little scamps set upon him from behind, overpowered him, brought him down, and were just going to show him what they thought about the matter when, with a rush and a shout, some school-boys who had chanced to be passing by, hurled themselves into the fray. They proved themselves a match for the horse-beaters, who were soon driven off, and forced to retire in a rather discomfited state. It was the

Sixth Form boys of St. Thomas's who had so opportunely come to his rescue.

Ted, although not as bad as he might have been, had not escaped without a few bruises. His eye was swollen, and his left arm was causing him great pain. But he soon forgot his injuries in his pleasure at the reception he received when he returned to the College. Everybody made a fuss about him, except one, the Bully, who still persisted in ridiculing him. Ted's courageous action was well rewarded by the many friendships which sprang into existence between him and his school-fellows, and now, in spite of the little annoyances caused by Bob Ellis, he had no desire to leave St. Thomas's.

At the approach of Christmas preparations were made in the usual way for the annual Retreat, the day preceding which was always a general holiday. On this day several Form matches were brought off, and everybody was in good spirits, though somewhat fired at its conclusion.

The Retreat commenced, and the days were passing quickly enough, filled as they were with the devotional exercises, and at night the boys, after the manner of their kind, slept soundly. On the Thursday night, however, they were awakened by the ringing of the firebell, and they hurriedly dressed and rushed out into the open. Great flames were making themselves visible every moment. The Fire Brigade had been telephoned for, and in a few minutes shrill whistles were heard in the vicinity of the school, indicating its approach.

The firemen soon got to work, and in less time than it takes to tell seven powerful motor engines were throbbing and smoking round the fire, with double that number of jets pouring nearly 5,000 gallons of water into the burning building. Two other engines from outlying districts dashed frantically up, and, to the hoarse cheers of the crowd, their freight of active helmeted firemen leaped to the ground, and within a few seconds the hose was run out, an extension ladder raised, and four more streams were adding their quota in the vain effort to reduce the conflagration. The fire was making great headway, and the cracking of the

wood, together with the falling of glass, slates and timber, made the shouts of the men almost inaudible.

Suddenly a half-demented-looking figure was observed at one of the windows in the fourth storey. The crowd, which had been cheering the firemen, caught sight of him, and a breathless expectancy, the solemn hush which portends the fear of some awful calamity, came over it.

"Who was it?" "Was it a school-boy?" These questions rang through the crowd like wild-fire.

Yes, it was Bob Ellis who was at the window in a state of utter distraction. Ellis was a very heavy sleeper, and both the noise of the firebell, and that of the boys leaving the dormitory had failed to arouse him. When he eventually awoke he rushed to the door, opened it, quickly slammed it to again, and made a dash towards the window. Little flames were bursting through the floor all around him, and it was evident that before long, if assistance did not come, he would be forced to choose between jumping from the window or remaining where he was until the flames caught him.

The firemen attempted to reach him, but their ladders were too short, so they secured a large blanket and beckoned to him to jump from the window. However, as he looked down into the depths below his courage failed him.

Just at this moment a small figure was seen to detach itself from the crowd. It was Ainsley, who, seizing a dripping wet cloth, hurriedly wrapped it around himself, carefully covering his nose and mouth. This done, without hesitating a moment, he dashed up the burning staircase carrying a coil of thick rope. Reaching his objective at the cost of terrible burns and partial suffocation, he quickly attached the rope to the bedstead, which he then promptly dragged to the window. The rest was easy. The firemen having once seen the rope, were able to effect their work of rescue without much trouble.

There is little more left to tell. Bob Ellis was not much the worse for his exciting adventure, but poor Ted was

ill for many a day. His convalescence was made very pleasant to him, however, by the visits of both masters and classmates, including Ellis, who united in showing the plucky little fellow all possible kindness.



An Epic that took the Wrong Turning.

By P. DENNY.

BOOK I.

Sptrklma, the famous sage,
Greatest wizard of the age,
Dwelt in a cave by the Ohio
Twenty thousand years ago.
Near by there lived a fierce dragon,
With eyes like the lamps on a motor-
wagon;
The ferocious beast, strong and bold,
Ate at each mouthful three men, I'm
told.
To kill the monster was the aim
Of every brave who wished for fame,
But all the braves who had fought
before
Met the Great Spirit on the Golden
Shore.

BOOK II.

Before proceeding to the monster's
fen,
Aveltimar, bravest of remaining men,
Went to Sptrklma to seek advice
How he could to destruction the mon-
ster entice;
And, lest the seer resort to extortion,
He resolved to proceed with remarkable
caution,
"For fear," so said this trite logician,
"You put your coin on the wrong
magician."
"Dotage," he said, "and even senility,
Are always signs of a seer's ability;
Age, of course, is a saving grace,
As well as a beard and a funny face;
Whilst a bald head applause ever wins,
And covers a multitude of sins."

BOOK III.

Sptrklma fulfilled the given conditions
(Being, as I've said, the best of magi-
cians),
So, straight away to his weird abode,

Aveltimar in haste bestrode;
 The sage was immediately paid his fee,
 And got to business rapidly.
 For, said he, "Here, oh! here is a tin
 Of precious ointment, rub it in!
 This saving balm will cure all knocks
 (Two and nine for quite a large box)."
 So our hero brave, with hope renewed,
 Hastened to the swampy solitude
 Where dwelt the dragon breathing fire,
 On an island in the mire.

BOOK IV.

He was quite unawed by the scene so
 weird,
 But what a change when the monster
 appeared!
 Then our gallant hero, filled with fear,
 Made a strategic retreat to the rear;
 Quite forgetting the precious ointment,
 He recollected a prior appointment,
 And to preserve his dear existence
 Broke all records for long distance.

Eschatological.

Even the man-in-the-street is sometimes curious to know whether there is any likelihood of this little world of ours coming to an abrupt stop in *his* time. Ordinarily he is not much concerned about the future—those unborn years that wait beyond the narrow horizon of his dull vision. Let him live his allotted span, and he is content to say "après moi, le déluge." Entirely reassuring therefore is the opinion of scientists that the limit of existence of living beings upon this globe is about one hundred million years. As we have passed by some 6,000 only of these years, the man-in-the-street breathes a sigh of relief on hearing Lord Kelvin's pronouncement to this effect, and steps briskly forward, confident once more in his ability to deal summarily with any further idea that may perchance occur to him. The lane he travels along may have a great many turnings, but it is a long, long lane, and the end is by no means in sight.

But now another idea *has* occurred to him. It puzzles and annoys him, pops out of every side street he passes, and confronts him until he feels he cannot travel much further unless it be shattered in some way, whether by

another authoritative scientific formula, or by some tortuous evasion of his own. The idea is that of impending doom. Since his whole knowledge of eschatology may be summed up in a few half-remembered phrases of "Wars and rumours of war, nation rising against nation and kingdom against kingdom, of earthquakes, pestilence, famines, of great signs"; since such happenings as these are to his vagrant memory to be indications of the approach of the end, of that chaotic overthrow of all he has so long taken for granted, the smashing down of the hedges that have interminably restricted the road of his life, it is not to be wondered at that he now asks himself whether after all there may not be some amazing Power, some "Unknown God," unrestrained by scientific hypotheses, who may swiftly extinguish this glorious star-lit universe.

Briefly this is the situation as he sees it. In times past there have been fair cities crumbled to dust by earthquake; other wives and mothers since war was known have wept for the soldier who returns no more; ere now trains have been wrecked, great ships have gone down at sea, few living to tell the tale, and each of these losses was considered a national disaster. But never before has such an avalanche of catastrophe thundered down on the human race as now batters and effaces man and his works in all the land between the Pyrenees and the Ural Mountains, between the White Sea and the Cape of Good Hope. War and earthquake, pestilence and famine, fire and pitiless seas have in the last two years taken their toll in numbers undreamt of hitherto. It is probable that the least nation at war to-day has more powerful armies than ever in days gone by took the field for world empires. Certain it is that fire and sword have become cold and blunted symbols of the desolation that spreads for miles around the track of the guns. The very spirit of things seems changed. Nations have known the humiliation of seeing all that they treasured most of art, of sculpture, and painting, of goldwork and jewellery, carried off to make a show for the triumph of a conqueror. Such con-

querors, however, would have preferred to leave these statues in their shrines and the jewels in their setting than to see them destroyed. Napoleon ransacked the art galleries and museums of Europe, but it was to preserve their treasures for France, it is true; yet his purpose was not ruthless destruction. Cathedrals may be reconstructed, but they cannot become centuries old in a day. All the skill and well-wishing in the world will not make Rheims and Louvain what they were. Likewise, the immediate object of battle has changed, from defeating a representative collection of troops to killing the whole manhood of the enemy nation; from inflicting a temporary reverse to an utter and lasting annihilation. Hence it is that the greatest empire the world has known is shaken to its very foundations and its fate still hangs in the balance.

