

Catholic Institute Magazine.



Autumn, 1918.

Organ of the Pupils .
and Ex-Pupils of the
Christian Brothers, .
Liverpool.

* THE *

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

MAGAZINE.

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Editorial.

There are so few things in this world that are impossible that the ambitious must always be praised and the un-enterprising blamed. So many of us spend so much time bewailing our lack of opportunity to do good, either for ourselves or other people, that we have no time left wherein to act. None of us were intended to occupy the same social position all through life, nor were we expected to keep the bottom level of intelligence, understanding and intellect. Sometimes we try to do a thing, and because we fail that something for us is for ever impossible. Sometimes we wish when we should do; we console ourselves with the thought and expression that if only our position and opportunities were as those of other people, we might do as much as these people do. That attitude is helpless and hopeless; one half of the people we are talking about who

have done so much, started with less influence and fewer chances than we have. They have succeeded because they made up their minds and applied their energies towards success.

Did you ever hear the story of how the engine got its start? The quiet night air of the country was being tortured by a railway engine which had been stalled nearly half a mile away. The awful racket awakened me. The puffs of the locomotive measured the rate of motion—four puffs to one revolution of the driving wheel. Slowly the wheels turned round once, and then, losing their grip on the rails, whirled uselessly. A score of times the driver pulled the throttle, and as many times the wheels let go. I said to myself, "You have no sand; you can't climb that gradient. I wish you would stop that noise and let me get to sleep."

The engine answered, "I—think—I—can—can—can—can—can." When

the engine had encored itself about twenty times I thought it worth while to begin to count. Precisely the same performance was repeated over and over again without the least sign of discouragement. I was growing exasperated. Dogs barked, hounds howled, and cats used language which I cannot repeat. Nature seemed to sympathise with me. A toad under my window croaked out, "Can't," "Can't." All the roosters joined in with, "I know he can't." The clock with a tone of authority which sounded decisive chimed with words which clearly said, "He can't," "He can't," "He can't," "He can't," "He can't."

Evidently public opinion was unanimous, but in face of all the engine persisted. "I—think—I—can—can—can—can—can." Every time it tried it slipped, and every time it slipped it tried again. That plucky engine failed seventy-four times, but it tried seventy-five times, and then I heard, "I—think—I—can—can—can—can," "I—think—I—can," "I think I can," "I think I can." And then as the train struck the curve and came on the down grade I heard, "I—thought—I—could," "I—thought—I—could," "I thought I could," "Thoughtacould," "Thotacd," "thotcd." It succeeded because it tried once oftener than it failed.

This story should serve to inspire those who feel that all the world is against them, and there is no use in trying to get on—and this because they have made one or two attempts which were not as successful as they had hoped for. It is a mistake to sit down in despair because some effort has not brought the fruits expected or the results deserved; it is wrong to refrain from action because circumstances are not the very best for encouragement and enthusiasm.

We can do what we think we can do; and the way to get something done is to start. Work for what you want instead of wishing for it.

School Notes.

"AT THE C.I."

We are glad to record that despite the many difficulties that arise in these abnormal times the past year has been one of unprecedented success. The numbers in attendance represent the highest total in the history of the School, and though our accommodation is taxed to the utmost, there is an ever-increasing number of applicants for admission.

With what ability and devotion the work of the School has been conducted the brilliant successes gained at the various Public Examinations testify. Of the ten Senior City Scholarships tenable at Liverpool University, no less than three have been gained by C. I. boys. In addition to this notable success our students must also be credited with the winning of four Engineering Scholarships.

Nor must we omit to mention the success which has attended our School in the arena of Athletics. Our readers are familiar with the keen competition that ensues for the possession of the Liverpool and District Senior Football Shield. Many generations of our Past have striven to win this coveted trophy, but it remained for their successors of to-day to bring it in triumph to *Alma Mater*. Thanks to the success of our Juniors, we have the unique honour of holding the two football Shields for 1918. The organized games continue to be played on Wednesday and Saturdays with all the pleasure and zest which we associate with youth.

SENIOR CITY SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Liverpool Education Committee offer annually ten senior city scholarships at the University of Liverpool. These scholarships carry with them free admission to lectures and laboratory courses at the University, together with a maintenance grant of £30 a year.

They are awarded on the work done in the Higher Certificate Examination conducted by the Joint Board of the Northern Universities, and it is a condition of eligibility for the scholarship that the candidate is under nineteen years of age and is a child of parents who have been resident in the city for the twelve months immediately preceding the commencement of the scholarship, or who have been ratepayers in the city for the same period in such a manner as to entitle them in due course to be placed on the burgess roll.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS.

Heartly congratulations to W. H. Cooke, J. H. Macmillan, and A. Q. McParland on their success. They have added three more links to the long chain of successes gained by C. I. boys in the "Senior City" competition.



A. T. Hosker, F. P. Irvine, and J. N. Wright merit our warmest congratulations on their success in winning Bartlett Engineering Scholarships.



No success is more popular with C.I. boys than that of C. S. Kieran who has been so fortunate as to win the Liverpool Workingmen's Scholarship. Recently we congratulated him on his athletic prowess. To-day we rejoice with him over a more lasting honour. Truly, 1918 has been for "K" a year replete with success.



In the *Catholic Times* of August 17th we read:—

"Year by year we have had abundant evidence of the high standard of efficiency maintained at the Catholic Institute, and the lists of winners of University Scholarships which have been recently published show conclusively that the standard attained

during the session just concluded is worthy of the best traditions of the School. At the competition for these Scholarships held last July, seven of the pupils in the Senior Form of the School were successful. These seven scholarships are among the most valuable offered by the local University, and include three Senior City Scholarships awarded to W. H. Cooke, A. McParland, and J. H. Macmillan, the Liverpool Workingmen's Scholarship awarded to C. S. Kieran, and three Bartlett Engineering Scholarships awarded to A. T. Hosker, F. P. Irvine and J. N. Wright. The successes achieved by the pupils of this school in these annual competitions for University Scholarships, as well as in other public examinations, have long since placed it in the forefront of the Secondary Schools of the country; and it must be especially gratifying to the Catholic community of the City and district to find that this school maintains a standard of education not excelled by the most liberally financed school in the city. We are sure the brilliant work done for our Catholic youth by the Christian Brothers and their staff is fully appreciated."

OXFORD LOCALS.

At the recent examination we were represented by Junior candidates only. Their success in Honours' Division is especially gratifying. Eight were placed in the First Class; ten in the Second Class; six in the Third Class; while there were no fewer than eight Distinctions in Latin.

FORM LEAVING EXAMS.

In the Form Leaving Examinations of the various classes the following gained the first, second and third places respectively:—

Form Ia.—M. Bartlett, J. Pozzi, J. McAllister.

Form IIa.—F. Curran, G. Murray, T. McGrath.

Form IIb.—J. Hardy, R. Langton, J. Quinlan.

Form IIIa.—L. O'Callaghan, J. Bennet, J. O'Connor.

Form IIIb.—F. Duffy, D. Morgan, J. Fitzsimmons.

Form IIIc.—H. Carr, E. Rigby, W. Murphy.

Form IVa.—E. Irvine, J. Keating, J. Unsworth.

Form IVb.—F. Beswick, W. Vaughan, J. Woods.

IVd.—F. Bartlett, F. Harrington, E. Riley.

SPORTS FUND.

The School returns best thanks to the many friends who so generously contributed to the Athletic Prize Fund. The names of subscribers appear on page 31.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN.

T. P. Byrne, who gave such a magnificent display in the Shield games last season is to be captain of the First Eleven.

INTER-CLASS DEBATES.

"That a League of Nations, as suggested by President Wilson, for the enforcement of universal peace after the war is possible" was debated by Forms Upper Va and Upper Vb on May 5th, under the leadership of B. Smith and D. Dixon, respectively. The latter argued that the League would likely aim at destroying national liberty and would bring in its wake a perennial difficulty—that of representation. J. Loftus asserted that the scheme provoked criticism only because it was still in its infancy, but that when the court was established the cause of every dispute would be investigated and resentment would calm down while the parties involved were awaiting the decision. The next speaker, A. Calland, maintained that the favour shown towards the proposal at present is due to emotions excited by the war. P. O'Brien was of the opinion that after this world conflict people would never desire war again, and that the League of Nations would command universal

approval. On the other side, F. Murphy doubted the capacity of such a League to reconcile nations of widely different ideals. Each country represented, he said, would naturally utilise it to further her own ends. J. Cole and J. Blacoe having spoken, and the leaders having summed up, a debate by no means brilliant ended in favour of Form Vb.

Form Upper Vb met Form VI. on June 10th, when the subject, "That we owe more to Poetry than to all other forms of Literature" was debated. Form VI. championed the cause of Poetry, and was represented by a "noteless" quartette, an innovation in the history of our debates. J. Macmillan's speech was the feature of the occasion, though his logic seemed at times somewhat too subtle for many of his audience. P. Irvine and A. Hosker delivered "set" speeches on the same side, while W. H. Cooke essayed the more difficult task of examining the arguments advanced by his opponents. D. Dixon, leader of the opposition, spoke in his usual fluent and deliberate manner. L. Murphy said that Poetry merely developed the sentimental aspect of man's nature, while prose developed the practical side of his nature. A. Calland and J. Blacoe also spoke against the claims of Poetry. Less keenly contested than the previous one, the debate resulted in a victory for Form VI.



