

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE SCHOOLS MAGAZINE.

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*Sub-Editors:—*T. J. WILLIAMS, T. LODGE, E. G. TURNER.

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MAY, 1898.

The Rise of the "Aurora."

THESE things happened in Peaceville, a small American town whose existence is scarcely worth remembering. It is not of the log cabin, gold-mining, whisky-drinking stamp, but a kind of half-way house between east and west, without the characteristics of either. Eminent respectability and entire self-completeness are its great virtues; a love of scandal and a contempt for knowledge the chief faults of its inhabitants. These things make it a very ordinary sort of place, but there is one remarkable feature about it—it has only one newspaper. Before these events happened, the staff of the *Weekly Aurora* consisted of an editor and a printer. The offices were situated in the top storey of a collapsible old building in the main street; the policy of the management was strict economy. Consequently, the editor (and proprietor) was the producer of the whole paper. For form's sake it was announced that the rate of payment for original matter was five dollars a page, but no one took this notice seriously. Hence, the only contributions sent in were notices of births, obituaries, and advertisements. The town knew no politics; personal paragraphs could not be made at once inoffensive and interesting. So, though the editor toiled day and night, the mistake of printing the same news on both sides of the paper was of very frequent occurrence. So far, so bad. But, to ruin all, the editor had conceived the idea of filling up with novels and love stories, written, of course, by himself. Now, he fancied he was a decided misogynist, and, under the circumstances, it is not surprising that his novels were a failure. One gets tired of reading about "a tall, square-made girl, with yellow hair," and it is impossible to acquire an interest in the affairs of the "round-faced assistant in a butter store." The tales displayed neither art nor sentiment, but what more could be expected of the miserable being who regarded this stuff as cheap "copy"? Even the poor store-keeper grew afraid of wrapping his wares in old copies of the

Aurora. The paper was not flourishing. But when the circulation could go down little further, a ray of hope shone on the editor. A flood had washed away a little town some fifty miles from Peaceville, and the generous citizens were desirous of helping their neighbours. The editor brought the matter to a practical form. Subscriptions sent to the office would be acknowledged in the press. Public interest sent up his sale to astonishing figures. Those whom his novels had particularly offended might cast doubts upon his honesty, but the increase of circulation was more than sufficient to explain the growing rotundity of his figure.

So it was that he sat at his desk (the lid had been newly hinged) one afternoon. It was the day before publication, and, thanks to the long list of subscribers, the paper was full. He had sent Jake, the compositor, downstairs, and that worthy was smoking a cigar at the street corner. But the editorial calm was to be rudely upset.

The week before the unhappy disaster a newcomer had arrived at Peaceville. This was a young lady who had graduated from the Academy of G—, and who, in spite of all good advice, had decided to begin a literary career. At present she was on a visit to cousins in Peaceville. She saw one of the atrocious novels. In this, the chubby-faced grocer quoted statistics to prove to the yellow-haired girl that females were half as numerous again as males in the state of Peaceville.

"The conceit of the man," cried the lady graduate, and straightway resolved to write the editor a novel for his better instruction. In this, the heroine, a poor clerk, made her wealthy lover serve a probationary period of seven years before she accepted him. Without telling anyone of her purpose, the graduate sought the office of the *Aurora* on the afternoon on which we have seen the editor so comfortable. Jake being the only person in the street, she asked him where the editor might be found.

"What d' you want with him?" said Jake, neither rudely nor politely.

"I have a contribution for him," she answered.

Knowing the meaning of "contribution," Jake led her upstairs without hesitation, and showed her in. One hundred and fifty-three stairs and two steps into the room had exhausted the authoress, and she had no breath to utter the denunciations she had intended to heap on the villain within. Moreover, he didn't look so wicked as she had pictured him.

"Lady's got something to give you," said Jake.

"Thank you. How much?" said the editor, producing his receipt-book.