It is such contrasts as these that give an air of finality to the present titanic struggle, forcing the man-in-the-street to ask, "Since it is the end of so much, is it perhaps the end of all?" Not that we have reached impassable barriers in any branch of knowledge. The progress of invention has been so astounding as simply to make us sceptical of ever exhausting the forces of Nature or their application to the needs and superfluities of man. Nor is it fear of the consequences that would urge the question. Our sword—not lightly drawn—we would wield to the end, for death is preferable to national dishonour. No! It is simply that sanity says such things must never occur again. The opposite thought is intolerable. And herein shines the single star of light in all the enshrouding gloom. And yet, humanly speaking, nothing but the end of all can prevent the recurrence of war, for there is nothing in the condition of the world or its spirit to show that the arbitrament of arms is on the verge of passing away. Take a single prominent example. America and Japan are destined to be naval powers of the highest importance. With all the vast Pacific to share between them, they cannot tolerate a rival to the first place. Each is therefore constructing a most powerful fleet. As

mere ventures in commerce, America's munition works have grown enormously. Panama is but another Kiel canal. Japan is likewise working steadily, putting her house in order in government, in economics and education, and turning out a flood of munitions for Russia, which one day she will divert to her own guns. The "casus belli" is there already, in the intense indignation of the Japanese at their exclusion from America. That they who are allowed freely to associate with the English, their demi-gods, should be excluded by a less dominant race, is an insult they will never forgive. China is another bone of contention. Her rights are periodically seized by the "Powers," as though she were a nation derelict. Moreover, we have an alliance with Japan, an alliance which she has kept more in the spirit than the letter, and it would be hard for us to explain a refusal to do our share when her interests are at stake. But what if our alliance with Japan involves us in war with Russia or America? Thus in the present state of the world war seems to be both inevitable and intolerable. What then will be the solution to it all?

Look at just one fact more. We have seen in these two years of war the limitless advances organised methods can make even in a society already bewildered by its own complexity. Carry that development to its logical conclusion. What kind of a world will it make? All the broad spaces of the globe, its very deserts teeming with life like the heart of London to-day, countries no longer true to their name, each become a single city whose multitudinous intricacies overpower the mind. In short, a world more different from ours than ours is from that of one hundred years ago. And up and down all the myriad pathways, criss-crossed over all the earth there hastens, ever hastens, man, still the man-in-the-street, as completely lost in the maze his own hands have made, as an ant whose nest is split through by a spade. He knows not whence he comes, whither he goes, or when it will all end. But at least he is now seeking for an answer.

T. J. D.

An Isle of Man Concentration Camp.

By F. C. HARRIS.

There are two important prison camps for aliens in the Isle of Man. The larger is situated at Knockaloe, a little village near Peel. Here about five square miles of black tarred huts have been erected in long lines, with avenues running the length of the camp. The second camp is situated at Douglas. Those who have visited the Manxland capital will easily recall the situation of the popular holiday camp owned by a Mr. Cunningham. This camp was taken over by the Government at the outbreak of the war, and converted into a retreat for our Teuton guests. It was my good fortune during the Summer holidays to be shown over the Douglas Concentration Camp.

The Cunningham Camp, consisting of tents and huts, is situated on the side of a hill with a frontage on the Harris Promenade and Douglas Bay. In the rear at the top of the hill is a large building, which had been a cold storage warehouse, and which, together with a considerable extent of ground still further back, was also taken over by the military authorities, the whole being surrounded by barbed wire. A road ran past the cold storage warehouse, dividing the camp into two sections, and under this was constructed a tunnel which the men dubbed "the drain." Long huts were constructed, and soon a large number of aliens, together with their guard, were billeted therein.

In the building is a huge dining-room, with a gallery running round it, in which a guard is placed with fixed bayonets to quell any disturbance that might occur. Here one rising did actually take place, and the few soldiers were surrounded by a howling mob of Germans, armed with knives and other kitchen implements. The guard fired on them, with the result that since then there has been no grave attempt at disturbance on the part of the prisoners.

Between meals this dining hall is converted into a gymnasium, where those fond of physical culture may in-

dulge in their favourite exercises. As not a few of the young prisoners are tall and "hefty," and as most of them wore white sweaters and canvas shoes while lounging about the camp, a visitor's thoughts more easily turned to the cult of Sandow and Muller than to that of Hinderburg and Tirpitz.

In the camp there is a marked class distinction, and the upper-class aliens hold very much aloof from their fellow-prisoners of a lower social position. The "swell" aliens are able to acquire many luxuries unobtainable by the majority of the poorer class. They have a special wet-and-dry canteen to themselves, special sleeping quarters, and some of the studious among them have studies in which they spend much of their time. Here also some of them indulge in woodwork, and produce some beautiful examples of patient and skilled workmanship. Their sleeping accommodation also is of a superior type, the tents being luxuriously fitted—as luxury in the camp goes—with cooking stoves and bookcases. They are thus largely kept from mixing with the "common herd."

The prisoners' amusements vary with their several inclinations. They have equipped a band at their own expense, provided a fine skittle-alley and a large bowling-green, and established a large theatre, at which original plays are produced once a week. It is very amusing to hear the stage manager talking seriously of the "house" the night before. The majority of aliens prefer light musical comedies to Wagner's or Beethoven's compositions, which are produced by the more aesthetic of the prisoners.

There is now a very friendly feeling between the soldiers and their charge. Cigars and cigarettes are largely in exchange between the two. Some of them are quite old friends by this time, having been in contact for over two years.

The prisoners' time is not all spent in the camp itself. A privileged few of the best behaved are allowed out under escort to do farm-work. Most of these are allotted to farmers around the villages of Ballasalla and Silverdale, which are two stations on the Isle of

Man railway between Douglas and Castletown. The hours are long, and the men are tired when they get back to camp in the evening, but they prefer this meagre sense of freedom to monotonous confinement for the duration of the war. Other prisoners are allowed to supplement their pay by constructing roads and breaking stones at Groule along the Manx Electric Railway to Laxey and Ramsey.

Now and then an alien may have some business to transact in England, or the removal of a prisoner to another camp may be necessary. A sergeant escorts him, and receives a receipt for the "body" of the man in question. The sergeant of an escort has a very responsible duty to perform. He must be fully armed, and have his bayonet fixed and sharpened. Thus if the prisoner attempts to escape and is killed, the escort still receives a receipt for the formal delivery of the "body." While under escort the prisoner is not allowed to make a purchase himself, but must supply the escort with the money. The escort is given five pounds by the person being removed to defray any charges incurred besides his travelling expenses.

The prisoners are of different religious persuasions, and all have facilities to practise their several creeds. The Catholics have constructed an altar, which is really a very creditable work of art. An Austrian Religious makes arrangements for the services, and the Douglas parish priest officiates. Some of the men, under the guidance of the Religious, have made some beautiful statues, though the means at their disposal for such work are limited.

On the whole their lot is not to be compared with the treatment which, we are informed, is meted out to Allied prisoners at Ruhleben and other German camps.



A "Comic" Paper.

By A. KIERAN.

About a month ago I found myself sitting in the waiting-room of a Welsh railway station, wondering how to occupy myself during the two hours' wait for my train. Relief instantly

came when I found a coloured periodical on one of the seats. I picked it up, settled myself down in a corner, and commenced to devour my new-found treasure!

It was a multi-coloured periodical entitled "Crispy Bits," and consisted of two different parts. The first gave accounts (with illustrations) of the adventures of various funny characters, whilst the second consisted of three or four stories, humorous and otherwise. The colours (not in the military sense, dear reader) attracted me, and I commenced to read the illustrated adventures of John-o'-Groats, the ticket-of-leave man.