A WORD TO BOYS.

Boys, did you ever think that this world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas, and rivers; with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs; with all its millions of grouping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to boys of the present age—boys like you? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The presidents, kings, governors, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers, men of the future—all are boys now.

E. BURRITT.

Education—as it were.

By J. H. MACMILLAN (Form VI.)

There is nothing more terrible than for a Classical student to have to go home every evening with a Modern—a Philistine. Earthquakes, indeed, and bankruptcy and rationing pale into insignificance before the blazing horror of the tragedy. Because, in the first place, it is not in human nature ever to come to agreement over the question of which kind of education is the better—the Classical or the Modern; for the simple reason that “that branch of knowledge which is the most familiar to a person always appears the most important” (Ruskin). And so it happens, for example, that those who have a highly specialised knowledge of, say, chemistry would like to explain everything in terms of Chemistry. I have always found much humour in one of the interpretations of the statement that “Descartes based his system of the soul on geometrical principles. (Descartes, by the way, is a person whom every earnest student of Conic Sections anathematises.)

Not that the coal-heaver would be an unbiassed judge in the question, though he has no specialised knowledge of any educational subject. So far from being unbiassed, he would condemn the Humanities as “bunkum,” and Science as the purest idiocy. Between these two we have the superficial inquirer—a most interesting creature—who speaks the magic word “Electricity” as the cause of any phenomenon he fails to understand. Chemistry also is favoured by him as explaining such things as life, thought, sensation, etc.; as Mgr. Benson said, no one has actually suggested water power to explain spiritual phenomena.

So it appears that no one can judge properly of the relative merits of the study of the Arts or the Sciences: neither the coal-heaver, because of his contempt bred of familiarity; nor the specialised enthusiast, because of his indiscriminating favouritism; nor the

superficial inquirer, because he will back any horse whose name—such as Chemistry or Electricity—sounds intellectual.

There is one argument, however, which the Scientist always produces as a trump card: “Science,” he says with his hand on his heart, “Science is exact.” I, for one, don’t know what to make of the statement. We might argue thus for Mathematics: “Mathematics deals with numbers; two and two are exactly four: therefore Mathematics is exact.” Comment would be superfluous. But Beethoven composes a sonata; the said sonata is exactly the said sonata; that is to say, it follows out exactly its own plan. Therefore, Art is exact. If this evokes no response from the soul, then let the reader read on.

A subject, to be called exact, must fulfil two conditions—(1) The objects it deals with must be exact in themselves; (2) they must be exact in their evolution. If these two conditions are fulfilled, then it is evident no element of uncertainty enters into the subject.

Now, a piece of firewood is perfectly exact. Inexactness implies departing from something; and from what can a piece of firewood depart—except, via volatilisation, from its present walk in life. Of course a piece of wood an inch long may be called exactly the length of an inch; but any other piece is exactly its own length—and it is just as exact for a piece of wood to be exactly its own length as for it to be exactly the length of something else kept at the Standards Office, Whitehall. So a sonata is as exact in itself as the universe.

It is clear, then, I think, that all things are exact in themselves—they all square with their own law. Then as regards point (2), it is sometimes thought that the results of science are obtained in a more exact manner than those of art. This, however, is a fallacy. It is a thing unheard of that a man (unsuspected of lunacy) has sat down to compose a minuet (or draw a dog), and has risen from the task to find the finished work an arabesque (or

a cat). Of course it might be urged in this connection that the usual rendering of a Mendelssohn concerto by an amateur is not quite exact in its evolution from the printed page—but then we don't call that art; it is merely the mechanical transmission of energy, and, as such, must be credited to Science. To show the vagaries associated with the scientific method, one illustration will suffice. You roast a few pounds of pitch-blende out of curiosity, and in the sequel you come out with "Great Scott! I've discovered Radium." (To get over the difficulty of having to invent the name Radium on the spur of the moment, you will probably cry out "Eureka.")

So I think it is fairly clear that Science is *not* more exact than Art for the two reasons discussed: the stock-in-trade of each is exact in itself, and that of Science is less exact in its evolution. Of course, that is only one of the alleged superiorities of Science. Another is that Science touches the intellect, and the Classics the emotions (or "finer sensibilities"); and from this condition a whole host of consequences are alleged to follow.

Ruskin tells us that constant and exclusive application to the study of Science produces a "peculiar rigidity of mind." "Weak men," he says, "are utterly hardened by it" "they gain a peculiar strength, but lose tenderness, elasticity, impressibility." In the same book ("On the Old Road") he mentions that "we painters" require "a certain amount of insanity," and "the exercise of the painter's faculty often results in total insanity." If tenderness means insanity, then let us by all means study Science. But I question the statement that scientific training destroys the aesthetic or moral faculties. Huxley certainly wished his intellect to be a "clear, cold logic machine," but he tells us that he derived great pleasure from hearing good music, and would advocate the inclusion in every system of education of such subjects as literature, drawing, music or painting, and, if time permitted, one or two foreign languages.

There is the well-known phrase that, with the progress of science, "the heavens have gone afar off and grown astronomical, nor will they return to us on the 'squares of the distances' or Dr. Johnson's dictionary." This comes near making us weep: but if anyone desires to find real appreciation of the marvellous beauty and magnificence of the universe, he will find it in works on Astronomy, and he will also find that the uninstructed have not the slightest interest in the universe or the heavens. They may enjoy a fine sunset; but so does the astronomer, who, besides, appreciates the wonderful power behind all celestial phenomena.

A clique of narrow educationalists lay it down that "the study of Mathematics produces a wrong bias of mind as regards truth." I have often wondered whether the scientific and mathematical baker, saturated with the knowledge that two and two are four, is thereby moved through the agency of some dark power to give short weight. It might be interesting to catalogue the lies of Laplace, who is considered "the most brilliant mathematician that Europe has produced," and to compare them with those of Herodotus, the father of History and Mendacity. (Any information touching the education of George Washington will be welcomed by the Author. Address: c/o Editor.)

We will now, I think, let the two students go home in peace; we have heard no dialogue or word from them, and let us not raise conflict between them by endeavouring to do so. The tone of the article may be considered by some inappropriate to the subject matter—which certainly has a serious side to it—but I must plead two extenuating circumstances: Science and Art (1) can stand plenty of fooling, and (2) are none the worse for a little bolstering up. If the reader finds the arguments in parts rather subtle or unconvincing, let him be consoled by the fact that this may be due to entropy, but *not* to "the lie direct"—immensely different things. In any case, I think it is St. Ambrose who says: "Non in dialectica complacuit Deo saluum facere populum suum."

How to Train for Sports.

By A. T. HOSKER (Form VI.)

The writer wishes it to be understood that these hints are given gratis, no cheque having been received from the Editor of the "C.I.M." Whether an athlete, benefiting by the information here supplied, will act in a gentlemanly manner—in other words, will share the spoils of victory; in still other words, will divide the swag—is a matter entirely for his own conscience. We all know the proverb, "He who runs may read." But this is another story. My object is to show how he who reads may run to some purpose.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR THE HUNDRED YARDS RACE.

The first essential is that the preparation be extended over a sufficiently long period. Warren Hastings and Queen Elizabeth both mention five years. I say eighteen months, not a day more or less. "Why do I say eighteen months?" you ask. To explain would give information to your opponents, and thus defeat your purpose. Take it from me, then, that eighteen months is the proper period. If possible, begin on a Christmas Day. Caution—the days during the Christmas season are so short, special vigilance must be exercised lest this particular day slip by unnoticed.

The question of diet is of paramount importance. The food obtainable in these days of rations is absolutely unsatisfactory both in quantity and quality. One must therefore apply for *supplementary rations for athletic enthusiasts*, which are obtained by filling up a special form issued by the Food Controller. A word as to the filling of these forms is here called for. The applicant writes his name, address, age, height, weight, specific gravity, colour of eyes, and number of legs in indicated columns. One's name is fairly familiar to one, and will present

no difficulty. One's address should not, either, but invariably it does: people never know the number of their house, and yet it is so easily found. You simply add together the numbers of your next-door neighbours' houses and divide by two. The applicant's age is determined by means of a Nicholson's hydrometer, his height by means of a micrometer screw gauge, his specific gravity by a thermometer, and the colour of his eyes by a spectroscope. The legs should be counted carefully by a friend, a reliable mathematician if possible. The required rations will be granted if these items are correctly supplied. The nature of the food to be taken is left to the discretion of the person concerned. Candles are excellent "running food," while soap cleanses the system and increases the elasticity of the joints. Meat and alcohol, however, should be avoided.

The food question having been solved, there remains the training, properly so called. One's back yard is hardly the place to practise sprinting in. The public park is, of course, an ideal place; but it is essential to do one's practice in secret if one wishes to take the world by storm. What, then, is to be done in these perplexing circumstances? There is a ready solution to the problem if one lives in a two-storey house, and possesses a "sporting" fox terrier. You simply hurl a bone at the top of the staircase, release the dog, and follow doggedly in his footsteps. When, after a few months of this exercise (which should be done while mother is out shopping), the student can leave his terrier two yards behind him on reaching the top of the stairs, he may consider his progress as satisfactory. He ought then engage in other exercises.