Quite taken by surprise, she handed him a dollar. He entered upon an account of the disaster, and described the gratitude of the survivors.

"But—I had something else to give you," she said.

"Oh! thank you," he answered, finding it impossible to maintain the rudeness of his creations.

She gave it him. "Will you take a seat whilst I read it?" he said.

"Thanks." Really she doubted whether he could have written that horrid tale.

"Jedge Collier's much better to-day," shouted Jake, as he went downstairs again.

This was a calamity—editorially speaking. The old lawyer had subscribed to the paper for ten years, and never grumbled. Yesterday he couldn't last twelve hours; so, with a laudable desire to be up-to-date, the editor had had a long obituary notice set up. Now, a whole column of matter must be cut out.

Controlling his feelings he sat down to read the story, but for some reason he couldn't settle to it. He'd never felt like it before; his eyes kept twitching; the words had no meaning (he was holding the manuscript upside down; and—then all of a sudden he found that he was staring at the authoress, and neglecting her work.

"Won't it do?" she asked, nervously.

"Of course it will." (He hadn't read a word.)

"Thank you," she answered, and rose to go.

"I haven't paid you for it."

"I don't want payment—yet." She had reached the door.

"Er—will you—write for me—er—er—again?" he said, plucking out the words as a cobbler draws nails out of his mouth.

"Yes," she replied.

"But—er—er—will you write for me—always?" he blurted out.

But she was gone.

Literary and Debating Society.

ON February 25th we had an impromptu debate, P. J. Rose in the chair. The subject discussed was "Has the canine race a grievance against mankind?" H. B. Jenkins thought dogs useless animals, except that they kept you awake at night by their howls. G. D. Watts and W. Bell considered dogs very ill used in being muzzled and chained up all day just because a few of their number had misbehaved themselves. Bell thought dogs meant well in howling at night, since their object was to drown, quench, or soothe the less musical cat. T. A. Morice, Lloyd, Bawden, Glover, Lee, and Hern also spoke. The Chairman thought dogs had no cause to grumble or growl; however discontented they might be they were always in their place at dinner. The voting resulted:—Affirmative, 7; Negative, 3.

The closing meeting of the session was held on Friday, April 2nd, P. J. Rose presiding. It was unanimously decided "That the members of this society express their deep regret that Mr. Snow, who has long been a vice-president, is leaving us."

After some discussion on *Magazine* business, H. B. Jenkins was appointed as a joint-editor, and T. Lodge and E. G. Turner as sub-editors. The following old boys were elected to honorary membership:—Messrs. P. J. A. Francis, C. M. Jones, N. C. Miller, J. E. Wright, E. Tebbutt, and C. H. Grimshaw. A vote of thanks to the Chairman for his services concluded the private business. The meeting then went on to discuss the question "Whether experience shews that arbitration is a satisfactory means of settling disputes?" The majority of the speakers shewed a tendency to discuss the question rather from the point of view of personal feeling than from the results of experience. War-speakers, W. Bell and H. B. Jenkins, thought war satisfactory when you were likely to win, and that it was foolish to submit to arbitration when you were the stronger power. A. Lodge quoted a case in school life in which a boy would willingly and advisedly submit to arbitration. T. Lodge was strongly in favour of arbitration. Chairman quoted cases to prove that war very often ended in triumph of wrong party over right; Englishmen now admitted that many of our wars and victories were unjust. The voting resulted:—For Arbitration, 5; Against, 3.

Chat on the Corridor.

THERE has been so little to cause stir and excitement this term that we half hope and half fear that the publication of this issue will attract some attention; we have hopes that the fulfilment of long expectations may increase our circulation, but, at the same time, we have shrewd anticipations of the remarks of those who will persist in regarding the appearance of the *Magazine* as a memorable phenomenon. In any case, we trust that those to whom this view of the *Mag.* is an unfailing source of merriment will buy the issue now that it has at length appeared.