This man had a marvellous capacity for escaping from a policeman's eyes and hands when evil work was afoot. Pursued by an instrument of the law, he came upon a rubbish heap, and from the mass thereof extracted sufficient material to construct an aeroplane, by which he escaped! Frankly, this villain is too capable—he is too ultra-efficient to be of any interest to "human mortals." It is a gross misuse of language to employ the good old epithet "comic" in connection with such inanity.

On the second page the startling adventures of Rachel Dodgework, the charwoman, were recounted with great profuseness of illustration. The inventive genius of this person seemed to come to the fore at psychological moments, a fact which was proved by the incident before me. Rachel's mistress was expecting a large gathering of friends, and she had ordered a splendid rug for the occasion. The rug did not arrive in time, and to save the situation our heroine performed a marvellous "coup." She thickly tarred and feathered the floor with such artistic effect that the most aesthetic of the ladies were staggered.

Another sketch represented Bow-legged Bob as successfully transforming a stray whale into a torpedo, and thereby sinking a German Pre-Dreadnought; while still another depicted merry Martha blowing up a Zeppelin with a sedlitz powder; and, to cap all, a sketch showed Weary Willie sailing across the desert on a land ship com-

posed of an ostrich, a piece of wood, and a palm leaf! Verily one of the crying after-the-war problems will be the reformation of the "Comic" paper—that is to say, comicing it or making it really comic.

On turning the page I noticed a humorous story entitled, "The Adventures of Bounce, the man with Indian-rubber skin." As advertised, this story was calculated to raise a laugh to the lips of the most hardened pessimist who ever revelled in doleful war news. The narrative told how Bounce charitably assisted "the man next door." The latter had once been an actor, but had got married, and had, of course, come down in the world. Gradually his financial position grew worse until at the time in question he was in arrears with his rent. On a particular day and at an arranged hour Bounce betook himself to the house of his neighbour, where he awaited the coming of the rent collector. This villain had threatened ejection if the money was not forthcoming when he called. Accordingly an imperative rat-tat sounded shortly after Bounce had taken up his position. Our hero opened the door, and in front of the red-faced collector commenced to polish his own boots with his ears, to the great astonishment and terror of the unwelcome visitor. However, the latter was bent on getting his money, and he therefore asked to see his debtor. "Eh!" said Bounce, at the same time forming his mouth into an ellipse of about nine cms minor axis. "You have come for money, have you? Take that, you old skinflint!" With this he stretched out his tongue to about fifteen times its normal length, and gave the money-grabber a smack in the face. With a yell resembling that of a lady on seeing a mouse, the visitor made a bee-line for the office, where he handed in a week's notice, and told the boss that No. 99 Soho Street was haunted. Thus Bounce did a good turn to his neighbour, who has never since been troubled by rent collectors.

I gasped and gasped again! Could such a man be human or was he "a creation of the mind." But what was that? At the foot of the page the editor gave a recipe by means of which

the youngest of his readers may become a veritable Bounce. The recipe ran as follows:—"At every spare moment of the day our readers are advised to chew whatever leather or rubber may happen to be in the vicinity; place the right leg round the back of the head, and whilst still chewing, sing "um-um-walla" in E flat. Moreover, the practice of opening the doors and drawers with the toes helps to increase the co-efficient of elasticity of the skin." Enough! I leave to those endowed with greater powers of creditability the opportunity of following the editor's advice.

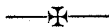
Having perused this amusing story, I turned to the last episode of the adventures of "Joe of the Turf," by Martin Soud. As the foreword explained, Joe was a young jockey who had marvellous capabilities as a rider, and whose ambition was to win the Grand National before his nineteenth birthday. It appears that Joe was ignorant as to his relations, for the young boy had been stolen at the age of three years by gipsies, from whom he had been rescued by James Turner, a horse-trainer in the service of Lord Mony. Unknown to all but Turner and himself, Lord Mony spends his life searching for his only son, who is lost, and he takes up horse-racing merely as a distraction from the thoughts of his great sorrow. On reading the installment before me I soon gathered that as a climax to his successful career Joe was training to ride "Black Beauty" to victory at the "Grand National." However, Valentine Twist, the unscrupulous nephew of Lord Mony, is jealous of Joe, whom he kidnaps the night before the race. Our hero is thrust into a dark cell and bound hand and foot, whilst Black Beauty is also drugged in her paddock.

By dint of perseverance the young jockey knaws through his bonds, and then through the iron bars of the window (some teeth!), and reaches the stables to find his horse very much indisposed. He asks her to be a sport; she acquiesces, and they arrive at the weighing-machine just in time. Meanwhile, awaiting the start of the race, Lord Mony tells Turner that he is

thinking of adopting Joe, and he incidentally informs the trainer that the lost son had a heart-shaped birth-mark on the sole of his foot. The race now starts, and, overcoming many obstacles placed before him by his enemies, Joe rides Black Beauty to victory. However, the exertion has told on the poor horse, and she falls on the winning post, pitching Joe to the ground. Seriously injured by the fall, Joe collapses, and is borne away amidst scenes of wild excitement by Lord Mony and . . .

The bang of a carriage door suddenly extricated me from the mental maze in which I had been involved, and glancing at the platform clock through the open door of the waiting room, I saw that it was some seconds past the hour at which my train was due to start. I rushed out of the waiting room, and arrived just in time to see my train glide out of the station, and then—well, dear reader, my feelings are better imagined than expressed.

During the considerable period that elapsed before the arrival of the next train I debated very many schemes concerning Comic Censors, Ministens of Publications, and various other corrective agencies that might protect weak mortals as myself from the perpetual menaces that beset the daily path of every honest citizen, and I resolved that after the war my special object of reform should be the so-called comic paper.



The Herring.

By W. COOKE.

The herring, which belongs to the class of fish known as "soft-finned"—so called because their fins are destitute of pointed rays—abounds throughout the entire Northern Ocean, and is found in countless numbers around the British Isles. It is a gregarious fish, living in great shoals, comprising not thousands but millions and thousands of millions of the species.

It was generally believed not very long ago that herrings migrated to and from the Arctic regions. Closer observation, however, shows that this theory has no foundation in fact. It

is certain that on many of the fishing stations, the herring is taken all the year round, and recent discoveries all tend to show that it is native to the shores on which it is caught. "It has been demonstrated," says a well-informed English writer, "that the herring is really a native of our own seas, and can be caught all the year round on the coasts of the three kingdoms." The fishing begins at the Island of Lewis in the Hebrides, in the month of May, and goes on north and east as the year advances, till in July it is being prosecuted off the coast of Caithness, whilst large supplies of herrings are found off Yarmouth in autumn and winter.

The herring feeds on small crustaceans and on fishes newly hatched, which even include the fry of its own species. On the other hand, its enemies are the most formidable inhabitants of the ocean. The whales destroy them by thousands, but man above all carries on a war which threatens to be one of extermination. In its fresh state it can be used as food only near the places where it is caught or landed. Its utility as an article of food is greatly increased by the different methods used for packing it. Vast quantities of herrings are salted, packed in barrels, and sent all over the world. They are also "cured" in large numbers by being smoked and dried, and are then sent into the market as "red herrings." In this form they may be kept for any length of time. The most famous English herrings—those of Yarmouth in Norfolkshire—are cured by being smoked over logs of oak, and as they swell during the process, they have come to be called "Yarmouth Bloaters." When, as is frequently done in Scotland, they are cut open and partially cured, they are known as "Kippered herrings."

In spite of the great dangers which it entails both to life and property, herring-fishing is an industry eagerly participated in by thousands of people throughout the coasts of Great Britain, and the different processes of curing the fish give employment to thousands more. The most important fisheries are now on the east coast. Herring towns,

as they may be called, are very numerous along that coast from Yarmouth in the south to Wick in the north. There is an important fishing industry, of which Stornaway is the headquarters, in the Hebrides. Loch Fyne was once famous for its herrings, but its reputation has greatly declined. In the south of England the place of the herring is taken by the mackerel, and in the southwest by the pilchard, which also abounds in the creeks of Ireland. Wick is fast becoming a great rival of Yarmouth, for there are now about two thousand boats engaged in the former district.

