

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE SCHOOLS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII. No. 2.

APRIL, 1903.

The Chinese Schoolboy.

IN writing on this subject, it is perhaps better to start right at the beginning, and tell the experiences which a Chinese boy has to go through on his first day in school.

A suitable day is chosen through consulting the *Tung Sing*, or "Book of Fate," which is a sort of encyclopædia that predicts the future. The boy is then taken to school at 4.30 in the morning, when everything is dark, blindfolded, and carried on the back of a relative (father preferable). He is blindfolded to prevent him from seeing any dogs, for it is considered a sign that he will be a dunce all his life if he sees any of these animals. But worse is to come. On reaching school, he has to sit on some boiled rice, and in this uncomfortable position he is taught his first lesson. However, the Chinese boy never regrets his first day at school, for he can always depend on being the recipient of many presents.

After this ordeal the Chinese boy has to work hard. He shouts all day long at his lessons, and makes the most hideous noises imaginable. Then, if he knows his lesson by heart, he goes up to his teacher, turns his back towards him, and starts repeating his lesson. This is done daily, for in Chinese schools nothing is taught besides reading and writing the national language.

Now we come to the recreation part of a Chinese boy's school life, and here is the greatest contrast between him and his European brother. There are no rough games played such as football and hockey, but shuttlecock kicking and kite flying are all the rage. However, these are stopped instantly if a master approaches, for it is considered very bad manners indeed to play before one's master.

Lately, cricket has been introduced to most of the Anglo-Chinese schools, and visitors speak hopefully of it. We therefore need not be surprised if in a few years hence there is a Chinese "Ranji."

H. EL A.

Places and People.

II—LONDON.

"*This London is a bigger place.*"

THE able and interesting essay entitled "Impressions of Liverpool," which appeared in the last issue of the *Magazine*, has tempted me to venture on a sketch of London and its people at an earlier date than was originally intended. As regards the place,

this is perhaps fortunate, for a very short acquaintance with new surroundings is sufficient to obliterate the impressions created by them. On the other hand, the present writer, being committed to a discussion of people, is likely to arouse opinions and sentiments which your contributor has wisely left slumbering; and as it cannot be denied that six months is too brief a time to give to the study of the Londoner, an awkward dilemma arises, from which I am fain to escape by making an anticipatory and very damaging recantation of all such conclusions as to any of my readers appear objectionable.

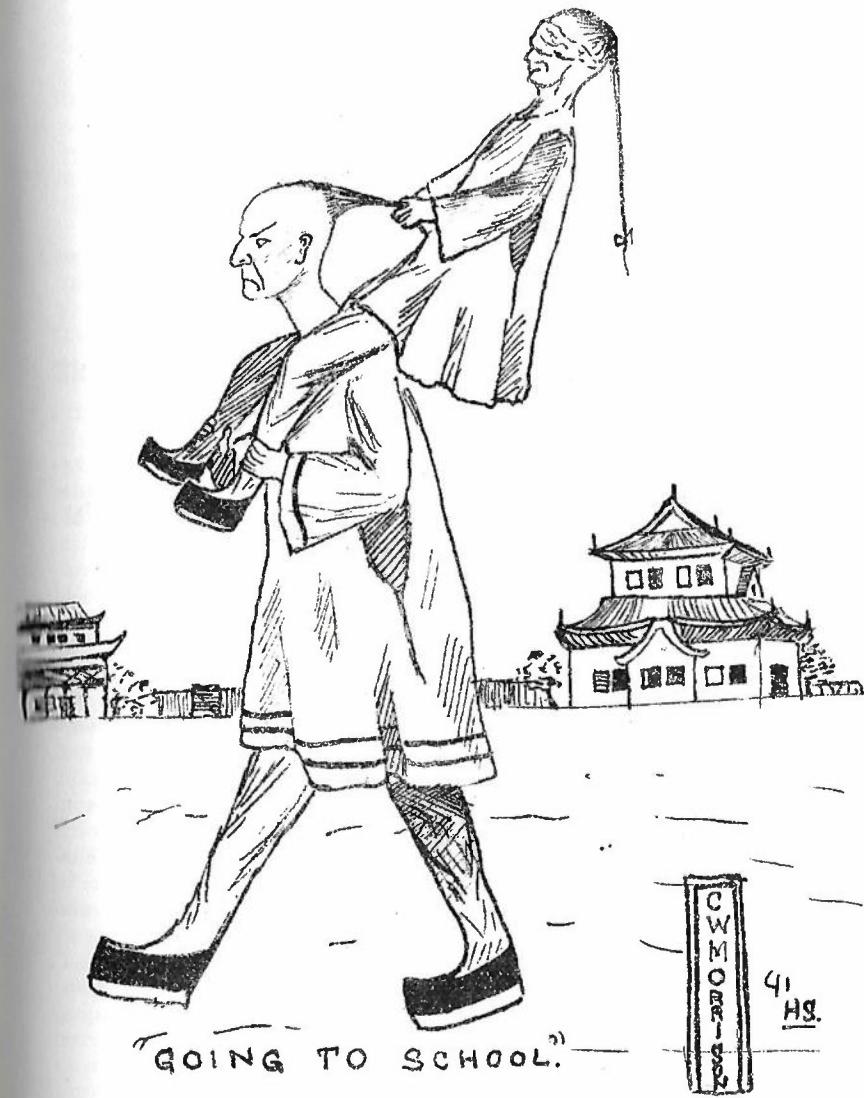
A feeling of awe is the first effect of London upon the newcomer. It is not merely that the place is large, rich, and busy, but rather that the source of all its activity is so incomprehensible. In a small village it is a sheer matter of duty to know how everyone lives. In a large town like Liverpool or Glasgow, the connections between the parts of the social structure are not so conspicuous. We take our food and clothing as they come, with a knowledge only of the kind of persons through whom they have reached us. But an expenditure of two-pence on the Overhead Railway, or of an equal sum on a Clyde steam-boat, shews at once the source of the power that drives the whole machine. It would cost much more, both in time and money, to discover London's *raison d'être*. A rustic there feels like a cannibal in the engine-room of the *Campagna*. The working of the machinery seems miraculous, a jamb is inevitable, and the consequences will be fearful. The most plausible explanation of London's existence seems to be Napoleon's suggestion of "a nation of shop-keepers."