We had great pleasure in learning of a further bequest to the school. The following is a clause of the will of the late Mr. J. T. Danson, of Grasmere:—"Let the Directors of the Liverpool Institute receive from such part of my estate as may be applicable £2,000, to be invested and kept invested, as the Danson Bequest, and the annual produce to be applied for such purposes of the Institute as the Directors may think fit."

The most important scholastic event we have to record is the success of Messrs. C. Martin-Jones and J. E. Wright in gaining Major Scholarships of £100 per year at Trinity College, Cambridge. These Cambridge successes are not very intelligible to boys in the school unless emphasised by the granting of a holiday; but our subscribers, and especially those who are interested in mathematics, will join with us in heartily congratulating the newly-elected scholars on their achievement.

The examination for the Hughes Scholarship will be held this month. The subject of examination is Mathematics, and the successful candidate will be entitled (subject to maintenance of good conduct) to two years free education in the High School. The competition is limited to boys under fourteen years of age.

At Easter the school lost the services of a master whose familiar figure will be sorely missed. It is nearly eight years since Mr. Snow came to fill the position of Senior Classical Master, a position whose duties his education at Sedbergh and Worcester College, Oxford, enabled him worthily to fulfill. How ably and conscientiously he has striven to instil classical knowledge into the receptive and the unreceptive, all whom he has taught will attest. Sixth Forms in particular will long remember his classical enthusiasm, his facility of quotation, and his literary knowledge and taste. In games, too, he was an enthusiast. Not once has he missed seeing the Rugby Shield Matches, and there is probably no other person who has witnessed our last seven defeats. We can well remember his almost frantic joy on a certain memorable day in 1895, when the Cricket Shield was won at Fairfield. He was the first treasurer of the United Games Fund, and, in brief, at all times he has proved himself an optimist of the first water. We wish him the greatest success in the school which he has taken at Windermere.

This term, Mr. Groom will take the Upper Forms of the High School for Latin and Greek. We welcome also Mr. C. R. Lewis, B.A. (Vict.), who will teach on the High School side till mid-summer.

We hardly dare to discuss cricket in a *Magazine* that contains football results; be it our excuse that there are many who would rejoice in the success of the cricket eleven, and some who are interested even when success is denied to us. First, it must be confessed that the material for the eleven is somewhat raw; this is a necessary consequence of our unhappy circumstances. But though we labour under disadvantages, it must not be thought that the season is begun without hope; were that the case, it would be well not to begin. Of last year's players there are seven left, which may not seem to mean much to any one who followed last season's records. Yet among them there are two or three who should turn out fair bowlers. Indeed, at no time has the school eleven been conspicuously weak in attack, nor do we think that the present one will prove so. The fielding, too, promises to be moderately good, but in matches up to the present there has been displayed a peculiar fondness for the total of 45, which under ordinary conditions is not a sufficient score to win with. Our opponents have always made even defeat agreeable to us; but we trust that the batting will improve, and then the team may sometimes enjoy the even greater satisfaction of victory. P. J. Rose is captain, and W. G. Jones sub-captain.

The Annual Sports will be held at the Stanley Athletic Grounds, on Saturday, June 4th, and it is to be hoped that all who can do so will attend. Last year the spectators' situation was made very unpleasant by a bitter wind, and the alteration of the date from March to June should have the effect of considerably increasing the attendance. There has been the usual struggle to get a sufficient number of entries, but after much persuasion, the school has responded fairly well. So much work has to be done by the secretaries and the handicappers, and the success of the Sports depends so greatly upon fine weather, that we feel that we are not doing very much when we wish the officials and the competitors an even greater success than usual.

The Choir continues to flourish. The membership, according to the last report of the secretary, stands at about forty-five, of whom the greater part come from the Commercial School. The work done at present consists of the three glees:—"Out in the sunshine," "After the rain," and "In the distance." We understand that it has been arranged to hold the practices during school hours on Tuesday afternoon. No doubt we shall have further proof of the vitality and efficiency of the Choir at the next prize distribution.