As an additional exercise I can strongly recommend a daily game of draughts. The speed one acquires from the constant moving of the discs is so great that after a short time the player must be strapped in his seat before starting the game. Other useful practices from which the greatest bene-

fit may be derived are: reading racy yarns, watching trains pass at level crossings, and experimenting on quick-silver.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR THE OBSTACLE RACE.

As regards food, generally speaking the less one eats the better. The fact that one of the "obstacles" is a long bar placed a few inches above the ground, under which one has to crawl, makes it necessary to reduce one's figure to a very attenuated condition. Hence the following regimen must be rigidly adhered to:—

Breakfast—Watercress.

Dinner—Reading from "Alone at the South Pole," "Thrown to the Wolves," "Buried Alive," etc.

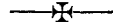
Tea—Salmon, *ad lib.*; eggs, *nem con*; toast, *in medias res*; steak, *um-grano salis*; cheese, *ab urbe condita*; peaches, *ne plus ultra*.

It will be noticed that the menus for breakfast and dinner are arranged with the view of making one thin, while that for tea is intended to maintain the muscular condition of the body at the proper pitch.

Now for the training. For this the first essential is a canopy bed, the second a large room for the aforesaid first essential. Some readers may fancy they hear parental tones of remonstrance at the mention of these essentials. Tones, monotones, or undertones, whether paternal, maternal, vernal, or internal, simply count for nothing; if the race is to be won, these instructions must be followed. Getting to bed is quite simple: go under bed—(taking off coat)—climb up wall—(taking off tie and collar)—on to canopy—(reciting Lays of Ancient Rome)—on to bed proper—(winding alarm clock). Matters of minor importance, such as "debootising," are attended to at slack intervals in the process.

Put the alarm clock on for 5 a.m. At its first scound doff pyjamas, don right boot, coat, tie, left boot, collar, vest, ring, and socks—all to be in their correct positions before the alarm

ceases. If you fail at first to get through this simple exercise successfully, put on the clock to 5.30 a.m., go to sleep again, and try once more. Thus begins the day. Now, the next thing Certainly, Mr. Editor, of course, if the other chaps want to get articles in—I was only—yes—just a—!!



Vitai Lampada.

There's a breathless hush in the close
to-night—

Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned
coat,

Or the selfish hope of a season's
fame,
But his captain's hand on his shoulder
smote—

"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red—
Red with the wreck of a square that
broke—

The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel
dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and
smoke.

The river of death has brimmed his
banks,
And England's far, and Honour a
name,

But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the
ranks:

"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in
flame,

And falling fling to the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"

H. NEWBOLT.

The Romance of the Lighthouse.

By T. Byrne (Upper Va).

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year through all the silent night,
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!
—*Longfellow.*

There are few occupations entailing so much hardship as that of lighthouse building. Often the work of years is demolished by the pitiless elements, and the whole task of construction must be commenced anew. The lighthouse builders are in constant danger from the angry waves and furious gales which prevail around the localities where these buildings are required.

Before the Eddystone Lighthouse, built of stone in 1760 by John Smeaton, had been constructed, all lighthouses were made of wood. But the completion by Smeaton of a stone tower on the Eddystone Rock opened a new era in the art. This feat was regarded at the time as a most wonderful advance in engineering; and the Government, in making the copper coins of the realm, included on the stamp a representation of this lighthouse. It can still be seen on any Victorian penny.

There were several towers built on the Eddystone Rock, and their construction was accompanied by no small amount of danger. We read of how a certain Mr. Douglas was standing on the old tower, superintending its demolition in preparation for the building of the new one, when a piece of machinery struck and hurled him towards the sharp rugged rocks eighty feet below. His companions on the tower, breathless and horror-stricken, could only look on as he was apparently hurled to his doom. He must inevitably have been dashed to pieces were it not that a huge wave came rushing in with such violence as to break his fall and carry him high on to the rocks, from which he was quickly pulled to the tower by the workmen.

A prominent engineer occupied in lighthouse construction was Mr. R. Stevenson (grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson), who, after overcoming tremendous difficulties, succeeded in erecting a stone tower on the Inch Cape Reef, off the east coast of Scotland, at a cost of between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. The same engineer constructed the Skerryvore, on the west coast of Scotland. When the attempt was first made, after a whole summer's toil, the works were completely demolished by a single storm. Undaunted by this set-back, Stevenson renewed the attempt and succeeded, but at what great toil and hardship may be gleaned from his own account of the task: "(We) spent many a weary day and night—at those times when the sea prevented anyone from going down to the rock—anxiously looking for supplies from the shore, and earnestly longing for a change of weather favourable to the prosecution of the work. For miles around nothing could be seen but white foaming breakers, and nothing heard but howling winds and lashing waves Our slumbers, too, were at times fearfully interrupted by the sudden pouring of the sea over the roof, the rocking of the house on its pillars, and the spurting of the water through the doors and windows." The house referred to was the temporary erection which had been built for the workmen to live in during the prosecution of the work.

A particularly stormy and weather-beaten spot is the Fastnet Rock, off Cape Clear, Ireland, exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic. In recent years a lighthouse has been constructed there, after six years' toil. The men employed in laying the foundations (the most difficult part of the work) were several times nearly swept off the Rock, and only maintained their hold by clinging "tooth and nail" with ropes and spars to the rocks.

The neighbourhood of the Scilly Isles is another spot dreaded by mariners.

In fact it is well known that so common were the shipwrecks off this coast that many of the people used to live there by "wrecking." To erect at various points in this neighbourhood lighthouses that would be able to withstand the assaults of the elements was a task offering almost insuperable obstacles. One most dangerous locality, Wolf's Rock, was but two feet above the water even at low tide, so that when the task of erecting a tower there was commenced, less than one hundred hours work was possible during a whole season. At every tide, after putting in only an hour's toil, the workmen had to abandon the rock, as the water rose to where they were working. On Bishop's Rock still greater difficulties presented themselves, for when an iron tower had been constructed, after four years' labour, the following winter saw the huge edifice blown down completely by the terrible storms. It required all the patience and perseverance of the builders to continue the task after such a disappointing result. However, the work was commenced anew, and greater care and more circumspection being exercised, in nine years another edifice was completed. Even this powerful structure was threatened with collapse, and had to be strengthened with new works of masonry.

But perhaps the crowning feat of engineering was achieved when a lighthouse was erected on a sandbank at the mouth of the river Weser in Germany. The plan laid down was to construct a huge caisson or tub; to tow it to the proposed site, and to sink the caisson in the sandbank. This being accomplished, the water was to be pumped out, and the caisson filled with concrete. Upon this solid foundation it was proposed to erect the tower. But the work did not proceed as smoothly as was anticipated. At the first attempt the caisson heeled over, and the men were forced to cling to the upturned side for several hours before assistance could be rendered them. Another attempt was frustrated by a storm which drove the heavy, unwieldy structure on to the shore, from which

it was not brought off without a great deal of trouble and labour. At last, however, the lighthouse was completed, to the great credit of all concerned. Since then numerous shoals and sandbanks have been crowned with lighthouses.

Thus does the history of the lighthouse reveal what pluck, skill and endurance can accomplish in the face of great obstacles. The whole problem of lighthouse building, invested though it has been with tremendous difficulties, can be safely declared as solved; and these sentinel structures, rising amidst foam-tossed breakers and threatening rocks, will ever stand as memorials of the indomitable perseverance of our "sea-builders."



To a Batsman.

(With apologies to Robert Burns.)

By F. P. IRVINE (Form VI.).

White-flannelled tim'rous batter,
How thy heart beats pit-a-patter,
And thy wits and vision scatter,
When, bat a-shaking,
You see your play's a matter
Of wicket taking!

A C.I. crack who's now a-bowling
Will put thy ill-starred wickets rolling,
And send thee back to rest a strolling,
Sad and depressed.
Yet, hark! a message a' consoling,
Thou'st done thy best.

For when thy wicket low doth lie,
Spectators rudely asking why,
Thy captain says he'll a new man try
In place of thee;
Then to thy pals thou'lt have to cry,
"Bad luck for me."

But, Batsman, thou'lt not be alone,
There are three more when thou'rt gone
Who'll soon go in, and then will moan
"Another duck."
All which, of course, comes off, I own,
Only with luck.

St. Polycarp's,

By J. DEEGAN (Upper Va).

As the train drew up at Ashton, on the London and Central route, a tall, dark lad of about fifteen summers stepped from it and gazed about him. He was dressed in "Etons," and had a gentlemanly appearance. As he looked round a porter, coming up to him, said, "Beg pardon, be you for St. Polycarp's, sir? If so there's a cab waitin' just outside." "Thanks," he replied, "I am going there. I suppose my box goes with me." "Yes, sir."

While the cab drove along, covering the mile or so which separated the station from the school, Harry Brooke, for so he was called, sat gazing out of the window, and wondering what new experiences awaited him. Suddenly there came the hooting of a motor-horn, then a crash, and then oblivion.