After its incomprehensibility the next most striking feature of London is its traffic. As regards foot-passengers, the press of people is not so close as in the streets of other towns, but the pavements are wider, the people move faster, and the impression given is one of greater activity. The vehicular traffic is a wonder that could never become a commonplace. Tubes and motors may supplant the present system, but they can produce no art more perfect than that of the 'bus-driver. It is positively thrilling to be steered through a chink in the traffic by a veteran whose nervous system seems to extend through every part of his vehicle.

But this is a world of compensations. In London the compensation for miracles is mud. The Liverpudlian may be splashed to the knee; the Londoner is bedaubed from head to foot. On the other hand, in dry weather, the metropolis is the cleaner and brighter city; it is more loosely built, and greener.

Houses, dress, and carriages proclaim the wealth of London, but perhaps the most convincing testimony of all is the appalling magnificence of the shops. The reflection is suggested that the pace in luxurious living is forced not so much by the customer as by the shop-keeper. It is possible to imagine Dr. Carnegie saying to a west-end shopman: "Yes! this is uncommon smart, and no doubt is worth its price, but one's means are limited. You might let me see a rather cheaper line."

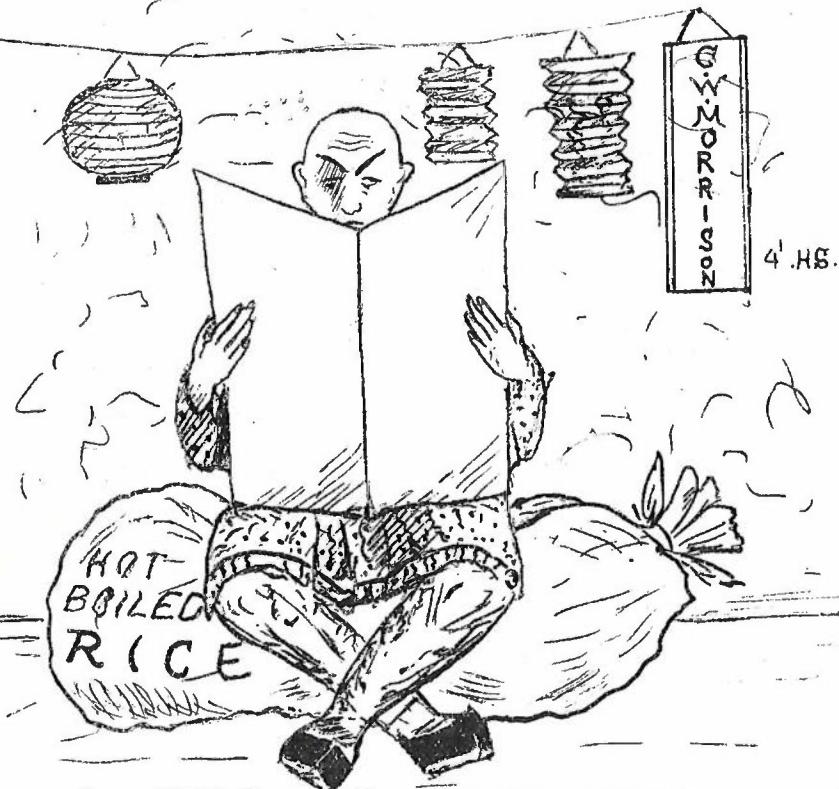
The theatres are the fourth wonder of London, being wonderful



both because of their grandeur and number, and because of their extraordinary success under the most trying conditions. By trying conditions I really mean bad plays. It is no exaggeration to say that a run of a year is quite common for a play which ought, in a world which is both competitive and logical, to ruin any theatre. To say this is not entirely to impugn the Londoner's taste. At a price for which the Northerner expects to be set a-roaring, the Southerner asks only to be mildly amused, and the reason for the success of bad plays in London is not so much a depraved taste as personal habit, general convention, the want of something to do, a love of shows and of notorious persons, and, most important of all—lodgings.

