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THE  
DOLLAR MAGAZINE

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VOLUME X.

Nos. 37-40

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EDINBURGH  
THE DARIEN PRESS, BRISTO PLACE

1911

PRINTED AT  
THE DARIEN PRESS  
EDINBURGH

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THE LATE CAPT. A. R. IZAT.



# The Dollar Magazine.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

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VOL. X., No. 37.

MARCH 1911.

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## Captain Alexander Rennie Izat.

MANY must have read with pain, some weeks ago, the announcement of the death of Captain Izat, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the *Magazine* to-day. Through the capsizing of a steam launch on the river at Rangoon, he was cut off in his prime in the midst of a life of much usefulness, and to the inexpressible grief of all who knew him. Even now the agitation consequent on the spread of the news in Dollar is still upon us, the shadow is yet unlifted. In him we see a strong, active, energetic man—strong of limb, strong of heart—a lover of his work, dying honourably in harness, his last efforts directed towards the saving of the men under his command.

The events of what we are tempted to call his too short life are soon told : Eldest son of Alexander Izat, Esq., of Balliliesk, he was born in 1874, and was gazetted to the Royal Artillery in 1894, becoming Captain in 1900. He was Assistant Inspector in the Army Ordnance Department from 1902 to 1904, and Assistant Experimental Officer, first in the Army Ordnance Department, and afterwards in the Experimental Staff from 1904 to 1906. The following details of the accident in which he lost his life are taken from a private letter of the Major of his Company.

"On the 17th he was on range duty, and was taking targets out in a steam launch, the 'Gunner,' for us to fire at from the 4.7 guns of Choki Fort. The river is about a mile wide there, and very swift, and the tide was also running out rapidly. When about 3,000 yards from the Battery, the launch was seen to stop suddenly, and then in a moment to turn over on her side, and we realised that she had struck on a shoal. The shoal was shown on the chart, but was shown as having 14 feet of water over it at low tide; so they were quite justified in trying to cross at that point, as the launch only drew 6 feet 6 inches. The sandbanks of the river are for ever shifting, and this must have silted up very much lately. Anyhow, the launch was upset immediately after striking, by the force of the stream and tide."

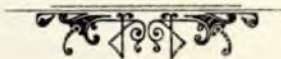
It is impossible to give here the full tale of tributes from his many personal friends to his influence, felt by them and by all those with whom he worked. We take the extremes—one from Major Massie, his superior officer, the other

from Edward H. Betts, his servant. The former writes : "I, personally, was fast friends with Captain Izat and knew him probably better than any others here, as we were a very great deal together, both at work and play, and I can only say that I never met a truer gentleman or a better officer and man. I cannot say more. My wife desires me to add her sympathy to mine, which is also on behalf of all our officers and men."

The latter says : "Please accept my deepest sympathy for the loss of my late respected master and superior officer, Captain Izat, who proved to be one of my greatest benefactors. I am pleased to say that his influence greatly contributed to my success."

As a boy, Alec Izat was a distinguished pupil of the Institution, a favourite with his class-fellows, beloved by his teachers ; and the prize-lists of the eighties are studded with his name. In athletics he took a foremost place, and, cherishing warm remembrances of his school days, he would, while on holiday in our midst, join his successors in a football game, in this way gaining a hold on their affection and esteem. We have one reminiscence of him to record, very suggestive of the honest pride he took in his old school. Speaking of the football team, he commended the boys for playing a gentlemanly, sportsmanlike game, free from undue roughness, violent or foul language, and from ungenerous dislikes and miserable jealousies that games sometimes create.

Passing from the Institution to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, he finished his educational course by coming out in the second place on the list of the Royal Artillery, where his services, as an able officer, have been highly appreciated. As a man, there was a ring of unaffected, genuine sincerity in all that he said and did. You could not doubt his integrity or single-mindedness. There was neither twist nor darkness in his nature. But, perhaps, what specially endeared Captain Izat to all who loved him so deeply and so well, and in whose hearts his death has caused such a deep gap, was his modesty and humility. There was, in short, something sunny and altogether winsome about him that twined hearts round him where'er he went. He was most happily married, and to his widow and three dear little children the heartfelt sympathy of many friends goes out.



## Ariodantes and Genevra.

### A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

FROM ARIOSTO'S "ORLANDO FURIOSO," Canto IV. 51 to VI. 15.

IT may not be known to every northern lover of Shakespeare that the source of "Much Ado about Nothing" has its *mis-en-scène* in Scotland.

"The sombre story of Hero and Claudio," writes Mr Sydney Lee ("Life of Shakespeare," page 208), "is drawn from an Italian source, either from Bandello (Novel XXII.), or from Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso.'"

It would perhaps be more correct to say that it was drawn from both novel and poem.

Ariosto's poem was published in 1515. Nearly forty years later the skilful novel writer, Bandello, extracted from among the long series of tales woven into one romance under the title of "Orlando Furioso" the story of Ariodantes and Genevra, changed the names of the lovers, placed the scene in Sicily, introduced Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon, and fixed the period in the thirteenth century at the close of the war which followed the "Sicilian Vespers." In these details Shakespeare has copied Bandello, inventing, however, names of his own for the hero and heroine; but the original story by Ariosto has its scene laid entirely in Scotland, and the events occur, as we learn from other parts of the "Orlando Furioso," at the close of the eighth century, during the time of Charlemagne.

Shakespeare, while following many of Bandello's variations, is directly indebted to Ariosto for the unconscious betrayal of her mistress by the maid, for the villainous character of the betrayer, and for the *public* accusation of the victim of the fraud.

The following is a condensed paraphrase of "Orlando Furioso," from Canto IV. 51 to VI. 15, as translated by William Stewart Rose, and in all points, including the names Scotland (Scozia), Berwick (Beroicche), St Andrews (la città di Santo Andrea), and every other topographical detail exactly follows the Italian.

The stormy waves were tossing their white crests to meet the louring clouds, when the good knight Rinaldo, peer of Mont Albano, left the shores of his native Italy, and launched out into the ocean in quest of some adventure worthy of his high ambition. Day after day the trusty bark drove through the waters, borne by the wind now to the westward, now towards the Great and Smaller Bears that guard the north. Night and day without ceasing the furious tempest raged, till at last they could see looming above them the dusky coast of Scotland, crowned by the fringe of that vast Caledonian wood which often echoes to the fierce blow of some mighty champion. Through its shadowy groves of ancient oak roams many a famous cavalier of British strain, renowned for daring deeds; hither from distant lands and from nearer shores throng French, Norse, and German knights, a numerous band, seeking for glory, and often finding death. Here fought Arthur, Galahad, Gawain, Sir Launcelot, Tristram, and other worthies of the round table, whose trophies still remain to bear witness to their valiant feats.

At sight of this enchanted land, Rinaldo joyfully gathered together his armour and his good steed, Bayardo, and landed on the woody coast. The



crew he commanded with all possible haste to repair to the neighbouring port of Berwick, and there to await him.

Without guide or company he wended his way through that wide forest, pursuing now this direction, now that, now another, wherever there seemed best promise of some perilous adventure, but before the circling sun had spent his rays, the doughty knight found himself within the hospitable walls of a grey old abbey which spent much of its wealth in sheltering warlike knight or wandering dame.

The monks and abbot gave a goodly welcome to Mont Albano's peer, and it was not till his strength had been restored by ample and savoury cheer that they permitted him to question them of the dangers of the wood.

"Pray tell me, Sir Abbot," Rinaldo at length inquired, "if in these tracts there are indeed to be found adventurous quests, wherein a man may prove by valiant deeds whether he is most deserving of glory or of blame?"

"There are indeed many and strange adventures to be found in those woods," replied the abbot, "but deeds performed there remain obscure, like the place itself, and are but rarely noised abroad. Better were it to seek a worthier quest in which your glorious acts will not be buried underground, but crowned with fame. And if indeed you would prove your warlike worth, prepare to hear of the worthiest enterprise that ever was undertaken by cavalier. Our monarch's daughter, sore bested, requires the help of some friendly champion to defend her against a powerful foe; Lurcanio is the name of the doughty baron who would bereave her both of her life and of her good name. He accuses her, even before her royal father, and vouches that he saw her draw up a lover to a gallery at dead of night, and hence death by fire will be the fate of the damsel according to our law, and that within a month, which is already nearly spent, unless some champion prove the lie upon the accuser. Our impious Scottish law, dread and severe," continued the worthy abbot, "decrees that a woman, whether high or low, who sins against chastity, shall die for the offence, nor is there any hope of ransom unless some champion proves her guiltless on the field. The king, grieving sore for the beautiful Genevra, for such is his daughter's name, has proclaimed through town and city that the knight who shall deliver her from death and shame shall receive the princess, richly dowered, as his bride, so that only he be come of gentle blood. But if within the month no knight appears, or if he should come and not conquer, then must the damsel die.

"Such an enterprise were worthier of your spear than wandering in lowly guise through these woods. Besides you shall rear an eternal trophy and win as prize the sweetest flower of all the fair ladies that are betwixt Ind and the Pillars of Atlas. You shall be guerdoned with wealth and state, and with the special grace of the king, when he sees his honour raised anew by your act. Furthermore, by the laws of chivalry you are bound to avenge the damsel foully and wrongfully accused, for she whose life is thus sought by treason is commonly believed to be chaste and spotless."

When the new dawn broke in the east with streaks of red and white, Rinaldo donned his shining armour and mounted his faithful steed. The abbey furnished a trustworthy and willing squire, and, with him, for many

leagues and many miles, by day and by night, Rinaldo pricked through the dark and dismal forest, seeking to reach betimes the Scottish city where the poor damsel's cause was to be tried. At length, in sore distress lest, after all, his quest should be in vain, Rinaldo left the wide and easier track and followed a narrow path into the heart of the shadowy wood—when, echoing through the gloom, they heard the sound of loud lamentations.

Instantly the valiant knight spurred his faithful Bayardo, and the squire his hackney, towards a neighbouring valley whence the sounds proceeded, and then they viewed, between two ruffians, a maiden who seemed at the distance to be passing fair, but was all woebegone and weeping grievously as ever damsel had been seen to weep. Close by the barbarous pair were preparing their blades to deluge the grassy turf with the blood of the unhappy damsel.

She essayed for a while to postpone her death and to move their compassion by her piteous entreaties. When Rinaldo, on approaching nearer, saw their fell intent, he drove upon them with threats and furious cries. As soon as the ruffians saw the succour near, they turned their backs and took to flight, nor stayed until they were squatting out of sight within a narrow dell.

The good Rinaldo cares not to pursue them, but, approaching the maiden, sues her to tell what chance had brought such evil on her head, and, to save time, in the same breath commands the squire to take the lady on the croup of his saddle. As they thus proceed together he surveys the lady and marks her wise behaviour and the bloom of her beauty, although her fair countenance is dismayed and overcast by the fear of death.

Again he essays to know who had prepared for her so fell a doom, and in humble tone she spoke as follows:—

“Sir Cavalier,” the gentle lady began, “prepare yourself to hear of a direr deed than was ever yet committed in Thebes or in Argus or any other still more savage soil. I believe that if the circling sun approaches less near to our Scottish shore than to other lands, it is because he would avoid a foul ferocious race whose deeds horrify him. In every clime we know that man pursues his natural enemies with hate, but to deal death upon those who seek only our good, flows from a foul and evil nature. That you may better understand the truth I will try to show from first to last why the caitiffs would have done me foul despite in my tender years and all without cause.

“You must know that in the spring of life I made resort to the palace, and for many years served the daughter of the king, and grew with her growth, and held an honourable place in court. But the cruel god of Love, envying my fortune, willed that I should be his sport, and caused the Duke of Albany to find favour in my eyes beyond each other Scottish lord and knight, and, as he seemed to cherish me above measure, his love bred as ardent a love in return.

“Alas, we hear and see, but do not till too late believe in the falseness of man. I trusted Albany, and, yielding to my love, oft met him alone, the place of our meeting in that evil day being Genevra's most sacred bower, where, carefully hoarded, she kept all that she esteemed most precious and rare. She often slept there, but changed her room with the varying seasons to avoid the burning heat or the pinching cold. A gallery projected from this

room into the open air, and here many times, when unoccupied by Geneva, my lover climbed to my embrace by a hempen ladder which I let fall, for that portion of the palace fronted an old dismantled street, and none passed that way by day or night. For many days and months I lived in a dream of bliss, although, had I not been blinded by my love, I must have known by a thousand certain signs that the faithless knight loved but little and feigned deeply. At last he began openly to show himself a suitor of fair Geneva, and judge, alas, how absolute was his sway over my heart, when he owned this to me, and thought no shame to move me to assist him in his second love. He assured me that the affection he displayed for her was only pretended and not such as he bore for me ; nevertheless he hoped to speed and to celebrate due espousals with the princess, and he believed that he might well succeed with her royal sire, would only she consent, because, after our good king himself, none in all the realm could equal him for wealth and birth. He told me that if through my ministry he could be elected the king's son-in-law, the merit should be mine and he would for ever bear the benefit in mind.

"I, who never could or would gainsay his will, and was entirely bent on serving him, was now never content save when trying to fulfil his wishes, and snatched at every occasion which presented itself to instil his praise and merits into Geneva's mind. I wrought with all my heart, God truly knows, in furtherance of his suit, but all in vain, for another love had taken root in Geneva's heart, and every tender thought flowed towards a gentle and learned knight who had sought our Scotland from a distant shore. This Ariodantes, with his young brother, had come out of Italy to stay in our king's court, and there he made such essay of knightly arms that none in all Britain was more approved than he. The king prized the youth, and rewarded him, like his own nobles, with burghs, castles, baronies, lands, and woods. Ariodantes was dear to the monarch, and dearer still to his daughter. His valour filled her with affection, but the knowledge of his love gave her even more delight, for never did old Vesuvius, nor Sicilia's hill, nor burning Troy blaze more brightly than did the young Italian noble's heart for fair Geneva. For this cause my persuasions were unheard. The more I strove artfully to obtain for my beloved the guerdon he craved, the more Geneva censured him and increased in the hate she had nursed before. Often did I excite my wayward lover to quit so vain and bootless an enterprise and made apparent to him that Ariodantes had lit such a flame in the young damsel's breast that seas in flood could not quench it.

"When Polinesso, for so was Albany called, heard and saw how ill his love was requited by the princess, and that another was preferred to himself, it not only killed the haughty warrior's passion, but changed the love which had burned in his bosom into rage and hatred. He schemed to shed such discord between Geneva and her faithful knight that no time should heal the quarrel, and to bring such scandal on the damsel that the stain should cleave to her, alive or dead ; but in this he sought not my counsel, nor any other but his own.

"When his wicked project was fully planned, he besought me, with many blandishments and as if to please a harmless fancy, to disguise myself as Geneva, putting on her garments while she slept, imitating her mien and



gestures, and decking my hair like hers, and then to betake myself to the gallery furnished with the hempen stair.

"I, all distraught and beside myself, did not see that this design was but a foul snare against the fair princess ; and so, alas, in obedience to his wish, I donned her habit and let down the ladder ; nor did I recognise the traitor's intention until the deadly mischief was achieved.

"It were bootless to explain at large how the wicked duke sought Ariodantes, with whom, before their rival quest, he had been leagued in friendship, and urged him, with many deceitful words, to desist from his wooing for that he himself had won the favour of the princess, and was about to claim her from her royal father ; how Ariodantes hurled him his defiance and dared him to abide in arms what he had avouched in words ; how Albany, disdainig the combat, offered instead to prove to the eyes of Ariodantes that Geneva was false ; how the noble lover, with wounded heart and faltering voice, replied, 'When I see indeed proof of the grace with which thou sayest the fair Geneva honours thee, I promise to give up my suit ; but think not thy story shall avail anything unless confirmed beyond possibility of error.'