In Great Britain the herring fishery is regulated by Act of Parliament, and the legal mode of capture is by means of what is called a "drift-net." This is made of fine twine, with meshes of one inch square, to allow the young fish to escape. The nets are measured by "barrel bulk," each net measuring fifty feet long by thirty-two deep, and holding half a barrel. The drift is composed of many separate nets fastened together by means of a back rope; each net is marked off by a bladder on an empty cask.

On the coast of Norway the electric telegraph is employed in the herring fishery, to announce to the inhabitants of the fishing towns the approach of the shoals—a great boon to a district where the produce of this industry is the chief support of nearly the entire population. Formerly, before the boats from the bays or fiords could take part in the catching of the fish, the latter often succeeded in depositing their spawn and returning to the open sea. Now, however, the Norwegian Government has established along the coast frequented by the shoals a submarine electric cable, a hundred miles in length, with stations on shore having easy communication with the fishing villages. As a shoal of herrings can always be perceived at a considerable distance by the wave it raises, much skill is not required in locating the presence of "enemy concentrations."

Herring fishing, which is usually pursued during the night, is attended with considerable interest and excitement. A person who spent a night aboard a

Wick fishing smack thus describes his experiences:—"Bounding over the waves and assisted by a good breeze, we soon left behind the shore and the cliffs, and when we reached our fishing ground we tacked up and down, eagerly watching for the oily, phosphorescent gleam which is indicative of herrings. At last, after a lengthened cruise, our skipper, who had been silent for half an hour jumped up and called to action. "Up, men, and at them," was the order of the night.

The preparations for shooting the nets at once began with the lowering of the sail. Surrounding us on all sides was to be seen a moving world of boats, many with their sails down, the nets floating in the water and the crews at rest. Others, like our own, were still flitting about, their skippers anxious to shoot in the right place. By and by we were ready; the "sucker" went splash into the water; the "dog" (a large inflated bladder, to mark the far end of the train) was heaved overboard, and the nets followed as fast as the men could pay them out, till the immense train was all in the water, forming a perforated wall a mile long and many feet in depth.

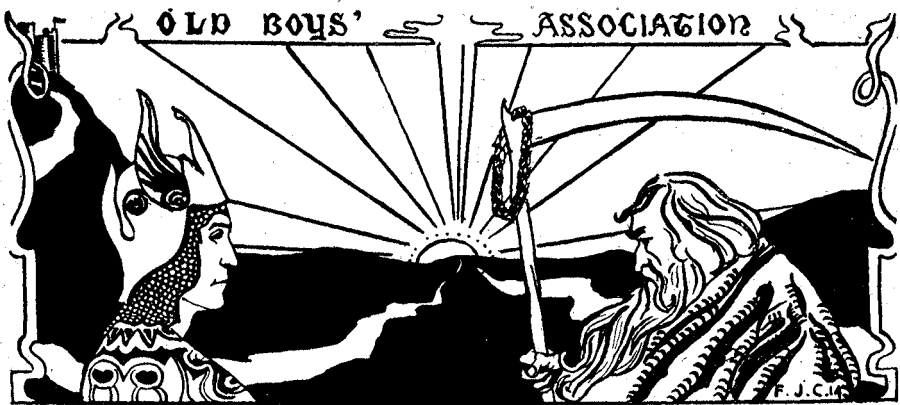
After three hours of quietude beneath a beautiful sky the stars commenced to disappear, and the appearance of the gray dawn indicated that it was time to examine the contents of the nets. Meanwhile the boat had floated quietly with the tide till we were a long distance from the harbour. The skipper had an impression that there was a good haul of fish in his net; whilst the bobbing down of a few of the bladders made it almost a certainty, and he resolved to examine the drift. By means of the swing rope the boat was hauled up to the nets. "Here's luck," exclaimed one of the fishermen; "there's a lot of fish, skipper, and no mistake." His news was true; our nets were silvery with herrings, and it was a beautiful sight to see the shimmering fish as they came up from the water, each uttering a weak death-chirp as it was flung into the bottom of the boat. Formerly the fish were left in the meshes of the net till the boat arrived in the harbour, but now as soon as the

net is hauled on board they are at once shaken out. As the silvery treasure showered into the boat we roughly guessed our capture at about fifty crans (90,000 fish)—a capital night's work."

However, Wick Bay is not always "rippled by the land breeze" as on this occasion. The herring fleet has more than once been overtaken by a fierce storm, in which many lives have been lost and thousands of pounds worth of

netting and boats destroyed, and the gladdening sights that accompany favourable fishing conditions have been changed to wailing and sorrow.

The modern motor fishing smack is, however, practically independent of weather conditions, and thus the fishing fleet of to-day is, to a great extent, immune from the disasters which befel their predecessors when they were entirely dependent on the winds.



Mr. D. Hayes presided at the meeting of the Executive held on Nov. 13th, when the following business was transacted:—

The "English Prize" of Two Guineas offered annually by the Association was awarded to Thos J. Gore. It was decided to support the proposal to establish a football league for Old Boys who have not attained military age. It was so resolved to organise an entertainment towards the end of next term for the purpose of obtaining funds for the Memorial Altar to Old Boys who have fallen in the present war. An informal union of Old Boys during Xmas week was also suggested.



Eugene Goossens has added new laurels to those gained by Old Students of the Catholic Institute, and his lustre to the reputation he is earning as a British musician.

Owing to family bereavement, Sir Thomas Beecham was unable to conduct the concert of the Philharmonic

Society on the 7th November. Eugene Goossens was invited to fill the role, and not only did he undertake this onerous task at twenty-four hours' notice, but conducted in a most admirable and masterly manner the original programme as it was drafted by Sir Thomas himself.

Probably only those acquainted with modern orchestral music will appreciate the magnitude of the task he was asked to perform. The finest conductors of the day find it necessary to revise and study the scores of the works they are about to perform for days and even weeks before a concert, yet Eugene Goossens at the rehearsal readily detected the absence of minor parts of the score, the music for which had not arrived, and which had to be transcribed overnight. In every detail he showed a masterly grip of the orchestra, and the immediate effect of his visit was his re-engagement by the committee to conduct another concert this season.

An opportunity will thus be afforded his Liverpool friends and lovers of

music of hearing this talented youth conduct a programme of his own setting. Eugene Goossens has earned also another distinction in being far and away the youngest artist who has ever conducted a concert of the Philharmonic Society.

Pro Patria.

CYRIL LOMAX.
 THOMAS CASSIDY.
 BARTHOLOMEW STILLWELL.
 JAMES BERNARD MAGUIRE.
 JOHN CURRY.
 CHARLES O'DONNELL.
 J. H. E. WALKER.
 FRANK McKEE.
 JOHN KENNEDY.
 JAMES MOORE.
 CHARLES KAIN.
 GEORGE McGUINNESS.
 WILLIAM McMILLAN.
 CLEMENT D. FISHWICK.
 H. IRVINE VOCE.
 WILLIAM SHORTALL.
 ADOLPHE A. GOOSSENS.
 JEROME SULLIVAN.
 LEO SHORT.
 HAROLD JOSEPH LOVETT.
 WALTER PEARCE.
 CUTHBERT WILKINSON.
 WILLIAM J. DIX.
 ROBERT WALMSLEY MOORE.

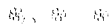
Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.
 May they rest in peace. Amen.

It is again our sad duty to make further additions to the list of Old Boys who have given their lives in the present war. During the fighting of the past few months the following have been "killed in action" :—

LEO SHORT, Waterloo.
 HAROLD JOSEPH LOVETT, Waterloo.
 WALTER PEARCE, Waterloo.
 ROBERT WALMSLEY MOORE, Wavertree.
 WILLIAM J. DIX, Anfield.
 CUTHBERT WILKINSON, Montreal.

We offer our sincerest sympathy to their parents and families, and espe-

cially to the family of Bob Moore, whose younger brother was killed last May. May they rest in peace. Amen.