Turning to the Londoner, he appears to be more communicative, more genial, more conventional, less commercially-minded, and more dogmatic, but less fanatical than the Northerner. By the latter comparisons it is meant that he is fonder of uttering truisms as *dicta*, but is less ready to punch your head into acquiescence with his sentiments.

But the outstanding characteristic of the mental attitude of London is its self-absorption. Dr. Johnson's famous dictum about Temple Bar still represents the standpoint of London. The metropolitan takes, and is quite content to take a very languid interest in the parts of Britain that lie beyond the circumference of London. His two summary modes of describing the United Kingdom are "London and the provinces;" and, even more characteristic, "Town and out of town," which recall the provincial Norfolker's account of England as consisting of "Norfolk, Suffolk and the sheers." In order to post a letter to Birmingham, you have to put it in a box labelled "Country and Abroad" as if all the rest of England were a market-garden for supplying London with vegetables, and its most exalted local institution a village pump. A preponderance of population in the ratio of seven to one is apparently esteemed a mere flea-bite. Again, with delightful forgetfulness of the fact that the universe is of greater extent than a circle of eleven miles radius, the Londoner invariably omits the name "London" where required in the address of a letter. It is however in the "Press of London," that one gets the clearest picture of this self-absorption. The "country" news in a London journal is infinitesimal in amount. If the page devoted purely to markets be omitted, the little that is inserted is almost invariably either antiquated or erroneous. I have repeatedly come across an item in a London paper which was news in Liverpool six months previously; apparently it has been kept in stock to fill a casual vacancy. When the London editor, treating of provincial matters, ventures away from scissors and paste, he repeatedly commits howlers which, to a provincial, are quite as ridiculous as the references of the foreign press to *Sir Gallowais Weir* or *Lord Gibson de Bowles*. Moreover, the motive for inserting country news at all is rather to tickle London's palate than to give a faithful record of events. Editors apparently instruct local correspondents to send accounts (by special wire) of anything



"HIS FIRST DAY" at school
(ON BOILED RICE)

sensational or scandalous; or of any proceeding of a local body which will appear ridiculous when detached from the facts that make it rational. The object, or at any rate the effect of this policy is to present a gross caricature of provincial life for the amusement of jaded metropolitans. It seems undesirable to give examples of the more unpleasant side of this system—the working up of provincial sensations when there is a failure in the home supply. But some instances of the absurdities committed by metropolitan newspapers, owing to their ignorance of the provinces, may bear out my case, and be in themselves diverting. Oxford and Cambridge command a larger share of London's attention than perhaps any other towns except Newmarket and Southampton. The Mathematical Tripos in particular is esteemed a sporting event of some importance. In a recent year I happened to read an account of the results in two London newspapers. The first gave the names of the first three Wranglers, with several mistakes in the initials, then followed a short account of their careers. The remaining and greater part of the article consisted of highly coloured stories about the Senior Wrangler—all of which were fictitious. No other competitors were mentioned. The other account gave a list of all the candidates, divided into groups of First Class Wranglers, Second Class Wranglers and Third Class Wranglers—to the great surprise, one would imagine, of the examiners. A recent *Daily Graphic* contained an obituary memoir of Sir George Stokes. This had no doubt been prepared at leisure and with the opportunity of consulting authorities. Yet it included in a list of Senior Wranglers of the Stokes era, Cayley, Adams and Lord Kelvin. It is a truism known to every Lit. Hum. man at Oxford that Lord Kelvin failed to be Senior Wrangler because he could not write fast enough. One final example of a different kind may be given of London's gross ignorance of the outer world. About two years ago, a revival of the comic opera "Patience," at the Savoy Theatre, was proposed. In discussing this proposal, a critic in the *Daily Chronicle* stated that grave doubts must be entertained of the power of "Patience" to afford pleasure to a modern audience. Yet during the past fourteen years "Patience" had been played continuously before enthusiastic audiences in the provinces.