"That night, as directed by his false rival, Ariodantes took up his station in a deserted house over-right the gallery in which we were wont to meet ; but first, believing that it might be a plot to take his life secretly, under pretence of showing him what seemed a sheer impossibility, he called his younger brother, the bold and wise Lurcanio, to his side, and willed him to take his arms and go with him. He would not break to him his secret purpose, but placed him within a stone's throw of the spot where he would hide, and said :—

"'Come, if thou hearest me cry, but as thou lovest me, do not come nor move until I call.'

"'Doubt not,' answered the valiant brother, 'but go,' and silently the baron went and hid himself within the low, lonely house over against my secret gallery.

"On the other side advances the deceitful foe, pleased to work Geneva's destruction, and gives the usual sign to me, who divine nothing of the cheat. At the accustomed sound I mount the gallery, which is so constructed that it shows my person on every side, arrayed in a costly robe, in which are set stripes of gold on a snowy ground, my tresses gathered in a silken net with tassels of vermilion, mimicking fashions which met only in Geneva.

"In the meanwhile Lurcanio, either fearful for his brother's safety, or beset with the common passion to play the spy on another, had followed him softly to his retreat, and had bestowed himself, not ten paces off, beneath the same roof.

"Now put yourself in his place," continued the sorrowful damsel, "and figure what was the woe of the unhappy lover when Polinesso climbed the stair which I cast down to him ! Weening that we met all unseen, I throw my arms about his neck, and kiss his face, as I was wont to greet him, while he, to mask his hollow cheat, returns the caress with more than wonted glow. The other, viewing from afar all that passed, fell into such deep despair that he resolved to die. He planted the pommel of his falchion in the ground, meaning to bend the point against his breast, but Lurcanio, who with marvel



had seen Polinesso ascend to the princess' bower, but knowing not who he was, sprang forward with ready speed when he saw his brother's act, and hindered him from turning his own hand against his breast in that fell agony. Had the good youth been one moment later, or one span less near, his help would have been in vain.

"'Unhappy brother!' he cried, 'what insanity has dispossessed your better reason? Die for a woman! rather let the whole of her kind be scattered like the mist before the tempest! Put *her* to death, 'tis well deserved; but reserve your own for a more illustrious fate. 'Twas well to love her before you knew of her foulness, but now she deserves your hate, so much the more that you know what she is whom you lately worshipped. Keep those arms, which you would turn against your own heart, to prove her guilt before the Scottish king.'

"Finding himself thus surprised, Ariodantes put aside, while in the company of his brother, all appearance of self-destruction; but, resolute to die, he was but little shaken in his intention. Rising to go from the fatal spot he bore thence a heart, not only torn, but dead and withered from the extremity of grief. Yet to Lurcanio he feigns better comfort, as if the rage which had fired his veins were exhausted.

"Next morning, without further word to good Lurcanio, or to any other, he took his reckless way from the city, guided only by deadly desperation. Nor did anyone, save the duke and knight, know for many a day why the youth had departed so suddenly from the court, and in the palace and throughout the realm there were various sentiments regarding this event.

*(To be continued.)*

## Peeps into the Past History of Dollar.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

### CHAPTER XII. *(Continued.)*

#### MORE EVIDENCE FOR THE HISTORICITY OF DOLLAR'S IMMURED PRINCESS.

I SEE no evidence to prove that the Ochils were ever more covered with trees than they are at present. Nor is the fact that in the year 1236 King Alexander II. granted "the forest of Dollar" to the Abbot and Convent of Dunfermline any argument to the contrary. For it ought ever to be borne in mind in this connection that "the legal term forest did not, in the Middle Ages, imply a big wood. The forest of Wirral, near Liverpool, *e.g.*, is proved by old records to have been singularly destitute of timber, even as it is to-day. So also was it, as indeed it still is, with Ettrick Forest in Selkirkshire. And so I take it, would it be with the forest of Dollar in these far-off centuries. Probably there was little if any more wood in that forest then than what we see skirting the base or clothing the flanks of the Ochils at this moment. Nor is it any valid objection to this view that, as we learn from the "Statistical Account of Dollar Parish," published in 1795, there were even then, on the old



*A. Drysdale.*

THILICOUNTRY, FROM DEVONKNOWES.

Craiginnan Farm beyond the castle, places still locally designated as "The Bear's Knowe" and "The Bear's Den." The persistence of such names, so long after the brown bear had ceased to be one of our national fauna, is, indeed, as striking an instance of the tenacity with which local tradition preserves memories of an almost immemorial past, as is the continuance alongside of these memories of the pathetic story of the imprisoned princess which is ineffaceably associated with our parish and its local scenery.

I find in an article on the Bear in Chambers's "Encyclopædia," the statement made, that though the common brown bear used to be found in Britain, it has been long extinct there, and seems to have been exterminated in Scotland about the end of the eleventh century. It would, therefore, appear that for fully seven centuries after the term when the last bear on the Ochils was slain by some huntsman of the royal troop, the tradition lingered among the people of the neighbourhood about the cave into which the fierce animal had been wont to retire for rest and shelter, and also about the grassy mound where at last he met his death, fighting doubtless gamely to the end, ere he fell before the spear or axe of the huntsman. In the face of a telling and significant fact like that, does it seem at all strange that the people of the same locality should have cherished with even greater and more devoted attachment the singularly significant local names which reminded them of one of those pathetic incidents in the annals of their own royal house. More especially as that incident was one which, by linking one of the best beloved members of that house with a large share of the sadness and sorrow which are the common lot of all, naturally tended to level the artificial distinctions created by the mere conventions of rank and wealth and so to make the whole world kin. It does not appear to me, therefore, a thing incredible that there should have been preserved in the locality which witnessed it, perhaps in the eleventh or twelfth century, the record of an experience so touching, possibly, even so tragic, as that which has found lasting expression in those pathetic names that still linger on our lips and whisper to us from the dim vanished centuries of "old unhappy far off things," of a rooted sorrow that could not be plucked from the memory, and of a loving maiden's tender and faithful heart that broke here long ago.

In this connection I would emphasise the important distinction that exists between a myth and a legend. A myth, says Sir James Murray in the *New English Dictionary*, is "a purely fictitious narrative, usually involving supernatural persons, actions or events, and embodying some popular idea concerning natural or historical phenomena." A legend, on the other hand, has been defined by a great modern writer on this subject as "the deposit of popular tradition working freely on dim reminiscences of the great events and personalities of the past, producing an amalgam in which tradition and phantasy are inseparably mingled."

In claiming, therefore, as I do for each of our local legends a decided element of historicity, I am far from thinking or saying that, both as regards the lady and the kemp or warrior, with whose relations to our neighbourhood the legends are associated, there may not be features in the stories still retailed concerning them which represent fancy rather than fact. All I contend for is, that to treat as myths, that is, as purely fictitious narratives,



a couple of legends that can be shown to have a close and long association with the traditions of the neighbourhood to which they belong, is a much less rational course than, with whatever allowances that may have to be made for the addition of embellishments or excrescences introduced into the original tradition in the course of centuries, to treat each of the legends as being fundamentally based on or rooted in some fact of history and life.

Now there is a number of facts which I have met with in my reading that seem to me, when taken in combination, to prove that, substantially at least, the legends, as they are still current among us, and more especially the legend of the imprisoned lady, have continued practically unaltered from a very remote period. I find, for example, that when Pennant, the celebrated Welsh traveller, whose travels in Scotland may still be read with pleasure and profit, visited Dollar in 1769, and examined the ruins of Castle Campbell, the traditional names of Care, Sorrow, Gloom, &c., which are given to the localities so designated by us to-day, were current in precisely the same form as we now know and use them. Pennant says: "Two miles north is Castle Campbell, seated on a steep peninsulated rock between vast mountains, having to the south a boundless view through a deep glen shagged with brushwood, for the forests that once covered the country are now destroyed. Formerly, from its darksome situation, this pile was called the Castle of Gloom, and all the names of the adjacent places were suitable. It was seated in the parish of Dolor, was bounded by the glens of Care, and washed by the burns of Sorrow."

Mr Pennant proceeds next to specify some other particulars which, though not specially bearing on the point I am now handling, yet, as they deal with the state of our neighbourhood at the date of the Welsh traveller's visit, and are, therefore, sure to interest my readers, I make no apology for interpolating here. The following quotation describes the impression that was made on our visitor's mind, when, after leaving the castle, he journeyed eastward to Kinross. "Returned to my inn along the foot of the Ochil Hills, whose sides were covered with a fine verdure, and fed great numbers of cattle and sheep. The country below, full of oats, and in a very improving state: the houses of the common people decent, but mostly covered with sods. Some were covered both with straw and sod. The inhabitants extremely civil, and never failed offering brandy or whey, when I stopped to make inquiries at any of their houses."

But to resume my interrupted argument, I remark that if it is significant that in 1769 the names still current among us were known and used for the localities they designate to-day, it is, I think, even more suggestive to find that in the very earliest Charter conveying to their new proprietor, the first Earl of Argyle, the lands of "Doler and Glum," we have evidence that already in the fifteenth century the story was known which is still retailed to every visitor to the castle. While, if it be true, as tradition avers, that Sir Neil Campbell of Lochaw received from King Robert Bruce, as the dowry of his sister, Lady Mary Bruce, "the lands and fortunes of *Gloom*," then it may be reasonably surmised that, even at the end of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century, the names, and probably also the legends, existed which we still repeat in the twentieth century.



I cannot go further back, but I would like, as supporting the position I have taken up in some earlier chapters regarding the close connection of St Columba and the early Celtic Church with the parish of Dollar, to introduce here the mention of a striking fact which I overlooked in these chapters. The late Mr Paul noticed that fact in his *Essays* in this *Magazine* on Castle Campbell, when he stated that in a deed of date April 1465 the lands of Dolar and Glum are described as forming part of "the Barony of Dunkeld," and then went on to add that "all along the Bishops of Dunkeld appear to have been the superiors of the parish of Dollar and the adjacent lands, and the family of Argyll held many of their lands here in feu from them." For this fact, when it is borne in mind that Dunkeld succeeded Iona in the ninth century as the seat of the Mother Church, so to speak, of early Celtic Christianity, and when it is remembered that the church and parish of Dollar, like the islands of Iona and Inchcolm, were retained in connection with the see of Dunkeld after the Scottish Church became subject to the Papal see, seems to me strongly to corroborate my contention, not only that the parish church of Dollar was originally dedicated to St Columba, but that there is, at least, a considerable likelihood that it was by that saint himself that Christianity was first preached and established within our parish bounds.

I have, I trust, in the facts and arguments which in the foregoing pages I have laboured to set forth, done something to re-establish the challenged and even denied historicity of our local legends; but there are considerations of a more general and abstract kind that have occurred to me, which are calculated to support the view presented in these chapters, and to these additional considerations and arguments I hope yet to address myself in a future chapter.

*(To be continued.)*

## Greetings—Scotia to Columbia.

*Written for the Eighth Anniversary of the Troy Burns Club, 25th January 1911, by George Sinclair, Secretary of the Club.*

FAIR mistress of the western world,  
With pride old Scotia turns to thee—  
The land where liberty unfurled  
The glorious ensign of the free.  
All power to thy protecting hand,  
Great guardian of a hemisphere!  
May Peace for ever haunt thy land,  
And bless thy people year by year!

Thy sturdy sons in days of yore  
Defied a tyrant monarch's might;  
To-day thy hospitable shore  
Attests their valour in the fight.

And Lexington and Concord stand,  
Twin monuments of patriot zeal ;  
Oppression, fettered by thy hand,  
Threatens no more thy nation's weal.

The patriot needs no sculptured stone  
To mark wherein his ashes lie ;  
Thy Lincoln, Grant, and Washington  
Leave memories that never die.  
Freemen in ages yet to be,  
Back through the years will fondly turn,  
In Gettysburg and Yorktown see  
A Stirling Bridge and Bannockburn.

Where'er thy Starry Banner flies,  
Freedom and Justice flourish there ;  
In industry and enterprise  
Thy nation towers beyond compare.  
Thy laws beneficent and just,  
The truest liberty proclaim ;  
Thy motto stands, " In God We Trust,"  
The secret of thy matchless fame.

Columbia, peace-loving land,  
Guard well thy sacred heritage !  
The freedom of the Pilgrim band  
Inviolable keep from age to age.  
Uphold this truth—all men are free ;  
And foster Heaven's eternal plan.  
This be thy settled destiny—  
To seek the brotherhood of man.

From Solway's sands to Hudson's brink  
A thousand leagues of ocean roll ;  
Each billow a connecting link,  
Binding two nations soul to soul ;  
And kindred hearts united sing,  
Whene'er this natal day returns,  
Th' immortal songs that closer bring  
The lands of Whittier and Burns.

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## The Sleeping Sickness.

FOR several years this appalling disease has claimed the attention of those interested in the development of that part of Equatorial Africa adjacent to the Lakes Victoria Nyanza, Tanganyika, and Albert Nyanza. It has also aroused not only the interest of the scientist, but also the interest of the layman at home; in the case of the latter it has been an interest doubtless stimulated by vivid and not often veracious descriptions of this disease served up in either newspaper reports or novels of fiction.

The very name sleeping sickness suggests something out of the ordinary, mysterious and uncanny; mysterious it certainly has been both as regards its ingress into a country that was entirely free from the disease a few years ago and mysterious as regards its extraordinary resistance to successful treatment.

Thanks to the magnificent work carried out by Colonel Sir David Bruce and others, considerable light has been thrown on the transmitting agent of the diseases which has been proved to be a species of Tsetse fly, and work is still being carried out by scientists and others with the object of obtaining a specific remedy for a malady which has within the past ten years accounted for no less than 400,000 human beings in the regions around Lakes Nyanza and Tanganyika. The disease has been known to exist in Sierra Leone, in the west coast of Africa, and in the Congo ever since the earliest history of these countries. It was described as early as 1803, and Livingstone the missionary explorer gave at a later period a very accurate description of it. Previous to 1900 it was an unknown entity in Uganda, and how it effected an entrance to that country is still shrouded in mystery. The generally accepted view that it was introduced through many of Stanley's followers, recruited from the Congo, settling eventually in Uganda, is probably the most correct one. In any case, the disease made its first appearance in Uganda about the year 1900, and spread with such fatal rapidity that the population round the lake shore was reduced to less than a third in a short space of time.

The beautiful Sesse and other similar islands which in tropical verdure stud the Victoria Nyanza were the homes of a simple, happy, and contented people till the advent of this terrible scourge; now they are almost depopulated and only broken-down huts and empty villages almost obscured by tropical undergrowth remain as a pictorial proof of one of the many tragedies enacted in tropical Africa.

The chief actor in this tragedy, and one may describe it as the villain of the piece, was the tsetse fly, a species not unlike the ordinary house-fly on a large scale, of a sombre colour with large wings which extend beyond the body and overlap each other when at rest like the blades of a pair of scissors. Armed with a prominent biting proboscis, this blood-sucking dipteron feeds voraciously between the hours of 8 A.M. and 5 P.M. when the sun is high and the air is warm and still. It confines its peregrinations to the neighbourhood of water and shade, being rarely found more than a few hundred yards from such surroundings; silent in flight it attacks its prey in a most determined manner, never exhibiting any hesitation by hovering round a suitable site, but



flies immediately to the skin surface of man or beast, and inserts its proboscis, inflicting a bite resembling that of the horse-fly. There are eight species of the genus *Glossina* or tsetse fly; *Glossina palpalis* being the carrier of the germ of human sleeping sickness and *Glossina morsitans* carries a similar germ which is fatal to many animals. The disease sleeping sickness is due to a small blood parasite, the Trypanosome, which microscopically resembles an actively wriggling tadpole; this parasite is carried by the tsetse fly, and infection is transmitted by the bite of the fly from infected to uninfected individuals. So much for the description of the fly.