No less deeply and sincerely do we sympathise with those who must fondly cherish the small ray of hope that lingers round that anxious word "Missing," and it is with very great regret that we have to chronicle the name of Edward Concannon under this title. No ex-pupil of the C.I. was more popular with every section of Old Boys than "Con" was, and we have been informed by several of his fellow-soldiers that Sergeant Concannon was the most popular man in his regiment. During his last leave he rejoiced us for a brief hour with a multitude of war anecdotes that showed how he loved to discern the lighter side of things even in the dismal business of war, and a note from him a few days before he volunteered for that fateful mission from which he did not return led us to hope for his usually interesting letter that has not yet arrived. We feel we are but expressing the heartfelt wish of every Old Boy of the C.I. when we say that we sincerely hope the latest rumour from the front, which makes him a prisoner in Germany, is quite correct.



We also extend our sincere sympathy to Harry McGrath and his family, on the death of his brother John, who was "killed in action" a short time ago. Deceased, though not an Old C.I., was always present at our social functions, and was deservedly popular with C.I. Old Boys. May he rest in peace. Amen. Harry is now with the R.F.A., and is again traversing the ground where he saw so much fighting as a Rifleman during the first eighteen months of the war. His younger brother, Frank, was at the battle of Jutland.



Corpl. Vincent Atkin looks remarkably well after his trying experiences at the front. He was "gassed" in one of the early attacks, but fortunately not seriously, though the effects were sufficient to prevent him from smoking, even

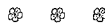
a cigarette, for several weeks. Those acquainted with Vin. will conclude from this small item that he had a sufficiently strong dose.



It was a great pleasure to welcome Lieut. T. C. Nugent back after his short though terrible experiences at the western front. Lieut. Nugent was shot through his helmet in his first engagement, which took place immediately after his arrival at the front, and it is scarcely too much to say his escape was miraculous. He has been granted a long leave, and we hope he will mend up quickly.



Lieut. Rattray displays three gold-lace badges, which give eloquent testimony to the part he has played. We were glad to see him looking so well, though there is plenty of room for improvement. We hope he will be granted a long holiday after his very trying services on various battlefields.



Lieutenant Clement Ormisher has also put on a golden stripe, and looks in perfect condition after his stay in hospital. He has again returned to his regiment, the Devons.



We were all exceedingly pleased to have the opportunity of personally congratulating Corpl. D. Gavin, D.C.M., during his recent visit to the C.I., and also to welcome back Corpl. Willie O'Donnell, who is none the worse for his experiences. Dave is as modest as he is brave, and we had difficulty in finding out from him how he had earned his decoration. It was a veteran who had remarked to us a few months ago "that the man who, in the present condition of things, coolly and voluntarily leaves his trench to fetch in a wounded companion from 'No Man's Land' is a real hero." Such is Dave.

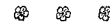


Corporal Joe Ludden has been doing a special course of instruction in musketry at Altcar during the past few weeks. We understand he is returning to Oswestry at the termination of the course.

Joseph V. Quinn has been "combed out" of the War Office, and is now in the Royal Flying Corps. His younger brother John, late of St. Edwards (Everton) has been a corporal in the "Dubs," and is now in an O.T.C. at Fermoy.



Jack Parker looks in prime condition; he has been enjoying his stay at the Curragh with the Lancashire Hussars. Jack Parker as "left half" is more familiar to us than Jack Parker the Hussar. One man in these days plays many parts.



We had a very interesting chat with Lieut. R. A. Twomey, R.N., during his visit to the C.I. a short time ago, when he was accompanied by his brother John, who is in the Chemists' Batt. of the R.E. Dick had evidently very vivid recollections of the Battle of Jutland, which was his first experience of naval warfare, and we were glad to find he had come through the ordeal unscathed.



We are informed that Austin Deane is doing his bit somewhere in the Balkans. We wish him a speedy and safe exit from that nursery of abominations.



We were very pleased to meet Sergeant J. Mullooly at his Alma Mater. He has been in numerous engagements since February, 1915, when his regiment went to France, and he has been fortunate enough not to have received the least injury. Like his chief, Col. Shute, D.S.O., Sergeant Mullooly has also been decorated with the Military Medal. We congratulate him and wish him a continuance of his hitherto good fortune.



Two other Old Boys have also received the Military Medal—George Johnson, R.A.M.C., and Hugh Gannon, R. Engineers. George has been home recently, and found time to visit his old school. We were all delighted to see him in such fine form, and to have the opportunity of personally tendering him our congratulations.

Corporal Peter Bannon looks exceptionally well after his harrowing experiences at the Somme. He is extremely interesting on gas screens and other scientific aspects of modern warfare. He has been exceptionally lucky, and we hope he will continue so.



We have heard many inquiries regarding John Brown during the past six months, and consequently we were delighted to have a visit from him recently. As he expressed it, he had been in collision with a piece of a shell and had suffered injury. We were glad to see he had almost quite recovered from the nasty effects of his collision.



Sergeant Percy Fishwick has also been one of the recent callers at the C.I. We were glad to see him looking fit after his exceptionally trying experiences in the great push.



L.-Corpl Alf. Ramsbottom was wounded early in October, and has just been discharged from hospital. He seems in good form, though he does not expect to return to France for some time.



C.I. Old Boys A.F.C.

The outbreak of the war in 1914 necessitated the disbanding of the Old Boys' F.C., which had been so successful the previous season, as the majority of the members immediately joined the colours. Under these circumstances it was deemed inadvisable to make arrangements for a junior team, and therefore no fixtures were made. At the commencement of the present season it was suggested that the junior Old Boys of the Secondary Schools of Liverpool and district, who are not yet eligible for the Army, should arrange a series of fixtures and compete for the Old Boys' Football Shield. The Old Boys of the C.I., most of whom were members of the School Shield team last season, have decided to support this

movement, and the following fixtures have been made:—

Jan. 13th.	Bootle—H.
„ 20th.	Birkenhead H.E.—A.
„ 27th.	Birkenhead Inst.—H.
Feb. 3rd.	S. F. X. College—H.
„ 10th.	Collegiate School—A.
„ 17th.	Birkenhead H.E.—H.
„ 24th.	Holt School.
Mar. 3rd.	Collegiate School—H.
„ 10th.	Bootle—A.
„ 17th.	Holt School.
„ 24th.	S. F. X. College—A.
„ 31st.	Birkenhead Inst.—A.

All particulars regarding fixtures, etc., can be obtained from J. McGrath, 42 Norwood Grove, Shiel Park.



London Letter.

LONDON, *December, 1916.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

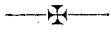
At a time like this, when Economy in every direction is *de rigueur*, I should state at once, to save the reader's valuable time, that any exploration of this column in search of news will be fruitless. Perhaps, after some experience of London Letters, he never approaches it with that idea. So much the better. I can only plead in extenuation of the sterility, can one gather grapes off thorns? The source of news in London is at present a particularly barren briar-bush, most of the C.I. men who erstwhile illuminated the Metropolis being engaged, of course, upon the great adventure somewhere on the various continents and oceans. Macaulay of the M.T.A.S.C. is still in London waiting for a move; Mullen is still at Woolwich; Eugene Goossens still coruscates in the musical firmament; Caswall still awaits a release from Civil Service, with some chance of success owing to the recent creditably motivated, if somewhat blatantly ejaculated, activity of the Paper that Won the War. I learn also that Mr. Kelleher has resumed in Dublin his favourite recreation of instructing youthful minds and capturing young hearts in his own inimitable style; that Lacy is still being politely but firmly flooded out at Fermoy; that Phil O'Hara, still cheerful at the 8th Stationary Hospital, France,

is expecting leave in February next, at which date London anticipates a coat of red paint all over.

I regret, dear Mr. Editor, that the most exhaustive excavations of the archives fails to unearth any further matter to communicate, beyond our best wishes to all friends in dear, dirty, damp old Liverpool. (By the way, I should be glad to know whether the vexed question: "Is Liverpool intellectual?" has yet been satisfactorily settled.) I hope, sir, to be in a livelier state of volubility when the fields are white with daisies and the next issue issues.

Yours (I trust) as ever,

CASSIVELAUNUS.