We have received cards from the two School Swimming Clubs. It seems that a good number of boys have taken contracts, but, on the Commercial side in particular, not many others attend the baths. Before long, however, we have no doubt that the attendance will be as good as in previous years, and we hope that the members of the clubs will do all they can to prepare for the inter-school squadron race, which will probably be held early next term. T. J. Williams and A. S. Thomas on the High School side, and F. W. Cross-Rudkin, W. J. Davies, H. F. Haworth, and J. Martin on the Commercial are the captains.

Will annual subscribers who change their addresses kindly notify us of the fact by post-card? We send *Magazines* every issue to two or three gentlemen, who we are afraid never receive them, simply because they have not notified us of change of residence.

A Sea-gull Tragedy.

ONE hot July afternoon I was lazily pulling a light skiff over the waters of a certain bay. As I paddled hither and thither, I looked over my shoulder and saw, a little distance ahead, one of those innocent but mischief-loving birds called guillemots. Of course, he pretended not to see my boat, but at the same time, by his conduct he invited me to try to run him down; and to amuse

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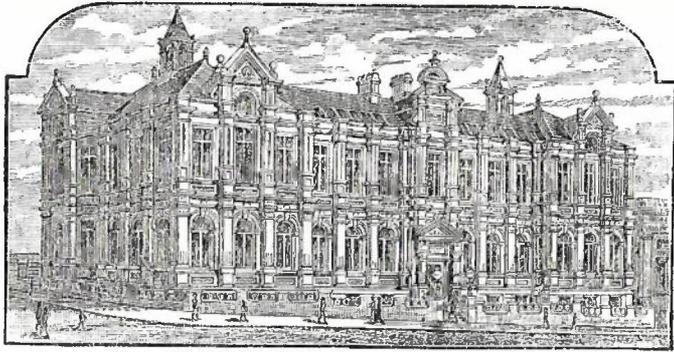
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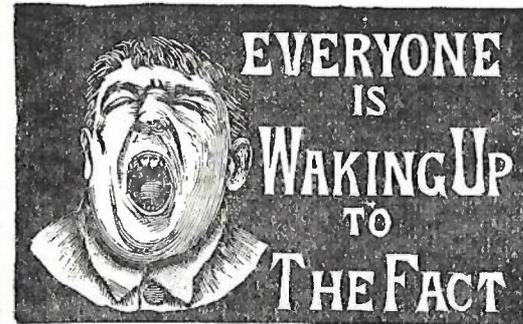
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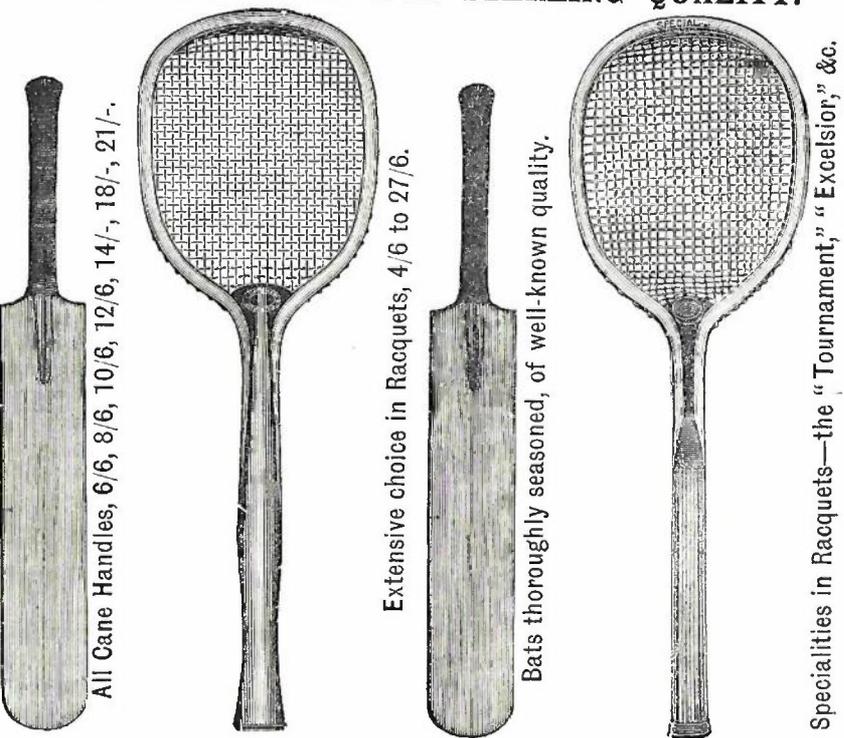
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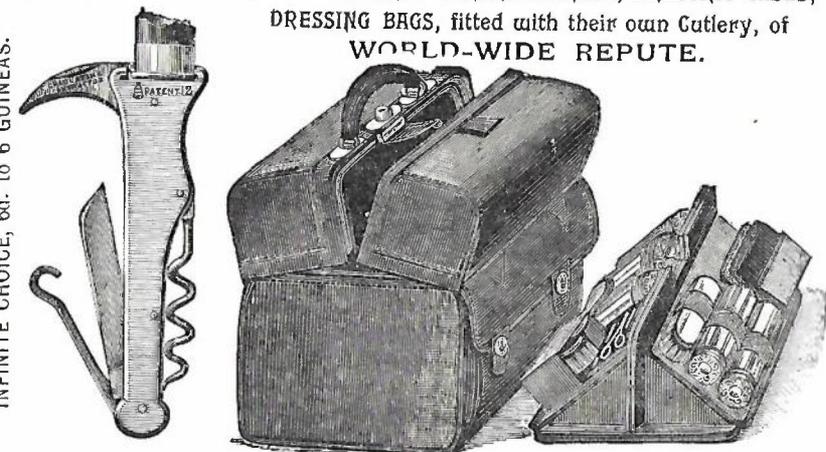
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myself and him I pulled hard for him. There can only be one result to this game. Just when a collision appeared inevitable, he gave a defiant little shake with his head, stuck his pointed beak into the water, and dived deep down by the side of the boat. The usual sequence is that the rower jabs at him with his oar, misses him, since he is four or five feet below the surface, and half a minute later the guillemot rises twenty yards away. But (I take no credit for it) I did not try to hit him as he passed my oar, and this so surprised him that he suddenly stopped in his dive and rose like a cork not two yards from