When sleeping sickness assumed a serious form in Uganda the Government took immediate steps to cope with the disease; and five or six sleeping sickness camps were established in different parts of the country.

It was the writer's experience to spend some time working at the largest of these camps situated in the district of Busoga on the north shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza; a district which had already paid a heavy toll in loss of life from sleeping sickness and which had an additional burden to bear in the form of a famine. This district consists for the most part of long stretches of elephant grass alternating with steamy swamps, patches of trees, and thick scrub.

Clearing operations were carried out at a place named Busu; and in a short time native grass huts were built to accommodate the cases of sleeping sickness in the early stage of the disease, while two mud hospitals were built for the more advanced cases.

This camp tapped a large and heavily infected district. The chiefs of the various tribes were asked by the Government to send all suspected cases of sleeping sickness to the camp for the purpose of treatment and isolation from fly-infected areas.

Owing to an absurd superstition prevalent among the natives that the white doctor was addicted to cannibalistic habits, the natives were at first extremely shy of taking advantage of these camps; but gradually this idea was dispelled from their minds and the numbers in camp swelled in a short time from twenty odd to nearly eight hundred. One had, therefore, considerable facilities for studying the disease in all its phases; and a description of it may be of interest to the readers of this magazine.

Insidious in its onset it is difficult to state exactly the incubation period of sleeping sickness. It probably varies from several months to two years from the time of infection resulting from the bite of an infected fly. It is a progressive disease, commencing with irregular attacks of fever, resistant to the effects of quinine. These attacks of fever show some intermissions of varying length. After a few months the glands in the neck become enlarged, and are visible as well as palpable. Puncture of an enlarged gland by means of a fine hypodermic needle, and microscopical examination of the contents removed reveal the presence of the Trypanosome, showing active wriggling movements like those of a minute eel, thus establishing the diagnosis. Sometimes, however, these Trypanosomes are not to be found. This early stage of the disease exists for an indefinite period of months or a year, to be followed by nervous symptoms, chief of which are tremors of the tongue, drowsiness, mental apathy, somnolence, and stupor, the patient sleeping sometimes for a whole day and making no effort to appease the appetite or thirst. During this period there



is considerable inanition, the patients becoming weak and emaciated to such an extent that they resemble living skeletons. Occasionally, in the last stage of the disease the mind becomes affected and symptoms of mania present themselves. Many of the patients develop sores in their hands, face, and body; these sores are due to the attacks of a small flea or Chigger which becomes encysted under the skin, and, owing to the poor state of the health of the patient, causes considerable tissue destruction, producing in the patient a truly pitiable appearance. The tragic conditions associated with this disease did not end here, for the district was infested with man-eating hyenas and leopards; and patients coming any distance, in a very weak state, were subjected to the attacks of these brutes after the sun had set.

It was a not uncommon sight to meet some of these patients, in a pitiable state of exhaustion, on the outskirts of the camp endeavouring to drag themselves in before the sun set. What a ghastly and brutal death awaited them in the long grass should they have failed can well be imagined. The camp itself was not immune to the attacks of these brutes, who made night hideous by their sounds. Singling out the most helpless cases they would break through the hut and inflict such injuries on the unfortunate individual that death invariably resulted. When balked of their living prey they played the part of fiendish ghouls, attacking the graves of those recently buried—digging up and devouring the remains. Grinning skulls, gaunt skeletons devoid of flesh, and trampled earth would frequently meet the eye, giving a further illustration of one of the many tragedies enacted in an African night. It truly made one sceptical as to the beneficent working of Providence, and wonder why such forces were at work to completely exterminate this harmless race of people.

One may conclude by saying that if the same generous spirit that is so liberally lavished for the salvation of the souls of this unfortunate people could be enlisted for the salvation of their bodies, more practical good would result, and that possibly the prevention of disease (the crowning glory of medicine) rather than the cure would be attained and Uganda be repopulated by a healthy and happy people.

R. G. ARCHIBALD,  
*Captain, R.A.M.C.*

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## Alphabetical Dollar.

Noo **A**'s the Academy weel kenned by name,  
Here's tae her, nae heel-taps, drink, lads, tae her fame.  
**B** stands for the Burns whare we've guddled for trout,  
An' garred the woods ring wi' oor lauchter an' shout;  
While **C**'s Castle Campbell, yon ruined stronghold  
Which ance tae the Argylls belonged we are told.  
An' **C**, Cairnpark Street, up which, wet or fine,  
Tae schule I wad gang every mornin' at nine.  
It stands for Cadet Corps, an' Cricket as well;  
A game we are guid at, as mony can tell.

**D** stands for auld Dollar, the bonniest toon  
 In a' bonny Scotland—she's that, lads, han's doon.  
 It stands, tae, for Devon, o' which Robby sings,  
 "The clear winding Devon,"—what mem'ries it brings;  
 While **E** is the Envy that ither lads feel  
 Wha've no' been tae Dollar,—they've missed a great deal.  
 An' **F** stands for "Footer" we've played nicht and main,  
 At which game auld Dollar can aye haud her ain.  
**G** stands for the Glen, find a bonnier spot?  
 Whit's that? "no, ye canna?"—ye're richt, o' course not.  
 An' **G** for the Golf course, which is, mang' its kind,  
 The finest an' best inland course ye cau'd find.  
 While **H** stands for Hockey, an awfu' guid game  
 At which Dollar lasses hae earned themsel's fame;  
 An' Hare's Hole, just near the Haugh Brig, a braw spot,  
 Whare we used tae "dook" when the weather wes hot.  
**I** stands for the Inter-scholastic sports, when  
 Auld Dollar aye comes oot on tap, lads, ye ken;  
 An' **J** for the Joy that we F.P.'s a' feel  
 In Dollar's achievements (P.P.'s ken this weel).  
 While **K** stands for King's Seat, a great muckle heicht,  
 The view frae the tap is a bonny braw sicht.  
**K** stands, tae, for "kippin',"—a dangerous game,  
 If caught, ye'll get skelpt baith at schule an' at hame.  
 An' **L** for oor Lasses, ye'll hae tae gang far  
 Tae meet brawer lasses, sae here's tae them a'.  
**M** stands for oor Maisters, wha've learned ye an' me  
 The wey owre Pons Asinorum, d'ye see?  
 The three **R**'s, an' a' ither subjects ye ken,  
 That teach us tae win oor wey through life like men.  
 For Maiden's Well, tae (lasses ken weel, I trow),  
 A grand place for picnics it is,—is it no?  
 We'll no' forget Minnie (her sweeties an' "rocks"),  
 For gin she sees this, she nicht send me a box!  
**N** stands for the Nook whare we lads, big an' sma',  
 Wed dook, just near Miller's Brig, no' far awa'.  
 An' **O** for the grand Outdoor life pupils lead  
 At Dollar, a healthy an' braw life indeed.  
**O** stands for the Ochil hills, tae, heather clad;  
 Hoo aft hae I roamed aboot them as a lad.  
 An' **P**, Present Pupils, tae whom we F.P.'s  
 Oor han's stretch in frien'ship across the braid seas.  
 While **Q** are the Questions they pit afore me  
 Up there in the ha', at exams., frien's, d'ye see?  
**R** stands for the new Rifle Range for the corps,  
 Whare braw kilted marksmen mak' bull's eyes galore.  
 An' **S** stands for Skatin' on Deadwater pond,  
 An excellent pastime, o' which we're sae fond.



*W. R. Latt.*

VICAR'S BRIDGE FROM ABOVE.



For Sledging tae, an' gin ye coup i' the snaw,  
 'Twill add tae the fun, wi' yer lass, sledge an' a'.  
 While **T** for the Tillie road, near hand the Scotchie,  
 Whare we used tae play "Tig," an' "I spy," d'ye see?  
**U** stands for the Unity binding F.P.'s  
 Tae oor Alma Mater, frae far owre the seas.  
 An' **V**, Vicar's Brig, an' the Viaduct tae,  
 Baith favourites for walks on ilk Sabbath day.  
 While **W**'s the Work done in class-rooms each year;  
 The "Leaving Certifs." prove its worth, dinna fear.  
 For **X** what tae pit I'm just no verra sure,—  
 Och! ay,—for the 'Xcellent successes there.  
 An' **Y** for the prosperous Years still in store;  
 May each bring mair luck nor the ane gone afore.  
 Wi' **Z** we hae come tae the end o' oor sang;  
 An' **Z** stan's for Zeal, which at Dollar gaes strang.

PAUL A. SAVI.

## Surveying in the Foothills of the Rockies in Western Canada.

"Go West, young man, and grow up with the country," is a familiar saying in the central part of Canada, as well as farther east. Since my arrival in this country, I have had a great desire to go West, and last spring my wish was fulfilled. Mr F——, Dominion Land Surveyor, with whom I am studying the surveying profession, was appointed by the Dominion Government to make some surveys in Western Alberta. Special and difficult surveys in this country are made by surveyors who get paid by the day, while inferior surveys are performed by contractors who get so much per mile. On this occasion Mr F—— was on "day work," as it is commonly called. He was instructed to proceed to Edmonton, where he was to buy his outfit and organise his party. We left Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, about the middle of April, and after two days in a train which was packed with settlers going West we arrived at Edmonton, "The Gateway of the West."

After spending several days in this fine city, purchasing horses, camp equipage, provisions, &c., and hiring men, we left for Wolf Creek, the town at the end of the "steel" of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad. During the construction of a railroad, the town at the end of the "steel" is usually a very busy place, as everything required for the construction of the railroad for the next hundred miles or so is taken by train to this point, and from there onward it is freighted by horses. The railroad from Edmonton to Wolf Creek was in very poor condition when we went out, and the train took thirty hours to go 121 miles. Of course, the train wasn't going all the time, for it seldom makes the run without going off the track two or three times.



The town of Wolf Creek is situated at the junction of Wolf Creek and M'Leod River, the latter being a tributary of the Athabasca. The buildings are all built of logs, or lumber with canvas roofs, more often the latter, as they can be taken down and freighted farther west to the next town at the end of the "steel." I heard it stated this winter that Wolf Creek "died" in one afternoon. As soon as it was known where the end of the track was to be for the winter, people immediately took down their buildings and tents and "hit the trail." We remained at this town for three or four days, getting everything in order before starting out for the scene of our first work. The party was composed of fourteen men and twenty-one horses. Our mode of travelling was by pack train, as that was the only means by which we could get into the country where our work lay.

Perhaps a few remarks about a pack train and pack horses would not be out of the way at this stage. Pack horses, or "cayuses," as they are commonly called in the western country, are, as a rule, half-bred Indian ponies, and are generally wild and good for nothing else except carrying packs. A wooden saddle, shaped like a miniature saw-horse, is placed on the horse's back on top of a pair and a half of blankets folded into a rectangle about three feet by two, and is held in place by two cinches which are drawn very tight. The articles of which a pack is composed are roped on each side and on top of the saddle, and over all a waterproof sheet is placed to keep everything dry. The entire pack is then lashed on very tightly with a rope half an inch thick and thirty feet long, there being, of course, a special way of tying on this rope. The horse is then turned loose, and if it happens to be its first experience in carrying a pack, it makes desperate efforts to buck its load off, and provides great amusement for the onlookers. In some cases the animal succeeds, but if the packers know their business thoroughly, the horse realises that it cannot get rid of its burden, and it quietly falls in line with the rest. If a pack happens to come loose, the horse, if naturally a "bucker," will soon have its pack scattered all over the ground. The horses in our pack train were all new to the "business," and we saw some rare exhibitions of bucking. Some of them, classed as outlaws on account of their wild and fiery nature, were continually giving trouble while being packed. A pack train usually travels about six hours a day, but in some cases, when no feeding ground is in sight, the horses have to keep on travelling until one is reached.

Returning to our journey, we left Wolf Creek and crossed the M'Leod River on the ferry, which was operated by a Scot from Dundee. This man did a roaring business, for the ferry was the only means by which the river could be crossed, and hundreds of teams and waggons crossed every day during a certain season. For two days we travelled on a fairly good wagon road, but after that we were compelled to follow pack trails.

Our first work was situated on the west fork of the M'Leod River, and in order to reach this place we had to follow the pack trail along the M'Leod River to the junction of the two rivers, thence along the west fork. The few prospectors and Indians who had made their way into this part of the country before, had travelled along the bed of the river in the dry season, but on our arrival at the junction of the rivers we found that the west branch was too deep for us to follow their example. We were therefore compelled to

cut a pack trail along or near the bank of the river. Progress was very slow, and it took us ten days to make fifty miles up the two rivers.

On the 31st of May we had located our starting point and established a camp preparatory to beginning work. The following day we commenced surveying operations, but our work was suddenly stopped on account of a wet snow-storm which set in and lasted for two and a half days. By the end of that time the trees were simply laden with wet snow, and for the next few days the axemen had some very disagreeable work to do.

At this camp a bad accident befell our picketman. He was standing on line making a picket, when a small tree, cut by one of the axemen, fell on to his arm causing the blade of the axe to enter his leg a little above the knee. He immediately set out for camp two miles away, but, being an inexperienced bushman, he lost his way and failed to find the camp. That night several members of the party instituted a search for him. They tried various devices, such as firing off a rifle, lighting a bonfire, hallooing, &c., to attract his attention, but it was all in vain, and they returned to camp. On the following day the search was continued, and about five o'clock in the afternoon one party suddenly came upon him wandering round more dead than alive, and without any hope of ever being found.

This part of the country in which we were surveying was exceptionally rough, and the timber was growing so thickly, that in many places it was impossible to go through it. Most of the country had at one time been burnt over, and it was now being re-forested with a thick growth of young pine. The ground was thickly piled with fallen timber, and to walk one mile along most of our lines took from forty to sixty minutes. Game around this country was very scarce. The only large game we saw were a jumping deer and a cinnamon bear, while a few large tracks of grizzly bears were noticed. A few fish were caught in the river, and were a delightful change from bacon and salt pork. From several of our camps we had an excellent view of the snow-covered Rocky Mountains, which were distant about two miles. This district was useless for agriculture or ranching, and the purpose of the survey we were engaged on was to locate certain coal claims which had been staked out by prospectors who wished to buy or lease them from the Dominion Government.

Our next work lay on both sides of the M'Leod River, and one day's travel took us to a beautiful camping ground on the river bank. As soon as we got settled down, the packers set out for Wolf Creek to obtain more provisions and the mail, and were gone for over two weeks. While they were away we were unable to move camp, and we had some very long walks to and from our work. Luckily the country wasn't so rough and hilly as the last tract we had been surveying in. While at this camp we had some good sport, fishing, and bathing, and of course we had our usual competitions in putting the weight, long jumps, &c.

In order to get to our next work we had to travel for five days along a pack trail which was very bad and indistinct in places. The country we passed through had been completely burnt over, and as far as the eye could see each way during the first three days' travel, there was nothing but standing dead trees, which are gradually falling on the ground by the action

of the wind. We pitched camp at the edge of a big open flat, which afforded excellent feed for the horses, and also gave us an opportunity of playing a few games of baseball.

During the months of August and September the "weather man" treated us very indifferently. In the former month we had only two dry days. We had several snow-storms during both months, and out of twelve working days in the middle of August we were compelled, through snow and rain, to remain in camp during eight of them. It was very difficult to keep warm during these cold, wet days, and we had either to get in between the blankets, or to stand around a log-fire outside, getting wet on one side, then turning round to get that side dry and the other wet.

