

order of merit.

**KEENNESS AND SOUND JUDGMENT.**

The competitors showed the greatest keenness, and their sound judgment in placing the animals was really remarkable and won for them the admiration of the public, the Department Inspectors and the Judges appointed by the Society.

Mr. T. O'Brien, who supervised the competition, gave each boy a judge's sheet. He collected the papers at the end of the competition and awarded marks. His was no easy task.

**NO JEALOUSIES!**

What made a deep impression on all was the sportsmanlike way in which the result was received, the successful competitors being loudly applauded by their companions.

The interest of the competitors did not end here. They followed the animals to the sale ring and watched the sale of the animals of their choice.

A competition of this kind is certainly a step in the right direction. If youth could be got to take more interest in things like this it would be a great help to agriculture.

**CONGRATULATIONS.**

All concerned in the carrying out of the contest are to be heartily congratulated. A special word of praise is due to the twelve boys who took part in the competition. They all showed sound judgement, a matter which reflects particular credit on Father David O'Sullivan, whose direction of the farm at Copsewood is on such a high plane and is so signally successful.

**THE WINNERS.**

The winners of the competition were:—1st, Timothy O'Keeffe; 2nd, Timothy Horgan; 3rd, Colum Moran.

**DEATH OF MISS MARY MORONEY**

We much regret to record the death, which occurred on Friday, 18th ult., of Miss Mary Moroney, only daughter of Mrs. Moroney and the late Mr. Timothy Moroney, 2 Barrington Street, Limerick. The deceased lady was of a gentle, retiring disposition, and her death, at an early age, is deeply regretted by the members of her family and a large circle of friends. She was sister of Mr. P. J. Moroney, of the "Limerick Chronicle," and we extend sincere sympathy to him, to Mrs. Moroney, and the other members of the family.

Following Requiem Mass, celebrated by Rev. Father Minihan, C.C., at St. Michael's Church, on Saturday morning, the funeral took place to Mount St. Lawrence Cemetery.

The chief mourners were:—Mrs. Moroney (mother); Messrs. P. J. Moroney and Timothy Moroney (brothers); Mrs. P. J. Moroney (sister-in-law).

The clergy present were:—Rev. J. White, Adm., St. Michael's; Rev. R. O'Sullivan, C.C., do.; Rev. M. Minihan, C.C., do., and Rev. E. O'Dea, C.C., do.

asked me to recall the 1905 international match between England and Ireland at Cork, in which the great Basil MacLear tackled three men, one after the other.

I was unable to dig up the story at the moment, but a reader who was at the match has provided me with a first-class one, though, as he wisely suggests, that to remember everything after a lapse of 44 years is not too easy. This, to the best of our friend's recollection, is what happened:

"Ireland were attacking very hard, and there was a scrum down near the English line. The ball went right across the Irish three-quarters to the left wing. He took it cleanly, and was running hard and straight for the English line when within seven yards or so off it, to the complete consternation of everybody, and for no apparent reason, he dropped the ball.

"An Englishman picked it up and away he went with three

carried off with a broken ankle—and Ireland were left without a half-back!

So Fred Gardiner joined Joe Wallace, of Wanderers, at half back, and though their methods of dealing with Dicky Owen and Gibbs were just the opposite to the orthodox, they were, nevertheless, mighty effective and destructive, while the six men left in the pack pulled out that something extra to hold a Welsh eight, which fought like tigers for the kill. Ireland won by one goal and two-tries to two tries.

An amusing sequel was when W. B. Purdon, who became a Major General in the R.A.M.C., was lying in bed in hospital the following morning, his father arrived with a "Rose and Careless Surgery" and "Osler's Medicine," which he deposited beside the patient, saying: "Maybe you will have some time to do some reading now," and then departed.

was the Derby winner—dead. He had bled to death during the night.

**ON "CAPTAIN CUTTLE."**

Steve's second string towards his hat-trick of Derby triumphs was when he won the following year on Lord Woolavington's Captain Cuttle, trained by Fred Darling at Beckhampton. This son of Hurry On, which his trainer rated as the best horse he had ever seen and the best he was ever likely to see, was a remarkably intelligent animal. Nothing ever seemed to scare him. If he met a traction engine it meant nothing at all to him, but one peculiarity he had was that if he saw a cart-horse he would prick up his ears as though amused.