The 'Varsity Letter.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

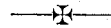
Once more we monopolise some of your valuable space with a short account of the achievements of the C.I.O.B.'s at present with us in the Liverpool 'Varsitee. We are now thirteen strong (had there been no war our contingent would have numbered thirty odd), and between us are contriving to maintain the prestige of our numerous and illustrious predecessors. During the term which is now so near its termination we have seen much of one another both at social functions and at meetings of a less jubilant nature. Of our eight newcomers four have adopted Engineering, two Maths, and two Chemistry. The notable absentees this year are Frank Meehan and Dwyer Doyle, who disappeared into the army during the vacation. Of Joe Flanagan we see but little, the dissecting theatre claiming his presence. O'Neill seems to be eternally rushing about between lectures looking for something which he never finds. Denny has already made himself heard in the Chemical Society, propounding weird theories which he supports with his own smothering logic. The O.T.C. call has reached Barniwell, Irvine and Delaney, who proudly strut round in their khaki with the military bearing of army veterans.

The University Catholic Society held

a most successful dance in November, and not the least pleasing item was to be able to count a dozen C.I.O.B.'s among those present. This pleasant experience was repeated at the Engineer's Dinner at the Bear's Paw, where we had Tindall, O'Neill, Fleming, Irvine, Delaney and Smith present. War duties prevented Jack Mullen, Winfield and Maguire from augmenting our number of representatives. It is evident from such little events as these that the C.I. still persists in turning out men who can put their heart into both work and play, and long may she do so. With such whole-hearted Cathinians among the University Undergraduates we shall still keep our flag flying until such troubled times as now exist are past, and then when we are reunited we shall have a bigger voice in the affairs of the University control than we now have—although with Flanagan and O'Neill on the Guild Council we are by no means unrepresented at present.

Yours, etc.,

"'VARSITY."



Athletics.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

We are convinced that the term which has just concluded has been the best of the many successful football seasons which we have had at the C.I. The weather was favourable throughout, the single exception being the concluding games, which had to be abandoned owing to an exceptionally dense fog that made it absolutely impossible to play football. Commensurate with the intense enthusiasm which we have witnessed in every section of the school is the success which has attended our eleven in their contests with the other secondary schools of the district. Our First and Second elevens have had full programmes, and even our Third has been in action on several occasions, with the result that on three occasions our three elevens have simultaneously defeated the corresponding elevens from other large

schools; in the vast majority of the games our First XI. has been successful, and both the Second and the Third can claim an unbroken chain of victories.

Of the few defeats sustained by the First XI. only one was really decisive, and on that occasion we were seriously handicapped by the loss of both backs, whose places we could not at the moment adequately fill. The First XI. started the season under the captaincy of J. O'Sullivan, with Jos. Tracey as second in command. Unfortunately we lost O'Sullivan early in the season, and since that time the duties of captain have been very ably discharged by Tracey. A record of ten games won, one drawn, and four lost, with sixty-five goals for and thirty-three against, is extremely satisfactory. We feel confident the high standard thus set up will be easily maintained during the remainder of the season, and perhaps improved on. The record of the Second Eleven is entirely unique. They have been victorious in the whole of the twelve games played, and have put up a total of 86 goals against 7 scored by their opponents. This is easily the best record which a C.I. Second XI. has had in any previous season, and we heartily congratulate the captain, Joe Cole, and his able sub., T. Byrne, as well as the majority of the team, who have not missed a single game during the term. This result is all the more remarkable when we remember that some of the most useful men on the eleven have been occasionally commandeered by the First. The Third Eleven, under the captaincy of Jim Byrne, with J. McDowell as sub-captain, have been rivalling the Second, and have been equally successful. They, too, know not defeat, and in their five games have put up thirty goals against their opponents' nine. The following is a record of the games played:—

FIRST ELEVEN.

JAS. TRACEY, *Captain.*

P. HAWE, *Sub-Captain.*

C.I. v. OULTON SECONDARY SCHOOL.

At West Derby, on September 30th, C.I. were represented by the following

team: McGrath, Verspreuwen, and Sullivan; Cole, A. Kieran, and Lynch; Hawe, Kearney, C. Kieran, McSorley, and Tracey.

The C.I. held the sway all through the game, and the result was never doubtful, as was shown by the final score, which was 7 goals to 2 in our favour. Scorers—C. Kieran, Kearney (2), McSorley (2), Tracey (2).

C.I. v. S.F.X.

At Wavertree on October 4th. C.I.'s team was—McGrath, Verspreuwen, and Sullivan; Lynch, A. Kieran, and Crean; Hawe, Kearney, C. Kieran, McSorley, and Tracey.

Having lost the toss, C.I. kicked up a slight incline, and the dashing forwards, backed by a strong defence, soon registered two goals in our favour. The second half was still to our advantage, and the brilliant play of our left wing was instrumental in bringing about three more goals, the match ending in a win for us by 5—2. Scorers—C. Kieran (1), Kearney (3), and Tracey (1).

C.I. v. LISCARD HIGH SCHOOL.

At Liscard on October 11th. The C.I. were represented by the following team:—McGrath, Sullivan, and Crean; Lynch, A. Kieran, and McCallum; Hawe, Verspreuwen, C. Kieran, McSorley, and Tracey.

Owing to the nature of the ground a visiting team are at a great disadvantage at Liscard, and thus although C. Kieran registered one goal for us in the first half, our opponents had scored three. We pressed in the second half, but the score remained unchanged, the C.I. having been defeated by three goals to one. Scorer—C. Kieran.

C.I. v. LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.

At Wavertree on October 14th. C.I.'s team was:—McGrath, Sullivan, and McCallum; Lynch, A. Kieran,

Crean; Hawe, Verspreuwen, Tracey, C. Kieran, and McSorly.

C.I. won the toss, and elected to play with the wind. The game at once became fast; and although the weather rendered decent football impossible, Hawe showed dash and smartness, which were instrumental in bringing about two splendid goals. The lead was further increased by a timely shot from Verspreuwen. Our opponents pressed hard in the second half, but the defence stood the strain, and the score remained 3—0 in our favour. Scorers—Tracey, Hawe, and Verspreuwen.

C.I. v. OAKES INSTITUTE.

At Wavertree on October 18th. With no changes in the team, C.I. kicked off under splendid weather conditions. Oakes' team was very weak, and we had an easy win by 14—0, Tracey distinguishing himself by his footwork. Scorers—Tracey (7), C. Kieran (2), A. Kieran (2), Verspreuwen (3).

C.I. v. C.I. OLD BOYS.

At Wavertree on October 21st. The weather was sharp and conducive to good play. C.I. early got busy, and Tracey placed two good goals, to which the Old Boys replied by a rally round our goal, resulting in a trio of goals. In the second half our opponents took the lead, but in the last ten minutes the score again became level, and the final result was a draw, 6—6. Scorers—Tracey (3), C. Kieran (1), A. Kieran (1), Hawe (1).

C.I. v. BOOTLE SECONDARY SCHOOL.

At Bootle on October 25th. C.I. won the toss, and took the advantage of a slight wind in the first half. The forwards early got busy, and we gained two goals in the first ten minutes. Our lead was also increased by one of our opponents before half time. Bootle equalised in the second half, but two splendid goals by Hawe and C. Kieran

gave us the game by 5—3. Scorers—Tracey, C. Kieran, Hawe (2).

C.I. v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.

At Clubmoor on October 28th. Under a drizzling rain C.I. kicked off, and played vigorously, although a heavy team was pitted against them. Despite the efforts of our defence, the Collegiate scored three goals in the first half. However, in the second half our forwards bucked up splendidly, and equalised within ten minutes. Almost immediately our opponents came into our half, and the slippery nature of the ground prevented McGrath from saving a long shot against him. A similar goal resulted against us a few minutes later, and we left the field defeated by 5—3. Scorers—Tracey (1), C. Kieran (1), Verspreuwen (1).

C.I. v. C.I. OLD BOYS.

At Wavertree on November 4th. The ground was in good condition, and with Kearney in Verspreuwen's place, C.I. kicked off. The school team were superior to the Old Boys, and a few good passes by Hawe resulted in two goals in our favour in the first half. The Old Boys pressed in the second half, but their efforts were unavailable, and we came away victors by 3—0. Scorers—C. Kieran, Kearney (2).

C.I. v. HOLT SECONDARY SCHOOL.