We spent two months in this locality subdividing the land into sections, in order to locate coal claims. While traversing the Southesk River, a branch of the Brazeau, we came upon several coal seams which had been exposed by prospectors exploring for coal. In this district we did a tremendous amount of climbing, some of our lines running over a range of bald topped hills, 7,500 feet above sea level. Some mornings before starting work we had to climb hills like the Pirrock, but covered with timber and windfall, and with a foot of snow on the top. During these climbs, and all rough, long walks, I was always in, or near the front, thanks to the excellent physical training I received at Dollar.

From one of our camps in this district one of the packers went out hunting and managed to shoot a mountain sheep which he carried on his back to camp, a distance of four miles over a very rough and hilly country. These mountain sheep are usually found near the bald snow-covered hills and are, as a rule, in small flocks. They appear to be much the same as an ordinary tame sheep, and you may be sure we appreciated the six meals at which we had the only fresh meat during a period of five and a half months.

Very occasionally we saw a prospector or two or three packers with a pack train taking in supplies to some one; but I'm sure we didn't see over a dozen strange faces in five months. Near the completion of our work here we ran short of provisions, and for the last few days and on the trail to our next work we had to subsist on salt pork, dry bannock, and dried apples.

The work we were engaged on next was in a fairly open country and it did not take us long to complete the survey, although a few of our lines ran into a piece of country which was, in our chief's opinion, the roughest he had been in during all the thirty-five years of his experience as a surveyor in this country.

About the end of October feed for horses was becoming so scarce that our chief decided to discontinue operations for the season and "pull for home." We travelled for four days before we arrived at Edson on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, it being the nearest town from which we could ship our outfit back to Edmonton. Six months before we had passed over the place where the town now stands, and it was exactly the same as miles and miles of surrounding country with no signs of civilisation at all. It was indeed a surprise to see what a change had been made. Not long after we arrived in Edmonton where we were able to appreciate some of the comforts of those living in a city.



On a trip like the one I have tried to describe, we live a very healthy life, and sickness among us is very rare. The attraction of the West is still as great as ever for me. I expect to go back this summer, when I hope something more in the shape of adventures may befall us. If I have the pleasure of seeing this article in the pages of the *Dollar Magazine*, I may be tempted to write something more about the West at a future date.

HARRY E. BERESFORD.

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## The Buccaneers.

THERE'S folk that never steal a groat because they do not dare,  
And some have never been in gaol who should, perhaps, be there,  
But if they all got justice, how would most of them compare  
With the bad old buccaneers ?

A few of us were gentle blood, with swords and 'broidered suits,  
A lot were just the scum o' earth and little more than brutes ;  
But when it came to fighting and to dying in our boots  
We were brother buccaneers.

We struggled with the Spaniards though the Pope and Philip railed,  
Though irons and a galley-oar awaited all who failed ;  
We kept no place for cowards in our muster when we sailed  
To the west in privateers.

Some starved, some died of fever, for the life was hard afloat ;  
We sailed to seas uncharted and made colonies remote.  
But just because we drank and stole, and sometimes slit a throat  
They called us buccaneers.

Come tell me, all you squeamish folk, what men were first to go  
When they heard the great Armada was in sight of Plymouth Hoe ?  
Who manned Queen Bessie's crewless ships and struck the hardest blow,  
If not the buccaneers ?

Who fought the Dons for seven days on rations meant for three ?  
Who took a dozen Spanish ships and forced the rest to flee ?  
And say who made our stingy Queen first Mistress of the Sea,  
But the same old buccaneers ?

I'm almost deaf and nearly blind, but take me to the shore,  
I still can see the ships go past and hear the breakers roar.  
Let me but smell the rotting dulse and I am back once more  
With the thieving buccaneers.

I'm old and weak and weary, I have ague in my bones ;  
My messmates, nearly every man has gone to Davy Jones,  
But Britannia rules the waves to-day, and she, at least, condones  
What we did as buccaneers.

A. S., jun.

## In the Drakenberg Mountains.

### FISHING TRIP TO THE BUSHMAN'S RIVER.

BY REV. J. L. FINDLAY, *Chaplain to the Forces.*

WE were a party of four. One was a lady, and one a parson. Can any sporting trip be successful without one or the other? Here we had both—best of auguries for a pleasant trip; and it was one of the pleasantest! We were all soldiers from Roberts' Heights—well—yes! I suppose the parson must be considered a soldier; is his name not in the Army List? and that too with crossed daggers in front. But the lady—well—no! Her name is not in the Army List, but does that really matter much—aren't there thousands of them in the army with never a name in the List?

Anyway we were from Roberts' Heights, Pretoria, and were bound for the upper reaches of the Bushman's River. Our object was fishing—fly-fishing for trout. Nothing but fly, and none but pounders and over, is an unwritten law on that fine stream. Escourt is the nearest railway station, and the train arrives there at 1 A.M. Out you stumble, wretched and cold; your rugs, fishing rods, landing nets, mosquito nets, luncheon basket and two kettles are soon bundled out after you. These are your light baggage—a bullock waggon laden with tents, tables, chairs, &c.—your heavy baggage—lies out on the veldt, about a mile away, waiting for you. The driver has strict orders to inspan at dawn. Oh, this start at daylight, so fearful, so uncomfortable, yet so necessary; it is the one sovereign remedy against all difficulties connected with ox transport. It is a golden rule to get as much ground behind you as you possibly can before the sun gets hot. That is the reason why we repeated to ourselves over and over again in the train—"We must start at daybreak."

Oh gentle reader, if ever contemplating this trip you arrive at Escourt, and you can't roll yourself into a ball and crouch in a corner of the waiting-room from 1 A.M. till 5.30, then don't try—give it up—jump into the town 'bus and go comfortably to bed in the hotel; you can still fish the Bushman's River, and below the town drift you may even catch trout, but you will always be safe for a comfortable dinner and a game of billiards every evening. Make up your mind now while you are on the cold, bleak platform. If you can do without a wash and shave, and without shouting for a servant to bring you this or that, and if you are prepared to do manual labour on an empty stomach, then you belong to our guild, so come along with us, put your knees up to your chin, and go crouch in yonder corner, for at the first streak of daylight we are off, off to the mountains, where there is no billiards or smoking-room, no bar or lounge—the wet clothes you put off at night you put on next morning, just the same, only a little less wet.

It is not a usual thing to see white men carrying loads in Natal—that is black man's work—however, coolies or natives take some waking, and all that means time, so it is by necessity and not by choice that each of us could be seen humping his weary load at 5.30 towards the waggon, which, because

of the cattle fever, has to keep a mile away from the town. At last it is finished, every load is on board except the two kettles—these are in the lady's charge: from one she produces hard-boiled eggs, and from the other hot steaming cocoa. We sit on the waggon, our legs dangling over the side, a cup of cocoa in one hand, an egg in the other, and our minds at ease. Jim, the driver, shoulders his long bamboo whip, casts his eye slowly round for a last solemn look, then with powerful lungs addresses "Appleman," "Snowball," "Waterman," "Paraffin," "Diamond," and each and every ox by its own peculiar name, and with a crack of his whip we are off up the hill, where you can see the last tiny star just fading away into the bluish grey of the far far beyond. Such a fine start had put everyone, both man and beast, in the best of moods, and when we outspanned at eleven o'clock we had covered three-quarters of that day's trek. We now had plenty of time for a wash, a shave, a change of clothes, and a comfortable breakfast. At two o'clock we are away again, and at five we arrived at the store, twenty-eight miles from our starting point, uphill all the way, the bullocks in the best of tempers, and looking forward to two hours' grazing before being put in their kraal for the night.

No person goes this trip, or any other trip in this direction up the Drakenbergs, but stays the night at the store at Tabenthlope. It is a fine example of what a store ought to be, and belongs to two of the best of fellows.

Tabenthlope means in the Zulu language "the Mountain with the White Cap." It is a huge mountain, comparatively small in area, but rises sheer some 3,000 feet from the very door of the store. Should the heavens contain any clouds, sooner or later during the day the mountain will push its nose into them. It is a fine sight to see a cloud slowly and majestically strike against this giant and slowly comb its course over his rough face, leaving streaks of white whiskers behind—hence the name, the mountain with the white cap. Well, we are at the store and are received by our hosts, for hosts they are—not a penny piece will they think of receiving for their hospitality, and it never occurs to you to suggest it. You are their guests. If you are members of the British Association, surveyors, policemen, missionaries, or any other person passing along, you are welcome.

"Come in and have some tea, we don't dine till eight." "Yes, your kit will be taken to your own rooms." "You will have a fresh span of oxen to-morrow, so don't worry about that now, you will have plenty of time in the morning." "Ah, Colonel, back again, and our good friend, the Parson." "Well, the Missionary has gone further up the Berg, you will pass him to-morrow." "Ah, yes, Colonel, this is Mrs ——. Pleased to meet you, hope you will like living under canvas." "Yes, Colonel, there has been a lot of rain up the Berg, you ought to catch some big ones this trip. By the way, Colonel, I can get none of our friends to believe that that big trout of yours, you caught last time, did really weigh five pounds." "I want you, Mrs —, to look at my strawberries after tea, they are literally in tons, lying rotting on the ground." "Next time you come, Parson, you must bring your choir boys and let them run wild." "Well, come in to tea."

That's the way you are received by the two storekeepers. A very learned



man on a scientific exploration, a few years ago, received great help at their hands, he recorded their names in one of the scientific journals, so why should I keep silence? They are Messrs Couch and de Bathe. Both have been there for many years. They know the Zulu language as well as white men can know it. I know fewer hours more instructive than those spent in listening to the wonderful tales they can relate about the history of the African natives in general, and that of the Zulus in particular. They will tell you in detail about the extraordinary exploits of the Bushmen in the early days—how they used to come down from the mountains, hiding themselves in bushes during the day, and, only travelling by night, raid the horses and cattle of both the white and the black man alike—how the Zulu and white combined forces in the late sixties and pursued them right up the Berg, driving them into the innermost caves of the very topmost ridges—how two whites were killed, and many blacks—how the Zulus returned with the women and children as war prisoners, and how, suddenly, one night many months afterwards, every Bushman prisoner, woman or child, suddenly vanished, and no one to this day knows how or where—how the feuds went on and on till at last the breechloader banished for ever every trace of the Bushman with his little bow and poisoned arrow, his implements of stone and wood. How, even to-day scientists come for guides to help and search the caves to try and find some real live Bushman, and can only find skeletons and broken water-pots. Thus, for hours, we listen as Mr Couch tells us the above and much more, then gives us his opinion upon the great racial question as it affects the Colonial.

"I dare say, Colonel," he goes on, "you will think us very ignorant up here, but we only get the weekly papers, and I should like so much to know about some of your problems. Now, there is the education question, I feel sure it must be very important."

"Oh yes, oh yes," says the Colonel. "Now, Parson, you remember our discussion in the train, can't you go ahead? It's just five minutes to twelve, so be brief, old man; 'brevity is the soul of wit,' you know."

The Parson thus began: "Well, you see, my dear Couch, it's quite simple, it's a question of education—knowledge—wisdom, you know, and of course there is the religious side, too, you see. The bishops—yes, the Roman bishops as well, and the heads of the Dissenting bodies, all men of wisdom—all agree to meet together so that the children can have the benefit of their wis—"

"Oh, dear, is that twelve striking?"

"What, would you credit it? The Colonel is fast asleep."

"Well, it must be bed. I will finish about the education question to-morrow."

Messrs Couch and de Bathe together: "Thank you, thank you, most interesting, most interesting."

The Colonel, very drowsily, "What, only weighs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.? Well, I could have sworn— Oh, pardon me, have I been asleep? Yes, I must have been nodding. Well, we've had a long journey. Well, good-night, good-night." And off we go to our rooms.



*R. K. Holmes.*

PITGOBER.

Next day our waggon is very heavily laden, for we take with us a fortnight's supply of stores of all kinds, including firewood.

Our friends have procured a native cook for us, and have arranged with a local runner to bring us our mail every second day, so, though now we will see no white faces but our own for fourteen days, we will still be in touch with civilisation. We have only nine miles to go, but one mile of that is along a road scratched out of the side of a precipitous hill. Craggs, loose and ugly, tower above you on your left, and a nasty, shingly slope extends for a full thousand feet below on your right. It is a road full of possibilities. It is possible for the waggon to side-slip and tumble headlong down the ravine; that has happened several times. Once a canny Scot got so frightened with the narrow shaves his waggon was having that he outspanned and determined to wait for a day or more till the rain ceased and the road dried. The rain never ceased; it did the opposite—it came down in bucketfuls. A pool of water gathered round the base of the waggon wheels; soon it made a channel and began to pour over the edge of the road, and finally the whole road slipped clean away, taking the waggon with it, down to the bottom of the hill, and eventually dropping it a clean forty feet on to a big flat rock in the middle of the stream. It is in incidents like this that you detect the difference between the Englishman and the Scotchman. You will, all over Africa, come across derelict waggons. They are all English. A Scotchman will spend days salving the very last piece of matchwood, and this Scotchman did the same in this case, but the big solid iron axle was too much for him, and there it lies on the flat rock to this day, for all the world like a big black snake basking in the sun, and it silently tells its tale. That happened long ago. They have now planted bushes on the dangerous side of the road, and their roots have bound the soil and stones together.

The gorge is soon passed, and now we are in quite a different country to anything we have yet seen. After passing many streams and crossing and recrossing the Bushman's River several times, we arrive at our camping ground. The natives have seen us long before this, and many willing hands are ready to help us pitch our tents and build a rough kitchen of turf and flat stones.

We have a late lunch, then each goes his own way, each is absent from tea, and each returns at dusk with half-a-dozen pounders for his first day's bag.

There is no spoiling that river, you can fish far apart or close to each other, it is always the same; you will get your pounders as regularly as night succeeds the day; you may take hours to locate them, for sometimes they are in the shallows or under the banks or in mid-stream, or they will only take big flies, or small flies, or a certain fly; you will find that out or your pal will whisper you the secret, and then you will, for anything from half-an-hour to two hours, have a glorious time, your piccaninny (small native boy) will open his mouth wider and wider as pounder after pounder he scoops into the landing net. After all that is just what makes the Bushman's River so fascinating; it is never the same and yet it is always the same. Never two days consecutively do the same tactics entice the pounders, yet before the day is finished you have always solved the problem; sooner or later you are almost always certain to have found out the one thing needful to put the pounders and yourself on



terms of close acquaintance, and the whole thing may happen quite suddenly as if by magic.

How often have we compared notes at night and found the same changing conditions prevailed almost to minute detail with each of us, though we were fishing many miles apart.

Fourteen days seem too long to be always fishing, yet each of us fished every day except Sundays, and each of us had some fresh experience every day. I verily believe you could spend a whole season fishing every day on that river and learn something new each day. No part of the river seems to be better than another, and no pool seems to be best. I have sometimes gone from pool to pool, creeping behind rocks and bushes with the idea of getting a three or a five-pounder, and I have found more than once that the lady of our party, blundering up with no such high hopes, has hooked and landed from the self-same pools three-pounders, and, as often as not, she has had the sun behind her. There are no grumblings, no rivalries, no jealousies on that river, for there is room for all. Only once did I feel anything approaching the miserable, and that turned out to be the wretchedness of anticipation. I had been up the glen and it had begun to rain in torrents; very stupidly I took a short cut back to the tents, only to find the stream so high that I had to retrace my steps for miles up the glen again before I could cross, and then trudge back once more to the tents. As I approached I saw no sign of life, the kitchen was flooded, and the coolie cook, with his long lank hair looking like a drowned rat, sat shivering on the top of the stove and was speechless. I stumbled towards the mess tent with the object of having some Irish neat.

"Hullo, is that you?" came a cheery voice from within. "Crawl in under the flies, here's a mug of cocoa for you."