When ideas next entered his mind, he was sitting in a little dusty room, with a snappish-looking woman standing over him. The hard, sharp look in her eyes indicated a nature brutal and callous. She was very unkempt, and looked as if the matter of personal cleanliness was unknown to her. His inquiring look was greeted with a harsh "Well?" He looked up, and in a voice which seemed to himself far distant, inquired "Where am I?" "You're at St. Polycarp's School," came the answer, "and a nice lot of trouble you've given us. Now you can go to your cubicle and rest for to-night." She rang a bell on the table, and a shy red-haired boy who appeared was told to show Brooke to No. 16. Getting up with difficulty, he followed the lad, and was taken to a cubicle just sufficiently large to contain the bed.

Taking little note of his surroundings he threw himself on the bed and was soon asleep. He was awakened by the harsh clang of a bell, and stared around him with surprise. Ah, he remembered now. He was in St. Polycarp's School; that must be the rising bell. He made his preparations, and then went out of his cubicle, and saw

a stream of boys, who took no particular notice of him, walking in the one direction. They were sullen and morose. They had none of the boyish gaiety and light-heartedness which one meets with in the average school-boy. This, as well as the fact that his appearance evoked no curiosity, gave him food for thought. Evidently there must be some reason for this unsociability, and he determined to find it out. Soon he entered a large hall containing a number of tables; this was evidently the dining-hall. But which table was he to sit at?

"Brooke," he heard a harsh, grating voice call out, "come here. Why did you not report to me before now?" He looked round to find a big-boned, brutal-looking man close by him. The size of his body conveyed an impression of strength, while the small shifty eyes showed a certain amount of low cunning. "I did not know I had to, sir," he replied. "Well, you are to be in the Fourth Form," growled the man, "and mind your work. There's to be no idleness, or else you'll find yourself in trouble. Go to that table over there."

When the meal was over the boys streamed out into their different classrooms. Just outside the dining-hall Harry was overtaken by three others. They proved to be three Fourth-Formers, and were kind enough to show him the way to their class-room. On their way through the passages, they introduced themselves as Wilson, Taylor, and Haswell. He asked them what the school was like, but on that point they seemed disinclined to give him any information.

The class-room was a large room containing the number of benches requisite to hold about fifty boys. And as there were only about thirty present, the empty benches, together with drab walls, blank save for a few maps, contrived to give the room a desolate appearance. The Form was presided over by a small, weak-looking man, with grey hair and water-blue eyes. His name Brooke soon learnt was Mr. Smiley. The lessons were a farce, Mr. Smiley exercising absolutely no control over the boys. There were, however,

a few decent spirits among the lads, including the three before-mentioned, and these boys did their best to restrain the horseplay in which the rougher element wished to indulge.

This impulse, however, produced an unfortunate result. The restraint which the more honourable ones wished to impose was resented by the others. A free fight resulted; blows were rained thick and fast, and the class-room was turned into a bear-garden. Poor Mr. Smiley was lost in the turmoil. He had been deprived of his spectacles by a Geometry book, meant for Taylor, and was vainly endeavouring to separate the combatants. Suddenly every noise ceased as if by magic. Brooke gazed round, and beheld the big-boned man whom he had seen at breakfast, standing in the doorway. "Stoat!" whispered Taylor to Brooke, and thus brought down the wrath of the head-master in his direction. "Taylor and Brooke," he rasped unpleasantly, "come over here. As you are the ring-leaders in this uproar, you will be punished more severely than the others. Hold out your hands." "But—" interrupted Brooke. "Silence, I say," roared the master, "don't dare to argue with me." Harry glanced round at his school-fellows, but the cowed looks on their faces made him understand that he would receive no help from them. Therefore, outwardly calm, but inwardly a seething furnace of anger, he submitted to the twelve severe cuts which he received. Dick Taylor was let off with eight strokes, while the rest of the Form received four each.

After tea Brooke went out with his three chums into the playing fields. They decided to get in a little cricket practice, and the newcomer naturally got the first turn at the wickets. The first ball sent down was a regular corker, and Harry just barely managed to block it. The second was somewhat slower, and bounced to a nice height from the ground. Brooke stepped out to meet it, and struck it with all his strength. The sharp clack as the ball met the bat was almost immediately followed by a sound like that of breaking glass. The ball shot off obliquely,

and broke through a window in the adjacent house. "My hat," gasped Haswell, "look out for squalls, that is Stoat's room."

A few moments later they saw a familiar figure advance across the field, a pliable cane in one hand, the cricket ball in the other. To judge by his appearance, he was in a towering rage, and Harry felt a tremor run through him. "Who knocked this confounded thing through my window?" the master bellowed. Brooke answered in a quiet, firm tone, "I did, sir." Without another word, Mr. Stoat seized him, and began to lash him unmercifully with the cane. By the force and sting of the blows Harry realised that the master could not be in his right senses, and would perhaps do him some serious injury. Therefore, he began to struggle, but this only served to make the already maddened man more infuriated. He belaboured Harry much more heavily, and so great was the lad's agony that he fainted.

On recovering, he perceived that he was lying in a clean white bed, which was only one of a long row. A kindly-faced nurse was bending over him, and a look of gladness overspread her features when she saw his eyes open. He attempted to speak, but the nurse forbade him, and gave him a sleeping draught. Subsequently he learnt that he was really at St. Polycarp's. The motor accident had been responsible for a delirium in which he conceived a phantom school; and he still had to be initiated into the routine of his new abode.



READING.

It was a saying of Cicero's that reading softened the manners and kept us from becoming savages; but to work that effect one must read the right kind of books and follow their teaching. There is reading that tendeth to self-indulgence, to exclusiveness, to narrowness of sympathy; and such reading has no power to soften manners, but only to harden the heart and to refine without abating the cruelty of our savagery

The C.I. Magazine of 1856.

By W. H. COOKE (Form VI.).

I had recently the pleasure of reading a volume of twelve numbers of the Catholic Institute Magazine published in 1856, which had been presented to the Sixth Form Library by Mr. J. Keegan, B.Sc. In the first number of the collection the Editor informs us that the Magazine had been only a year in existence, and that there was felt a doubt as to the possibility of the promoters being able to continue its publication. He tells us that "those responsible for its production taxed every source within their reach, and determined that every issue should be free from self-blame." He also states: "It is not our purpose merely to supplant the reading which some Catholics at least feel to be a disgrace to our time; on the contrary, we look forward to being enabled to include scientific matter, historical inquiry, and political discussion, of value far beyond anything we have yet attempted."

Among the interesting items contained in the volume I find that in that year Shakespeare's "Tempest" was performed in Munich—the first performance of any English drama in Germany. About the same time, I also note, were published volumes three and four of Macaulay's celebrated "History of England." They had a very good circulation in America; but a different reception, however, met several copies of the work which chanced to stray into the hands of a number of Highlanders. They, incensed, no doubt, by the author's treatment of their race, assembled and publicly burned the offending volumes. At this time also Dickens published "Little Dorrit." Something, however, much more bulky and far more elaborate was offered for sale in Paris about the time "Little Dorrit" appeared in England. This was a Chinese dictionary, complete in one hundred and thirty volumes, and an encyclopedia in the same language complete in ninety-six volumes.

Those with scientific tastes will, no doubt, be interested in another item. The metal aluminium was obtained from alumina, which had not previously been decomposed into its elements. Sir Humphrey Davy had shown that the alumina contained oxygen; and in 1828 Wöhler had described the properties of the metal, but in 1856 Deville, a Frenchman, succeeded in obtaining a large pure specimen of it by heating the chloride with metallic sodium. The importance of this discovery has been very considerable. To mention only one result, aluminium being very light, has been of great assistance in the construction of airships and in the general progress of the science of aviation. A matter which appears to have caused much discussion at the time was the question of the rotation of the moon; some contending that the moon rotated upon its own axis, and others that it did not. Several plausible theories were put forward by those who thought that the moon did not rotate on its own axis. We know that the moon does rotate upon its axis; but it is, however, interesting to read the compliments which a writer of those days pays to those of the present generation. It reads as follows: "We feel confident that such a series of papers as have appeared on the non-rotation side of the controversy will be regarded in another generation as a curiosity belonging to an age in which, strange as it seems to say it, a dim twilight or something even darker on subjects of science, involved a section of society, even in enlightened England, in the nineteenth century."

In 1856 there arose a controversy on the subject of the authorship of the "Waverley Novels." It was asserted that Thomas and Mrs. Scott, relations of Sir Walter, were chiefly responsible for the production of the novels, and in support of this theory a writer puts forward the assertions that Mrs. Scott was a very gifted writer, and that Sir Walter repeatedly gave solemn denials that the books were his own creations. About the same time the celebrated writer Froude published another

volume of his "History of England—From the fall of Wolsey to the death of Queen Elizabeth." He appears to have had very peculiar ideas concerning Henry VIII., as the following extract shows:—"Henry was one of the ablest and most virtuous princes of his time, and always regulated his conduct by what he owed to God and his subjects." Another review which appeared was that of Cardinal Newman's book, "Callista, a sketch of the third century." In it the critic finds many passages which appear to him illustrative of the great descriptive powers of the author, but there is one point with which he finds fault: "here and there may be found certain expressions and phrases which must be classed as 'modern,' whilst in some places certain of the characters actually make use of present day French idioms."

