

# THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

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## Editorial.

What is the great  
*Home,* Christmas festival  
*Sweet Home.* which we have just  
celebrated but the  
festival of home? Homes which have  
sprung into existence at the summons  
of One who was homeless fitly cele-  
brated their anniversary on His Natal  
day.

What is it that makes the idea of  
home so fond? Not mere locality, or  
the bricks and mortar, the gardens  
where childhood used to hide; the furni-  
ture which is associated with tender  
memories—any of which at the sight  
of it memory will educe. No! it is not  
these that make home.

Home is the centre of all earthly  
sanctities, and if worthy of the name  
of home is at once the cradle, the  
school, the heaven of infancy. It is  
there that we encounter mother, "the  
divinest being outside heaven." What  
a history of gentle forbearance, of un-  
wearied service, and of tender love, is  
expressed by the word "Mother!"

What a pathetic record does that name  
bring with it of truth and constancy,  
of sighs and tears, of devotion un-  
fathomed and unrequited, and of care,  
unrecompensed on earth. Here is the  
love which never faileth—"which  
beareth all things, believeth all things,  
endureth all things."

It is impossible to measure ade-  
quately the influence of home-training  
on the life of a child. "The first six  
years of our life make us—all that is  
added later is only veneer." To par-  
ents belong the mighty power of first  
impressions. They deal with a child  
in a mouldable condition, when indeed  
the soul is of wax to receive and as  
marble to retain. Then it is that the  
things we are *taught* grow into the  
soul.

Biography teaches that it is the  
mother after whom men are chiefly  
moulded. The records of St. Augus-  
tine, Alfred the Great, George Wash-  
ington, William Ewart Gladstone,  
Ruskin, with many others who  
might be named, amply attest this  
truth. And even in the case of  
those who have followed vicious

courses, in spite of the precious heritage of a mother's piety and devotion, the prison chaplain can bear testimony that the last thing forgotten by the criminal is the prayer once uttered at his mother's knee. Workers in the Army Medical Service tell us that in the low sad wail of the dying on the battlefield after the hellish slaughter, the cry "Mother! Mother!" is heard all along the line.

It is her solemn and important office to hold the keys of the soul. Her smile calls into exercise the first affections of infancy. She cherishes and expands the earliest germs of thought, and it is from her that the child receives its first conceptions of worship. "When the mother calls her children to her knees to speak to them of God, she is herself the grandest object in their affections. It is by her power over them that God becomes venerable; by the purity of her eye that He becomes holy; by the silence of the hour that He becomes awful; by the tenderness of her tones that He becomes dear." Who can fitly estimate the greatness of her office? One who lost his mother in his infancy pathetically says, "If any excuse will be allowed to a man at the great day of judgment, will it not be to him who can say: 'Lord, I never knew my mother.'" Love, cherish and reverence her. Give her in every way a testimony of your love, and when the days of her pilgrimage are o'er pray that God will grant unto her spirit eternal rest.

We all need rest.

*Our Retreat.* There must be pauses and parentheses in our lives. The hand cannot ever be plying its toils. The brain cannot always be elaborating trains of thought. The faculties and senses cannot always be on the strain. To work without rest is like overwinding a watch; the main spring snaps and the machinery stands still. There must be a pause frequently interposed in life's busy rush wherein we can recuperate exhausted nerves and lowered vitality.

But there is no part of our nature that cries more urgently for rest than our spiritual life. The spirit of men

like the dove cannot always be wandering with unresting wing; it must alight. We cannot be ever travelling up the mountain pass of difficulty, or traversing the burning marl of discontent. We must be able to lie down in green pastures, or to pass gently along the waters of rest.

Each of us has an allotted task to perform in life. We call it duty. Our paramount duty is to serve God, and thus merit Salvation. In imitation of the Apostles, who at Christ's invitation retired into a desert place for a time, we, too, shall suspend our ordinary work for a brief interval during this coming Lent. We shall spend the time in close communication with our Heavenly Father, and thus derive strength and courage to fight the good fight.

It is not much that  
*Old Boys' Memorial.* we can do for our brave  
 dead; and the verbal  
 expression of our grati-

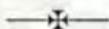
tude is but a poor and inadequate return for all that is their due. At least we can pray for them, and see that their *Alma Mater* shall be kept in mind by the erection of some memorial as a testimony to past valour and a tribute of respect and reverence from the living. Certain place names are engraven on our hearts because of the memories, terrible and glorious, which have gathered round them. Places like Loos, Vimy, Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, Arras, Bapaume, and the whole region of Passchendaele are indissolubly linked with poignant associations of this desolating war. From these scenes of stout encounters the tide of battle drifts. But behind, in many a lonely place visited by rains, swept over by the winds, there lie the speechless record of many hopes and aspirations, fostered and nourished by those who for a few, brief, happy years were within the walls of *Alma Mater*, and who have now paid their last tribute to their ideals.

With the object of aiding the Memorial Fund a very successful performance was given by the boys of the School at St. George's Hall at the close of last term. Apart from the School

Memorial, it is intended to erect the Lady Altar in the new oratory of St. Philip Neri to their memory. Here at this Altar for long ages to come supplication will be made for their eternal rest.

"They shall not grow old as we that are left  
grow old;  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years  
condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the  
morning  
We will remember them."

Subscriptions to the Memorial Fund will be gratefully received by the Treasurer of the C.I.O.B. Association, or the Principal of the Catholic Institute.



## School Notes.

### "AT THE C.I."

It is pleasing to record that the numbers still show an increase. Conditions are so abnormal nowadays that the question of providing increased accommodation is one of difficulty. Still, we have managed to acquire additional Class Rooms for two forms. The past term has been quite a varied and pleasant one. The Swimming Gala on Sept. 22nd was an unqualified success. To Mr. J. F. Ford, who organized the event, the School tenders congratulations and thanks. Our games have been of more than secondary importance. This is evidenced by the spirit in which they have been played, and by the interest which the Masters take in them. Monday, Dec. 10th, saw a large gathering of the parents and friends of the boys at St. George's Hall, the occasion being our Annual Musical and Dramatic Evening. We are glad to know that they derived much pleasure from the evening, and that the Memorial Fund was considerably aided. As in past years, we meet together each month in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri for the Eucharistic Devotions. Such general assemblies provide a fitting occasion for remembering the souls of the Old Boys who have been killed in the war.

Our Seniors are pursuing the syllabus outlined by the Northern Universities for the Higher and School Certificate Exams. All the open scholarships into Liverpool University, as well as the Senior City and County Council Scholarship, are in future to be decided on the results of the Higher Certificate Exam. of the Joint Board, and not, as formerly, on the Higher Papers of the Matriculation Exam. of the same body.

### PRO PATRIA.

We chronicle with regret and pride that since our last issue twelve of our Old Boys have made the final sacrifice of exalted patriotism. Nothing that can be said will express one-half of the unbounded admiration and unstinted love which we all feel in our hearts for the courage, endurance, and devotion of these brave lads.

### IN MEMORIAM.

On Friday, November 2nd, all assisted at Requiem Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Holy Mass was offered for the eternal repose of the souls of the deceased masters and boys of the School.

### DEBATING SOCIETY.

The feasibility of the construction of a Channel Tunnel formed the subject of our first debate. A very keen discussion resulted, the speakers affecting the roles of specialists. J. Macmillan dealt with the engineering aspects of the scheme; O. L. McGowan with the geological nature of the region affected; W. H. Cooke with the probable commercial results of the carrying out of the scheme; and W. Byrne with the amenities of cross-channel travelling. T. Byrne and E. Byrne, on the opposing side, dealt mainly with the political and military consequences resulting from the carrying out of such a project. They had the support of C. S. Kieran and J. Cole. The side led by J. Macmillan gained the victory by a narrow margin. Following this, Upper Vb debated on the possibility of a universal language. J. Blacoe dwelt on the pro-

able condition of affairs after this war, and suggested that the closer political union which would result would lift the question from the academic stage to the region of practical politics. A. Calland seemed to think that an artificial language of the Esperanto type could become a universal tongue. J. Kelly predicted that improved means of communication will go far towards removing the difficulties which impede the realization of the ideal. The speakers on the opposing side were led by D. Dixon. He argued that the differences, mental and physical, of the various races, as well as the differences in the nature of their environments, would render impossible the adoption of a universal language. F. Murphy declared that national prejudices alone would prevent the carrying out of the scheme. C. Smallwood also spoke on this side, which proved to be victorious.

The next debate was on the question of Prohibition. A. Hosker, who spoke as leader in favour of Prohibition, enumerated a large number of temperance drinks which, he declared, were less harmful and more pleasant than alcoholic liquor. P. O'Brien said that the passing of a Total Prohibition Act would release a large number of men for national needs. J. Moran livened up the discussion by describing the evil effects of alcohol on a dog. However, the opposition, led by J. Forshaw, were successful, this speaker being ably assisted by G. Brown, A. Calland, and D. Dixon. The debate was very successful, and pleased the audience immensely.