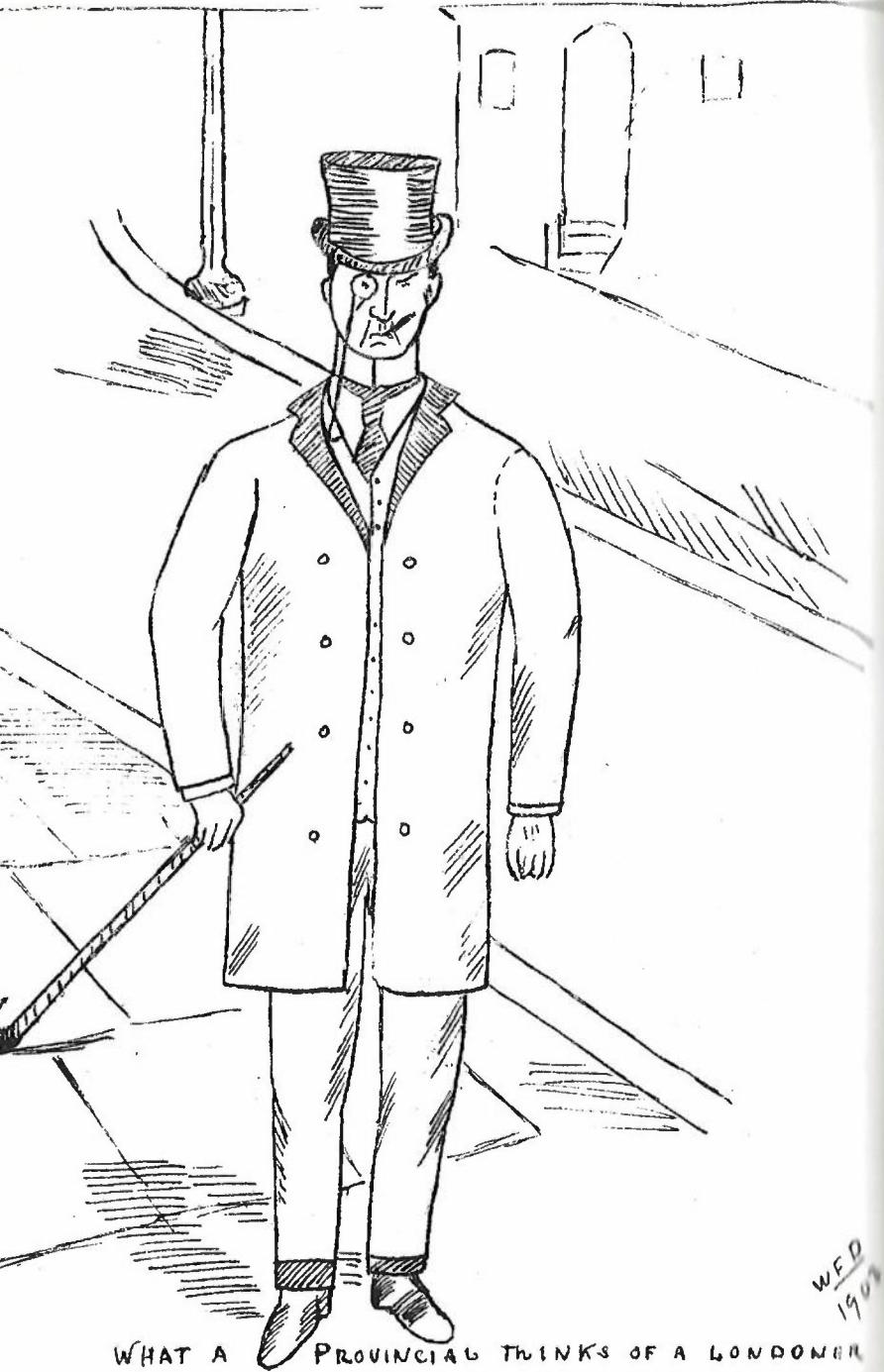
In this essay the contempt of London for everything outside herself has been called self-absorption because it seems to be a contradiction in terms to speak of metropolitan provinciality. Yet such a tendency to over-estimate the near at the expense of the distant smacks strongly of provinciality. Socially, London can never become provincial, for she sets the fashion. But in an economic age, progress is of more consequence than fashion. London has recently awakened from her complacent self-contemplation to find that her port is antiquated—she is likely to make further discoveries.

The previous paper may have led some readers to expect here a few notes on the London dialect. But the subject is trite, and, since Mr. Chevalier appeared, everyone can at least smatter in this



A Londoner's idea of a Provincial.

tongue. Professor Skeat has said that, in the end, it will be the speech of England. We hope not, but it is idle to quarrel with authority, let us at least be thankful for the decline of Methuselam.



My Experiences in the Canadian North West.

BY AN OLD INSTITUTE BOY (C. W. Cox).