In the February of 1856 a lecture was delivered on the "Ancient Civilization of Ireland" by a Mr. McCarthy, the discourse being illustrated by plans, diagrams, sketches of round towers, etc., whilst a few weeks later an entertainment entitled "Charles the Pretender and the Revolution of 1745-6," was given in the hall of the Institute. The ovation with which the spirited Jacobite songs of the period were received seemed to indicate that there was a fair sprinkling of the Highland element in the audience. Likewise, it is not without interest to note that a debate took place at the school of 1856 on the subject of "Female Suffrage."

Articles appear on *inter alia*, "Music and Painting," "Greece and the Greeks of the present day," Washington Irving, "Life of St. Vincent of Paul," and "The Future of England."

Those who take an archaeological interest in "jokes" will be glad to be informed that as long ago as 1856 milk was defined to be "the joint production of the cow and the pump." Another definition which may perhaps be quoted without offence is that of "a challenge." "A challenge was giving your adversary an opportunity of shooting you through the body to indemnify you for his having hurt your feelings."

However, although the preceding "perpetrations," together with a few similar "atrocities," form the only "light" portions of the collection, yet most of the articles are by no means "heavy." In fact, they cannot but prove interesting both to old and young. Of course, these issues were not produced by the C.I. pupils of those days, for Monsignor Nugent, who was then in charge of the school, had a host of literary friends who gladly assisted him in the publication of the Magazine. Hence it is that the C.I. Magazine of 1856 bears so little resemblance to that of 1918.



A GENTLEMAN.

Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think. Which of us can point out many such in his circle, men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of manners makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face, with the equal manly sympathy for the great and small?

We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circles, and have shot into the very centre and bull's-eye of fashion; but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out his list.

THACKERAY.



CRITICISM.

Criticism is so easy a task that anyone, no matter how unskilled, can do it without effort. The man in the gutter can criticise the saint—but that does not lift him an inch out of the gutter. When Thales, away back in classic times, was asked what was most difficult, he replied, "To know one's self"; but when he was asked what was most easy, he answered, "To advise another."

The Sea,

"The eagle's vision cannot take it in,
The lightning's wing too weak to sweep its
space,
Sinks half-way o'er it like a weary bird."
—Campbell.

How fascinating are the ever-changing aspects and the ever-varying music of the sea. The boundless ocean, over-arched by the boundless sky, is our finest type and reminder of the infinite, while the slow, deep, surfy murmur of the melancholy main is full of mystery and awe. It seems to voice every mood, passion, regret and desire of the human soul. Sleeping in delicious calm, leaping in the light, tearing down as if in petulant anger the shrieking shingle, stinging the bronzed cheek of the helmsman with its flying spray, "throbbing faultless as a flower under beam and breeze," flashing into what Homer called "immeasurable laughter," under the kisses of the sun, how varied are the moods of the ocean, and how mighty its appeal to fancy and to thought. It chants the lullaby as it will chant the requiem of the world.

In every clime and every season it bears the stamp of changeeful beauty. Each wind that ruffles it shows a new purity of hue. Each cloud that floats over it displays a new wonder of reflection. The rounded heavens use it as their mirror. The stars are like jewel-points on its broad expanse. The moon rocks her silver boat on its bosom. The golden sun flames triumphantly across it. Serene, ageless, infinite, unstained, how fascinating is the glamour of the sea.

A wise man has said: "Immensity is a medicine." This thought accounts for much that attracts us in the sea. In the visions of its vastness we become ashamed of the little things which have fretted us. It imparts a certain quietude of heart. Its soft pulsing cadences rebuke our discords. When a mood of sadness haunts us, its rejoicing waves "clap their hands," and we take heart again. Its wild birds careering between wave and sky bear away our discontents upon their wings.

Our thoughts take wider flight. Our minds expand. We "put away childish things." We think of the greatness of eternity, and the majesty of God. "Deep calleth unto deep" and the depths of the sea respond to our spiritual being.

Other things change and decay, but the sea changes without decay.

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow."

It is the symbol alike of Infinity and Eternity. Its every murmur is the voice of centuries past and centuries yet to be.

"What is the colour of the sea? The question is as old as language. For the sake of convenience, we agree to call it blue, but in point of fact every colour of the rainbow, and every hue of the flowers of the field belong to the wonderful world of waters. Homer described the ocean as "wine-coloured." But this is only one of the hues which the great deep can assume. Under bright weather, while the face is gold and white with the large light lying upon it, you will see under the side of a ship, or even of a small boat, a patch of shadow colour so delicately blue, or so divinely green, that sapphire chrysopease are but foolish terms whereby to indicate them. Nor can you decide which combination is more exquisite to the eye, the dark blue of the deep water laced with the broken silver of the foam, or the leaf-green loveliness of an inland gulf when the glitter of each lifting emerald ripple is backed by violet and grey; or the glory of the calm expanse under a golden sunset when the sea-scape is a far-stretching splendour of glass, mingled with fire. But the changeful glory of the sea marks a poverty of words. We can only accept it, and thank God for it as something worthy of his measureless beneficence.

Swinburne sings:—

*"The night is upon us, and anguish
Of longing that yearns for the dead,
But mourners that faint not or languish,
That veil not and bow not the head,
Take comfort to heart if a token
Be given them of comfort to be;
While darkness on earth is unbroken,
Light lives on the sea.*

Stories for the Young.

By JOHN COLE (Form Upper Va).

[Specially written to entertain the simpler folk among our readers.]

It was our custom as members of the "Explorers' Club" to meet, during the foggy and wintry weather, at the club rooms in Chelsea, and to spend part of the night telling stories of our experiences in the different countries we had visited. On the last night I spent there it was snowing heavily outside, and we, sixteen in number, were comfortably installed in the well-warmed club room, enjoying our pipes and reading. The silence was broken at last by Old Jim, one of the oldest members of the club.

"Did I ever tell you," he asked, "how I captured the lioness?"

We put down our papers and answered in the negative.

"Well," he continued, "it was like this. We were out for big game—three more whites and myself, and the usual crowd of blacks—in a district in Africa, north of the Congo. One noon, after we had pitched camp, I took a stroll into the forest, which was only a stone's throw from the spot chosen for the camp. I was lost in my thoughts, and wandered further than I intended. I was on the point of retracing my steps when I caught sight of a lioness with three cubs, sleeping in the tall grass near by. I had left my rifle in the camp, and here, just in front of me, was perhaps the best "bag" which I should ever have a chance of trying for. I thought awhile; then I crawled through the grass, as I had often seen the blacks do, and emerged just behind the lioness. She lay there asleep, perfectly unconscious of my approach. Quick as a flash I sprang forward, sat astride her body, seized her by the nose as a cowboy "rings" a bull, and led her off to the camp. The cubs made fine pets, too!" he added in a reminiscent manner.

There was a long silence after this. We looked at Old Jim in amazement. There seemed to be a tacit agreement that he was a man of wonderful courage—in telling stories. Sandy Mac was the first to speak.

"Whenever anyone speaks of pets," he said mournfully, "it always reminds me of poor Kipper."

"Kipper?" we said in surprise. "Was it a fish?"

"It was," replied Sandy, "and a finer one I never saw."

We begged to be told about it, that we might share Sandy's grief.

"All right," assented Sandy, "I'll tell you about it, but mind, if anyone laughs I'll tell no more. It was during a fishing excursion that I first made Kipper's acquaintance. I caught him in the sea, a beautiful herring, and fell a victim to its—I should rather say his beauty and charm. He was odourless, not like those herrings you see hanging in rows in a fish-shop, his eye was bold, and his scales shone red and blue in the sunshine."

Here the narrator stopped and looked suspiciously at Jerry Nolan, who made curious noises in his throat, and seemed to be trying to masticate his handkerchief. Still keeping his eyes on Jerry, Sandy continued: "I could not find it in my heart to kill him, so I took him home, put him in a bath of water, and christened him 'Kipper.' Then day by day I decreased the quantity of water in his bath, until he could exist without any. After that he used to walk about the house, standing upright on his tail, and I often fed him with tit-bits from my own plate. One day I took him with me for a walk in the country, and he jogged along beside me on his tail. At last, as we were crossing a river by means of a plank bridge, he slipped on a piece of orange peel left by some careless person, and stumbling, he fell into the water and was drowned."

We all condoled with Mac, and then another member said he would tell us about two pets he had. His pets were

two stodgy fox-terriers, which used to occupy his best armchair at home. I shall give the story in his own words.

"One day when I came home from work," he said, "I caught the two of them asleep in my chair. I tumbled them out and spanked them. I repeated the punishment for a few nights in succession and concluded I had taught them a useful lesson. On coming home one evening a little earlier than usual I was amazed to see the two pups standing on their hind legs, blowing upon the cushions of the chair, as if for dear life, to make them cool."