me, evidently regarding me as a remarkable phenomenon. After staring at me incredulously for a moment he proceeded to swim cautiously round the boat, and at length convinced of my simplicity, he came towards me, fluttered out of the water and scrambled awkwardly on to the thwarts in front of me. This was achieved at the sacrifice of much of his native dignity, and it took him some time to recover his composure. When he had recovered he began to confide in me, telling of many things which I did not understand at the time. I have since, however, read a great many books on these subjects, and as he has been at pains to instruct me in his language, and has been so good as to repeat whatever I did not comprehend, I can now relate the greater part of this his first conversation with me; but as his idiom would render him almost unintelligible to most people, it has been necessary to modify and, probably, to distort the narrative considerably.

First he began about himself. It appeared that he was a very superior sort of guillemot. He was a red-egg, which means that he came out of a red shell, a great distinction among his people. He prided himself, too, that even had he fallen into the hands of the egg-climbers he would have been saved by his rich shell from being served for the breakfast of a "murky Sheffielder"—this with a most malicious glance at me. Next he went on about his accomplishments. "Could I swim?" I said I could a little. "Could I swim to the cliffs in front of us?" (a distance of two miles). I thought (I mean I said) that I could, and was afraid he was going to challenge me to a race, when he went on about diving. "Could I do this?" He balanced himself on the gunwale, plunged, turned in some way under the boat, and came up on the other side. Then he fluttered to his seat again, and I really believe he wanted me to say that I could do it—but I didn't. He continued in this strain, the whole of his conversation tending to his glory and my humiliation. I have learnt since that if I had only been able to fly moderately I could have scored on him, for his deficiency in this respect is a very sore point with him. He was very annoyed with people who called him a "duck" or a "gull;" and in short, I learnt how fine a bird he was, and how much he was respected by himself and all who knew him.