"That Monarchy is the best form of government" formed the next subject for discussion. J. Blagoe opened the debate in favour of Republicanism, by declaring, *inter alia*, that the British monarchical government is the best form of government existing. F. Naylor cited Russia as an example of a country suffering under republican rule. J. Lynch referred to Mexico as a parallel case. F. Shevlin for the opposition, stated that in modern times the gradual trend of most of the nations in the world is towards republicanism. He was ably assisted by A. Hosker and S.

Graham, and had the satisfaction of securing the votes of the majority of the audience.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC EVENING.

Our annual evening at St. George's Hall, on Dec. 10th, saw a crowded assembly of the friends of the C.I. The two and a half hours there were well spent. The choir contributed in a great degree to raise the whole performance to a remarkably high level. The blending of the voices was ideal, the attack was firm, the articulation was clear, and, what was especially noticeable, the intonation was perfect all through. The smooth gradations of soft and loud, and the general expression evidenced individual intelligence and responsiveness in each member. The whole chorus sang with remarkable unity of feeling. Devotional feeling characterised the fine rendering of Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer." The introductory solo was sung with reverence and expression by Joe Swift, whilst the singing of "Oh, for the wings of a dove," by Willie Hall was something to remember. The boy's pure treble—that sweetest of all created sounds, because so unconscious of its pathos—floating on top of the music charmed and soothed one. The rendering of Gounod's "O Sing to God" by a select choir was truly deserving of the applause which marked its performance. That mournful Irish melody, "Silent, Oh Moyle," was admirably given by Frank Loughlin and the choir.

Clearness and grace of phrasing and beauty of tone were the outstanding features of E. Genin's playing of Ten Have's "Feuillet d'album." He is a violinist of promise, so we shall watch his progress with interest.

A piano solo by Willie Hall found much favour with the large audience. With beauty of voice and expression, vocal solos were charmingly delivered by Joe Swift, Frank Loughlin, Willie Hall and Stanley Quinn. As Bertie Green was so indisposed as to be unable to be with us, we were obliged at the eleventh hour to secure a professional 'cellist.

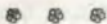
The interest in the programme was considerably heightened by the inclusion of Shakespearean excerpts. Frank Murphy having injured his leg on the previous Saturday, was unable to play the part of Cassius in the scene from Julius Caesar, consequently we were obliged to omit that scene. In lieu of this number Mr. D. Hayes rendered vocal solos in such an artistic manner as made the audience look for more. In the scenes from Henry VIII. and Richard III. our youthful performers, J. Blacoe, J. Macmillan, P. Irvine and Jas. Macmillan revealed dramatic talent of a high order. Their training, as did that of the choir, reflected credit on Mr. E. Trowbridge, to whom in a large measure the success of the evening was due.

Miss Annie Rimmer, who once again kindly helped us, proved a sympathetic accompanist.



## SWIMMING CLUB.

The Winter Season has now started, and it is gratifying to see that more than thirty boys attend the baths regularly each Monday evening. All boys should bear in mind that the Spring contracts will be obtainable before the next issue of the magazine. Two hundred boys joined the Club last season, but big as that number may be, there are over three hundred boys in the School who have not yet learned to swim.



## TERMINAL RESULTS.

Form VI.—1, James Macmillan, 2, William Cooke; 3, Anthony McParland.

Upper Va.—1, Bernard Smith; 2, John Cole; 3, Philip O'Brien.

Upper Vb.—1, David Dixon; 2, Leo Murphy; 3, John Blacoe.

Lower Va.—1, Robert Irvine; 2, Sydney Meldon; 3, Michael Moore.

Lower Vb.—1, Richard Ireland; 2, Edward Bresnan; 3, Herbert McGrath.

Form IVa.—1, Laurence Murray; 2, Edward Irvine; 3, Joseph Keating.

IVb.—1, J. Unsworth; 2, James Gavin; 3, W. Woods and Eric Heaney.

IVc.—1, R. Byrne; 2, W. Byrne; 3, J. Ruiz.

IVd.—1, F. Harrington; 2, T. Oliver; 3, J. Barret.

IIIa.—1, Laurence O'Callaghan; 2, Joseph Bennett; 3, Robert Smaridge.

IIIb.—1, William Byrne; 2, David Morgan; 3, Henry O'Brien.

IIIc.—1, Frank Bartlett; 2, James Cummings; 3, John Reardon.

IIId.—1, Henry Carr; 2, Cahal Clarke; 3, Edmund Rigby.

IIa.—1, William Fanning; 2, Jerome O'Brien; 3, Frank Curran.

IIb.—1, William O'Flynn; 2, Thos. Kavanagh; 3, Alexander Moore.

Form 1.—1, Terence Lavin; 2, Miles Bartlett; 3, Donald Cummings.



## MILITARY HONOURS.

The School congratulates Capt. John Reardon, M.C., and Lance-Corporal J. Randall, M.M. They are the most recent of our Old Boys whose bravery has merited recognition.



## By the Wintry Sea.

Leaving Liverpool at eleven, one can by lunch time be ploughing the dark waves of the Irish Sea, and by six o'clock one can be in Dublin. Last week I crossed on a wet, cold, stormy afternoon, with a choppy sea. "It'll be dirty outside, sir," said a sailor to me when I asked him what sort of a crossing we were to have. Well, it was dirty. Sailors don't seem to object to a good stiff breeze, or to a good tossing. But when they say the weather is "dirty," they mean that it is unpleasant weather for them. It is unpleasant weather for the passengers also.

. . . . .

Next morning from the land the sea looked very fine. It was a grey day;

the sky a mass of swift-driven, leaden clouds; the sea a glaucous colour, broken by white horses, till its waves struck the rock-bound coast and stood up straight in air in masses of white foam, or raced sheets of foaming white up the sloping back of the harbour pier, and then poured right over the pier into the harbour in graceful streams of lawn, and the wind roared and whistled and soughed all round the house.

Not quite all round. One window in the dining-room, sheltered from the blast, stood open, for this December the temperature was high. As I breakfasted, in through the window flew a tame and friendly robin. He was plump and sleek, with a gorgeous warm red breast, and a sparkling soft black eye. He promptly alighted on the table, sampled some meal left for him on a sheet of paper, sampled the butter—of which he is very fond—which was not intended for him, but for me, and then alighted on the handle of a copper kettle on the side-board, and sang a sweet, low song into the mirror to his own reflection—or does he think it is another fellow of the same name and appearance, as the Homer and Shakespeare heretics do!

This performance Master Robin repeats many times daily, beginning about 7 a.m., when the dining-room window is first opened and ending about 4.30 p.m., when the shades of night begin to fall, and his bedtime approaches. He knows his meal is always there, if the butter is not, and there is always the other fellow in the glass to sing to. Between his visits a second robin comes. He is not so fat and sleek as number one; his breast is not so red, and he keeps more to the floor, picking up the crumbs. Likewise he knows nothing of the merits of the butter, or of the mirror.

On the window-box at the open window many birds compete for the store of crumbs and other food. Sparrows

in numbers, blue tits, thrushes, an occasional hedge-sparrow; the robins seldom dally in the window-box, but come straight into the room, where the provender is more abundant and dainty. Occasionally a blue tit comes into the room, but it loses its head and cannot get out again. It dashes against a closed window, and has to be put out by hand; but the robins fly in and out unerringly, never mistaking a closed window for an open one.

Down along the seashore, as the tide drops, the sea-wrack is full of birds—clouds of little brown dunlins; fawn-coloured ring plovers, with their black and white heads, tall red shanks, bobbing courteously and curiously from the round and shining top of some seaweed-covered stone; giant curlews stalking majestically in the shallow waters as they recede, and probing the underlying mud with their long decurved beaks; herring gulls and black-headed gulls swinging on the restless wavelets, and dark, snake-headed cormorants diving ever and anon into the cold depths of the water.

As darkness falls towards eventide this slob left by the receding tide fascinates me. At first sight its slimy cold expanse seems quite destitute of life, but closer observation shows in the gloaming that it swarms with living things. The whistling calls of the various wading shore birds, from curlew to dunlin, announce their presence. Here and there a great brown rat may be seen tugging at some edible piece of wreckage left by the tide. Something disturbs the almost invisible birds, and in an instant in the twilight one can perceive a vast cloud of "dreary gleams"—curlew, oystercatcher, redshank, ringed plover, dunlin—all on the wing together, now gleaming silver, now invisible as they turn on the wing in evolutions of wonderful precision.

The darkness deepens, and behind the hills to the west the thin crescent

moon, like a sickle of silver fire, drops down through the blackening sky till the last horn of its fast-sinking crescent seems like the tail of a comet or the curved stream of some volcano's fire rising out of the silent, black hill. On a large pool below me, still shining a cold, opalescent grey through the reflection from its surface of the last remnants of daylight in the western sky, I notice a curious double bird—or think I do. I turn my glasses on it, and they, collecting what light is left in the gathering gloom, reveal a great night heron standing in the water. He is watching me. I sit motionless, and, reassured, he begins to fish, darting his long, snake-like neck into the shallow water in which he is wading. I cannot see what he catches, but I can see him swallowing his prey, silhouetted as he is against the cold, grey, illuminated surface of the water.