"Cocoa," I cried, "the very thing I have set my heart on. No, no, I won't have any whisky, thank you; this cocoa is the best of drinks at present; but, I say, how did you boil the water?"

"Ah, the others asked me that also. I have a small spirit stove."

Yes! and what is more she had other things of which we were ignorant. That night, though it never ceased pouring, we had a fine supper all the same; there was camp pie, there was tongue, there was pickled trout and coffee afterwards, and all that we owed to the forethought of the one lady in our party.

I am now many thousand miles away, but I can still look back and see our four tiny tents nestling under the Giant's Castle, the highest and the grandest of all the peaks in the Drakenberg. I can still hear the river tearing its way, Spey-like, past our very doors; I can see the soft pool with its sandy bottom and the flat smooth rock above, where, with a hop, leap, and a bound from my tent, I used to stand morning after morning, hesitating and half funkling, till with a "one, two, three," and closed eyes, I took a regular school-boy dive.

Now, gentle reader, if ever you have the opportunity, make your way to the Bushman's River, then, whether you be a fisherman or not a fisherman, you can experience in real life the meaning of that toast—the best of toasts, the fisherman's toast—"a tight line."

## Edinburgh Dollar Academy Club.

WHATEVER it may have been due to, it will not, I think, be denied that the Twenty-Second Annual Dinner of this Club, which was held in the Caledonian Station Hotel on the evening of the 3rd of February, was the most successful of those delightful gatherings ever held by the Club. In the company were former pupils whose schooldays dated back to the middle of the last century, and representatives, one or more, of every decade from that time to the present. Mr Robert Maule, the President, was unfortunately absent through illness, and the chair was taken by Mr R. T. Norfor, who discharged the duties with marked ability to the admiration of all present. As it may stir memories of friendships and friendly rivalries in some of our readers scattered over the world, we give a full list of the assembled diners.

Mr R. T. Norfor (Chairman), Mr C. S. Dougall (Headmaster), Sir James B. Smith, Dr G. A. Gibson, Dr D. Gentle, Professor J. Kynoch, Dr Malcolm Farquharson, Dr J. Simpson, Dr D. Ross, Dr S. Butchart, Messrs R. Malcolm, P. D. Lauder, R. W. Wallace, Wm. Mungall, Arthur J. Ramsay, H. V. Tattersall, J. W. Pitt, J. B. Peden, J. H. Allan, W. M. Carment (Secretary), J. A. Carment, T. W. Dewar, Wm. Norfor, M. Fischer, J. Lee, M. Lee, A. E. Murray, A. W. Ross, H. C. Sloan, P. Stevenson, A. H. Wilkie, J. Alexander, J. B. Andrews, F. W. Harding, D. M'Lulich, J. M'Donald, J. Morrison, A. J. Simpson, J. D. Rutherford, W. B. Anderson.

After the loyal and patriotic toasts had been duly honoured, Dr G. A. Gibson gave the toast of the evening, "The Memory of John M'Nab." He said :—

"The trust which you have reposed in me this evening gives me a very pleasant duty to perform, albeit a duty attended by considerable difficulty, inasmuch as the facts concerned with the life of the founder are only fragments of information, so that only a few broken lights illumine the gloom which so largely hides him. He has, in fact, always seemed to me rather the antithesis of one of the heroes of ancient Hebrew lore, of whom we are informed that he had 'neither beginning of days nor end of life.' We know that he belonged to a clan holding some fastnesses along the Highland borders—a clan with a chief so proud as to claim that his ancestors had a boat of their own at the Flood. We further find that he was born in 1732, or at least that he was baptized by his parish minister in the month of May of that year. It is commonly believed that he was engaged with flocks and herds in his youth, and that, tiring of this occupation, he took to the sea, confining himself at first to his native coasts, and, at a later period, going down into the great waters. Such are the few authentic records of a life destined to effect great results in the future; and, considering them, we are inclined to ask ourselves what were the influences which led John M'Nab to the decision by which a little parish in the smallest county of Scotland was brought into so much prominence.

"Living amidst picturesque surroundings, and drinking in during his earliest years the romantic legends of a stirring past, he must have become imbued with the genius of the place. He would, no doubt, often conjure up the figure of the fabled Princess in the Castle of Gloom, mingling her tears with the Water of Care and the Burn of Sorrow. He may have imagined the scenes of war and turmoil, or of mirth and revelry, which were enacted in that ancient fortress, according as the lordly houses of Argyll and Glenorchy were engaged in stratagem and strife with rival factions, or entertaining members of the Scottish Court, when at Stirling Castle or Dunfermline Palace. One historic fact must have been often before him, from his birthplace being near the famous bridge built by the saintly Vicar of Dollar; and the ecclesiastical execution of Thomas Forrest must have aroused in his youthful mind a detestation of the *odium theologicum*. We cannot, in this twentieth century, regard all those who lost their lives in the Church troubles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as martyrs for conscience' sake—other and more worldly motives were often at work; we must, nevertheless, recognise in the saintly man, whose name seems to hallow our beautiful Devon, one of those rare spirits who make the world better by their presence. The romantic memory of the fair Queen of Scotland, who visited the ancient castle during her troubled reign, could not fail to fire the lively imagination of a thoughtful youth; while the residence therein of the stern Churchman 'who never feared the face of man' must have insensibly led the workings of his mind to dwell on graver matters. Perhaps, above all, the dramatic fate of the magnificent eastern stronghold of the Campbells would furnish him with even more vivid subjects for reflection. He must have heard of that summer day, when the great and good Montrose, symbol for all time of loyalty to a falling cause, only six months after his signal victory at Inverlochy, and fresh from his successes at Alford and Auldearn, swept down the Vale of Devon on his way to Stirling—he would still hear accounts of the destruction of the two parishes by the Ogilvies and the Macleans—the former smarting under the loss of the Bonnie House o' Airlie; the latter burning with a sense of centuries of wrong at the hands of the Campbells; he may even have met some of those who had, in youth, from their hiding-places, seen the waving tartan and the flashing claymore; who had heard the wild music of the pipes and the fierce yell of the slogan, as the clans forced their way up the glen to the doomed fortress.

"But events more recent must also have been with him, for the undecisive struggle at Sheriffmuir, only some twelve miles away, took place just seventeen years before his birth; while he was thirteen years old when Bonnie Prince Charlie threw the three kingdoms into turmoil. Tales of 'The Fifteen' and echoes of 'The Forty-Five' must have been ringing in his ears while he lived in his native valley.

"It would be interesting to know whether John M'Nab ever paid a visit to his native parish, and whether he ever, during the long interval between his leaving it for the sea and his death in London, had been amongst his own folk. It is possible that he, like Robert Louis Stevenson's Scotsman returned from abroad, may have revisited the banks of the Devon, and, after long



absence, may even have thought, with him, when comparing his own country with distant lands :—

‘Of a’ their foreign tricks an’ pliskies,  
I maist abominate their whiskies’;

that he may have happened upon the old kirk of Dollar, on a Sunday morning, and echoed the feeling so well depicted :—

‘An’, man, it was a joy to me  
The pu’pit an’ the pews to see,  
The pennies dirlin’ in the plate,  
The elders lookin’ on in state ;  
An’ ’mang the first, as it befell,  
Wha should I see, sir, but yoursel’.

He may even have experienced a feeling of regret, mingled with surprise, and, looking at an old cronie, now a ruling elder, may have shared the further views of the wanderer :—

‘I was, and I will no’ deny it,  
At the first gliff a hantle tryit  
To see yoursel’ in sic a station—  
It seemed a doubtfu’ dispensation.  
The feelin’ was a mere digression ;  
For shüine I understood the session,  
An’ mindin’ Aiken an’ M’Neil,  
I wondered they had dune sae weel.  
I saw I had mysel’ to blame ;  
For had I but remained at hame,  
Aiblins—though no ava’ deservin’ ’t—  
They micht hae named your humble servant.’

“But other agencies were at work in our native land in M’Nab’s time which could not fail of effect on his character and conduct. In a word, to the witching glamour of romantic legend, and to the stirring inspiration of eventful history, there came to be added during his lifetime the patriotic influence of national literature, and the fervent impulse of modern thought. The gentle pastorals of Allan Ramsay during the lifetime of John M’Nab led up to the matchless lyrics of Robert Burns. Let us remember that the entire career of our National Bard was comprised within the lifetime of the founder. Burns first saw the light a quarter of a century after the birth of M’Nab, and died six years before him. It cannot be supposed that the burning love of fatherland and the passionate belief in manhood shown by the ‘inspired ploughman’ was not felt by M’Nab.

“There were still other factors capable of guiding the energies of the founder in the direction of modern progress. We cannot forget that amongst our countrymen contemporaneous with John M’Nab were two profound thinkers, whose influence is yet felt. David Hume published during the founder’s lifetime his celebrated treatise, his essays, and his discourses—to say nothing of his history ; while Adam Smith gave to the world his great work on ‘The Wealth of Nations.’ The idea must not—nay, cannot—be entertained that these great Scottish leaders in the realm of thought were beyond his ken. May we not picture John M’Nab pacing his quarter-deck, with his thoughts, now tender with picturesque memorials of a historic past,

now throbbing with a desire to utilise the possibilities for good lying to his hand, as the fruit of his own native energy and attendant good fortune, in such a way to be of service to his countrymen? It seems to me that it is no unwarranted flight of fancy that he may have repeated the well-known lines :—

‘That I for poor auld Scotland’s sake,  
Some usefu’ plan, or beuk could make,  
Or sing a sang at least.’

“What has all this to do, you may well ask, with the task which you have entrusted to me this evening? My intention has been to make an attempt to peer through the gloom in which the life of John M’Nab is enveloped; to find out if there was anything in his surroundings leading him to the large views which he undoubtedly held, and prompting him to the accomplishment of the great work which he performed, not only for his native parish, but for his native land.

“We recognise in John M’Nab the forerunner of the merchant princes of to-day, who, like so many of these merchant princes, utilised his opportunities, not merely for the welfare of his own countrymen, but for the good of the world at large.

“Heredity and environment are, and must be, the dominant forces urging each and all of us onward—whether upward or downward. We can see, in the case of the founder of our school, how a youth of Celtic blood, reared in beautiful surroundings, and nurtured amidst romantic associations, must have, even when far off on the bosom of the deep, looked back with love to the scenes of his youth, and longed to do something to testify to his affection. Thus we find that John M’Nab, towards the close of his successful career, executed the will by which the old school was brought into existence. It would be impossible to-night to recall the distinguished names adorning the roll of honour in every walk of life by which the Academy has been raised to a high place in the minds of men. It is probable that, before long, when the centenary of the foundation takes place, an attempt may be made to erect some worthy monument to his memory; but, in any case, the old school stands in its fair valley as a visible symbol of his magnanimous patriotism, while, in the minds of thousands of old pupils, his memory is lovingly cherished.”

The toast was drunk in solemn silence. Dr Gibson’s treatment of the subject, in which he figured forth the influence of environment, was highly appreciated as was testified by the applause which followed.

The Chairman, in giving the toast of “Dollar Academy,” recalled some pleasant reminiscences of his schooldays. He spoke with much respect of the talented teachers who had done so much to create and maintain the world-wide reputation of their Alma Mater. He was sure that under the active, able management of Mr Dougall, the honour and fame of the “old School” were safe.

Mr Dougall, in acknowledging the toast, expressed the pleasure it gave him to be with them that night. He congratulated the officials of the Club on the excellent turn-out of members, and on behalf of the School thanked all present for their interest in its welfare. As in former years, he gave a short

account of events in Dollar since their last meeting. They had not been making history, but the daily round was gone through with unfailing regularity, and he trusted with creditable results. The football team had not had a brilliantly successful season so far, but there was a good spirit in the team, and they were improving rapidly. The Dollar contingent of the Officers' Training Corps continue to flourish.

Mr Dougall also spoke of the change that had taken place in the staff during the past few years. Hitherto, all but the very oldest "old boys," had found some master who remembered him as a scholar and who was ready to welcome him. Soon he feared that old boys coming back would find that the old familiar faces had gone. Yet they could be sure of a welcome. Men come and go beneath the shadow of the sunlit Ochils, but the eternal hills themselves remain unmoved, a symbol of the steadfastness of the love which you old boys have for Dollar, and which Dollar has for you. Individual teachers as well as individual pupils pass away and are forgotten, but the life of the School goes on unbroken. The hand stretched out to them across the table, or to other old boys across far seas, was not his hand or the hand of any other man, but the hand of their Alma Mater, who had room in her heart for all the sons and daughters she had sent out in the course of her long life to face the world.

The toast of "The Ladies" was given by Dr Donald Ross in a very able speech in which he brought to his support quotations from Carlyle and other authors.

Mr Malcolm, being called on, expressed the pleasure that it gave him to be present on that occasion, to meet with so many old pupils who, after schooldays were over, were seeking to do some good work in their day and generation. Such lives bore the highest testimony to the good work done at school in early days. He had always loved to watch the career of his old pupils. Every grasp of the hand that he received from one gave him pleasure, awakening old associations. After referring to the advance made in organisation and equipment under Mr Dougall, he finished by reciting the well-known verses descriptive of the schoolboy's life at Dollar:—

"Where every season has its sport  
And every day its duty."

Mr Malcolm proposed the health of the Secretary to whom they were so much indebted for that pleasant evening, and the toast was drunk with much enthusiasm amid calls of "Bill Carment." Mr Carment replied in an able and neat speech declaring that he was amply rewarded for any trouble he had taken by the fine turn-out of members.

In the course of the evening the Chairman eulogised the *Dollar Magazine*, and expressed the hope that every member not already a subscriber would speedily become one. The Chairman's health was given by Mr Carment, and "Auld Lang Syne" followed.

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#### GLASGOW NOT TO BE BEHIND.

We have pleasure in quoting the following paragraph from the *Glasgow Herald*: "At a meeting of former pupils of Dollar Academy held yesterday



in the offices of Messrs Galloway & Sloan, West Nile Street, Glasgow—Mr Wardlaw in the chair—it was agreed to form a Dollar Academy Former Pupils' Association in Glasgow. Mr Wardlaw was appointed President, Mr Dempster Vice-President, and Mr Sloan Secretary and Treasurer. It was decided to hold a dinner in Glasgow before Easter, at which a draft constitution will be submitted."

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### **Edinburgh Dollar Academy Ladies' Club.**

THE Third Annual Social Evening of the Edinburgh Dollar Academy Ladies' Club was held on Friday, the 17th February, in the Edinburgh Café, Princes Street. In spite of the usual determined attempt to spoil the gathering on the part of the weather, a goodly company assembled, and soon the sound of lively conversation and interchange of hearty greetings, punctuated by the cheerful noise of teacups, filled the room. It was evidently a real pleasure to have such an opportunity of reviving and renewing many a friendship formed in the old days at Dollar, and those of the guests who were only indirectly connected with the "dear village" soon began to feel convinced that they had missed a great deal in not being able to lay claim to full burghess rights in Dollar.

The busy hum of conversation only ceased—and then even somewhat reluctantly—on the repeated appeals of the bell which announced that the programme proper was about to begin. Unfortunately an apology had to be intimated at the outset. Mrs Jack, the President of the Club, was prevented at the last moment by illness from occupying the chair, and her absence occasioned great disappointment to the members generally, and especially to those who had pleasant recollections of her inspiring speech last year, and who were anticipating another treat of a similar kind. Songs, recitations, and dances, all admirably rendered and thoroughly enjoyed, filled up a pleasant hour; then the various "progressive games" taken part in by the company seemed to give general satisfaction if one were to judge by the hearty laughter and spontaneous merriment coming ever and anon from the different tables. Some of the games appeared to offer little difficulty to minds trained in the bracing atmosphere of Dollar Academy while the announcement of the prize-winners showed that the competition had been very keen.