When he seemed tired of speaking about himself (though later I found he was inexhaustible on this subject) he began to discuss his neighbours, the cormorants, puffins, and divers. But it is a little

story he told me about some gulls which I think is best worthy of record. This is a brief summary of the tale, somewhat as he told it:—

THE STORY OF THE WHITE-WINGED GULL.

"Two years ago there dwelt in a hole on the Grey Cliff a pair of common sea-gulls. The Grey Cliff was outside the proper nesting-grounds of the flock, but so well placed was the little cave, that the wise couple had chosen this nook for their eggs. Their foresight was rewarded, and they lost no eggs at all, so that there were hatched four healthy young birds; of these, three are of no great interest. Two soon left their home and joined the main body of the clan. A third turned knight-errant or vagabond, and wandered up and down the coast and over the land, considering this an easier mode of living than the ordinary. But the fourth fledgling is of great interest. His mother was the first to notice his peculiarity. You have noticed how the white wings of the common gull are tipped with a few black feathers, and how, when the bird flies, these twitch and quiver. Old Quahow, the wise puffin, can tell how and why the black feathers came there, but he could never explain how one of the wings of the White Gull came to be without them. It would not have looked so odd if the other one had been wrong too; but, as it was, it was decidedly freakish. For the rest, he could fly faster and further than any gull in the flock; his eye was keener, his pounce quicker and surer than any other's. So before he was full-grown he led one of the hunting parties that follow the "Long White Tails." (My friend meant the steamers). If he had wished he could have gorged himself and left the rest hungry. But he ate less than any of the others, and for this there was a special reason. He had met the famous she-gull, "Strong-bill." She was his cousin far-removed, and was hatched in the same year as he; and because she was a great feeder, and he a great catcher, she encouraged him to hunt with her. Their party usually consisted of her five sisters, ten he-gulls in attendance, White-wing, Strong-bill, and another. This last was a crafty yearling who also had been encouraged by her; but he hunted entirely for himself, whereas, the good "White-wing" would point out the food to her, and would never eat unless her mouth was full. If he were hungry at the end he would follow alone till he had had enough. At first she liked him for this, but the crafty one, as they returned, would sneer at his rival's white tip, till at length she came to hate poor "White-wing." The two used to sneer so much that it became a general custom for birds to say bad things about him, especially when he was away. So things went on through the misty time, till at last "White-wing" left his party and went to his old home. His father and mother were gone, so here he lived alone till nesting-time came again. One day who should come to him but Strong-bill. She said that she had decided to live by herself till she had decided on a mate. "Could she have his cave for awhile?" This seemed to mean that she had quarrelled with his enemy, so he let her have his

place, and himself went to visit some friends at Bempton. But as he rounded the corner of the Grey Cliff, the crafty one sneaked past him. He guessed their deceit, and left them to enjoy its results. Nesting-time came and he remained un-mated. One day, wandering far to the north, he met the petrel flying south, and behind, a great flock of birds of all kinds. He knew that a storm was coming, and turned to warn the clan. Such as were able flew inland at his warning; such as had eggs and young made the best preparations they could for the storm; and among those who fled he saw the sly one. Though the Grey Cliff faced south, and hence was sheltered from the storm, he thought he would go to the cave and give Strong-bill notice of what was coming. It is not known what they said to one another, but it is certain that he found her and a brood of four just hatched. The last that will ever be known is that some "Sheffielder" with a gun (the guillemot word is quite unpronounceable) killed them both with one gust as they talked, and that another came over the top and took their bodies and the young ones."