Except that pool, all the slob seems tenantless now. But the weird, whistling calls of the night-feeding fowl tell of abundance of life all around. My eyes ache as I try to see with my glasses in the darkness, and I rise to go. I hear a flapping of great wings, and I know that the heron has seen me and has flown. I cannot see him, either with the naked eye or with the glass, but I can see that the cold grey surface of his pool is no longer marked by his outlined figure and its shadow. It is a time of mystery and weird sounds.

Presently a new sound breaks the quiet night; the far-off sound of many hoofs hammering out a sort of melody. I am soon to see one of the strangest of events—the passing of an army. The advance guard of cavalry that I had heard comes nearer and nearer with an almost rattling sound like the pouring out of stones down a steep rocky place, and suddenly it is passing. Glimpses of heads of men and heads of horses shine through the mist, and in a few moments are vanished, and then follow the heavy roll of artillery waggons, swiftly, sullenly, pouring through

the night. Every now and then there is a stop and a resumption of movement. The breathing of horses, the cracking of whips, the muffled voices of drivers, become part of the scene. The place is alive with men and horses, and all the weapons of war; and little though there is to see, yet the mind's eye grasps it all, this march of an army to the sea and the things beyond the sea. At last the waggons have gone by, and then come the regular sound of marching men; thousands seem to pass, and through the mist the heart feels in the regular pulsation of the march the splendour of our manhood. The ships are waiting in the harbour for this army. The men are passing out of this dear island set like a jewel in the sea, and the perfect music of their marching comes up out of the mist with a message of splendid hope. And yet the mystery of it all!



## “The Madman at the Breakfast Table.”

By J. MACMILLAN (Form VI.).

There are many questions on many subjects which may be addressed to a person in any sublunary language, the answers to which may be stated in no intelligible language whatsoever. Conundrums might be suggested as satisfying these conditions, for their answers are never in the language of reason and common sense. I may mention here that we have good authority for believing that the first of the whole line of conundrums was one devised by Adam (who was, by the way, the first man on the earth); yet what its nature was is entirely unknown even to our most learned archaeologists.

It is not my intention to enter into a minute dissertation on the moral significance of these twilight forms of activity; my only object is to show a certain relationship between the pastimes of

the idle and the tremendous trifles which agitate the scientific and metaphysical world. Incidentally, I desire to point out the fact that, looked at in a certain light, Science is a magnificent piece of humour, and that at the end of our works on Natural Philosophy "Finis" might very well be replaced by: "N.B.—This is a Joke."

Imagine, for example, a vast expanse of desert where no man lives; further, imagine a field gun "palely loitering" there, and connected with some distant habitation of man by means of a thin copper wire (covered with rubber, of course) guaranteed under five seals to spark, explode, or otherwise set fire to the charge at any required instant. Let the electric button be pressed at a distance of, say, a hundred miles; then are we justified in surmising that a sound as of thunder must necessarily have issued from the infernal machine?

In the first place, it is a highly dangerous practice to guarantee any electrical system, under *any* number of seals, to spark, explode, or otherwise set fire to a given quantity of gunpowder in a given place. Experience in Scientific Research has shown us that even after a vigorous rubbing of ebonite with fur, in combination with a great amount of waving of arms and hands over electroscopes (the "open sesame" system adapted to electrostatics), yet on placing the rod over the electroscope—carefully, so that the leaves may not be damaged by a too suddenly resulting action—the principal thing that happens is, as Mr. Chester-ton well says, that nothing happens. One cannot, then, guarantee that any noise, whether of considerable or inconsiderable proportions, has resulted from the operation of the electric button—in fact, one might have to wait till the sands of the desert grew cold before receiving any intimation of wave motion in the atmosphere.

But waiving all such practical considerations, there confronts us a doubt, a fine heresy, as to whether any sound was produced in the sandy vast, even if the five seals held their own.

The reader should not approach the point at issue too suddenly, for it is

liable to produce results as disastrous to the human mind as is the infinity conception in modern Geometry, devised recently by some playful Mathematician. The latter theory—or shall we say superstition—reduces us to as many states of asphyxiation as would the belief that  $2 + 2 = 5$ —for which belief, they say, there has been established a rigid mathematical proof. The infinity "stunt," to descend from high ravings to a colloquialism, is as forcibly convincing to the normal mind as the modern biological theory that no energy is expended in the act of walking, but that our legs, acting as compound pendulums, carry themselves forward, a merely nominal force being required to overcome air resistance. These scientists are surely simple men.

To return to the point, however, I was remarking that these scientific questions should not be approached too suddenly, as they exercise and perfect the common-sense of an individual to such an extent as often to result in abnormal mentality. Witness Sir Oliver Lodge, who says we are walking through cast iron, breathing cast iron, every moment of the day! The point under our notice at present is that a reasonable man may seriously doubt whether the silence was disturbed by the firing of the said field gun situated at least a hundred miles from mortal ears. Now it has been forcibly remarked by a scientist of very keen perception that if a human being had stood within speaking distance of the cannon he would have heard a noise not to be mistaken for a pin dropping. We must all accept this man's pronouncement on the subject; but then there remain open to us two roads of further progress; we may either (taking away the hypothetical man within speaking distance) doubt that there was any sound, or with the perhaps more reasonableness of the Agnostic say: "We don't know if there was any sound."

But, laying aside all this side-tracking and hedging, we come to the consideration of what silence is, and what sound is, and of whether there is any difference between the two. Silence, some say, is a virtue; others say it is

golden; so evidently there are differences of opinion on the subject. It is very difficult to represent the idea, but it is somewhat as follows: that there may be no such thing as sound; that wave motion in the atmosphere may be as silent as that in ether, and that just as we do not, or think we do not, hear light, so do we not hear sound but only apprehend through our brain a certain motion of our auditory nerves which, owing to long association, we call sound. We know that light is invisible; in the same way sound may be inaudible. This seems somewhat of the nature of a paradox, but—!

With such things does Science occupy itself, and in a similarly playful manner do Metaphysicians frisk about amongst ideas. "Whether it is possible for the law-giver of the Universe to make a clock strike nothing?" they ask, and hedge, and fence, and parry, and thrust, and premise, and infer in a charming manner, without once imagining that for a clock to strike nothing is for a clock not to strike at all.

In conclusion, the moral (if any) to be drawn from the preceding matter is that those suffering from Melancholia or depression should embark on a study of Natural Philosophy; within the month their depression will have vanished, and have been replaced by a fine sense of humour. Science and the Pantomime, I should say, are as effective as the rejuvenating pot of Medea.



## The Albatross.

By A. T. HOSKER (Form VI.).

"At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hail'd it in God's name."

—Coleridge.

No bird with which we are acquainted is more entitled to the proud name of King of the Sea Air than the beautiful victim of the Ancient

Mariner's unprovoked cruelty. Nor are there any of the inhabitants of the air to whom more mystery, more poetical personality attaches, than to the Albatross. There is something about it which distinguishes it from all other birds that fly, on sea or land. It may be the fact that, despite its great size, it is ever on the wing, and seems to require no rest. Presumably this is its great characteristic; for what other winged creature can be compared to this great calm bird that hovers majestically in mid-air above the raging billows, needing not to give even the slightest flap of his wide-spreading wings to maintain its position against the utmost force of the storm. A brief description of this mysterious bird will perhaps be of interest.

The Albatross is about the size of a goose; but it has a much shorter neck than the latter, and is not so stockily built. The beak, pale yellow in colour, is from eight to ten inches in length, with nostrils on the upper mandible, about two inches from its root. This upper mandible has a formidable looking hook at the end, which curves down over the point of the lower jaw for about one and a half inches, and tapers to a very keen point. With such mandibles as these the bird can swallow very large quantities of food.

But, as anyone who has seen one of these birds will agree—and any good museum possesses one—the most striking feature of the Albatross is its great wings. They have three joints, and when wide-spread, their front edges make almost perfect right angles with the body, and their extent from tip to tip is often as great as sixteen feet—seldom under thirteen feet. In their widest part they measure about eighteen inches from front to back, but at the last joint they begin to taper gradually to a point. Whilst most of the body is of a pure white colour, that of the upper part of the wing is invariably a dark brown, which colour sometimes extends across the back.

Very thick and deep are the feathers of the Albatross, beneath which there is a coating of the softest down, as fine as that which is obtained from the

eider duck. Unfortunately, this soft, white fluff is the home of a multitude of parasites, from which hardly any great sea-birds are free. As might be expected from the habits of the bird, its flesh is exceedingly tough; it is, moreover, nearly black in colour, and becomes completely so after a brief exposure to the air. French sailors, with the culinary aptitude of their nation, suspend the carcass in the open until it is almost putrid, when they make stews of it, which they pronounce excellent. Its very rank and oily flavour, however, even when the flesh is quite fresh, renders it far from palatable to the ordinary person.