A vote of thanks (proposed by Mrs Somerville) to the Vice-President, to the contributors to the programme, and generally to all who had helped to bring about such a happy reunion, was very heartily accorded, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a pleasant evening to a harmonious close.



*A. Drysdale.*

A CORNER OF THE SCHOOL LIBRARY, WITH STATUETTE OF  
SIR JAMES DEWAR.

## Studies in Spelling ;

### OR, DISTURBING IMPROVISATIONS UPON AN UNHAPPY THEME.

BY HELEN HINTON STEWART.

A BRAVE little sportsman said "Though  
I have lost both a thumb and a tough,  
I never will deign  
To cry out with peign,  
But in silence will suffer my wough."

There was an old masher whose cough  
Had shaken his periwig ough.  
He murmured, in pique,  
"Now I look like a frique,  
Who before was no end of a tough."

"Put ashore, for the sea is too rough!"  
Cried the 'Murrican maid in a hough.  
"What with moaning and sighing,  
And groaning and crighing,  
I guess I don't feel worth a snough."

There was a young man with a plough,  
Who lived by the sweat of his brough.  
When they asked, "Can you read?"  
He replied, "No, indead ;  
It is 'back to the land' with us nough."

The Sphinx looked the maid through and through,  
And the naughty one shook in her shough,  
For 'twas trough that she kneough  
That she oughtn't to dough  
What she did. 'Tis not neough,  
That ill-luck will accrough,  
Tough daintiest damsel or prim stocking blue,  
Tough proudest professor or haughty Hindough,  
Tough mischievous monkey or smart cockatough,  
Tough Lough, or tough Sough, or tough Prough, or tough yough,  
If yough dough what yough oughtn't tough dough.



## Letters to the Editor.

*To the Editor of the "Dollar Magazine."*

DEAR SIR,—It will be a year when this is published since you kindly inserted a letter about forming an Invalids' Club. You may now like to hear of its work. Correspondence began on 1st May 1910, and each member writes two letters in the month. No member has missed a turn, for when quite unfit, a willing F.P. has acted as Secretary. The membership is small, but most appreciative. Members find it has brought a new interest into their lives, and the letters are eagerly looked forward to. An outer circle has been formed (not F.P.'s), though an F.P. is in it who had already formed a circle and could not join the club, but is kept in close touch by a member. Another member keeps us all in touch with Dollar. All are in constant pain, though it varies in degree. Each one has a difficulty to overcome in writing, but the mastery of it gives a certain pleasure. But for being too personal I could tell of wonderful feats accomplished. We pass on all the cheering news we can. Though we have no rich members, each one has done little kindly acts to the other. The mutual sympathy is so sincere, as invalids are so understanding. Invalids can do much, though shut up within four walls, and all agree to occupy the mind with others; trying to do good, helps to make one forget, or modifies our own trouble.

There is no fee to join the club. Additional members will be gladly welcomed. Please send name and address to the Editor, who can fully explain our aims.

A MEMBER OF THE I.F.P.C. CLUB.

As an on-looker who has watched with keen interest the progress of the "Invalids'" Club during the past year, I should like to add a few words to emphasise the value of the work. I have been brought into close touch with several members, and know how greatly they have been helped and cheered. In times of special strain and suffering, ways and means have been devised to give many practical comforts which otherwise could not have been enjoyed. Surely it is worth some effort and sacrifice to bring sunshine into shadowed lives!

A FORMER PUPIL.

NARAYANGANJ, EASTERN BENGAL,  
14th December 1910.

*The Editor, the "Dollar Magazine," Dollar, N.B.*

DEAR MR EDITOR,—I am sending you herewith a sort of rhyme in alphabetical order, entitled "Alphabetical Dollar." It has been lying in my desk for I cannot say how long, as I have hitherto been unable to summon sufficient courage to send it to the old Mag. I am, however, doing so now, with the hope that it will not be criticised too severely, for the sake of the

spirit in which it has been written. I do not think, I may add, that an attempt in this style has ever been made before, so that it may perhaps have originality to commend it, if it has nothing else.

I hope to be at Dollar on a visit, renewing old acquaintances, and going over all the good old haunts of my happy schooldays.—Yours truly,

PAUL A. SAVI.

[We are very pleased to give a place to "Alphabetical Dollar," which we are sure will be read with pleasure.—EDITORS.]

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Mr David Fell writes from Sydney as follows:—

"I regularly receive the *Dollar Magazine*, which is naturally full of interest to me, and, from a literary point of view, is a great credit. I think all we Dollar boys should be very much indebted to you for the time and consideration bestowed on it. It keeps us in touch with the old School of which we are so proud.

"Since my return I have several times met Mr Tom Cosh, and we have decided, on Exhibition Day, to hold a Dollar dinner. . . . By bringing Dollar boys together we will be better able to keep in touch with our Dollar friends. . . .

"I have just gone through a contest which was a very strenuous one, but I am glad to say I was again returned with a large majority. The Liberal Party to which I am attached and who have been in power for some years, were defeated by the Labour Party, but we have every hope that now that party have the responsibility of Government cast upon them they will moderate their views. They have already shown indications in this respect."

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DOLLAR INSTITUTION,  
DOLLAR, N.B., 1st February 1911.

DEAR MR HOLMES,

*LIBRARY.*

I duly received your letter of 27th ultimo, with accompanying volume of the *Dollar Magazine* sent by your Committee for the School Library. I have pleasure, on behalf of the Governors of the School, in acknowledging this, the ninth, volume kindly presented by your Committee to the Library, in thanking your Committee for it, and in advising you that this volume has been placed in the Library.—I am, Yours sincerely,

THOMAS J. YOUNG.

ROBERT K. HOLMES, Esq.,  
Hon. Treasurer, "*The Dollar Magazine*,"  
MAR PLACE.

## Marriages.

**LAIRD—KIMBERLEY.**—At Dehra Dun, India, on 14th December 1910, George Laird, Marchmont, Port Glasgow, to Nellie Kimberley, Sedgley, England.

**HOOI—GEOK.**—At 278 Penang Road, Penang, on 10th January, Lim Eow Hooi (F.P.) to Miss Yeoh Saw Geok.

**BRUCE—FULTON.**—At the Parish Church, Dalry, Ayrshire, on 16th February, by the Rev. J. L. Fyfe, assisted by the Rev. John Hunter, John Bruce, eldest son of John Bruce, Esq., Easter Langlee, Galashiels, to Mary Greg, elder daughter of John Fulton, Esq., of Broadlie.

### SILVER WEDDING.

**MACANDREW—MAXWELL.**—At Dollar, on the 7th January 1885, by the Rev. Angus Gunn, M.A., William Macandrew, to Emma, youngest daughter of the late David Maxwell, Edinburgh. Present address, Bridge Street, Dollar.

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## Obituary.

**MORRISON.**—At Clifton Cottage, Dollar, on the 17th December, Robert Morrison, retired Warrant Officer, Royal Engineers, aged seventy-two.

**SCOTT.**—At Barrasford Sanatorium, Northumberland, on 3rd January, after a lingering illness, borne with gentleness and patience, Allan Douglas, the dearly loved youngest son of the late William Duncan Scott, M.A., M.D., and Mrs Scott, late of Dollar.

**HANNAY.**—At 42 Canaan Lane, Edinburgh, on the 10th January, after a short illness, Elizabeth Caroline Harriet Hannay, only daughter of the late John Hannay of Cairnhill, Aberdeenshire.

**MORGAN.**—At St Dogmails, Dollar, on the 13th January, Captain David Morgan, in his fifty-ninth year.

**IZAT.**—On the 17th January, at Rangoon, Burma, Alexander Rennie Izat, Captain, Royal Garrison Artillery, in his thirty-seventh year, eldest son of Alexander Izat, C.I.E., Balliliesk, Muckart, Dollar. Drowned with three other men, result of an accident whilst on duty.

**TODD.**—At Lovers' Lane Cottage, Dollar, on 20th February, Elizabeth Marshall, widow of William Todd.

**DEWING.**—At his residence, Orange Grove, Bayswater, Victoria, Thomas Ronald Dewing, only brother of Miss Ellen Dewing, Queen Street, Brisbane, Queensland.



## SUDDEN DEATH OF A F.P. IN COLOMBO, CEYLON.

From the *Weekly Times of Ceylon* we learn with deep regret of the death of Mr John Kyle, C.E., Chief Engineer, Colombo Harbour Works. Mr Kyle was educated at the Institution, and he will be remembered as a boarder with Mrs Millen in Argyll House in the seventies. He left Dollar in 1879, and thereafter studied as a Civil Engineer with a well-known Glasgow firm. In 1884 he was appointed Assistant Engineer of the Colombo Harbour Works, and subsequently, in 1885, became Engineer-in-Chief. "Mr Kyle was a genial personality with a good-natured outlook on life. Quick to see the mirthful side of things, he possessed a large fund of humorous anecdotes drawn largely from incidents that had passed under his own observation. He was greatly liked by his friends, of whom he possessed a large number. He took keen interest in St Andrew's Church, of which he was an elder." Mr Kyle has left a widow, two sons, and one daughter, to whom much sympathy goes out from his friends in Ceylon and from those of his old School.

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MILITARY FUNERAL.—The remains of Private Wm. Boyd, a member of F Company of the 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Territorials), and who resided at Pitgober near Dollar, were interred in Blairingone Churchyard on Tuesday, 27th December, with military honours. About forty Territorials attended, headed by two pipers, under the command of Lieutenant M'Cracken, and as the funeral procession wended its way slowly from the residence of the deceased to the place of interment, the pipers played "Scots wha hae" and "The Last Rose of Summer." At the churchyard, the Rev. Mr Cameron, minister of Blairingone, conducted a short but appropriate service, and afterwards military honours were paid to the memory of the deceased by the firing of three volleys over the grave and the sounding of "The Last Post," which concluded the impressive scene. Apart from the Territorials there was a large gathering of civilians, thus testifying to the respect in which Private Boyd was held. We may add that the coffin was enveloped in the Union Jack, while the side-arms and head-dress of the deceased were placed on the top. The sergeants of the Company carried the coffin shoulder-high from the hearse to the grave.



## Notes from Near and Far.

WE have again to acknowledge the thoughtful and generous kindness of Mr Alexander Stewart of Millera, New South Wales, in sending, through the Editors, a donation of £25 to "the needy poor of Dollar." Thus, as in the three past years, a substantial contribution to the Christmas comfort and happiness of thirty-seven poor widows and other necessitous persons was provided, accompanied in each case by a card in the following terms, "The accompanying gift of coals, tea, sugar, and currant loaf is from Mr Alexander Stewart of Millera, New South Wales, who sends you a hearty hand-grip across the seas for auld lang syne, and wishes you a very happy Christmas." Letters expressing grateful thanks and good wishes were received from a number of the recipients, and have been forwarded, along with other particulars, to Mr Stewart.

May we venture to suggest that others who owe much of their success in life to the advantages obtained in Dollar might follow, in some form, the noble example set by Mr Stewart. Any such will always find this *Magazine* a ready medium through which to convey their benefactions. Apart from the School the town is singularly destitute of any memorial of the many thousands who have passed through, and derived great benefit from, residence in Dollar; and there is ample scope for the generous and grateful to set their mark on the amenity and ornamentation of a very beautiful locality.

\* \* \* \* \*

WE are now in a position to intimate the resignation by the Rev. Dr Gunn of the position he has so long held of minister of the Parish Church, the jubilee celebration of which was described in our June number of last year. We wish him health and strength to enjoy the leisure to which he is so well entitled. It has been arranged that he continue residence in the Manse so long as he may require it.

The appointment of a successor to Dr Gunn will be regarded with deep interest by the entire community, and the best wishes of all will be with the congregation on this momentous occasion. It is earnestly to be desired that division and heart-burning will be avoided by entrusting the selection to a competent committee with a veto by the congregation. Giving a choice of two, means dividing into two hostile camps, and resulting in a more or less embittered feeling on the part of the losers.

\* \* \* \* \*

AMONGST F.P.'s who have lately renewed old associations in Dollar have been the Rev. Jas. L. Findlay, C.F., from Aldershot, who for two hours held an audience entranced in the School hall while he related his encounters with big game in the Congo forest; Alex. H. Whyte (Neph.), home on sick-leave from Bombay, and Mrs Whyte (Lizzie Storrar); Jas. H. Allan from the Philippines, and Frank B. Allan, Edinburgh; John Lee from Canada, Chas. A. Flower from London, John Lockhart from Cardiff, and Thos. L. Lockhart from the Transvaal; Captain Walter Leckie Ewing, 2nd H.L.I., on leave

from Cork, whom we congratulate on his recent promotion; Wm. Leckie Ewing and H. Leckie Ewing from British Columbia.

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THE East London (S.A.) *Daily Despatch*, in a long account of the Caledonian Society's banquet there on St Andrew's Day, says: "The Rev. George Blair, B.D., in giving the toast of 'Our Native Land' delivered the speech of the evening, combining real eloquence with poetic sentiment and pawky humour in a manner which delighted his hearers and called forth constant applause and hear hears."

We have read the speech with interest, and regret that our space will allow of only one short quotation. With reference to the Scotchman's religion, which he characterised as "akin to his environment, rugged, stern, yet grand," he said, "There are few of you here to-night who will not agree with me that Burns' picture of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' is no mere ideal of a visionary and a dreamer. It was what Burns had seen over and over again in his home, what you and I have seen over and over again in our homes, and what, under Heaven, we are indebted to for all that is highest and best in us to-night. John Knox could never have introduced Calvinism into Scotland but for the fact that it suited the nature of a people who, by association with heather hills and stern toil, had long been prepared for a religion that was logical, concise, and stern."

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BURNS' CLUB COMPETITIONS.—The following is the list of successful competitors in the contests organised by the local Burns' Club for songs and recitations from the works of the National Bard by school children in Dollar and district. Senior recitations—1st prize, Chrissie Dudgeon. Junior recitations—1st prize, Lily M'Donald; 2nd, Christina M'Nair; 3rd, Lily Gordon. Junior singing—1st prize, Maxwell Ritchie; 2nd, Bessie Kennedy and Katie Braid (equal).

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PRESENTATIONS.—At the close of the Burns' Concert the members of Mr M'Gruther's Choir, the Burns' Club Committee, and a few friends adjourned to the Masonic Hall where supper was purveyed and heartily partaken of. The chief feature of the meeting was the presentation to Mr M'Gruther, the able and genial conductor of the choir, of a silver-mounted ebony baton, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Mr John M'Gruther by his Choir.—Dollar, February 2, 1911." Miss M'Gruther, who acted as accompanist, was made the recipient of a neat sachel Bible bound in velvet calf, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Miss M'Gruther in appreciation for her valuable services as accompanist to the Choir.—February 2, 1911." Mr Alex. Whyte made the presentations, and Mr M'Gruther and his daughter returned thanks for the kind gifts. An hour or two was afterwards pleasantly spent by the company.