"That is the end of the story of the White-gull," said my little friend.

"What of the sly one?" I asked.

"Oh! he was swimming by the White Cliff one day, when a big wave came and beat him against the rocks. His bones and a few feathers lie at the top of White Creek."

A month later, in the Liverpool Museum, I saw the gulls that the "Sheffielder" had killed. I recognised White-wing and Strong-bill at once, and though the man who stuffed them was wrong in imagining them to be husband and wife, yet there is this ironical satisfaction that in death the haughty Strong-bill sits absorbed in admiration of the gull who was immeasurably her superior.

L.B.W.

Games Reports.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.—SHIELD MATCH.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE (U.S.)

PLAYED at Woodcroft Park, on Wednesday, March 23rd. The College won the toss, and the Institute kicked off with the wind. Some scrimmaging occurred, and the College got the ball out, but their three-quarters were tackled before they got over the line. The Institute played very well in the first twenty minutes, but after that they fell off considerably, the College scoring try after try. Half-time arrived and the College had got over 7 times. The second half was worse than the first, our three-quarter play on the left being very poor. In this half the College scored 9 times. Our forwards on the whole played very well, but once in the first half they heeled out right on our line, and the College half-scored by

dropping on the ball. Owing to Affleck's accident the defence on the left was very weak, and the College scored time after time. Our full-back, Ellis, considering his lack of experience, played a very good game. Final score :—College, 4 goals 12 tries; Institute, *nil*.

CHARACTERS OF THE "FIFTEEN."

J. B. AFFLECK (10st. 6lb.)—A good three-quarter, fast, and tackles well, but should practise kicking; was unfortunately unable to play in the Shield match.

W. BELL (9st. 5lb.)—Light, but works well, and is always on the ball; gained his place in the team by his steady play.

F. CHEESBRIGHT (10st. 11lb.)—A good hard-working forward; always plays a good game and follows up well.

F. T. ELLIS (8st. 8lb.)—Has only played a few times; very good kick, and will doubtless make a good full-back in time.

C. B. ELDER (10st.)—Good kick and tackler, and is very plucky in saving; should mark his man better and should pass more.

H. HALL (12st. 6lb.)—Has played three-quarter this term; kicks and runs well, but would have been more servicable forward.

S. HANDFORD (8st.)—Rather light, but is quick on the ball, and generally plays a good game; is rather inclined to defy the rules of the game.

H. H. KER (10st. 5lb.)—Good kick and tackler; rather slow, but has developed into a good half.

H. LEACH (8st. 2lbs.)—Tackles well at times, but does not follow up enough; has improved much since the commencement of the season.

S. H. NIXON (10st.)—One of our best forwards; always plays a hard game; tackles well, but should practice kicking.

A. S. THOMAS (8st. 4lb.)—Only played towards the end of the season; should get down sooner into the scrums.

R. S. TURNER (10st.)—Of great use in the scrums owing to his weight; a very good kick, but his tackling is at present rather weak.

H. WATSON (9st. 7lb.)—Rather light, but works well; tackles well at times, but should follow up more.

G. D. WATTS (8st. 7lb.)—A good forward, and smart on the loose, but is rather inclined to shirk the scrums.

T. J. WILLIAMS, Captain (11st.)—Plays a very keen game, and has made the best of the few chances he has had of scoring; tackles grimly, but as captain is rather given to despondency.

RESERVE.

GLOVER (8st.)—Light, but works well, and should make a good forward in time.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE.

Final Liverpool Schools' Shield Competition.