The Albatross seldom obtains a meal of fresh fish, his motions in or near the water being too slow and awkward for him to secure such food. Consequently his diet is almost as invariable as it is revolting, and consists mainly of offal. Wherever a dead whale is found it is always the centre of a clamorous multitude of sea-birds, among which Albatrosses are always to the fore. Sometimes, such is their greed, they even drive away all other birds from the feast. It seems a great pity that this splendid creature is such a foul and voracious eater. The fact remains, however, that the Albatross is never really satisfied, even though it has so over-taxed its stomach as to be quite unable to rise from the water. There it sits helplessly, now and then giving vent to a harsh scream, as if of rage at its inability to eat more. Another curious feature of this bird is its marvellous power of discerning food at great distances. Whalers in the Southern Seas have noticed that while during the chase there has been scarcely a bird visible, yet by the time the whale is dead the ship is surrounded by countless numbers of Albatrosses, each eager for its share of the giant carrion.

There is something human-like in the behaviour of the male Albatross towards his fate; he seems to realize the importance of his position as protector and provider. The constant companionship of the loving couple is pretty to witness. The female lays but one egg,

as large as that of a goose, apparently in the first suitable spot she finds. Like most sea-birds, she dispenses altogether with building a nest—a little hollow in the sand, or a ledge of rock answering her purpose admirably. Here she sits upon her single egg, attended hour after hour, day after day, by her faithful consort, until the time comes when there emerges from that egg a little ball of snowy down, with two intensely black beady eyes, and a gaping beak that seems to split its head in halves.

The male parent now departs, disgusted apparently at the sight of this rival in the affections of his mate. She is left alone to devote her energies to feeding the baby—no mean task where there are several thousands of her own kind close at hand, to say nothing of myriads of other sea-birds. But she applies herself so assiduously to her work, and succeeds so well, that after about six weeks the young bird is bulkier than herself, and looks almost like a shapeless bundle of down which so retains its pristine whiteness as to be quite dazzling. However, the bird is almost helpless owing to the weakness of its legs. But presently wings begin to sprout and feathers appear, and soon the Albatross is ready for its first lessons in flying. Tremblingly, and with tottering steps, it toddles after its mother to the sea. No sooner is it launched upon this element than it seems to lose its ungainly outline and to develop with amazing rapidity those characteristics which so distinguish its family from the other denizens of the heavens. In a short time it has learned to soar into its real element, the air; fully fledged and strong-winded, it takes its place among its fellows, while the mother, her duties ended, spreads her mighty wings and departs.

The life of an Albatross is usually a short one. Sailors, attracted by its pure white skin, which, however, is of no practical value, set cruel traps for the innocent creature. The usual plan of action adopted in the trapping of the bird is this: A strip of raw fat pork with the rind on is fastened to a hook at the end of a long fishing-line, in

ently was at the young lady's mercy. A time of meeting was arranged, a rendezvous fixed, and from his hiding place Sleuth smiled a grim smile, for in the young lady he had recognised "Madame IX," the charming wife of the famous criminal, Hiram Snudge. That very night he witnessed the exchange of a bundle of bank notes and an official looking envelope in the grounds of the "Red Eagle," where Bepinelli was staying.

The following morning, on entering the latter's room to arrest him, he found traces of something like a cyclone. Bepinelli he found in the wardrobe with his arms in a knot round his neck and a cake of soap in his mouth. As he could get nothing out of him except lather and indignant gurgles, he proceeded to make an investigation. A minute inspection of the room revealed footprints and a shred of a silk necktie. He put the latter—no doubt a man of his ability could also put the former—in his pocket-book and set Stickfast, his famous bloodhound, as he happened to be at hand, on the scent. The dog immediately led him to a room on the third storey, through the door of which, heedless of the consequences, he hurled himself, tripping over a chair and knocking the legs from under a gentleman who was shaving. Lather, imprecations and gore flew about rather freely for the next few minutes, and when mental and physical equilibrium was restored Sleuth accused the young man, none other than Guy Trevanock, of the theft of certain important documents. The latter denied any knowledge of such a theft, but confessed that he had purloined a wad of banknotes, which Sleuth had little difficulty in believing belonged to Bepinelli. The young man then declared that he had seen another gentleman come out of the latter's room and disappear down a back alley in the street below. On being led to this particular spot, the detective resurrected the thread of silk from his pocket-book, and held it to Stickfast's "muzzle."

After a preliminary snuffle around, a deep bay told the onlookers that the hound had discovered the scent.

A long and tedious chase followed up hill and down dale—for important criminal discoveries are never easily made. At length, after a four hours' run, they arrived on a bleak moor, on which stood an equally bleak mansion. The very aspect of this place told Sleuth that the solution lay therein, and he smiled grimly to himself as he effected a strategic movement in the rear, and scaled the high wall surrounding the house. To force an entrance through a window was the work of a moment, and having taken his bearings, he began cautiously to ascend the stairs. On the second flight he stopped and approached a room from whence proceeded the sound of voices raised in argument. On looking through the keyhole he beheld Hiram Snudge and his wife engaged in an earnest conversation in the centre of the room. Acting with his usual promptitude, he burst open the door, and hurled himself upon the "crook." The ensuing five minutes beggars description. It looked like a cross between a Rugby scrum and a bayonet charge; such jabs, and hooks, and back-handed upper-cuts. Not least remarkable was the uncomplimentary, not to say forcible, language which electrified the air and overhung it like a mist. At length the detective closed the discussion by skilfully depositing his opponent in the coal scuttle, and the problem of extricating himself occupied the latter for some time to come. Meanwhile Sleuth having gained possession of the sealed packet which lay on the table, effected a masterly retreat, materially assisted by the business end of a brush and hotly pursued by Hiram's better half. At length he reached his own rooms, and occupied himself for the next hour in removing the very visible traces of his recent encounter.

He then proceeded to London, and presented himself at the Luxemburg Ambassador's house. Here he handed over the packet to Mandalino, who, instead of receiving him with embraces in the manner appropriate to such an occasion, merely waved him into a chair, much to Sleuth's surprise. "My dear Sleuth," said he, "I can never

hope to repay all that I owe you. Anticipating that an attempt would be made to capture the documents, I determined to let it be generally known that they would be conveyed to London by Bspinelli, whereas I myself took them. Nevertheless, you have assisted me immeasurably by skilfully putting spies on the wrong track, and moreover—er—perhaps—that is to say, I would—er—be very much obliged if you would accept this £10,000 as a small token of my appreciation of your services."

It afterwards transpired that the packet which Sleuth had seen Bspinelli hand over to "Madame Ix" contained nothing but blank sheets of paper, whereupon Snudge, virtuously indignant at being so basely deceived by one whom he had trusted as an honourable gentleman, had returned to exact summary vengeance, and had left the agent in the condition in which Sleuth had found him. This closes the story of the "Secret Treaty" which the detective, if a little mystified as to the part he played in it, continues to regard as one of his most successful cases.



## The Story of a Fur Coat.

By F. NAYLOR (Form Upper Va).

It is undoubtedly "a long way" from Kamschatka to Bold Street—so long that even the most hardened globe-trotter would feel "stale" on having covered it. Yet we daily see during the winter season many furs that have been sent from that region, and which are not only nothing the worse for the trip, but are, in fact, far more attractive. I propose to deal briefly with the hunting and trapping of some of these animals.

The trapper's life is normally one of great hardship and privation. Yet some among them are continually tempting Providence, as it were, by venturing further afield than the usual hunting ground, in the hope of procur-

ing more costly kinds of fur. The rarer the animal the more sought-after is the skin, as much as £1,000 being sometimes paid for a single fur garment. The most valuable skins are those of the silver fox, which is found only in Siberia and Alaska, and the sea-otter, found in Alaska and Kamschatka. The latter animal is almost extinct, on account of the terrible havoc wrought by trappers. The method of capturing this animal is rather peculiar. It is generally caught in the shallow sea-ways which break the coasts of the countries where they are found. These sea-ways are almost always frozen, and across them the trapper fixes a number of poles, about four feet apart, and connected at the top by a long wire. Between each pole he cuts a circular hole in the ice, and attaches a bell to the middle of the connecting wires. Tied to the bell he has another wire or string, which goes down to the bed of the waterway, and which serves to give warning of the otter's presence. On one of the bells ringing, a long, barbed spear is thrust down the hole, and thus the poor otter rings its death-knell. This method is very simple, and, like many simple things, quite effective.

A very pretty little animal whose skin is much sought after for muffs, furs, etc., is the Chinchilla. Its fur is very warm and soft, a delicate grey, mottled with black. The chinchilla has a rather unusual appearance; it looks like a squirrel, runs like a mouse, and is the size of a young rabbit, and yet it is a very near relation of our guinea-pig. It is found in the higher mountains of the Andes of Peru, in the most aggravatingly un-get-at-able places. Great care is needed in hunting the chinchilla, so as not to damage the skin. Owing to the fact that it lives in burrows it is caught, like a rabbit, with the help of ferrets. The most usual way of capturing it, however, is by the following method:—The Peruvian natives, who are very skilled in these matters, as most of them have no means of livelihood other than fur-trading, cautiously creep up to the burrows, and make a slight noise,

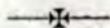
generally the tinkling of a bell. Curiosity lures the little animal out of its home, and on its appearance the hunter takes a long tube, called a blow-gun, from which he blows a tiny dart, which kills the chinchilla without injuring the fur.