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BURNS' CONCERT.—The annual Scottish Concert, popularly known as "The Burns' Concert," was held in the Hall of the Institution on Thursday



evening, 2nd February, and was a pronounced success. There was a large and appreciative audience, and Provost Green occupied the chair. Mr John M'Gruther had his choir specially prepared for the occasion, and their singing of part songs, in style and finish, reached a high standard of excellence. These part songs included, "There was a Lad," "Maggie Lauder," "Duncan Gray," "We're a' Noddin'," "The Barrin' o' the Door," and other favourites, which were received with much genuine appreciation by the audience, who were not slow in showing their approval. The solo singing was equally enjoyable, the artistes being—Miss Duncan, Miss M'Gruther, Mr M'Gruther, Mr A. Whyte, and Mr Kilpatrick, all of whom were in good voice, and gave tasteful and tuneful renderings of favourite Scottish melodies. Miss M'Gruther made a most successful accompanist. Mr J. C. Dobbie, elocutionist, added variety to the programme with his Scotch recitations, such as "The Address tae the Haggis," "Tam o' Shanter," and "Jock Tamson's Pilgrimage," an encore, "The Deputation to the Minister," keeping the audience in a continuous ripple of laughter. In the course of the evening the prizes gained in the recent competition held under the auspices of the Club, for singing and reciting, were presented to the successful competitors by the Provost, and two of their number, Maxwell Ritchie, Muckart, and Lily M'Donald, Dollar, kindly added to the evening's enjoyment, the former giving a song and the latter a recitation. At the close Mr Dougall, headmaster of the Institution, in complimentary terms proposed a vote of thanks to Mr M'Gruther and his choir and soloists, to Miss M'Gruther, the accompanist, and to Mr J. C. Dobbie, the proposal being enthusiastically responded to.

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**BURNS' CLUB SUPPER.**—The anniversary meeting of the Dollar Burns' Club was held in the Castle Campbell Hotel on Thursday evening, 26th January, when over thirty members supped together and enjoyed a social evening under the genial presidency of ex-Bailie Waddell—the croupier being Dr Butchart. After an excellent repast, served up in Mr Robertson's best style, the Chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, which were duly honoured. The toast of "The Imperial Forces" was proposed by Mr D. M. Hall, Muckart, and replied to by Mr Whittaker. Thereafter the Chairman, in appropriate terms, proposed the toast of "The Immortal Memory," which was received after the usual fashion—in solemn silence. The other toasts included: "Bonny Jean," by Mr Malcolm; "Other Scottish Poets," by the croupier; "Burns' Clubs a' the World o'er," by Mr J. M. C. Wilson, replied to by Mr J. Dundas Craig; "Oor Ain Toon," by Mr Pender, replied to by Provost Green; "The Lassies O," by Mr William Henderson, reply, Mr H. Higgins; "The Chairman," by Mr C. S. Dougall. In the course of the evening songs were sung by Messrs M'Gruther, J. M. Halley, D. Finlayson, C. S. Dougall, W. Younger, D. Kilpatrick, A. Anderson, jun., and R. Howden. The company were fortunate in having such accomplished pianists as Mr J. D. Craig and Mr D. M. Hall, whose services were greatly appreciated. It may be mentioned that the Rev. J. L. Findlay, Chaplain to the Forces (an old Dollar boy), was present during part of the evening, and received a hearty welcome. In the course of a few remarks Mr Findlay showed that he



*A. Drysdale.*

A HOCKEY GROUP.  
FIRST XI. IN MIDDLE ROW.

possessed that strong passionate love for Dollar and its famous School which old Dollar boys never fail to show when revisiting the scenes of their boyhood. Mr Findlay said that in all his wanderings up and down the world, he had never seen a building to equal or one that had impressed him so much as that of Dollar Academy, nor had he heard a bell with so sweet a sound as the Parish Church one here, which rang out morning and evening. In revisiting the old place, these were the two things which most of all awakened within him memories of the old days.

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F.P.'s DANCE IN GLASGOW.—On Friday evening, 2nd December, the annual dance of Former Pupils and their friends took place in the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, and passed off with much success. Amongst the principal guests were:—Mr and Mrs Richard Malcolm, Mr and Mrs Alexander Wardlaw, Mr and Mrs David Guthrie, Rev. and Mrs Stanley Middleton, Mr and Mrs W. Y. Chrystal, Mr and Mrs A. Bell Ferguson, Mr and Miss Maitland, Dr and Mrs Ellis, Mr and Mrs Harvey, Mr and Mrs Henderson, Dr and Mrs Butchart, Mrs Macbeth, Miss Millen, Miss Lindsay, Miss Robertson, Miss Gibb, Miss D. Anderson, the Misses Collyer, Mr and Mrs A. M'Pherson, Mr A. M'Kechnie, Mr A. W. Herbert, and others.

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THE LATE MR ALEXANDER TAIT STUART.—Many of our readers in Muckart and district who were personally acquainted with the late Mr Alexander Tait Stuart, of Mount Stuart, Glendevon, will no doubt peruse with interest the following appreciative notice of the deceased gentleman, which appeared in *Peeblesshire Advertiser*, 7th January: "Mr Stuart was born in the year 1837 at the farm of Bonnington, where his father was grieve. When quite a youth he left home and entered the service of the late Lord Polwarth at Mertoun House. He became a favourite with his lordship, who gave him a good education, which was of great use to him in after-years, and fitted him for his future success in life. After leaving Mertoun, he filled with credit several positions of trust in noble families in England and Ireland. His next appointment was that of tutor to one of the princely families in St Petersburg, and for the following ten years his duties lay between that city and Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia. While in St Petersburg he was brought much into contact with the Emperor Alexander II., who wished indeed to ennoble him, but this honour Mr Stuart declined, as such was his love for his native land that he could not brook the thought of ceasing to be a Scotsman. Towards the end of his sojourn in Russia the severity of the winters began to tell upon his health, and so at last he had to leave very reluctantly his sphere of labour and honour there. He did not leave, however, without many substantial tokens of gratitude and esteem being bestowed upon him. His pupils in the princely family gave him many handsome gifts, and from the Emperor Alexander he received a valuable piece of gold plate. While recruiting his health in Scotland, he was strongly advised by several friends, among them the present Lord Polwarth, to begin the study of certain types of disease with the view of becoming a medical courier, and this he



successfully accomplished under the tuition of the late Sir Patrick Heron Watson. From this time he was in constant travel on the Continent and in Egypt with many distinguished patients, among whom were Sir Donald Campbell of Dunstaffnage, Sir John Watson of Earnock, the Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff, and others. When travelling on the Nile in the seventies, Mr Stuart's party was attacked by a band of dervishes. Fortunately the party was armed with revolvers, and, after a very stiff fight, beat back the enemy with a loss of two men killed and several wounded, the natives losing heavily. Perhaps the most trying experience of his eventful life was in the north of Italy, when travelling with Sir Donald Campbell. During the night an earthquake occurred, which, among other things, destroyed the gasworks, enveloping the town in total darkness. The horrors of that night—the quaking earth, the rending rocks, the tumbling houses, the shrieks and groans of the victims—were often pictured by him with weird precision. By a marvel he and his companion escaped, and so miraculous to him seemed their deliverance that he always spoke of it as due to the intervention of ‘an unseen hand.’ On his retiral from active life Mr Stuart settled down at his property of Mount Stuart, Glendevon, which he had acquired some time previously, and, with his natural good taste and ability, he turned what was a plain country holding into a model miniature estate. About four years ago Mr Stuart sold his property and retired to Edinburgh, where he died, after a short illness, on 21st December last. His was a wonderful personality—strong, self-reliant—animated by a keen sense of duty, and capable of facing every trial and danger; and yet, with all his strength and determination, he was to those who knew him best one of the kindest and most lovable of men.”

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MASONIC.—The installation of office-bearers took place in the Lodge Room on Thursday evening, 22nd December; Brother M'Gruther being the Installing Master. Thereafter the brethren and visitors assembled in the Castle Campbell Hotel to celebrate the Festival of St John. The R.W.M., Brother Henderson, presided over a good attendance, including visitors from Alva, Tillicoultry, and Alloa; and Brothers Butchart, S.W., and Fraser acted as croupiers. After an enjoyable repast, an interesting toast-list was gone through, the toasts of “Prosperity to Lodge Craiginnan” being proposed by Brother M'Gee, Tillicoultry, and replied to by the Chairman; “Grand Lodge and Provincial Grand Lodge of Stirlingshire” by Brother Fraser, and replied to by Brother J. M'Gruther; and that of “Visiting Brethren” by Brother Stanhouse, and replied to by Brother A. L. Roxburgh, Alloa. Songs, &c., were rendered in the course of the proceedings by members of the company.

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RED CROSS SOCIETY.—A meeting was held in the Drill Hall on 23rd February at which certificates were presented to those members of the Women's First Aid Class who had successfully passed the examination. The Local Committee were invited to attend, and Dr Currie, Tillicoultry, the County Medical Commandant, was present. Miss Haig, the local Vice-President, was in the chair. Dr Currie, in a few remarks, expressed his

gratification at the initiative displayed by Dollar, and at the satisfactory results achieved in the examinations—everyone who had gone up having passed—and he had very great pleasure in handing them the certificates. He hoped that as many as possible would join the local V.A.D., of which Dr Beveridge had agreed to become Commandant. Thirty ladies eventually enrolled, and the proceedings terminated by Mr J. T. Munro proposing a vote of thanks to Dr Currie, which was heartily accorded.

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“THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA.”—This was the title of a most interesting lecture delivered in the Institution Hall on Tuesday evening, 1st March, by Miss Christie, of Cowden, when there was a large and appreciative audience. Provost Green occupied the chair, and briefly introduced the lecturer. Miss Christie, who had the aid of a fine variety of lantern slides illustrative of the habits and customs of the peoples of Central Asia, and typical scenery of the country, gave a most entertaining and instructive sketch of her journeyings in that far-off land. The lecturer gave some idea of the food of the people, with glimpses of butcher and other shops in a populous town. In most of the places visited everything was done by manual labour, and in certain parts visited Miss Christie was the only European lady the natives had ever seen, and those natives were good-natured and peaceable. In some towns streets were remarkably well paved, with trees planted on either side, and these fine roads just awaited the building of appropriate houses. Means of locomotion over long distances seemed to be by pony or camel, and the lecturer had seen three persons seated upon one pony. Some of the cities were primitive and were “walled in,” the gates being shut at night, while within the walls the police went about with drums during the night to warn off undesirable intruders.

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PRESENTATION TO DR STRACHAN.—At a largely attended meeting of the members and friends of Court “John M’Nab,” A.O.F., held in the Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, Dr Strachan was made the recipient of a handsome presentation in recognition of the completion of thirty-two years as Surgeon of the Court. In the absence of Bro. W. H. Dobie, Bro. Wm. Anderson, C.R., occupied the chair, and in a few remarks introduced the proceedings. Bro. R. M. Fraser, P.C.R., in making the presentation to Dr Strachan, referred in eulogistic terms to the long and faithful services rendered by the Doctor as Surgeon to the Court. Dr Strachan, he said, had been ever attentive and sympathetic towards the members in his medical ministrations, and had always been as ready to attend to distant cases as to those near at hand. In recognition of these valued services he had great pleasure in name of the members of the Court in handing over to Dr Strachan a handsome repeater carriage clock, and also a silver-mounted brush and comb for Mrs Strachan. The inscription upon the clock was as follows:—“Presented to Bro. Dr Strachan by Court ‘John M’Nab,’ A.O.F., as a mark of esteem for faithful services rendered for thirty-two years as Court Surgeon.—February 1911.” Dr Strachan, in fitting terms, acknowledged the gifts

on his own behalf and on behalf of Mrs Strachan, and remarked that he would ever value the kindly sentiments which had prompted the gifts. It had always been his endeavour to perform his duties satisfactorily, and he might say that during all these thirty-two years he had got on harmoniously with the officers and the members of the Court, and he might also say that he was one of the originators of the Court of Foresters in Dollar. He again returned his best thanks for their kind gifts. A finely varied programme was then carried out, excellent songs being contributed by Miss Ruby Fraser, Miss Mary Robertson, Bro. Crawford, Bro. A. White, Bro. Fraser, Bro. Blackwood, and Bro. Baillie. Miss Speed, Cowden, gave a violin selection, with piano accompaniments by Miss M'Micken; Miss B. Beattie danced the Sailor's Hornpipe; while Miss Agnes and Miss Ruby Fraser gave selections on the pianoforte. Another presentation took place in the course of the evening, Bro. Rankine having been presented with a silver-mounted umbrella in recognition of his services as C.R. of the Court. The Chairman made the presentation, and Bro. Rankine appropriately replied. The enjoyable proceedings concluded with a short dance.

\* \* \* \* \*

RED CROSS SOCIETY.—The Women's First Aid Class was brought to a successful conclusion on Tuesday evening, 20th December. At the end of the lecture, Miss Haig, local Vice-President, proposed votes of thanks to Dr Beveridge for his great kindness in delivering the lectures; to Miss Hemming, the Hon. Secretary; and to the ladies and gentlemen of the Dollar Committee for their valuable help. On Wednesday, thirty-nine women went up for examination, and of these fifteen have already promised to join the Voluntary Aid Detachment. After the examination was over, Colonel Greig explained that members of the V.A.D. will be called out four times a year, to meet in their own centres, for one or two hours on each occasion, to refresh their memories on the more important theoretical points, and to practise bandaging, &c. As the result of this information, it is hoped that enough women may still come forward to complete the Dollar Detachment.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE LATE MR ROBERT MORRISON.—Many old friends will regret to observe in our obituary of to-day, a notice of the death of Mr Robert Morrison, retired Warrant Officer, of the Royal Engineers, which occurred at his residence, Clifton Cottage, on the 17th December. The deceased, who was a native of Alloa, served his apprenticeship as a joiner with the late Mr Peter Stalker, Dollar. He afterwards joined the Royal Engineers, and saw active service in the Maori Wars between 1863 and 1867. Passing through the School of Military Engineering, Mr Morrison obtained his certificate in 1869. He again saw foreign service in Burmuda from 1877 till 1881. After this he filled the appointment of Military Foreman of Works at various places in Ireland for seventeen years. He took his discharge in 1887, after having served for nearly twenty-six years. Mr Morrison held a medal for New Zealand, and was also the possessor of a medal for long service, good conduct, and meritorious services. In addition to his ordinary pension, the



deceased, in 1904, had conferred on him by the War Office an extra annuity for long and meritorious service. When he retired, Mr Morrison received many letters from officers under whom he had served, speaking in high terms of his zeal and devotion too. He was married, but was predeceased by his wife some years ago.

\* \* \* \* \*

IN the Ladies' Hockey International trial matches no fewer than five Dollar ladies have played for the Midlands, viz., Miss Andrews against south, west, east, and in the final trial; Annie and Ena Gardiner against south, west, and east; Minnie White against south and west; and Lilian Heyworth against north and south. The last-named F.P. is a member of the St Andrews University Ladies' team, whilst the others play for Clackmannan County.

\* \* \* \* \*

MISS ANDREWS has been chosen as reserve in the Scottish Ladies' Hockey Team *v.* Ireland, and to play against England.

\* \* \* \* \*

AT the recent Metropolitan Examination, Miss Olive Kersley Holmes was admitted a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music.

\* \* \* \* \*

ANNUAL DANCE.—The annual dance in connection with the local lodge of Foresters took place on 20th January in the Drill Hall. There would be about forty couples present, and Paterson's Band from Tillicoultry supplied the music.

\* \* \* \* \*

CASTLE CAMPBELL MISSION: CHILDREN'S TREAT.—On Saturday, 14th January, the young people attending the Evangelistic Mission Children's Services received their annual treat in the Castle Campbell Mission Hall. Many friends gathered, and the really attractive appearance of the children showed that they and their home friends wished to do honour to the occasion.

\* \* \* \* \*

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting was held on Thursday evening, 1st December, in the Masonic Hall, and the success of former years was again well maintained, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather conditions under which the company gathered, rapidly filling the hall. Deep regret was felt at the unavoidable absence, on account of illness, of Miss Forrester-Paton, the esteemed District Referee for Clackmannanshire Y.W.C.A. branches, who had kindly consented to guide the evening's proceedings. But Miss Boe proved a good substitute, and presided with great acceptance. Another welcome guest was Miss Walker, one of Edinburgh's busy workers.