The final for the Shield was played at Goodison Park ground, on Wednesday, March 9th. When the teams first appeared it was evident that we were much the lighter, and soon after the kick-off our opponents proved that they were quicker on the ball. The College pressed from the start, but shot badly. At times we had chances of getting away, but our halves and forwards invariably kicked the ball too hard forward, with the result that the College backs had ample time to clear. At length, Cowley got the ball outside the penalty line, and scored with a low shot. The kick-off brought no relief, and within five minutes a second goal was scored against us. Our backs, at this time, seemed to be standing too near our goal, with the consequence that the opposing forwards were allowed free shots from the distance of the twelve yards line. When a third goal was added against us all hope of victory vanished. After this, our forwards had a few chances, Ellis missing

the goal with a long shot; but the College were soon back again, and after Pooley had made several good saves, one of our backs mis-kicked and sent through his own goal. Mahon and Jones worked their way down our right, but the College goal-keeper had little difficulty in saving the final shot. At half-time our opponents led by 5 goals to *nil*. The second-half was as one-sided as the first. Our defence played rather better in front of goal, but in the open the College forwards ran about practically as they liked. Pooley in goal played very well, kicking several times right off their forwards' feet, and very cleverly lifting high shots over the bar. Yet, in spite of this, and some good kicking by the backs, the College added four more goals. Our forwards made a few individual runs; Jones and Pollard made the best of what chances they got on the right, and Mackenzie worked hard throughout; but we could not score, and the whistle blew with the final result: College, 9 goals; Institute, *nil*.

ASSOCIATION COMPETITION.

Mr. Horsfall's Cup was played for last term on the English Cup-tie system, the result being that the Middle Second are the holders for the ensuing six months, this being the first time that that form has held the trophy. Some very interesting matches were played among the Senior Forms, the Junior matches, however, were poorly contested, in two cases teams being played which were short of full strength. This is especially to be regretted, as unless the Junior Forms can learn to play, even when there seems to be no chance of winning, we cannot hope to see the Association Shield again at the Institute. Constant practice and pluck in the face of odds, will alone bring about that much to be desired event. The present School team is certainly not short of pluck, but it must in future be recruited from boys now in the lower part of the School, hence it is obvious that by playing constantly and turning up regularly, Juniors are doing all that lies in their power to further the interests of the Association Club.

First Round.—First Class beat Lower Second, 4-0.

* Upper Third beat Upper Second, 4-3.

Middle Second beat Upper Fifth, 7-3.

Middle Third beat Middle Fourth, 6-1.

Lower Third beat Middle Fifth, 8-1.

Upper Fourth beat Upper Sixth, 4-0.

Lower Fourth beat Preparatory, 12-0.

Lower Fifth, a bye.

Second Round.—First Class beat Upper Third, 8-1.

Middle Second beat Upper Fourth, 5-1.

Middle Third beat Lower Third, 9-1.

Lower Fourth beat Lower Fifth, 9-0.

Semi-Final Round.—First Class beat Middle Third, 3-0.

Middle Second beat Lower Fourth, 7-0.

Final Round.—Middle Second beat First, 1-0, after a draw of 2 goals each.

Team.—W. Knowles, J. McKenzie, Colquhoun, Huat, L. Morris, Machray, Murphy, Maxwell, J. Sutton, Bradshaw, Sutherland.

* After a drawn Game; score, 4 goals all.

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W. SNOW, *Treasurer,*
April 4th, 1898.

Audited and found correct,
JOHN A OWEN.

In Memoriam.

HENRY PEEL,
DIED MARCH 24TH, 1898.
AGED 57 YEARS.

GEORGE LONG,
DIED APRIL 30TH, 1898.
AGED 19 YEARS.

Editorial Notices.

H. B. Jenkins has been elected Editor, and T. Lodge and E. G. Turner Sub-editors.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of annual subscriptions from Mrs. Sephton, Rev. A. H. Caldicott, Messrs. G. H. Hemsley and W. Snow.

Since our last issue we have received the following Magazines from other Schools:—*Sphinx, Red Man, Liverpool College (U.S.) Magazine, Fettesian, Plymouthian, Birkenhead School Magazine.*