IT was in July, 1897, that I sailed for Canada, and after a most enjoyable ocean voyage, entrained at Montreal for Winnipeg, which is the largest town in the West, and a chief centre for wheat-growing. In two days time I was at work pitching hay and cultivating an appetite which would have opened the eyes of anyone in England. After haying came harvesting, then threshing, all of which are rushed through and finished almost before a greenhorn can realize it. Then winter set in, and after having storms and extreme cold all November, I left for Calgary, in the neighbourhood of which I have since remained.

Just round the town itself, of course, there is a lot of farming; oats are the chief grain there.

The first winter I was not able to get very much to do, but when Spring came, one T. Birnie went north with a bunch of horses for sale, J. Bourne and myself herding and looking after them. A hundred miles north of Calgary I left, and returned, driving rather over 100 head of cattle for a settler who had just come into the country. While with him I dug two wells and built a small house or shack, as they are called out there, and for two or three years made a living at almost anything that turned up. Last year I had a bunch of about 400 head of cattle to look after, and about 70 to 80 head of horses. Of course we do not stable the cattle at all, and only keep the calves and young stock in the corrals during the winter, feeding all the others "outside." Horses we never feed, as they are able to paw the snow away.

In the beginning of July we round up all the cows for breeding, and brand the calves. This is the work we all enjoy; a good number of riders are out, everyone sending two to four men, according to the number of cattle they own. We spread out in two's and ride over a large area of ground, driving in all the cattle we see till we all meet, and then, with some holding the herd together, and the rest cutting out the required cattle, we soon sort out a very large bunch, after which we turn all the strays away, and drive the cattle along with us, adding to the herd every day until all the range has been ridden over.

Then comes the branding of calves, for which we have two or three men on horseback catching them round the hind feet with a rope, and dragging them near the fire, where two men on foot, called wrestlers, grab the calf, one by the tail and the other by the rope,

and jerk him on to his side, and until he is branded he never gets a chance to get up.

Some of our young horses make things very interesting when they are first broken; my own experience has not been very extensive, but one of them was very disagreeable.

The horse or broncho was a very pretty and powerfully built animal, but his kicking was positively dangerous, for he would go anywhere to kick some man or thing; invariably tried his best to kick his rider in the stomach when mounting or dismounting; and would kick up at the stirrups almost all the time anyone was on him. He split my right heel once, and for ten days I had to go around with a bandaged foot. Another time I rode him he bucked through a three strand barbed-wire fence into the vegetable garden, and uprooted and kicked to pieces almost everything in sight. Strangest of all, the brute never scratched himself at all with the wire. Another colt had an even worse trick, that of throwing himself backwards, and in one of his efforts he very severely hurt my left shoulder, and for three days I had to get someone to cut meat up for me.

Although we have to work hard we manage to find time for amusements, and in the winter we very often go to surprise parties; which means we all take baskets of sandwiches, cakes, etc., go to a neighbour's house, and start a dance, which we keep up until daylight next morning. Others drive home and do all the work of the morning, and then take a short sleep until it is time to feed the cattle again. In the summer we generally have two or three pic-nics, to which people come from all around, many driving thirty miles. In the evening we always follow up with more dancing.

At the pic-nics we have races, both foot and horseback, the latter are always the more popular, the cowboy race being particularly so. This consists of a short dash of about 150 yards, turning round a mark at full speed, and back again; about three times up and down is the usual race.

Many of you are leaving school every year, and hardly know what to do or where to go for a living. For any who are ready to work hard and turn their hands to anything, especially for an outdoor life, there is plenty of room in the N.W. and Manitoba. Another thing, a man who makes his living by his hands in Canada is as much respected as if he made it by brains. The clothes do not make the man out there.

Professor Flyaway.

Professor Flyaway thought he'd go
Upon a trip to the moon;
So "he made up his mind to sail
away,"
And he purchased a balloon.

Soon after that he started off
On his so called "trip to the stars,"
Said he "I'm off for a change of
air,
And I'll stay a bit at Mars."

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CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR.

21

The balloon went up very well at first;
And the crowd below gave a cheer;
The professor smiled and waved to
them;
Though he certainly felt a bit
"queer."

Now Farmer Broadmeads was a man
Who of balloons had not heard,
And when he saw this one sail away,
He thought it was some strange bird.

He gazed at it for a little while,
As it still went higher and higher;
Then he ran to his house and brought
out his gun,
And at the balloon he let fire.

Two of his bullets hit the balloon,
Which very suddenly burst;
And Professor Flyaway tumbled out.
And fell to the earth head first.

His friends very gently took him up,
And bore him home, stone dead;
Next day they buried him and wrote
On a stone above his head:

"Here lies Professor Flyaway,
Who tried to get to Mars;
But he fell from above and struck
the earth,
And saw quite a number of 'stars.'"

H. W. GALLEY.

Chat on the Corridor.