At the end of this recital we looked at one another blankly, and Jimmy said he had another remarkable experience to relate. He began:—

"On one of the occasions when I was out rabbit hunting with my dog, Quickfeet, a hare had been started and the dog went bounding after it in full cry. The ground was grassy with here and there a few trees, tall and thin, standing in solitary state. The hare bounded on, the dog on its heels. So engrossed was Quickfeet in his chase that he dashed violently into a thin tree. The tree caught him in the centre of the forehead, and such was his speed that he was split into two portions, each of which by reason of its impetus dashed on, both joining together at the other side of the tree! The hare escaped."

Our story telling that evening was brought to a conclusion by Smith's relation of an anecdote concerning Si Hoskins.

"Si got a job at shooting muskrats, for muskrats overran a millowners dam. There, in the lovely spring weather, Si sat on the grassy bank, his gun on his knee. Finding him one morning, I said, 'What are you doing Si?'"

"I'm paid to shoot the muskrats, sir," he said. "They're underminin' the dam."

"There goes one now," said I. "Shoot, man! Why don't you shoot?"

"Si puffed a tranquil cloud from his pipe and said, 'Do you think I want to lose my job?'"

The Best School of all.

It's good to see the School we knew,
The land of youth and dream,
To greet again the rule we knew
Before we took the stream;
Though long we've missed the sight of
her,
Our hearts may not forget;
We've lost the old delight of her,
We keep her honour yet.

*We'll honour yet the School we knew,
The best School of all :
We'll honour yet the rule we knew
Till the last bell call.
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best School of all.*

The stars and sounding vanities
That half the crowd bewitch,
What are they but inanities
To him that threads the pich?
And where's the wealth, I'm wondering,
Could buy the cheers that roll
When the last charge goes thundering
Beneath the twilight goal?

The men that tanned the hide of us,
Our daily foes and friends,
They shall not lose their pride of us,
Howe'er the journey ends.
Their voice, to us who sing of it,
No more its message bears,
But the round world shall ring of it
And all we owe be theirs.

To speak of Fame a venture is,
There's little here can bide,
But we may face the centuries,
And dare the deepening
For though the dust 't
To dust again be
Yet here shall be th
The School we ha

*We'll honour yet the
The best School of .
We'll honour yet the
Till the last bell call
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best School of all.*

Examination Results, 1918.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS.

Senior City.

W. H. COOKE J. H. MACMILLAN
A. Q. McPARLAND.

Liverpool Workingmen's.

C. S. KIERAN.

Bartlett Engineering.

A. T. HOSKER J. N. WRIGHT
P. J. IRVINE.

Higher School Certificate.

(NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES.)

W. H. Cooke J. H. Macmillan
A. T. Hosker A. Q. McParland
C. S. Kieran

DISTINCTIONS.

PURE MATHEMATICS.

W. H. Cooke C. S. Kieran
J. H. Macmillan

PHYSICS.

W. H. Cooke J. H. Macmillan

School Certificate.

(NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES)

*Thomas Byrne	John P. Moran
*John Cole	William J. McGrath
*James Deegan	Frederick Naylor
*Joseph Forshaw	*Philip P. O'Brien
*William J. Gernon	Edward O'Donnell
Sydney T. Graham	Frank P. Osbyrne
*Albert Hawe	*Francis B. Shevlin
James Loftus	John P. Blacoe
Leo Murphy	Andrew Calland

The names of Candidates whose Certificate will be a Matriculation Certificate are indicated thus (*).

OXFORD LOCALS—JUNIOR.

First Class Honours.

DIVISION I.

R. J. Irvine M. Moore.

DIVISION II.

E. Cooke M. O'Neill
E. F. Duff M. Rogers
F. H. Loughlin L. Waring

Second Class Honours.

DIVISION I.

H. Hodson S. J. Meldon
O. McCann J. Murray
M. P. McMahon

DIVISION II.

H. L. Cullen E. P. Hurley
L. Halpin J. J. Kirwan
J. E. Orford

Third Class Honours.

B. J. Bolger H. F. McGrath
J. P. Hawe J. B. Swift
A. F. Hely E. Wright

Distinction in Latin.

R. J. Irvine E. F. Duff
M. Moore M. Rogers
E. Cooke H. Hodson
M. O'Neill F. H. Loughlin

Passes.

S. J. Belger	G. McGovern
W. Blackler	J. Owens
L. Baragwanath	J. Ruiz
R. Byrne	J. Ryan
G. Breen	J. Smith
L. A. Browne	R. Walsh
J. Cunningham	E. Woods
T. Daly	F. Green
T. G. Daley	R. Ireland
E. Hyde	A. Lea
H. Lynch	W. Marsland
J. L. Murphy	P. Tuohy

The Mill and the Miller.

Splish, splash, click, clack, merrily goes the mill!

The wheel goes round, the corn is ground,
The miller is blithe and gay;
So ripple on, rill, and grind away mill!
For we're wanting flour to-day!

Thus was the burden of an old song in the far-off days of our youth, and probably it had even then been crooned for generations previously by fond mothers in lullaby to their sleepy little ones. And it well represents to-day, at all events, the early associations all seem to have with the mill and the miller; it leads memory back to one's early years to something that seems almost one of youth's clear remembrances of country life, country sounds, and country delights.

The mill and the miller have never failed to loom large in the history, romance, poetry, music, and art of every civilised land. Right down from Scriptural times the mill has been a prominent feature of national life and work; in unbroken line from the classical days has the miller stood forth as the very semblance and type of independence, sturdy toil, and useful labour for the community at large. One might prove this by reference to many lands, many literatures, many pictures painted afar; but, after all, why wander into foreign regions for this when we have it all so clear and evident at home?

Who can even enumerate all the grand old mills which still glorify and adorn the face of England? Who is able to put down most of their names, let alone their individual attractions? Yet here I may venture to name a few offhand, just as they come to mind.

What better-known landmark to all Oxonians than the famous Iffley Mill? It has figured in many well-known songs, in various noted poems, in scores of pictures and photographs. It is the great goal of picnic parties from the 'Varsity City; its fame has passed into all lands! What about the fine old mill at Cobham, known to artists for ages past? How sweet to

stand awhile and gaze idly as its great wheel goes round; how pleasant to watch the dripping waters of the mole fall from the wheel once more into the pool below!

Then who that has ever seen those glorious relics of black and white work can forget Rossett Mill and Donnington Mill? It is pleasant to remember how many splendid specimens of the reign of Queen Bess and the lively Stuarts yet survive in the grand old mills of the Welsh Marches; as also they do, though not in black and white timber, in the down-land of Sussex and amongst the well-wooded hills of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire.

How many thousands of people annually have made the pilgrimage to "The Windmill," Wimbledon Common, probably one of the best-known landmarks in South-West London.

And are there any real lovers and slaves of Father Thames who know not Streatley Mill and Cleeve Mill? Why, these are two veritable landmarks on the river; they are goals to which steamers, boats, picnic parties, painters and all sorts of folk wend their way by water and by land. They are wondrously beautiful in their environment, in themselves, and in their long and alluring histories. They have inspired poets, painters, and song-writers galore!

Naturally such a distinct object as the mill, with its great wheels, its deep pool, its floury atmosphere, its sturdy British look, and its busy life, long ago drew the attention of poet, novelist, and essayist. Of course it did! Why, we might take up the space of four articles as long as this with allusions thus made to it by classical authors of our own country. But a few of the chief ones must suffice.

You will recall at once "The Mill on the Floss," with its memories of Mrs. Tulliver, Maggie and Tom! George Eliot knew well the tremendous attraction of the mill and the miller when she introduced these so fully into her great story. One feels the very throb of the Tullivers. And of the hundreds of wheel, the very ripple of the water, as one reads all about the lives of the

thousands who at one time or another have laughed and cried as they read the ever-green "John Halifax, Gentleman." Surely hardly one can have forgotten what stirring scenes in it took place at the mill owned by Abel Fletcher—of the hard-hearted owner, of the mob wanting cheap bread, of the crippled Phineas and the loving John, when the crowd in anger fired the mill! What exciting descriptions these all are; how clearly they show us the mill and the miller in the days of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers.

Our English poems of classical and popular renown are full of the "mill" and the "miller" element. Tennyson, Shakespeare, Crabbe, Goldsmith, Wordsworth—a score of the greatest poets have all written in deathless verse about the mill. But almost even more famous than their verses in this connection are the popular snatches of song and folk-lore which have come to us down the ages in praise and glorification of the mill and the miller.

You will recall how that somewhat doleful but wondrously popular song about "The Banks of Allan Water" is really a recital of the adventures of "The miller's lovely daughter." Then who can forget that for centuries our old songs have told how the miller is the acme of independence in work and life and thought! Was it not the "Miller of the Dee" who used to sing us his wheel went round:

"I care for nobody, no, not I!
And nobody cares for me!"

How many generations have gone by since first was heard that very old folk-song, still so often sung when the game is played by lads and lasses as they move along in the ring and dance:

"I care for nobody, no, not I!
And nobody cares for me!"

"There was once a jolly miller, and he lived
by himself!
As the wheel went round he made his
wealth;
One hand in the hopper and the other in the
bag,
As the wheel went round he made his grab!"