At Wavertree on November 8th. Having won the toss, C.I. elected to kick down the slope. Our opponents came into our half immediately, and a goal against us resulted. However, C.I. replied with a pair of splendid goals from the left wing, and Tracey added a third goal. In the second half Verspreuwen played well, and made the final score (4—1) in our favour. Scorers—Tracey, C. Kieran, McSorly and Verspreuwen.

C.I. v. S.F.X.

At Clubmoor on November 18th. Our team had undergone serious

changes, as neither of our backs was available. The team was—McGrath, Hawe and Murphy; Lynch, A. Kieran and Crean; Lacy, Verspreeuwen, Tracey, C. Kieran, and McSorly.

The day was bitterly cold, and this fact, coupled with the fact that our team was considerably depleted, may account for the C.I. having three goals against them at half-time. Our forwards bucked up in the second half, and a splendid shot by Tracey resulted in a rebound from which Lacy scored. However, our opponents were strong, and we ended the losers by 5 goals to 1. Scorer—Lacy.

C.I. v. WALLASEY G. S.

At Wallasey on November 22nd. C.I. were represented by the following team:—McGrath, Lynch and Owens; Hawe, Crean and A. Kieran; Lacy, Verspreeuwen, Tracey, McSorly, and Murphy.

The weather had been showery, and in consequence the ground was fairly bad to the visitors. However, Tracey showed splendid dash, and seemed to be able to do everything but score, and we turned round at half-time with one goal against us. With a long low shot Tracey placed the scores level, and C.I. now showed splendid play, and were in their opponents' half for most of the game. But ill-luck dogged us and we were defeated by 3—1. Scorer—Tracey.

C.I. v. BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

At Wavertree on November 29th. C.I.'s team was as follows:—McGrath, Hawe and McCallum; Owens, Crean, and A. Kieran; Lacy, Verspreeuwen, Tracey, McSorly and Murphy.

C.I. won the toss, and their wings soon showed strong. Lacy made several brilliant runs, and was effective in causing two goals for us. By dint of neat combination, Tracey and Verspreeuwen each scored a fine goal, our opponents meanwhile having scored

one. In the second half McSorly distinguished himself, and we ended victors by 5—2. Scorers—Tracey (3), Verspreeuwen (1), McSorly (1).

C.I. v. LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.

At Greenbank Park, on December 6th. C.I. early showed superiority, and a splendid corner from Verspreeuwen gave Tracey the chance of scoring a fine goal. The L.I. pressed hard, but our defence was good, and at half-time we were one goal ahead. The second half witnessed fine combination on our part, and Tracey and Murphy each added a goal for us, the match ending in our winning by 3—0. Scorers—Tracey (2), Murphy (1).

C.I. v. S.F.X. "J" OLD BOYS.

This game was played on Saturday, December 9th at Wavertree. The weather was exceptionally severe, and the condition of the ground bad. The S.F.X. team were not fully represented, and a rather scrappy game ended entirely in our favour, the score being 4 goals to 1.

Sept. 30—C.I., 7; Oulton, 2.

Oct. 4—C.I., 5; S.F.X. College, 2.

„ 11—C.I., 1; Liscard, 3.

„ 14—C.I., 3; Liverpool Inst., 0.

„ 18—C.I., 14; Oakes Inst., 0.

„ 21—C.I., 6; C.I. Old Boys, 6.

„ 25—C.I., 5; Bootle, 3.

„ 28—C.I., 3; Coll. School, 5.

Nov. 4—C.I., 3; C.I. Old Boys, 0.

„ 8—C.I., 4; Holt, 1.

„ 18—C.I., 1; S.F.X. College, 5.

„ 22—C.I., 1; Wallasey, 3.

„ 29—C.I., 5; Birkenhead Inst, 2.

Dec. 6—C.I., 3; Liverpool Inst., 0.

„ 9—C.I., 4; S.F.X. Old Boys, 1.

SECOND XI.

JOS. COLE, *Captain*.T. BYRNE, *Sub-Captain*.

Up to the present our 2nd XI. has had a singularly successful season. We commenced well on October 4th by defeating S.F.X. by 10 goals to nil at their own ground, goals being registered by Loftus (3), Shevlin (2), Lacy (2); McCallum (2), and McGrath. Our next encounter took place at Wavertree with Liscard H.S., and although some changes had been made in the team, due to the promotion of McCallum to the 1st XI., we were again successful. Shortly afterwards we met our old opponents, Liverpool Institute and Liverpool Collegiate, and after stiff tussles we managed to defeat them both, the former by two goals to nil, and the latter by three goals to two. A few days later we travelled to Calderstones Park to play Holt Secondary School, and after a "very feeble" game on the part of our opponents we returned victorious.

On Nov. 11th we played the 1st XI. of Waterloo Secondary School at Wavertree, the team on this occasion being strengthened by the addition of some members of the first eleven by whose aid we were able to beat them 3—0. A few days after this we journeyed over to Prenton to play Birkenhead Higher Elementary School, and again kept our record unbroken, although in the second half of the game it appeared as though we were going to lose, owing to the fact that McCallum was injured and obliged to go off the field. On Nov. 18th we again defeated our old rivals, S.F.X. at Wavertree. About this time several alterations were made in the team. Lacy and Murphy were promoted to the ranks of the 1st XI., but the 2nd XI. got a good exchange in C. Kieran, who soon proceeded to make his presence felt in the team. Lynch was also relegated to the 2nd XI. On November 22nd we played

Wallasey G. S. at Wavertree, and again came off winners by six goals to one, goals being scored by Kieran (4), Shevlin (1), Llewellyn. A week later we went to Bebington to meet Birkenhead Institute, and came off victors by 6—0, Kieran being again in the forefront with five goals out of the six. On Dec. 6th our second encounter with Liverpool Institute took place, and although the struggle was not as keen as was that which took place at Greenbank Park, yet during the first half things appeared to be almost hopeless for us. The second half witnessed a great improvement in our play, and we were victorious by 10—2, Kieran again distinguishing himself by getting six of the goals. The other scorers were Shevlin, Loftus, Kearney, and Byrne (T.). Thus so far out of twelve games played the 2nd XI have not lost a single point, and have scored in all 78 goals, while 7 have been registered against them.

Oct. 4—C.I., 10; St. Francis Xavier, 0.
 ,, 11—C.I., 6; Liscard High School, 1.
 ,, 14—C.I., 2; Liverpool Inst., 0.
 ,, 28—C.I., 3; Liverpool Coll., 2.
 Nov. 4—C.I., 8; St. Brigid's, 0.
 ,, 8—C.I., 24; Holt Sec. School, 0.
 ,, 11—C.I., 3; Waterloo S.S., 0.
 ,, 15—C.I., 5; Birkenhead H.E.S., 1.
 ,, 18—C.I., 3; St. Francis Xavier, 0.
 ,, 22—C.I., 6; Wallasey G. S., 1.
 ,, 29—C.I., 6; Birkenhead Inst., 0.
 Dec. 6—C.I., 10; Liverpool Inst., 2.

Goals for, 86; Goals against, 7.

THIRD XI.

J. BYRNE, *Captain*.J. McDOWELL, *Sub-Captain*.

This has undoubtedly been the most successful season for the 3rd XI. for some years back. We have played five out of our six fixtures, and have yet to

meet our superiors. Our first encounter took place with S.F.X. at Wavertree, C.I. being represented by Farrell, Owens, Osbyrne, Azurdia, Healy, McDowell, Hawe, J. Byrne, Cooke, E. Byrne, Murray. Our opponents proved rather easy victims, the final score being 7—0. The goals were registered by Hawe (2), J. Byrne (2), Healy (1), E. Byrne (1), and Murray (1).

A fortnight later we met the Liverpool Institute at Greenbank Park, and though at first hard pressed to keep on level terms, the C.I. in the second half asserted their superiority, and won a well-contested game by three goals to one, our goals being scored by McGrath (2) and the Institute back, who managed to beat his own goalie with a magnificent drive. The Collegiate were our next opponents, and a rather scrappy game resulted in a score of 4—2 in our favour, McGrath (2), E. Byrne (1), and J. Byrne (1) being responsible for the C.I.'s score. On November 18th we played our return fixture with S.F.X. at Clubmoor; the day was bitterly cold, and the players were too much occupied in rushing about to keep themselves warm to indulge in clever football. McGrath scored seven, J. Byrne two, and McDowell registered his maiden goal, thus leaving the final score at 10—3 for the C.I. The Liverpool Institute next claimed our attention at Wavertree; some changes had been made in our team, as the 1st XI. claimed the services of Owens, and the 2nd XI. those of Osbyrne, whilst the left wing of the forward line was represented by Meldon and Mulloy, the former distinguishing himself on his first appearance by scoring three goals; Azurdia added two goals, and McGrath one, whilst the Institute outside right registered two, and thus the final score remained at six to two in our favour.