WE hear that, at Cambridge, Mr. H. B. Jenkins is rowing in the Lady Margaret's Boat Club 2nd Lent boat. Mr. T. Lodge won a "pot" in the Trinity "crock" eights last December, which, being interpreted, we understand to signify that he won a pewter cup in the trial eights. Both Mr. Lodge and Mr. Jenkins are busily preparing for the Mathematical Tripos.

We understand that Mr. Cheeseright has entered the bonds of matrimony. Many of our subscribers will join with us in wishing him a happy and prosperous future.

This number goes to press too soon to include a report of the Shield Match; but before this is in the hands of our readers the match will have been lost and won. If the result is that for which we have been long hoping, we will try to present, with our next number, a picture of the team in all the "glorious panoply of war."

The High School Juniors have held one "sing-song" during the term, which was so greatly enjoyed that they meditate another. Every item met with hearty applause, especially the two violin solos by M. E. Zeper, the pianoforte solo by C. Eyton-Jones, and the recitations by Robinson and A. R. Shand.

Chess and draughts have been played every Thursday evening in the upper second room. There has been an average attendance of 25. Most boys have stuck to the latter game, but several have begun to grow familiar with the zig-zag movements of Knights, and the difference between "check" and "check mate."

Two visits have been paid to ships, one to the *Sanspareil* last term, and the other to the new White Star liner *Cedric*. On the former occasion one of the smallest boys opened the eyes of a gunner. He had been gazing with astonishment at the shell launched by the 110 ton guns, and at length confided to the man of war his opinion that the spring which sent such a thing flying through the air must be a "whopper."

Mr. T. Lodge has gained his "half-blue" for chess at Cambridge. He played in all the matches except that against Oxford.

It will be noticed that we include in this number an article by our friend Arculli. We are also favoured with an article from the pen of Mr. Cox. We wish that other Old Boys in the colonies or abroad would send us similar interesting and useful contributions.

The Prize Competition.

THE following is the report of the judges:—

"The competition for the best suggestion for the improvement of the Magazine has proved disappointing. But few suggestions were sent in, and those not new. The competition will therefore be kept open until the issue of the first Magazine next term, by which time we hope many more ideas will be submitted. We may mention that nothing is lost by bestowing some attention on the form in which suggestions are framed: carelessness is not a qualification for the winning of prizes. As we are all desirous of improving the Magazine we should all try to think of something original, and send it in."

The Editors entirely concur in this report. No suggestion was made which had not either been acted on in the past, or discussed by the Editors. Unless an *original suggestion* is sent in, the money set aside to provide the prizes will be devoted to something else. It should be borne in mind that *two* prizes of the value of 5/- each were offered.

Cadet Notes.

ON 7th February there was a Battalion parade at Rose Hill, and set out for tactical exercises at New Brighton. D and E Companies went out first by boat to New Brighton, and thence marched to Wallasey, when they turned on to the sandhills, and, marching towards New Brighton, attacked A B and C Companies who had been posted to defend it. After a sharp skirmish, the bugle sounded, and the Battalion came back to Rose Hill.

On 21st February, D and E Companies paraded at Rose Hill. It was arranged that there should be a route march, but of course the weather was unfit, and the Companies drilled at Rose Hill for about half-an-hour, when, on account of considerable improvement in the weather, they proceeded to New Brighton, and practised extending and closing on the sand.

On Saturday, 7th March, there was a Battalion parade at Rose Hill for tactical exercises. The corps proceeded to Edge Lane Estate, and after some outpost work, there was a race home, which A B and C won by a few minutes; but D and E had a slightly longer journey to perform.

Private W. B. Jones won the D Company shooting medal, and Private Allen the Old Boys' medal.

A. F. P.



Liverpool Institute Old Boys' Union.

THE fourth "Smoker" of the season was held at the Rumford Café, on Friday, 27th February. In the absence of Mr. Fletcher, the chair was occupied by Mr. Owen. Though we saw a number of faces new at these gatherings, the attendance was not as large as might have been expected, the usual musical element being somewhat absent. Perhaps this was due to the attractions of Sousa "and his band." Owing to the conveniences of the Wirral Railway, Mr. Owen had to leave before the close of the proceedings to catch one of their expresses, and deputed Mr. Nathan to the chair. Those who contributed to the programme were Capt. H. R. Parkes, Lieutenant Ponton, Messrs. Frimston, Allen, Coe, Nathan, Quinn, Lee, and Bentley, the last-named also officiating at the piano. The evening was terminated with the singing of the national anthem.

Games Reports.

FOOTBALL.

ON Wednesdays, 28th January and 4th February we played the Liverpool College M.S. (Away) and Calday Grange Grammar School (Home). In neither match did we shine at all, the results being 6—2 against, and 2—1 for, respectively.