Victor Smyth, it was assumed, was to ride Captain Cuttle in the Derby, but in a trial with Victor up, the "Captain" failed badly, being beaten by a good four lengths, and possibly Fred Darling was of opinion that Smyth and his mount

**SCHOOLS SENIOR CUP WINNERS**



*Crescent College, S.J., Limerick, who beat Rockwell in the final of the Munster Schools Senior Cup at Thomond Park on Sunday.*

*Back Row (l. to r.)—F. Coleman, T. Dundon, G. Murphy, T. Curtin, D. Harris, M. Harris, J. Geary, N. Quaid.*

*Front Row (l. to r.)—J. McNamara, G. Spillane (Capt.), G. Wood, M. O'Donnell, T. O'Brien, J. Ringrose, N. O'Brien.*

others backing him up. I think MacLear was playing a sort of five-eights that afternoon. Anyhow, he seemed to appear from nowhere to tackle the Englishman, who, however, passed the ball on to a colleague and so we still had three Englishmen going for the line, faced only by the Irish full-back, then positioned somewhere near the half way line.

"The Irish full-back got his all right, but not before he had parted with it to the third Englishman. MacLear caught the latter from behind, and was up on his feet in a flash to go off after the fourth Englishman, who, with a clear field, was making for the Irish line, and looked all over a scorer, when MacLear nabbed him barely three yards from the line. By this time other Irish players had got up and the situation was saved."

**AMAZING HANDICAP OVERCOME.**

Though the younger generation may keep on telling us that Ireland's greatest triumph over Wales was when we beat them for our second successive Triple Crown at Swansea last month, older followers of the game, whose hair—that is if they have any left—is strongly tinged with grey, can recall a still greater Irish victory—in fact, probably the greatest in rugby's history.

Picture it; an Irish team, a man short all through the second half, and two short for the last ten minutes, licking an unbeaten Welsh team—and a star-studded one, indeed, if ever there was one. Ireland, in fact, hadn't a half back at all on the field in the last ten

**CROSS-COUNTRY.**

If only Ireland had stuck together at Baldoyle last Saturday I am certain Steve McCooke, the All-Ireland champion, would have won the International Cross Country race. Of course, this "sticking together" business is easier said than done, and I have no doubt had it been at all possible we should have had a United Ireland flinging down the gauntlet to a United France.

But in team work we were never in the same street as the Frenchmen; neither could it be expected. They were experienced campaigners, not only this, they had the talent. When in the last lap home Steve McCooke was in the lead, there was great rejoicing, but it was clear to seasoned cross country adherents that the three Frenchmen, Pujazon, Mimoun and Cidou, who were dogging his heels, that they were manoeuvring for the kill.

It was a most unequal battle—one Irishman against three experienced and crafty Frenchmen. Firstly these Frenchmen were out to win for their country; secondly, for themselves. As they ran bunched together they were conspiring how to beat the lone Irishman. It was good team work. McCooke had no one to help him disturb the equanimity of the Frenchmen by putting the wind up them, as it were, by a sudden burst to upset their planning.

And about one hundred yards from home the three Frenchmen, who more or less had been allowed run the race to their liking, unleashed themselves. They knew they had the team race in the bag; it was

did not "fit in." Darling, it is known, had a great admiration for Donoghue over the Derby course, and like Lord Woolavington, badly wanted him to ride Captain Cuttle.

Jimmy White, however, had Norseman in the race and he, it is understood, had first claim on Steve. However, certain wires were pulled, and so Steve was released to ride Lord Woolavington's colt. A few days before the Derby was to be run, Steve arrived at Beckhampton by plane, and though he had never seen the horse before, Fred Darling swears that in a canter he had never seen Captain Cuttle move better than with Steve in the saddle.

Derby Day came and Captain Cuttle was on his way to parade, and take part in a preliminary canter to the starting post, when there was a tumult. It was discovered that one of his plates had been twisted. A farrier had to be sought in the few minutes left, the plate removed, straightened and then fixed again. When this operation was completed, Captain Cuttle, cantering late to the starting post, was observed to be moving none too well, but when he reached the "tape" Steve looked as comfortable as a bug in a rug.

Rounding Tattenham Corner, Captain Cuttle was well placed, and Steve soon afterwards made his effort. His horse responded like a machine, and tore along the straight to rank as one of the easiest winners of the Derby. An old leg trouble put an end to the "Captain's" career as a racer, so he went to Lavington Park Stud, and a few years later...

**CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE**

Cleanse the system from blood impurities; many sufferers from rheumatic aches and pains, lumbago, neuritis, pimples, boils and minor skin ailments, can derive great benefit from



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