The seal is the most important of all fur-bearing animals. But a few years ago the arduous seekers of the seal nearly exterminated it, and in over three years about four and a half million seals were killed—truly a colossal blood tribute exacted by Dame Fashion. Now, however, the British and American Governments have taken steps to protect this valuable animal, and only a certain number may be killed in any one year, and these only in stated places. Copper Island, a barren, rocky spot in the Berhing Sea, is a favourite haunt of the seal. When the hunters arrive at the sealing grounds they drive their prey inland, and there kill them. The seals are then skinned, and the skins salted for preservation. After a definite period of exposure to the cold air they are shipped off to various countries, and made into the beautiful furs and coats with which we are familiar.

Some fur animals, such as the beaver and the musk rat, make their burrows under water. In order to catch this type of animal traps must be set under the water. The trap that the hunter prepares for the beaver is simply a noose fastened to a branch of a tree, and so arranged that immediately the beaver's head is in the loop, the branch snaps up and the animal is caught. The beaver's fur is of a chestnut brown colour, and was formerly used for making tall hats; and if silk had not been thought of for this purpose the demand for beaver would have been so great that the animal would have been long ere now extinct. Eight hundred years ago the beaver lived in Britain.

These few facts may, perhaps, help us to realize what a great amount of labour there is involved in producing an ordinary fur muff or coat. One imagines there are few women who wear furs who give a thought to the

"weird and wonderful" adventures through which their comfortable and valuable articles of apparel have been. No! their thoughts are usually expressed in the form of, "What a ripping coat!" "What a dinkey muff!" "Oh, George, look at that ducky set of furs. Do you know, George, speaking seriously, I am afraid I look quite shabby, and——." "No! my dear, it's war-time!"



## Can You Sketch.

By "OLD BOY."

Do advertisements speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? If they do, according to those in a single periodical, one month at the most is ample time in which to become as perfect a young man as human nature permits. Devote yourself for this short period to the full development of intellect, memory, and will, to the expert training of hand, ear and eye; add to this as many polite accomplishments as you deem necessary, and you will find yourself in possession of unexpected gifts of talents that will find a ready market, perhaps even of genius. Mr. Punch long ago satirised this kind of thing in the words of the lady who said, "I really must buy some of so-and-so's goods; the advertisements speak so well of them."

A few examples will suffice. "Wireless," says one, "is a hobby for a boy." "Learn shorthand," says another, "in 24 hours." "Playing at sight. Five-finger exercises abolished" is another headline. A certain tobacco guarantees you a six-hour smoke per ounce. If you happen to be using four ounces of this brand per diem, do not let that worry you. Another firm guarantees to remove your tobacco habit, however inveterate, in three days. "Painful embarrassments," such as flushing, blushing or trembling, can be painlessly removed in a week.

Shaving, trouser pressing, letter-



Quick Shaving—"a modern inconvenience."

writing—all the "modern inconveniences," to use Bairnfather's happy phrase—are done too quickly for mention here. It is obvious that these advertisers will be delighted to speed you up.

One series of advertisements, however, seems to deal less in "*suppressio veri*," namely, that which is titled "Can you sketch?" or something to that effect. It tells you that if you can write you can draw, and to an age that boasts a widespread education, this is flattering. It does not say that most probably you will draw as badly as you write. Nevertheless there is perhaps a useful modicum of truth in their assertions. Any unprejudiced old man (if any there be) will admit



Any Unprejudiced Man.

that his juniors know a thing or two he did not learn at school. Any Old Boy will concede that his college alumni can do at 16 what he could not master till he was 18. Why should not this

be so in art as well as in science? And if it be true, then there is room for the more advanced yet speedier courses



Could do at 16 what they could not master till 18.

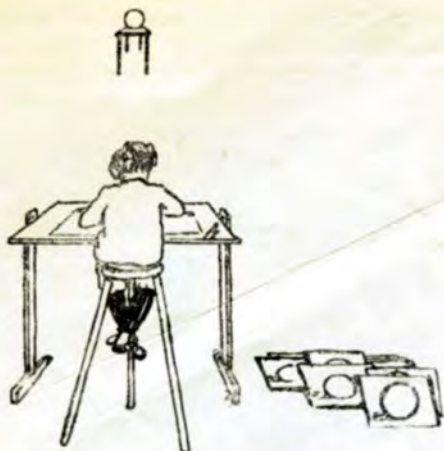
these advertisements proffer, claiming to make the most of particular talents by scientific and original methods.

Their leading idea is to stimulate and energise the student by engaging his interest. In this they may be said to surpass the stereotyped methods in use in the schools. While apparently laying greater stress on their own tuition, they succeed in securing more active co-operation on the part of the pupil by making the work more attractive. By the time the lecture on Conics or Solid Geometry is over the average student is heartily tired of spheres,



The Average Student is heartily tired.

cubes, tetrahedrons, prisms, cones and cylinders. He expects relief from the art class. If he draws these same solids, first from one view point, then from another, *ad nauseam*, he is apt to take a dislike to art from the beginning. Even the Oxford Local Authorities



Compelled to draw the Sphere from different points of view.

might allow substitutes involving the same principles in an interesting manner, e.g., a football, a stack of books, a three-legged stool, a solid razor, a loose-umbrella, a silk hat, and so on. How many C.I. boys know that the acanthus, whose serrations they have so often drawn, is an accepted symbol of mortification, and as such forms part of the college badge. If ever they had



An Accepted Symbol of Mortification.

drawn this badge enlarged they would have learned also the meaning of the central star, the shield, the laurel branches, the shamrock and cross, the seven small stars above, the Latin scroll below.

Such a method would seem to increase powers of observation, associate ideas, and enshrine them in memory. Most of all it would evoke enthusiasm, because the lad who is trained to draw various articles of apparel hopes soon to put them on an angry uncle, or anyone else he can make them fit. Now I know that some few have got to this stage, and have even found a place in



An Angry Uncle

the C.I.M. It is just because they are so few when they might have been so many, and because they could double the value of the C.I.M. that I have ventured to make these remarks.

I have studied every drawing that has appeared in the magazine, and, if permitted, will say a few words on them. The first appeared in Spring '12, and is a copy of a photo of Francis Thompson. Although not perfect—the eyes not being level—it is an earnest of what might be done for the many biographies that adorn the pages of the C.I.M. Two years pass before a second successful effort is made. This was an allegoric little block, which still retains its place over the Old Boys' section. In the background a few rays suggest all the glory of "the morn, in russet mantle clad," or—according to the path we are following—all the beauty of the western sky when the sun is low. The one path leads to manhood, to hills climbed, battlements scaled, to the standard planted on the topmost tower; the other leads shortly back to old age. The young knight in armour has won the victor's wreath, but Time alone will bestow it. The scythe is turned from him to show that

his day is not yet ended. It is a picture at once simple and full of meaning. (I hope the artist, F. J. C., will forgive any misinterpretations.) The frontispiece of Summer '14 was a satirical sketch by E. McGrath, whose technique lacks much, but whose work was very welcome, dealing as it did in that most joyous thing, schoolboy humour. Another year, and we find an excellent tail-piece, which we were sorry to lose, when the C.I.M. went to new printers.

The magazine has been running since Autumn, 1908, yet the above are all the drawings it has published. I should much regret my criticism being regarded as hostile. It is because the magazine is so good that I would like to see it improved. Of course, it rarely omits an interesting photo, but even those would be greatly enhanced by an artistic setting. An attempt at this was made in the Summer Number of 1912.

I have spoken of the advantages of newer modes of drawing. The maga-

zine should provide a similar inducement to the keen student, by opening its pages to his work. It could ask for a well-designed cover, title-blocks, initials, tail-pieces, and an illustrated article per issue. It is obvious that illustrated journals no longer demand first-class work. The C.I.M., while keeping this as its aim, should not demand it either. The cost of inserting sketches is so great, I believe, as to constitute in itself a guarantee that the work has a certain value, either for its idea or its execution. This does not apply to the present sketches, which are a mere attempt to set the ball rolling by example rather than precept. Many of the statements here set down are debatable. If they provoke a well-illustrated refutation they will have achieved something.

[Old Boy should take a course in sketching with the "Can you Sketch" Co., Ltd. Obviously he missed the classes in Memory Drawing at the C.I.—Ed. C.I.M.]



This magazine is a connecting link between the School and the Old Boys. Hence we appeal to all our Old Boys to become Annual Subscribers. Payment of one shilling and sixpence will ensure delivery of the three issues.



Joe Flanagan of the Medical School is President of the University Catholic Society. On a recent occasion we listened with pleasure to a very able appeal which he made to the Catholics of

the University and City to support the Catholic Society.