On Wednesday, 4th March, after a month's idleness, we played the University College. The game was almost entirely a defensive one, but our goalkeeper—an outsider—was one to be admired. Our only goal we owe to our centre forward's running powers. The game closed very quietly after half-an-hour's very timid play, leaving the College the victors by 3 goals to 1.

SEMI-FINAL SHIELD MATCH.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v WALLASEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
AT WALLASEY.

The ground was in very poor condition and the play was none too good. The Institute, fully confident of the result, played an awful game. Our first goal—the best of the day—was scored by a long and beautiful shot of the centre-half. At half-time we were 3 goals to the good. In the second half Wallasey brightened up, and driving the Institute into their own goal, kept them hemmed in for most of the time. But as their efforts died away and the Institute was the stronger team, they had much (not all) of their own way till the close of the game. Final score 4—1 for the visiting team. We hope that before this is in our readers' hands the final will have been won by our stalwarts with an equally good margin.

CRICKET.

A meeting of those interested in cricket was held in Mr. Groom's room on Monday, 9th March, Mr. Groom being in the chair. The meeting, which was a large one, proceeded at once to elect officers

SILHOUETTES



for the coming season. As secretary, G. S. Veitch was elected *nem con.* Three boys were proposed for the captaincy, McNaught, H. W. Probyn, and Frank. McNaught was elected by a large majority, and, on the motion of Mr. Groom, it was unanimously agreed that Probyn should be elected sub-captain. Mr. Coxhead offered a few remarks on our prospects for the season, and asked for a keener and more practical interest in the game. There being no other business the meeting then broke up.

SWIMMING.

Mr. Bickerstaff wishes to announce that swimming will be recommenced next month; for the High School on 2nd April; for the Commercial School on 3rd April. A hearty welcome awaits new members.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE GAMES FUND ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Ct.
1902.		
Sept. 15.	To Balance ...	£17 0 6
" Directors' Grant ..	25 0 0	
Nov. 28.	" Cadets' Subscriptions ..	13 13 0
" Sale of Library Lists ..	0 10 11	
" Sale of Football Cards ..	0 8 0	
" Bank Interest ..	0 4 5	
		£56 16 10
Oct.	6. By Brown, Barnes & Bell ..	£1 7 9
14.	" Fares to St. Helens (Football) ..	0 15 0
22.	" Cheque Book ..	0 2 0
23.	" Guildford, F. C. (Rent of Ground) ..	1 4 0
Nov. 4.	" H. Herbert (Ground & Dressing Room) ..	5 10 0
19.	" Gunn & Moore (Footballs) ..	2 9 6
24.	" Pearse & Co. (Uniforms) ..	3 13 4
Dec. 5.	" Lewis Moses (Lieut's Uniform, as per Grant) ..	5 0 0
12.	" Books ..	14 11 3
	" Egerton Smith (Mercury), F. C. Cards ..	0 8 6
	" A. G. Jeans (Post), Library Lists ..	1 4 6
	" Mrs. Vaughan (Tea, Football Club) ..	0 16 6
18.	" Swimming Club ..	2 15 7
1903.		
Jan. 12.	" Part Grant to Cadets ..	1 0 0
28.	" Pearse (Uniforms) ..	5 10 0
	" Sergeant Madden ..	0 15 0
	" Postage, Carriage, &c. ..	1 0 0
	" Balance ..	8 14 0
		£56 16 10