C.I., 7; St. Francis Xaviers, 0.

C.I., 3; Liverpool Institute, 1.

C.I., 4; Liverpool Collegiate, 2.

C.I., 10; St. Francis Xaviers, 3.

C.I., 6; Liverpool Institute, 2.

Goals for, 30; Goals against, 8.

SENIOR LEAGUE.

The eight teams in this League have played all their fixtures with considerable enthusiasm, though the senior teams have at times been seriously handicapped by the demands made on them to provide substitutes for the school elevens. At the present time IVb holds the place of honour, but we shall not be surprised if some of the teams lower down in the table will press them hard for the championship.

SENIOR LEAGUE TABLE.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Goals for	Goals against	Points.
IVb. ...	7	6	1	0	32	12	13
Vb.	7	5	1	1	35	24	11
IVc. ...	7	3	1	3	22	22	7
UVb. ...	7	3	1	3	23	25	7
IVd. ...	7	3	0	4	20	25	6
UVa. ...	7	2	1	4	20	20	5
IVa. ...	7	1	3	3	18	23	5
Va.	7	0	2	5	14	32	2

SENIOR CUP COMPETITION.

FIRST ROUND.

The games in this round of the competition were down for Wednesday, Dec. 13th, on which day the teams concerned and their supporters mustered in full strength at Wavertree. Everything pointed to an interesting contest, and all the games started in good time. A dry frosty ground compensated for the cold fog which hung around, and so play soon became quick and exciting. After the lapse of about ten minutes there was a curious change in the weather conditions, for we were quickly enveloped in a dense fog, which made it impossible to see things at a greater distance than four or five yards. We continued for a short time, but things became worse, and though one Ref., who was making huge efforts to keep sight of the ball but could not succeed was hopelessly perplexed, because he could not discover the goals on the side

line near the centre flag. Appeals for a light were heard on all sides, but it was impossible to get a sight of the petitioners. It was soon evident that under these conditions football was impossible, and after a conference between those concerned it was agreed to abandon the games. The next problem was to get to the pavilion, a feat which in due course was successfully achieved by the majority, but it was necessary to send out a search party for stragglers who had failed to take the right direction. The experience was extremely novel and interesting, though it spoiled the games, all of which were played on the next day. The following are the results :—

UPPER Va. v. IVb.

This game was played on Thursday, Dec. 14th, and IVb, the junior team, had a handicap of two extra players and a goal.

Early in the game U Va. showed vigour on the right, and a grand shot from Verspreuwen just went over the bar. However, this bad luck was overlooked when U. Va.'s inside left scored after smart footwork was shown. The same player added a second goal a few minutes later. In the second half U Va. pressed hard, and although the opposing defence played well two more goals were registered for the upper form by C. Kieran. Sundry break-aways by IVb. forwards were stopped by U Va.'s able defence, and the game ended in a win for the latter form by 4—1. Scorers—W. Cooke (2), C. Kieran (2).

Va. v. Vb.

This match was played on Thursday, Dec. 14th. Vb. were strongly represented, and kicking down the slope with the wind at their backs, they very soon asserted their superiority, and the greater part of the play in the first half was waged in the A's half. Nevertheless, the latter attacked strongly, and at times became very dangerous. In

spite of the brilliant defence of Va., the combined efforts of the B's forwards resulted in their scoring three goals through Murphy and Quinn, while the A's could not rely with a single goal.

In the second half better things were expected from the A's, and had their forwards been a little more "nippy" a better result might have been recorded. Time and again the progress of the Vb forwards was checked by Osbyrne and Walsh (the latter deserves special mention, as he played a wonderful game throughout), but they could not be denied, and soon Murphy added a fourth goal. When the final whistle blew Vb. were victors in a well-contested struggle by 4 goals to nil.

UPPER Vb. v. IVa.

Upper Vb. met IVa. in the first round of the Senior Cup. IVa. being the younger and lighter side, started with one goal to their credit, and were allowed two extra men. From the start the Upper V.'s began to press, but were unable to find the net owing to the brilliant display of the IV.'s goalkeeper. A lovely pass from the right wing enabled Tracey to score, thereby putting the scores equal. Another goal was soon scored by Lynch, followed a few minutes later by a good ground shot from Loftus, which completely beat the IV.'s custodian.

In the second half the IV.'s showed better combination, and made several heavy onslaughts on the V.'s goal. Eventually their efforts were rewarded by a very clever goal through Owens (jun.). This success made them still more aggressive, but the fine play of Owens (senr.) at centre half spoiled all their efforts, and the game ended in favour of Upper V. by the narrow margin of one goal, the score being Upper V., 3; IVa., 2.

IVc. v. IVd.

Burke (IVd. captain) winning the toss, elected to play against the hill. Healey

kicked off for IVc., who at once began to press. The IVd. backs defended stoutly, and the ball was sent up to Callaghan, who raced along the left wing, only to be robbed by Fletcher. McCallum getting possession, sent to Healey, who passed nicely to Daly, who scored with a fine shot. Nothing daunted, IVd. played with great spirit, and after a very nice bout of passing Callaghan, getting possession, sent in a hot one, which gave Broad no chance. The supporters of both teams now became very ardent, and the players responded with renewed vigour. IVc., after a spell, attacked strongly, and Healey scored with a fine shot. This reverse in nowise daunted IVd., who began bombarding their opponents' goal, but Crean and McCallum were equal to every onslaught, the latter bringing the ball down the whole field and scoring a very fine goal. Close on the call of time Healey scored again, thus making IVc.'s score 4 goals to one goal for IVd.

On resuming IVd., with the hill in their favour, played with great enthusiasm, and on two occasions narrowly missed scoring, Crean foiling them very cleverly on each occasion. A fine kick by McCallum was further improved on by Healey, who, eluding both backs in fine style, scored his third goal of the match. From the kick-off IVd. came away in a great burst, and Crean had to concede a corner in order to save. This was got off, and McCallum getting away made a great run, and wound up by scoring from a rather difficult angle. From this till the end IVc. were on the defensive, and it was only the great play of Crean, McCallum, Fletcher, and Walsh that kept them from scoring. Shortly before full time McCallum scored his third, and just on the call of time Roberts scored.

Full time—IVc., 8 goals; IVd., 1 goal.

JUNIOR CUP COMPETITION.

The first round of this competition was not completed, the games having been postponed till next term. We hope to give full details in next issue.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

The teams of the Junior League, we are pleased to note, have brought into their play during the term just concluded that enthusiasm and dash which were marked features of their predecessors in the season 1915-'16. The regularity and punctuality of the players left nothing to be desired, and the "can't turn up"—that spoiler of all sport—is now practically unknown among our C.I. juniors. All the games listed for the term were played off, and some very good contests resulted. We offer our very hearty congratulations to IIIa. IIIId., who tie for top place in their league. Forms IIIc. and IIIb. have also got in some useful work, and their supporters may expect to see these teams forge ahead during the coming term. There is ground for this hope, seeing that IIIId.—which occupies so enviable a position in their league, suffered a severe defeat from the C's. The representatives of IIa. and IIb. have contested their games very keenly, and a word of praise is certainly due to the former, for their fine victory over IIIc. on 6th December. Detailed accounts of the principal League and Cup matches will appear in the next issue of the C.I. Magazine. The appended table shows how the teams stand at present:—

Form.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals for	Goals against	Points.
IIIa. ...	8	5	1	2	28	14	12
IIIId. ...	8	6	2	0	39	14	12
IIIc. ...	8	4	3	1	30	19	9
IIIb. ...	8	4	3	1	24	20	9
IIa. ...	8	3	5	0	15	29	6
IIb. ...	8	0	8	0	10	50	0