Our readers will be interested in portion of a long letter from Lieutenant Clement Ormesher, which, through the kindness of Rev. Br. Leahy, we are permitted to present.

"Then we put out to sea. On Sunday, April 15th, just after tea, everybody was alarmed by a dull crash, like the slamming of a big safe door, fol-

lowed by the musical tinkle of the glass ware on the ship breaking. Everyone recognised in a moment we had either struck a mine or were torpedoed. There was little or no confusion except the steady purposeful rush of soldiers to their parade grounds ready for eventualities. Immediately the boats were lowered but not without mishap. Some, the davits carried away, some the falls blocked, and no amount of tugging would correct them. Some boats were lowered to the water, only to be staved in by the sudden impact.

"Of course the alarm had been sounded by the siren, and the escort—two torpedo destroyers—were coursing about at full speed for traces of the enemy. All this time the boat was settling down by the bows. Men from the upturned and wrecked boats were struggling in the water. To them rafts, benches, boxes, anything that would float and support, were cast. The boat on the falls, behind which was our draft, stove in on the falls. We saw the men into the next boat. It was crowded, but already the destroyers were picking up those in the sea, and we officers and one sergeant, who would not leave us, wandered forward to help others. . . . One torpedo boat, closing in, saw that the boat was going down fairly fast, and unless something drastic was done the loss of life would be great. When she noticed all the boats from the side were clear she edged her way to the sinking ship, coming alongside at the bow, and so allowing men and officers to get aboard dry shod, some walking from deck to deck, some jumping a distance of about eight or ten feet. She drew off when she had taken about a thousand on board, and the other proceeded likewise. However, she was temporarily interrupted owing to the ship taking a list, which threatened to crush her. When the stricken ship righted back, she came and took off the remainder, about six hundred. The boat sank bow on—and what a striking and tremendous scene! . . . Many photographs were taken. At midnight we steamed for Malta, and arrived there just before noon. Here we rested for ten days, and then transferred by

— to Alexandria. At Egypt the men were completely equipped. Whilst there I was fortunate in getting to Cairo to see the Pyramids, etc. We were shipped at — for Bombay, at which port we arrived after a twenty-one days' sea journey."

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Dermot Crosby has received an appointment as Senior Wireless Operator on board a ten thousand ton steamer of the Blue Star Line, which sailed from Gibraltar for China and Japan, Oct. 20th. It is interesting to record that another C.I. boy, George Duff, is an apprentice on the same boat. We were very glad to know that George met with no mishap on the occasion of his boat being torpedoed this summer. We have pleasant recollections of George's visit to Wavertree during the last cricket season.

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Joe Kieran has transferred from the Mercantile Marine to the Navy. He is now a middy on board H.M.S. —

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When less than twenty hours from port on the occasion of his first voyage, Leo McDermott had the experience of being torpedoed, and of drifting about for thirty-six hours in an open boat.

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Old C.I.'s will be pleased to read the following excerpt from the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—"Private John Randall, R.A.M.C., who has been awarded the Military Medal, is a Catholic Institute Old Boy. He was in the Territorials at the outbreak of the war, but volunteered immediately for active service. After a few months in the South of England he was drafted out to France, where he remained up to two months ago, when he was gassed. Since returning to the front he has won his decoration.

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Heartiest congratulations to Lieut. George Rimmer on his marriage with Miss Lily Maguire.



## Pro Patria.

Since the outbreak of the present War, the following Old Boys of the Catholic Institute have made "the Great Sacrifice," having been killed in action, or died of wounds.

May they rest in peace. Amen.

Cyril Lomax	
Thomas Cassidy	
Bartholomew Stillwell	
James Bernard Maguire	
John Curry	
Charles O'Donnell	
John H. E. Walker	
Frank McKee	
John Kennedy	
James Moore	} Brothers
Robt. Wálmsley More	
Charles Kain	
George McGuinness	
William McMillan	
Clement Duncan Fishwick	
H. Irvine Voce	
William Shorthall	
Adolphe Goossens	
Jerome Sullivan	
Clement Murphy	
Leo Short	
Harold Joseph Lovett	
Walter Pierce	
Cuthbert Wilkinson	
William J. Dix	
Gregory Ugalde	
William Duffy	
William Power	
Joseph V. Quinn	} Brothers
John Quinn	

Leo Barber
Frederick Ellems
Daniel Doherty
Samuel Cunningham.
Robert McArdle
Frank Verso
Frank Dyson
Myles O'Sullivan
Frederick Bottomley
John Cleary
William Byrne
Richard Pears Keating
James W. Lynch
Jens Martin Jensen
Edward Concannon
Frank A. Lane
John Parker
William Dobbin
Leo Phillips
Thomas McNally
John Nolan
Leo Briscoe
Leo Conway
William Leo Carroll
Edward Lunt
George Light
Thomas S. Torpey
Patrick J. Callaghan (missing)
Joseph Murphy (missing)



Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light  
shine upon them.

May they rest in peace. Amen.

Mr. D. L. Kelleher is Modern Language Master in the High School, Dublin.



We tender our very deep sympathy to the parents and families of Patrick O'Callaghan (Seaforth) and Joe Murphy (Kirkdale), both of whom were posted "missing" recently. We sincerely hope good news of both will be forthcoming immediately.



A very sinister rumour concerning Lieut. Frank Lacy was current recently. We are glad to announce that it was incorrect, and originated with a faulty copyist at the War Office or elsewhere.



Hearty congratulations to Fred Tindall, M.Eng., on his appointment to the Mining School, Portsmouth.



Lieut. Geoff. Heenan has obtained a commission in the Royal Flying Corps, and is at present completing his training.



Barney Merron has returned from the Western front, where he has been with a Machine Gun Corps almost since the outbreak of hostilities. His brother and he are now training for Commissions—in the Tanks, we believe. Barney looks very fit indeed.



John Kendrick writes to tell us the joy he experienced when he picked up a copy of the C.I. Magazine in a recreation hut somewhere in Flanders. It gave him the first news he had of most of his school fellows since he went to France over a year ago.



Their Alma Mater has been the rallying point for many old C.I.'s during the past three years, and there they have renewed acquaintances that circumstances seemed to terminate on leaving school. Though Lieut Dick Twomey, R.N., and Chief P. O. Fred Adams have spent many weary months

"somewhere in the North Sea," they met for the first time since leaving school on a recent visit to the C.I.



Corpl. John Twomey spends his time in probing the secrets of German shells, etc. His experiences with these missiles are often rather exciting.



Eric Day (Biddy) looked in at the C.I. a short time ago; we were very delighted to meet again the gifted author of "The New Wing at Elsinore." He has done a good deal of Australia, and is now in the Air Service. We sympathise with him in the loss of his mother, who died recently. R.I.P.

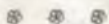


Jas. Cullen is with the British forces in Italy.



From amongst our representatives in His Majesty's Air, Naval and Military Forces we were glad to see the following at the school during last term:—

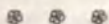
F. J. Lacy, T. Nugent, Wm. Doyle, R. Halsall, A. Deane, C. Irvine, G. Rimmer, P. Fishwick, P. Kavanagh, L. Briscoe (killed), Alf and Willie Kieran, Harold and Edgar Murray, P. O'Hara, H. Rynish, G. Marmion, M. Higgins, D. Redmond, O. Warling, A. Maguire, V. Occleshaw, A. Jones, H. Gannon, H. Duffy, W. Bramwell, Jos. Cole, J. Wright, W. Delaney, G. Bingham, R. Cunningham, Jos. Murphy (missing), G. Heenan, G. Verspreuwen, E. Gillow, B. Parsons.



We tender sincere sympathy to Mr. E. J. McKeown on the death of his father, and to Messrs. Jerome, Dick and John Twomey on the loss they have sustained by the death of their dearly loved mother.

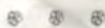


Willie Doyle has received a commission in the Royal Flying Corps.



Eugene Goossens is to conduct the eighth concert of the Philharmonic

Society. Both Eugene and his father are permanent conductors of the Sir Thomas Beechman Opera Co.



Joe Ludden is with the British forces in Mesopotamia.



Willie Duff was shipwrecked in the Straits of Malacca. He writes from Shanghai and is none the worse for his adventure.



Very many of our readers remember Jack Reardon at the C.I. They will read with pleasure the following paragraph which appeared in the *Daily Post* of Dec. 14th, 1917:—

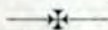
"Mr. John Reardon, the well-known Liverpool shipping butcher, has been notified by the War Office that his son, Captain John Reardon, has been awarded the Military Cross. Captain Reardon, who is only twenty-one years of age, was one of the first to join the Wallasey "Pals" in August, 1914, as a private. He then volunteered for active service with a Machine-gun Corps, and saw very hard fighting for some ten months. Amongst his many engagements with this branch were Hill 60 and Neuve Chapelle. His battery was mentioned in despatches by Lord French, his words being "They got well into the Germans!" On receiving his commission he was posted to the Tank Corps, and arrived in France with the first draft sent out in 1916, and has taken part in all their adventures since. He writes with reference to their part in the last great advance that the Tanks made the whole movement possible, and naturally he feels very proud of their exploits. At the moment he is acting-major of a Tank Corps."