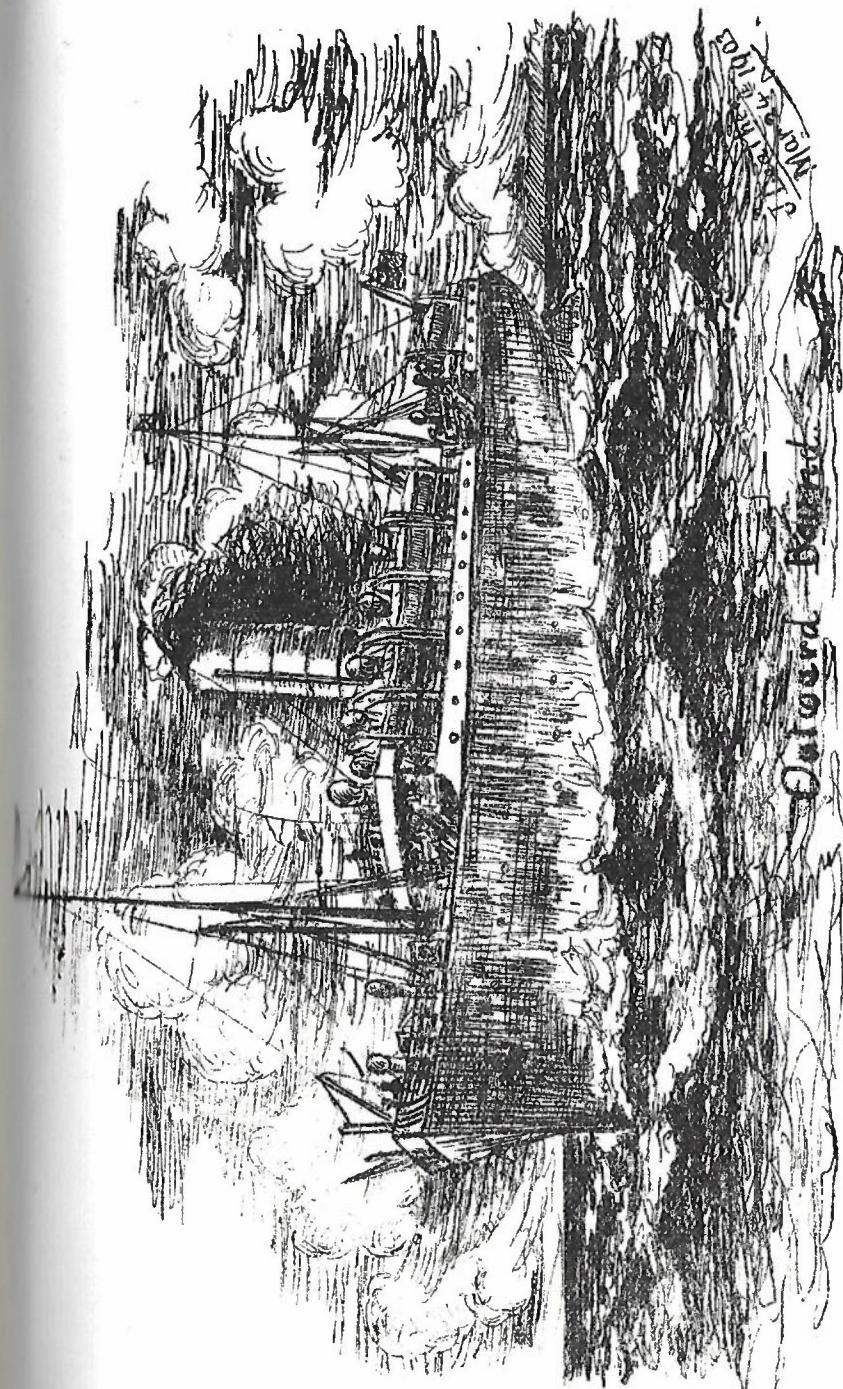
Audited and found correct,
JOHN A. OWEN.
2nd Feb., 1903.

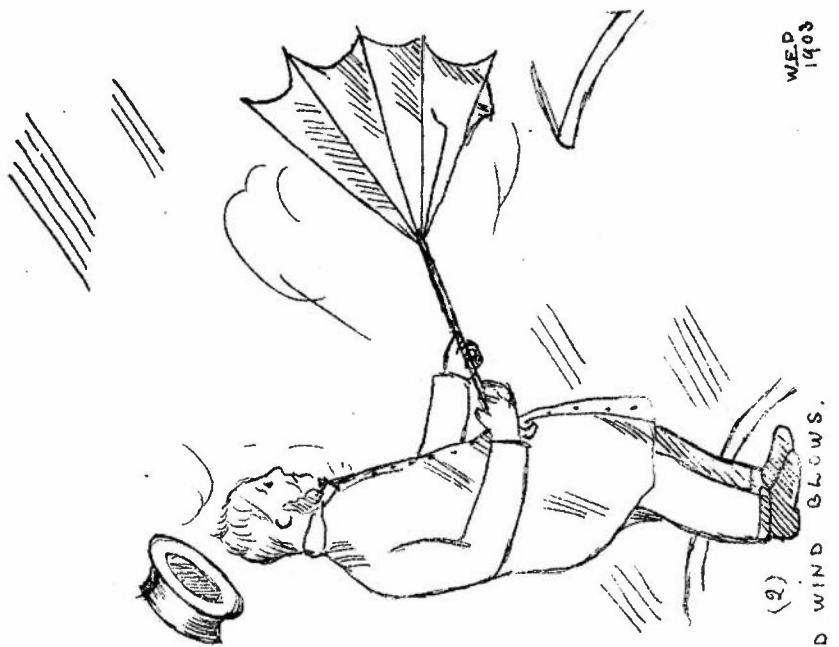
HARRY R. PARKES,
Hon. Treasurer.

Editorial Notices,

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:—*The Hymerian*, *The Olavian*, *King Edward's School Chronicle*, and the *Ipswich School Magazine*.

We have received subscriptions from the following:—Messrs. Baddeley (3 years), F. W. Duhnke, P. L. Pratley and Rev. J. H. Sephton, M.A. We tender these subscribers our thanks.





(2)
WHEN THE WILD WIND BLOWS.