Probably you would be well within the mark if you were to say that the

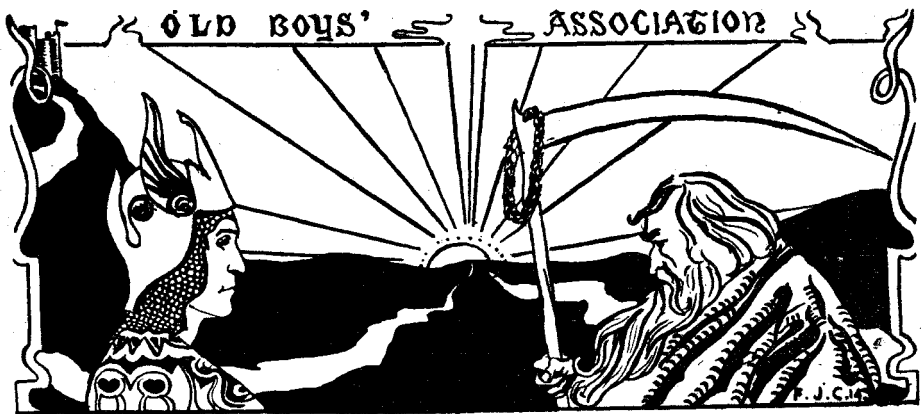
country swains and maids sang the very same ballad when dancing in the days of Henry VIII. or even earlier.

It has often been remarked that the proverbs of a nation are excellent pictures for displaying the matters which have made the deepest mark on its life. If this be so, the mill and the miller can rest satisfied. For such sayings as, "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small," "As dusty as a miller;" "The mill with the biggest wheel doesn't always grind most flour;" "Broken on the mill-wheel;" "Going through the mill;" and similar proverbs all testify in this respect to the fame of our subject.

And you cannot have spent many hours in our leading picture-galleries without being struck with the fact that the mill and its workers have provided subjects for the brushes of some of our finest artists, have afforded pictures that they have delighted to place on canvas. It may come to your mind that Rembrandt's celebrated painting, "The Mill," was sold not long ago to a wealthy American for a fabulous sum. And whilst such noted painters of past days as Constable, Turner, Morland, Ruysdael, etc., have also been allured by the mill, so too in later days have such artists as Shannon, Birket, Foster, Atkinson, Grimshaw, and other noted landscape painters of this generation.

And so right along our history and literature have the mill and the miller stood out strongly as marks, types, examples of "John Bull" in his sturdiest, solidest, stubbornest, most notable mood. Have you ever reflected that in all English rebellions since the Conqueror came a miller is hardly ever prominent? And why? Because the mill and its owner have always stood for consistency, difficulty of change, loyalty to things as they have been for ages! The miller, the mill, the wheel, the bags of flour—they are all substantial and solid—types and patterns of our national life for centuries.

Long may it be indeed ere such manly and splendid types shall disappear from our midst.



Within three weeks after his return to the front poor Joe Shorthall was reckoned among those gallant fellows who cheerfully die for King and country.



Edgar Murray is also among those who have made the supreme sacrifice.



Leo Williams—Edgar's chum from earliest years—died at Mill Lane Military Hospital on May 25th.



To the parents and friends of these brave lads we tender sincere sympathy.



Congratulations to the Rev. John Kieran, who was raised to the sacred Priesthood on May 25th at St. Joseph's College, Upholland.



We were glad to learn that the degree of B.Sc. was conferred on Arthur Whitfield recently. He has our congratulations.

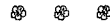


Gerald Bingham, owing to ill-health, has been discharged from the Army.



Best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. John Marmion. Wedding bells have been ringing recently!

"One night going my rounds I went into an unfamiliar sleeping hut, and noticed *one* out of *sixty* on his knees. I tracked him down next day, and found him to be an old Christian Brothers' boy." So writes Jim Toolan in a recent note.



Lieutenant Harold Cossentine, 9th Lancers, tells us with what pleasure he read in the *Echo* of the Schools success in the Shield matches.



Capt. Doolan, M.C., is amongst our regular correspondents. He takes a very keen interest in the work of his *Alma Mater*.



In the *Daily Telegraph* of July 4th we read:—"A composer undeniably places himself under a great strain when he elects to give a concert entirely of his own compositions, the opus numbers of which run to about two dozen. This is what Mr. Eugene Goossens, junr., did in Æolian Hall yesterday, and he complicated the strain by offering a large number of his songs in French, while two others—all admirably sung by Mr. D'Oisly—were "Persian Idylls." It is not for us to say if Mr. Goossens, one of the most richly endowed of the younger musicians of to-

day, wishes to be regarded as a "young British composer," and we rather hope not. For, in point of fact, he is as thoroughly cosmopolitan as any composer of his period. The chief work in yesterday's scheme was a Sonatina (of about half an hour in length) for violin and pianoforte, superbly played by the composer and Mr. Sammons, to whom it is dedicated. As this bears the opus No. 21, it clearly may be taken as typical of Mr. Goossens of to-day. It is full of lovely movements, but yet one does undoubtedly miss a broad, big sweep, and wearies just a little of its fragility and excessive "neatness." And so it is with the rest. All is wonderfully made, and in everything there are peeps of rare quality and beauty. But are there not too many trees?



Sub-Lieutenant J. Frank O'Neill, R.N.V.R., has been doing effective work in the pursuit and destruction of enemy submarines. We are pleased to hear that he was "specially commended" for his services in a recent undertaking.



We had a brief five minutes with Lieut. Fred Tindall, R.N., towards the end of July. Fred is still at the School of Mines, and we esteemed his assurance that it was safer to cross to Ireland just now than it had been some time ago.



Lieut. R. A. Twomey, R.N., is quite recovered from his recent illness, and is again somewhere in the North Sea.



Lieut. Frank Lacy is still convalescent in Blackpool. We hope he will mend perfectly if not speedily.

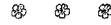


Cadet Blundell Parsons hopes "to get his wings" in a short time. He

does not seem to suffer from the strain incidental to going very much aloft.



Lieut. Kevin Leahy has got a commission in "The King's."



We were glad to hear from an Old Boy recently home from the Western front that Lieut. Geo. Rimmer is "in the pink."



Lieut. Tom Nugent was taken prisoner in the great German push last Spring. An account of "his last moments," written from a prison camp near Berlin, was intensely exciting.



Other "Old Boys" who are prisoners in Germany are Dick Cunningham and Joe Murphy (Kirkdale). The latter is in the town of the Pied Piper.



Aloysius O'Neill called to see us recently after a long absence at the front. He is in perfect form, and is in Col. Shute's division.



Willie Healey has done Egypt and Palestine, and is now on the Western front. We were interested in his impressions of Jerusalem, etc., etc.



So Pat Denny has put aside his test tubes and his chemicals, and has actually donned khaki. We hope he will find the R.E. routine interesting.



Among the recent recruits to the Army are James Macmillan, James Loftus, and Joseph Forshaw. The latter is at the Crystal Palace.



Pro Patria.

Since the publication of the last issue of this magazine, the following Old Boys of the Catholic Institute have made the "Great Sacrifice" :—

JOSEPH SHORTHALL.

LEO WILLIAMS.

EDGAR MURRAY.

FRANK DOYLE.

JAMES QUINLAN.

THOMAS HOLLAND.

Requiescant in pace. Amen.



"Men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, and who, if ever they failed in what they undertook, would not have their virtues lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest holiday offering to deck her feast their glory lives and is proclaimed for ever."

Edmund Gillow and Percy Kavanagh are both prisoners of war.



Lieutenant Ernest Jones, home from Tarenta, was one of our first visitors last term.



We hear that Joe Treacy is joining the Air Service.



Lieut. Willie Bramwells is about leaving for India.



Among many callers we were glad to meet J. Shaw, K. Leahy, F. Lacy, G. Verspreuwen, B. Parsons, J. Lynch, G. Kirby, F. O'Neill, W. Delaney, L. McDermott, Rev. T. Dunne, H. Murray, L. Flanagan, Rev. J. Doran, etc.



The Old Boys' football matches with the School XI. will be played on Oct. 26th and Nov. 16th.



All Old Boys should become subscribers to this Magazine. Annual subscription, *two shillings*.



The annual Mass for the deceased Masters and Past Pupils will be celebrated on Nov. 2nd at the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at 9.15 a.m.



We learn with much regret that Lieut. A. G. Deane has been recently wounded.

Swimming Gala, 1918.

Despite the inclement weather, the annual gala drew a very large gathering to the Queen's Drive Baths on Saturday, Sept. 21st. The various events on the programme attracted fairly large entries, and all were keenly contested. Perhaps the best contested event was the Junior Diving Competition, and this was won by G. Le Roi, who gave a splendid exhibition. In the Senior Diving event, J. P. Hawe, who repeated his success of last year, was an easy winner. It is to be hoped that on the return of normal days we shall see more competitors interested in the Old Boys' events. The members of the Club are to be heartily congratulated on the success of the afternoon; whilst the thanks of the School are due to Mr. J. F. Ford, who has done so much to popularize swimming, and who so ably organised the gala.

To the accompaniment of cheers, the winners were presented with their prizes by Rev. Br. Ford at the School on the following Friday:—

Details:—

One Breadth (under 12)—1st, J. O'Brien; 2nd, H. Fay.

One Breadth (12—15)—1st T. McGrath; 2nd, C. Langley; 3rd, A. Merrutia.