The Past and Present Pupils of the C.I. join in hearty congratulations.



Capt. E. Doolan, Adjutant Guards' Divl. Train, writing from the West front, says: "I can never forget the Catholic Institute. . . . What I have always valued most on looking back

was its religious education, as one finds that of the greatest assistance as one sails through life.



## Christ about Me.

I see His blood upon the rose,  
And in the stars the glory of His  
eyes,  
His body gleams amid eternal snows,  
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower;  
The Thunder and singing of the  
birds  
Are but His voice—and carven by His  
power  
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn,  
His strong heart stirs the ever-beat-  
ing sea,  
His crown of thorns is twined with  
every thorn,  
His cross is every tree.

J. PLUNKETT.



## Football Club.

On September 24th the annual meeting for the election of officials was held. The following appointments were made:—

Captain of First XI.—Charles Kieran.  
Sub-Captain—Frank Murphy.  
Captain of Second XI.—Frank Osbyrne.  
Sub-Captain—Frank Shevlin.  
Hon. Sec.—Sydney Meldon.

Of last season's Shield players there were but four left us. These, with the "freshers," whom we soon selected after a few preliminary trials, formed a fairly good side. The chief weakness of our

First XI. has revealed itself in the half-line. We are confident, however, that this deficiency will be overcome by the pluck and determination of those who compose that important line of defence. Our XI. have played with enthusiasm. They have upheld manfully and well the glorious sporting traditions of former C. I. players, who on many a blood-stained field have played their last game. We sometimes wonder if Mr. Wellings, as he goes his evening rounds of Wavertree, meets with the ghosts of those who in the not far distant past upheld the honour of the C.I. in the arena of athletics.

We are glad to see such a fine spirit permeating those who are *privileged* to represent their School. They set an example in loyalty and co-operation to succeeding generations of C.I. boys. If we are loyal to our team and school, we shall be loyal to town and country. The very beginnings of patriotism lie in the honour in which we hold our school. Every boy who is proud of his school remembers Newbolt's ringing verse:

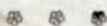
To speak of Fame a venture is,  
There's little here can bide,  
But we may face the centuries,  
And dare the deepening tide;  
For though the dust that's part of us  
To dust again be gone,  
Yet here shall be the heart of us—  
The School we handed on!



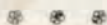
Charles Kieran, who was elected captain of the First XI., has proved himself to be an enthusiastic leader and most devoted to the interests of his team.



We part from Jack Lynch, our right back, with regret. During the past season he has played well. He takes with him into the army our best wishes.



The members of the First and Second teams thank Messrs. T. Curtin and J. F. Ford for their kindly interest and helpful guidance.



Colours have been awarded to

Charles Kieran (Capt.), Tom Byrne, J. Lynch, and Frank Murphy.



From the appended reports it will be seen that of thirteen matches played we have won eight, have drawn one, and have lost four.



#### C.I. v. BOOTLE SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Sept. 26th, at Bootle.

Team—Blacoe, Lynch, Osbyrne, Byrne, Quinn, Healey, Murphy, Meldon, Kieran, Kirwan, Shevlin.

Bootle won the toss, and we kicked off against a slight breeze. Our forwards soon settled into their stride, and Meldon opened the score. After a little while the same player added another. Bootle now succeeded in penetrating our defence, but Kieran added another for the C.I. Half-time arrived with the score 3—1 in our favour.

On resuming the game our forwards were soon prominent, and Kirwan scored with a fine low shot. Just before full time, after an attack, in which our whole forward line participated, Meldon scored again.

Full time—C.I., 5 goals; Bootle, 1 goal.

Scorers—Meldon, 3; Kieran, 1; Kirwan, 1.



#### C.I. v. OULTON SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Oct. 3rd.

Team—Blacoe, Lynch, Byrne, Healey, Quinn, Wilson, Shevlin, Kieran, Meldon, and Murphy.

This match was played on Oulton's ground at West Derby. Oulton took the field with a strong eleven, and soon showed their superiority by scoring two goals. C.I.'s right wing was weak, even though Kirwan scored a fine goal. Our goal man, though he saved a couple of difficult shots, showed his lack of experience. Just at half-time Oulton gained a third goal. On resumption of play, Oulton continued to press so vigorously that our defence proved unequal to their task. Result—Oulton, 6; C.I., 2.

Scorers—Kieran and Kirwan.

## C.I. v. LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.

Oct. 13th.

Team—Batty, Lynch, Wilson, Quinn, Healey, Byrne, Ainscough, Loftus, Kieran, Meldon and Murphy.

On a mellow autumn afternoon we played our first match at home. Liverpool Institute fielded a stronger and a heavier team, many of whom had already won their colours. C.I. started with the slope, and endeavoured to get away several times, but the opposing full-backs were sound. During the first half the game was even. During the second half L.I. broke away on the left, but were effectually pulled up by Lynch. Their strenuous endeavours were, however, rewarded by two goals from the wings, the shots being out of Batty's reach. Our team gave an exhibition of good play, which promised well for the season's encounters.

Result—L.I., 2; C.I., 0.



Dec. 5th, at Greenbank.

In the replay C.I. team played exceedingly well. Our forwards, ably supported by the defence, pressed the attack vigorously, but owing to the skill of L.I.'s custodian they scored but once. The failure on Batty's part to immediately dispose of the ball after saving from a strong, fast, low shot gave L.I. the winning goal.

Result—C.I., 1; L.I., 2.

Scorer—Kieran.



## C.I. v. WALLASEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Oct. 20th, at Wavertree.

C.I. in this meeting with Wallasey were represented by the same team as had played so well the previous Saturday. In the first half C.I. had the better of the game, which ended in the half-time score 3—0 for C.I. The second half was more exciting. Wallasey tried hard to score, but C.I.'s backs repelled their efforts. C.I. added another three goals to their score.

Result—C.I., 6; Wallasey, 0.

Scorers—Meldon, 3; Loftus, 1; Ainscough, 1; Murphy, 1.

Dec. 1st, at Wallasey.

In the replay C.I. were short of two of their regular players—Lynch and Loftus.

Result—C.I., 3; Wallasey, 0.

Scorers—Meldon, 1; Murphy, 1; Kirwan, 1.



## SCHOOL v. OLD BOYS.

Oct. 27th, at Wavertree.

Old Boys—H. Godwin, T. Fleming, J. Curtin, J. McDowell, P. Hawe, F. Walsh, H. McGrath, B. Lacey, J. Shennan, J. Latus.

The activities of the Old Boys are now strictly limited. Its ranks have been seriously depleted, but as a force it still exists, binding together in a subtle form old school-fellows operating in the various theatres of the war.

Keeping alive traditions, we met an Old Boys' team on Oct. 27th at Wavertree. For the most part they were "up" in our own time, and we rejoiced to see the familiar faces.

Spider had vacated his "web," and astonished those of us who only knew him as a goal-keeper by his fine work on the right wing. Godwin in goal was kept busy, in spite of the strenuous defence of T. Fleming and J. Curtin, for the strong school forward line had been further strengthened by playing Tim Curtin at centre. Parsons, home on leave, looked remarkably fit, and played his usual whole-hearted game at inside left.

The game was slow at first, the want of practice telling on the O.B.'s, but the second half was especially interesting, and they deserved a better fate than four goals against one.

The return match was arranged for Nov. 17th. Tim Curtin again turned out for the School, and McSorley, of Shield team fame, played for the O.B.'s at inside left. The day was ideal, and on paper the School were up against a very stiff proposition. O.B.'s started well, opening the score quite early in the game, but the pace was too hot, and could not be maintained.

The game was a far better exhibition than the previous one, each man showing a great improvement.

McGrath was more carefully marked this time, and did not prove as dangerous as before. J. Shennan at centre was decidedly more effective, though he was very severely "rationed" by McSorley at inside left. Lacey was a bit "off colour," but this, I understand, was due to a "crocking" he received in an inter-school match last year, and from which he has not yet recovered.

The most noticeable feature of the game was the exhibition of brotherly love by the brothers Curtin. From time to time the team stood breathlessly awaiting the dull "thwack" each time the centre forward got a runaway. Happily no bones were broken, and although the O.B.'s deserved better luck, they lost by five goals to one.

O.B.'s were represented by—H. Godwin, P. Hawe, J. Curtin, T. Fleming, J. Lynch, F. Walsh, H. McGrath, Lacey, J. Shennan, P. McSorley, J. Latus.



#### C.I. v. HOLT SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Oct. 31st, at Calderstone.

Team—Batty, Lynch, Wilson, Woods, Quinn, Byrne, Ainscough, Healey, Kieran, Meldon, Murphy.

Such a perfect day; the sky cloudless; sunlight like pale gold or amber; soft mists in the distance; a delicate air, gently stirred, fresh, with no nip in it. The day and the beauty of the tall trees in all the richness of their autumnal colouring must be held responsible for the poor display the C.I. representatives gave! C.I. began well. Within ten minutes our forwards had established their lead by two goals. Holt became aggressive, and our halves and backs were unable to repel an attack that was not unduly vigorous. Thanks to our forward line, we were victors by six goals to five.