\* \* \* \* \*

ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE.—Lieutenant-Colonel Henry H. Johnston, C.B., M.D., from the Royal Army Medical Corps, to be Colonel, *vice* T. F. MacNeece. Dated 16th February 1911.

\* \* \* \* \*

EXTRACT from *Gazette of India*, dated 26th November 1910 :—

“947. Colonel P. M. Carnegy, Indian Army, Assistant Quartermaster-General, 7th Meerut Division, to be Colonel on the Staff, Abbottabad Brigade, *vice* Brigadier-General J. A. Bell, and is granted the temporary rank of Brigadier-General whilst so employed. Dated 14th November 1910.”

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MR JOHN T. MUNRO has been unanimously re-elected Chairman of the Dollar Parish Council, and Mr John M'Diarmid, Chairman of the Landward Committee.

\* \* \* \* \*

DOLLAR INSTITUTION : “ASSOCIATED BOARD” EXAMINATION IN MUSIC.—At the above examination in November, the following pupils were successful in obtaining certificates : In higher pianoforte playing, Jean Watson, Janet F. Robertson ; in higher violin playing, Margaret Fisher ; in lower pianoforte playing, Miss Bleloch, Elizabeth Girdwood ; in primary pianoforte playing, Ian Cruickshank, Elizabeth M'Laren. At the same examination, Miss Madge Campbell, Norwood, Dollar, passed in the primary grade of pianoforte playing with distinction.

\* \* \* \* \*

GLENQUEY LEAKY RESERVOIR.—While ordinary members of the Dunfermline District Committee of the Fife County Council may still profess ignorance as to the state of matters at Glenquey, the fact remains (writes a correspondent) that an optimistic view of the situation cannot be taken. A contract has been let to a firm who are to bore to the north of the embankment. The object, it is understood, is to prove the strata, in order to obtain a secure foundation for the extension of the puddle trench further into the hill. Even experts are in a quandary as to the cause of the leakage. Certainly the situation is serious.

\* \* \* \* \*

From the Troy, U.S.A., *Daily Press* of 26th January 1911 :—

“SONS OF SCOTLAND.—ASSEMBLE WITH GUESTS IN HONOUR OF SCOTTISH BARD.—Sons of Scotland, and many who are not sons, members, and guests of the Robert Burns Club, gathered at Harmony Hall last night to once more do honour to the memory of the immortal Scottish bard. The occasion was the 152nd anniversary of the birth of the poet and the eighth anniversary banquet of the club. For the first time in fifty-two years a mayor of the city attended a Scotch society celebration. In the course of the proceedings an original poem, written for the anniversary by George Sinclair, F.P., secretary of the club, entitled ‘Greetings, Scotia to Columbia,’ was vociferously applauded.”

George Sinclair, who is a native and F.P. of Dollar, is well known by reputation to our readers, as very beautiful pieces from his pen have from time to time appeared in these pages. We have pleasure in now giving the poem above referred to, which fully maintains his high position as a poet,

\* \* \* \* \*

HONOUR TO A F.P.—We note with much pleasure that Mr Alexander Wardlaw, assistant manager of the Clydesdale Bank, was appointed President of the Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannan Charitable Society at the Annual Meeting in January. This reflects credit not only on Mr Wardlaw but also on the "Old School" of which he was a meritorious pupil. The importance of the work done by this Association will be understood when we mention that, during the year 1910, £259 had been distributed in charity to indigent natives of the three counties. The Right Honourable Eugene Wason, our respected M.P., was, at the same meeting, elected Patron of the Society.

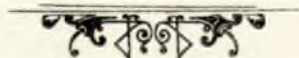
\* \* \* \* \*

ANOTHER F.P., Dr William M'Lennan, 2 Woodside Place, Glasgow, has been appointed Examiner in Systematic and Clinical Medicine at the Glasgow University, and we heartily congratulate him on this well-merited distinction.

At the same time Mr William Miller, M.A., D.Sc., Ph.D., the present Science master of the Institution, was appointed Examiner in Natural Philosophy. Again we offer our most cordial congratulations.

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FORMER Pupils who attended the Institution in sessions 1908-1909 and others will be glad to learn that Ronald M'Andrew has been successful in gaining the James Paterson Bursary of £17 a-year for three years at Glasgow University.





## School Notes.

THE winter has come and gone, leaving nothing but a feeling of gladness. The football in School has been practically at a standstill, the pitches being frozen hard one week, and a quagmire due to flooding the next. Only one match has been played, and that at Glasgow against the Academy. From reports of the game we are led to understand that the XV. were quite out of harmony all the time—there being no combination at all; every one seeming to be playing his own little game. Unfortunately this fault has been creeping into the play of late, and we hope this notice of it will be taken as a hint towards the adoption of a more combined mode of play. The three-quarter line is still the weak part of the team. Although it has speed and weight there is no one to finish off, and thus many fine movements fizzle out to nothing at the end.

In the forward line there are one or two defects which might be remedied. In the scrum there is a tendency for the back row to leave all the strain to the front row, and at the same time to give way too early in their eagerness to stop the ball should it come out at the opponents' side of the scrum. This action in many cases interferes with their own half-back, and only aids in causing more confusion.

Whilst the half-backs work hard enough the ball seems to hang too long on the road to the threes, and in several cases we have seen it intercepted, or the three, to whom it was passed, held up before he could part with it.

We give a list of results since the date of going to press of the December number of the *Magazine*.

1ST XV.

2ND XV.

Opponents.	Points.		Result	Opponents.	Points.		Result
	For	Agt.			For	Agt.	
Heriot's College - - -	3	0	win	1st Edinburgh Institution	40	0	win
Glasgow High School - -	11	5	win	Glasgow High School -	6	6	draw
Glasgow Academy - - -	0	10	loss	Glasgow Academy -	14	0	win
* Glenalmond - - -	***	***	off	Glenalmond - - -	***	***	off
Alloa - - -	***	***	off	Morrison's Academy -	***	***	off
* Watson's College - -	***	***	off	Watson's College - -	***	***	off
Glasgow University 2nd XV.	***	***	off				

3RD XV.

Opponents.	Points.		Result.
	For.	Against.	
2nd Edinburgh Institution - - -	...	...	off
Glasgow High School - - -	...	...	off
Glasgow Academy - - -	3	52	loss
Stirling High School - - -	...	...	off
Watson's College - - -	...	...	off

\* We are told that the match secretary is arranging to have these games played off here, if possible.

The second XV. have been playing quite a sturdy game, and the match between them and Glasgow Academy was well contested. Had the forwards put a little more strength into their work they had scored at least forty points instead of fourteen. The three-quarter line had some very fine movements such as we would like to see in the first XV.

We must mention the play of Lauder at full back. He seldom failed to find touch, and his tackling was splendid. It is a pity that he is not taller. Had he been so then we are afraid E. Fox would have had to look after his laurels. E. Fox should take a leaf out of the book of his younger understudy.

We hear some whispers of dissatisfaction amongst the 1st XV., and we shall be glad to know that there are no reasons for such in future.

The Hockey Club is still flourishing, and we are pleased to give a list of their matches with results. These results speak well of the team; the match against Alloa ladies being one which few school teams could have gone through and escaped so easily as did the team.

Opponents.	Goals.		Result.
	For.	Against.	
Falkirk - - - - -	---	---	off
Masters - - - - -	1	3	loss
Watson's - - - - -	7	0	win
Garnethill - - - - -	3	1	win
Alloa Ladies - - - - -	0	4	loss
Polmont - - - - -	---	---	off
Stirling - - - - -	---	---	off

We saw the match against the masters, and we are giving away no secret when we say that the masters thought they were to be beaten, and were much pleased at managing to get the three goals.

The pond was frozen for a time, and skating was then the chief object of life. A carnival was held on rather doughy ice, but apart from that it was a success. Several days the hills were covered with snow, and the skiers of the School had plenty of scope for their pastime. As the hills afford a splendid ground for this sport, we wonder that such a small number of the boys are showing any interest in it.

The Annual Concert took place on Friday, 17th February. Although the weather was most disagreeable, a large audience filled the hall.

The soloists were Miss M. H. Dougall, Major Hepburn, and Mr P. T. Moodie; whilst the rest of the programme was sustained by a choir of boys under the leadership of Mr Craig, a troupe of Pierrots trained by Mrs Dougall, and a comedy company of School boys in "Vice Versa."

There had been much preparation by the pupils, and they did their part splendidly. Miss M. H. Dougall sang with much taste and delicacy. Her

first two songs were well received, and her third song from "Faust" was excellently rendered and well deserved the applause which followed.

Major Hepburn provided the merry strain, and captivated his audience in all his numbers. Mr Moodie sings with a deep rich voice, and the songs he chose were well suited to display the sweet resonance of his voice.

Again the Pierrots came, we saw and once again we were conquered. Who will forget Angelina or ta Macpherson? Both were splendid, and we hope to see the Pierrots next year. The choir under Mr Craig sang sweetly, and the part song "Strange Adventure" was very well rendered. This is Mr Craig's first command here, and he is to be congratulated on the success his choir had.

We congratulate Dr Miller, our Science master, on the honour conferred on him and our school, on his appointment as Examiner in Natural Philosophy for the degrees of M.A. and B.Sc. by the University of Glasgow.

Since our last notes were written we have lost the services of Mr Clayton, who has gone to an important post near Shrewsbury. Mr Clayton was a keen lover of sport in all its branches, and will be missed much on the football and cricket field where he so often figured whilst here. Our best wishes go with him in his new position.

The literary societies have been quite busy. The boys' society had a lecture by Mr Cumming. The subject was "The Sea Kings of Crete." The girls were invited to the lecture, which proved highly interesting and instructive. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides, and some of the pictures were extremely beautiful.

Mr Dougall also lectured to the combined societies on the "Land of Burns." The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides, and during the lecture songs were rendered by Miss Runciman and Mr M'Gruther. The meeting was most successful, and we feel sure that those present came closer to the poet's mind and soul than ever they had done before.

We are told that more lectures on famous men of literature will be given.

It was our pleasure to see the Magazine of the Girls' Society, and we were much struck with the literary ability displayed. We hope to get permission to insert one or two of the articles in the next *Magazine*.

Z.



## Officers' Training Corps.

THERE has been little to record in connection with the contingent since our return from Stobs. Training has been proceeding on the usual lines since the beginning of the session. September and October were given over to squad and company drill, and the winter months so far have been devoted to lectures on company training with a special series on outposts by Captain Walker from Stirling Castle. The junior sections have been instructed by the officers in the elements of musketry, while the seniors have had lessons from Lieutenant Wilson on the use of the new rifle. One favourable afternoon in November was spent in carrying out an attack and defence scheme on Dollar Hill with the object of giving practice in extension movements over rough ground, another afternoon being taken up with a route march.

The annual musketry course will probably begin in the month of April. The shelter which has been erected at the range should be a great boon in rough weather, of which we had more than enough last year. The N.C.O.'s of the corps are as follows: Col.-Sergt. C. Clark; Sergts. B. Matthewson, G. Gordon, G. Heyworth, G. Hutton; Cpls. G. Wilson, W. Marshall, A. M'Lelland, J. Pender, R. Beattie (Piper), A. Walker (Signaller); Lance-Cpls. D. Collie, V. Cowley, D. M'Coll, G. Sibold. N.C.O.'s should never lose sight of the fact that the success of a corps depends in great measure on the way in which sections are handled—a slack section commander means a slack section, halting words of command and signals badly given mean badly executed movements. It should also be remembered that seniority without efficiency is no passport to non-commissioned rank. The success of the Dollar Corps hitherto, at the annual camp training and on the various field-days, has not been accidental, but has been chiefly due to the splendid work done by capable and efficient N.C.O.'s who have learnt to act independently when circumstances required it, and have recognised amongst other things that camping and training can't always be done in fine weather, and that we must be prepared to take the rough with the smooth. Relying with confidence on the present N.C.O.'s, the officers look forward to a successful season.

S. F. B.

## The Greater Dollar Directory.

### THIRTY-SEVENTH LIST.

*A supplementary list, to which contributions are earnestly requested, will be given with each issue of the Magazine.*

### NEW ADDRESSES.

DARBY, BAILEY, Bachelor's Hall, Barnagore (North), near Calcutta.

FELL, Capt. ALFRED, Newcastle, N.S.W.

FLOWER, CHAS. A., 14 Osborne Road, Forest Gate, London, E.

JOHNSON, A. E., Napier Villa, Wylde Green, Birmingham.

LOCKHART, THOS. L., Glencairn G. U. Co. Ltd., Germiston, Transvaal.  
 M'LAREN, MAGGIE, L., chez Mme. Rubinstein, Strada Mavromal 96, Galatz,  
 Roumania.  
 SMITH, Mrs DONALD (*née* Jessie Fell), 1 Lawson St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

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#### CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

ANDERSON, ALEX. D., 2A Puente de Alvarado 53, Mexico, D.F.  
 ANDERSON, D. Y., B. & N.W. Railway, Somastipur, Tirhut, India.  
 ANDERSON, Captain JACK, I.M.S., 7th Hariana Lancers, Ferozepur, Punjab.  
 BARNETT, C. GUY, Executive Engineer, Henzada, Burma.  
 BLACKLAW, FLORENCE, 85 Badly Road, Daventry, Northants.  
 CAMPBELL, J. W., 12 Chancery Lane, Christchurch, Canterbury, N.Z.  
 CAMPBELL, R. B., Borbheel, Behali P.O., Bishnauth, Assam.  
 COX, Mrs G. C. ARCHER (Mary Whyte), Dehri-on-Sone, Shahabad, Bengal,  
 India.  
 CURTIS, Prof. Dr, Homburgerstr. 65, Homburg, v.d.H., Germany.  
 DRYSDALE, WALTER J., 74 Garden Reach, Kidderpore, Calcutta.  
 FELL, W. SCOTT, Kilcregan, Mosmans.  
 FINDLAY, Rev. J. L., C.F., Bordon Camp, Hants.  
 GIBSON, R. HALLIDAY, Bank of New Brunswick, St John's, New Brunswick.  
 GRIEVE, G. A. F., Glenfalloch, Ardlui R.S.O.  
 HARRIS, Mrs G. W. (*née* Nellie Adie), The Bambery, Aplt. E., 416 E. Roy  
 St., Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.  
 HARVEY, K. B., 65 St George's St., Durban, Natal.  
 HUNTER, S. H., Tuckicherra T.E., Kalighat P.O., S. Sylhet, India.  
 JOHNSTON, Colonel H. H., Army Medical Service, Sun Hotel, Chatham.  
 LEAN, RONALD, Floralea, 20 Laggan Rd., Newlands, near Glasgow.  
 MACFARLAN, ARCH., Southview, Milngavie.  
 TURTON, Mrs DOUGLAS (Nellie Harvey), 126 Grange Road West,  
 Birkenhead.  
 WESTWOOD, J. D. and Mrs (Annie Paulin), c/o Traffic Superintendent's  
 Office, B. & N.W. Railway, Benares.  
 WILKIE, A. M., c/o Butterfield & Swire, Shanghai, China.  
 WYNNE, Miss, 37 Dudley Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow.  
 YAP, FELIX F. (Yap Suikok), Kulangsu, Amoy, China.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

*All MSS. (which should be legibly written and on one side of the paper only) submitted to this Magazine must bear the names and addresses of the senders, not necessarily for publication but for the information of the Editors. In future no anonymous contributions will be considered.*

*All literary communications should be addressed "THE EDITORS, 'Dollar Magazine,' Dollar, Scotland," and all communications relating to subscriptions, supply of magazines, or advertisements to ROBERT K. HOLMES, Mar Place, Dollar, to whom postal or money orders should be made payable.*