One Length (under 12)—1st, H. Fay.

Senior School Championship—J. Rogers.

One Length (between 12 and 15)—1st, A. Powderley; 2nd, J. McCoy; 3rd, J. Rutter.

Two Lengths (over 15)—1st, J. Devine; 2nd, H. Lynch.

Junior School Championship—1st, A. Powderley.

One Length Back (over 15)—1st, H. Lynch; 2nd, J. Rogers.

One Length Back (12—15)—1st, A. Powderley; 2nd, J. Rutter.

Squadron Race—1st, Form III.; 2nd, Form IV.

Head Dive (under 15)—1st, G. Le Roi; 2nd, T. Langley.

Head Dive (over 15)—1st, J. Hawe; 2nd, H. Lynch.

Obstacle (under 15)—1st, J. McCoy; 2nd, J. Rutter.

Obstacle (over 15)—1st, H. Lynch; 2nd, J. Devine.

Night Shirt and Taper—1st, B. Meyer; 2nd, J. Kelly.

Football Race—1st, E. Ranson; 2nd, G. Montgomery.

Old Boys' Race—1st, J. Lynch.

Cricket Club.

The season just concluded has been but a fair one. Our First XI., which retained but one or two of last season's players, was recruited from the weak team which constituted the second XI. in 1917. For next season the prospect is brighter, as Mr. Ford has had a promising lot of juniors in training during the entire term. The various Form matches were played with the usual keenness. Form IVc succeeded in gaining first place on the League table.

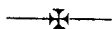
C. S. Kieran captained the First XI., and A. Hennin the Second XI.

FIRST XI. RESULTS.

- C.I. (51) v. Holt Secondary School (28).
- C.I. (74) v. Oulton Secondary School (76 for 7)
- C.I. (36) v. Birkenhead H. E. School (32).
- C.I. (35) v. Wallasey G. School (50)
- C.I. (18) v. S. F. X. College (37).
- C.I. (55) v. Wallasey G. School (60 for 6).
- C.I. (54) v. Waterloo Secondary School (45).
- C.I. (46) v. Bootle Secondary School (49).
- C.I. (28) v. Collegiate School (53).
- C.I. (31) v. Waterloo Secondary School (12).
- C.I. (32) v. Birkenhead H. E. School (76).
- C.I. (52) v. Oulton Secondary School (26).
- C.I. (69) v. Birkenhead Institute (59).
- C.I. (47 for 9) v. Holt Secondary School (69).

SECOND XI. RESULTS.

- C.I. (56) v. Wallasey G. School (75).
- C.I. (50) v. S. F. X. College (42).
- C.I. (40) v. Wallasey G. School (74).
- C.I. (32) v. Collegiate School (52).
- C.I. (42) v. Birkenhead Institute (40).
- C.I. (25) v. Oulton Secondary School (15).



Sports Day, 1918.

Half a mile away from the Green Lane Athletic Grounds lusty voices

could be heard proclaiming on Saturday, June 1st, an excited interest in the progress of events at the Catholic Institute Sports, and on arrival at the ground the well-populated Grand Stand and Pavilion Enclosure confirmed the idea that the Sports Meeting was a very popular one. Brilliant sunshine and music added to the pleasure of a sojourn in the grounds. Racing and jumping, not to speak of the tugs-of-war, roused great enthusiasm, the events being carried through with a hearty rivalry which compelled one to become a partisan. Each of the events, needless to say, proved very interesting, but the always popular obstacle naturally appealed most strongly to the spectators. As the heats had been decided on the previous Friday and Wednesday, it was possible, thanks to the assistance of the various officials to carry through a programme of thirty-eight events in less than two hours and a half.

Frank Batty of Lower Va was the athlete of the day. By winning the Championship Medal, *Victor Ludorum* Medal, and Silver Challenge Cup, he has created a record at our Sports.

Rev. Br. Ford, who presided at the Distribution of Prizes, voiced the thanks of the School to the generous donors of prizes. In introducing Mrs. Doctor Bligh, who graciously consented to present the prizes, Br. Ford spoke of the close and intimate connection which has for long years existed between the Bligh family and the Catholic Institute.

On behalf of the boys, C. S. Kieran presented Mrs. Dr. Bligh with a bouquet of carnations and roses.

The prizes having been presented, a vote of thanks to Mrs. Bligh, proposed by G. Reid, Esq., and seconded by Lieut. R. A. Twomey, R.N., was carried with acclamation. A very successful and enjoyable meeting was brought to a conclusion with the playing of Faith of our Fathers and the National Anthem.



EVENTS.

Egg and Spoon, under 13½ years—1, J. Ferns; 2, W. Fanning; 3, S. Balfour.

Egg and Spoon, under 15 years—1, A. Curri-
van; 2, C. Henderson.

Egg and Spoon, over 15 years—1, F. Shevlin;
2, J. Bolger; 3, E. Genin.

120 Yards, under 11 years—1, J. Murphy; 2,
G. Park; 3, W. Fanning.

200 Yards, under 12½ years—1, J. Pozzi; 2,
J. Kramp; 3, S. Quinn.

100 Yards, under 14 years—1, L. Maher; 2,
R. Hurst; 3, M. Quinn.

High Jump, Senior—1, J. Byrne; 2, H.
McCallum; 3, J. N. Wright.

High Jump, Middle—1, F. Batty; 2, P.
Mahony; 3, J. Murphy.

High Jump, Junior—1, S. Quinn; 2, M.
Parsons; 3, G. Higgins.

100 Yards, under 15½ years—1, F. Batty;
2, J. Montgomery; 3, J. Quigley.

100 Yards, over 15½ years—1, S. Meldon;
2, L. Murphy and J. Kirwan; 3, J. Rogers.

Comic Puzzle Race, under 13½ years—1, W.
Darragh; 2, A. Doyle; 3, J. Hardy.

Comic Puzzle Race, under 15 years—1, J.
Hawe; 2, H. Cahill; 3, J. Kinsella.

Comic Puzzle Race, over 15 years—1, E.
Cooke; 2, A. Hennin; 3, E. Genin and W.
Hall.

80 Yards, under 11 years—1, G. Park; 2,
W. Murphy; 3, J. Power.

Three-legged Race, over 15 years—1, C.
Kieran and W. McGrath; 2, L. Murphy and
J. Quinn; 3, J. Montgomery and T. Daly.

Obstacle Race, under 15 years—1, F. Hes-
sian; 2, D. Davies; 3, A. Busher.

Wheelbarrow Race, under 13½ years—1, J.
Kramp and W. Fanning; 2, S. Balfour and
C. Ratchford; 3, B. Green and F. Ferns.

Wheelbarrow Race, under 15 years—1, E.
Irvine and P. Griffin; 2, H. Cullen and G.
McGovern; 3, L. Murray and C. Henderson.

80 Yards, under 12½ years—1, J. Pozzi; 2,
W. Fanning; 3, J. Kramp.

Throwing Cricket Ball, Senior—1, F.
Murphy; 2, H. Azurdia; 3, S. Meldon.

Throwing Cricket Ball, Junior—1, P.
Mahony; 2, M. McMahon; 3, J. Hawe.

440 Yards, under 15 years—1, J. Quigley;
2, J. Cunningham; 3, F. Kieran.

220 Yards, over 15½ years—1, J. Kirwan;
2, J. Quinn; 3, F. Shevlin.

220 Yards, under 13½ years—1, L. Maher;
2, W. Sheridan; 3, J. Tuft.

Obstacle Race, under 13½ years—1, G. Kelly;
2, E. Lupton; 3, J. Norbury.

220 Yards, under 15½ years—1, J. Mont-
gomery; 2, F. Batty; 3, T. Daley.

Two Mile Cycle Race—1, F. Shevlin; 2, M.
Concannan; 3, J. Loftus.

200 Yards, under 14 years—1, W. Carroll;
2, J. Norbury; 3, B. Green.

Obstacle Race, over 15 years—1, J. Allen;
2, G. Montgomery; 3, J. Kirwan.

880 Yards, under 15 years—1, J. Cunning-
ham; 2, F. Loughlin; 3, M. McMahon.

One Mile, over 15 years—1, E. Cooke; 2,
J. Downes; 3, T. Daly.

CONSOLATION RACES.

Senior—1, T. Ainscough; 2, H. Lynch; 3,
J. Rogers.

Middle—1, E. Hurley; 2, J. Harding; 3, J.
Rutter.

Junior—1, J. Riley; 2, J. Kirwan; 3, A.
Janssens.

Senior Tug-of-War—Form IVc.

Junior Tug-of-War—Form IIIa.

Senior Relay Race—Form VI.

Junior Relay Race—Form IIa.

Senior Championship, 440 Yards—C. S.
Kieran.

Junior Championship, 220 Yards—Frank
Batty.

Old Boys' Challenge Cup—Form LVa and
Frank Batty.

Victor Ludorum Medal—Frank Batty.

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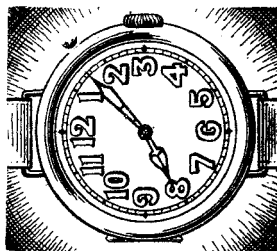
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