Scorers—Meldon, 3; Loftus, 1; Healey, 1.



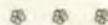
#### C.I. v. LISCARD HIGH SCHOOL.

Nov. 3rd, at Wavertree.

Team—Batty, Lynch, Byrne, Woods, Healey, Quinn, Loftus, Ainscough, Kieran, Meldon, and Murphy.

Saturday, Nov. 3rd—a typically dreary November day—witnessed our successful encounter with Liscard. Inasmuch as our opponents had so far defeated all comers this season, we anticipated a keen game. Such an anticipation was realized. For the first ten minutes of the game C.I. forwards attacked vigorously, but owing to the strong defence of Liscard and the inability of certain of our forwards to shoot when afforded opportunities, we failed to score. A break away on the part of Liscard's centre man, who cleverly outplayed three of our men, gave them the lead. Soon after this a fine shot from Byrne was sent into the net by Meldon. Liscard scored immediately afterwards. At half-time the score was—Liscard, 2; C.I., 1. The second half was evenly contested, and after vigorous play in midfield C.I. equalized. At short intervals three more goals were added to our credit, but Liscard were also able to score. At full time we had scored five to Liscard's four. This left us the victors, despite the opportunities that had been missed.

Scorers—Meldon, 3; Kieran, 1; Loftus, 1.



Dec. 8th, at Liscard.

The return match proved interesting. Kieran at centre half, and Lynch in his old position, played magnificently. Batty in goal effected some good saves. The forward line were not up to their usual form. Undoubtedly they did most of the attacking, but their shooting was generally wide or feeble. Liscard scored from a doubtful penalty twelve minutes from full time. Penalty area was not marked, and the referee neglected to measure the distance from the goal line to the position at which the alleged offence was committed by one of our defence. It was aggravating for our players to see such a goal awarded against them, but that is one of the trials which are the test of character.

Result—C.I., 0; Liscard, 1.

## C.I. v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGIATE.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, this match, which had been arranged for Nov. 7th, had to be abandoned.

C.I. v. ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE.  
Nov. 14th, at Clubmoor.

Team—Batty, Lynch, Byrne, Quinn, Healey, McCallum, Ainscough, Loftus, Kieran, Meldon, and Murphy.

C.I. soon gained the lead by scoring three goals within the first quarter. This success, however, roused S.F.X., who, recognising the weakness of our left half, scored three goals within five minutes. The play then was even on both sides. Just before half time C.I. scored a fourth goal. The second half opened with very vigorous play, as Healey had been unable to hold up the dashing centre forward of S.F.X. Quinn went to centre half, where he did some good work. All our forwards played well, Ainscough and Meldon in particular. Lynch and Tom Byrne were on the whole reliable. A well-contested game resulted in a draw—C.I., 6; S.F.X., 6.

Scorers—Meldon, 3; Kieran, 1; Loftus, 1; Ainscough, 1.

C.I. v. BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.  
Nov. 21st, at Wavertree.

Team—Batty, Lynch, Byrne, Healey, Quinn, Wilson, Ainscough, Loftus, Kieran, Meldon, and Murphy.

C.I. won the toss, and immediately attacked. After twenty minutes' play Birkenhead broke away and opened the scoring. C.I. then roused themselves and equalised. In the second half play was more interesting and keen.

Result—C.I., 3; Birkenhead, 2.

Scorers—Meldon, 3; Kieran, 1.

**SECOND XI.**

Our Second XI., with Osbyrne as "skipper," have had a most successful season. They have played nine matches, and have won all but one. Two matches—to their great disappointment—were cancelled. The

weather conditions rendered the playing of the fixture with Liverpool Collegiate School impossible. Liscard High School were unable to field an XI. at Wavertree on Dec. 8th.

C.I., 6 goals; Oulton Secondary School, 0 goals.

C.I., 0 goals; Liverpool Institute, 9 goals.

C.I., 2 goals; Wallasey Grammar School, 1 goal.

C.I., 2 goals; St. Francis Xavier, 0 goals.

C.I., 8 goals; Liscard High School, 1 goal.

C.I., 2 goals; Birkenhead Institute, 0 goals.

C.I., 1 goal; Birkenhead Higher Elem., 0 goals.

C.I., 3 goals; Wallasey Grammar School, 0 goals.

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

**THIRD XI.**

Our Third XI. have played but two matches this season. The inclemency of the weather rendered the playing of the match with Liverpool Collegiate impossible. Liverpool Institute were unable to field a team for the return match on Dec. 5th.

C.I., 2 goals; Liverpool Institute, 7 goals.

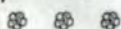
C.I., 6; St. Francis Xavier's, 0 goals.

**THE SENIOR LEAGUE.**

The starting of the Senior League was a move in the right direction. By its means a powerful stimulus has been supplied, and an opportunity offered to young players of promise who might not otherwise come under the notice of those in charge of the Senior games. To judge from present appearances, it is in a very healthy condition. Four matches are played at Wavertree each Wednesday with all the earnestness, keenness and enthusiasm which are such striking characteristics of the young. Before each game the teams are selected with the greatest care, and the chances of success or defeat are carefully deliberated. The League has

now assumed in the eyes of those young players an importance second only to that of Shield and Cup matches. Of the eight teams engaged, three stand out very prominently, viz., Forms VI., IVd. and IVc. The first mentioned has gone through the season without losing a single match, and has piled up a goodly score, registering 38 goals to their opponents' 9. Form IVd. were unfortunate in their match with IVc., as they were without their centre-forward. Either team has five wins to its credit. The remaining five seem to be about equally matched. Subjoined is the Table.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals for.	Agst.	Points.
Form VI ...	7	6	0	1	39	9	13
Form IVd ...	7	5	1	1	29	16	11
Form IVc ...	7	5	2	0	32	14	10
Form Va ...	7	3	4	0	27	24	6
Form IVb ...	7	2	4	1	7	17	5
Form Vb ...	7	2	5	0	13	20	4
Form IVa ...	7	1	5	1	16	24	3
Form UVa ...	7	1	6	0	13	44	2



### C.I. SENIOR CUP. FIRST ROUND.

#### RESULTS.

Form VI v. Vb—VI, 6 goals; Vb., 1 goal.

UVa v. IVb—UVa, 8 goals; IVb, 3 goals.

Va v. IVd—Va, 2 goals; IVd., 1 goal.

IVc v. IVa—IVc, 5 goals; IVd, 2 goals.



### JUNIOR LEAGUE.

During the term just concluded the teams of the Junior League played off ten games. In the opening contests the play was slow on the whole, and lacked combination, especially among the new teams of the League. Forms IIIa and IIIc had comfortable victories over their opponents. An all-round improvement was noticeable on 10th Oct., when the teams met for the second time. The players were keener on their work, and some praiseworthy individual efforts resulted. IIIa v. IIIc was a really good display. Oct. 17th showed further progress in the play of the teams. IIIa v. IIId was a well-con-

tested game. Currie deserves well of his team for the way in which he held up the onslaughts of Carroll. IIId, though defeated, did well. We must heartily congratulate the IIa's on their fine victory over IIc on the above occasion. Notwithstanding the clever play of Cummings in the forward line, and the splendid defence of Bingham, IIc's enthusiastic captain, the IIa's won by 2 goals to nil.

The other games of the term were for the most part good. Some indeed quite interesting. The players combined better than in the earlier games, and some keenly contested encounters were witnessed. So far IIIa remains an unbeaten team, and its captain, B. Green, is to be congratulated on the success of his men. IIb and IIId have put in some good work; and we look forward to greater things from them in the coming term. L. Lysaght—IIId's sub-captain—deserves credit for the way in which he handled his team in the absence through illness of the captain, L. Daley.

Already interest is beginning to centre round the Cup matches, the first round of which will be played off on 23rd January. On that date IIIa will compete with IIb, while IIc is pitted against IIId. For two years in succession the trophy has ornamented the IIId class room. Shall it remain there for a third year? We must only "wait and see."

The appended table shows the results of the Junior League up to date.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals for.	Goals agst.	Points.
IIIa ...	11	9	0	2	43	6	20
IIb ...	11	5	3	3	32	22	13
IIc ...	11	4	4	3	18	15	11
IIId ...	11	3	3	5	11	8	11
IIa ...	11	1	5	5	6	25	7
IIb ...	11	0	7	4	7	44	4

#### ELECTION RESULTS (1917-18).

IIIa—Captain, B. Green; Sub-Captain, J. Carroll.

IIb—Captain, J. Kinsella; Sub-Captain, V. Murphy.

IIc—Captain, C. Bingham; Sub-Captain, C. Logan.

IIId—Captain, L. Daley; Sub-Captain, L. Lysaght.

IIa—Captain, L. Lynch; Sub-Captain, J. Callaghan.

IIb—Captain, A. Moore; Sub-Captain, W. Bertocchi.



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