



Stewart, Elgin.

Photo²

THE REV. ANGUS GUNN, D.D.

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Rev. Angus Gunn, M.A., D.D.

A MORE opportune time could not have been selected for presenting our readers with a portrait of the Rev. Dr Gunn than the present, which marks the conclusion of his fifty years' pastorate of the Parish Church ; and we feel sure that the excellent likeness will be treasured by his parishioners and by many others all over the world, who will be reminded of a figure familiar to them in their schooldays.

Dr Gunn was born at Woodside, Aberdeen, in 1834, and, after completing his preliminary course, he entered the University in 1851. Here he showed himself possessed of much perseverance and ability, passing through the Arts course with great distinction, and carrying off the blue ribbon of his year—the Hutton Prize in Classics and Philosophy—which marks the first man of his time in the University. Among his fellow-students his reputation was maintained not merely by the honours he gained, but, as we learned from one who sat side by side with him, by his prowess in the debating society, where he distinguished himself by his clear, polished elocution, and his facility and fervour of speech. From the Arts classes, after taking his M.A. degree, he passed into the Divinity College, and qualified for licence as a preacher of the Gospel. Scottish theologians had, shortly before this, revived an old habit of completing their studies at Continental seats of learning ; and, in the year 1859, Mr Gunn, through the kindness of a wealthy gentleman friend who admired his linguistic talent, was able to carry out a project to which he had been looking forward. This was the spending of a year on the Continent, which enabled him to acquire a mastery of French and German as spoken languages, and, what was of more importance, a deeper insight into the problems with which it was to be the work of his life to deal.

His first appointment was as Assistant in the Parish Church of Arbroath. A beginning of excellent work was made here by the young minister who proved himself an eloquent preacher, winning the esteem of his hearers and adding to the membership of the congregation. But soon other congregations were casting covetous eyes upon him, and after a brief interval he was

carried off by the patron of Dollar, Sir Andrew Orr, to succeed the Rev. Mr Irvine, who had been translated to the parish of Kilconquhar. He was inducted on the 14th of April 1861, and from the records of the time we gather that "very many expressed utmost satisfaction at the settlement, and seemed to anticipate much benefit and pleasure at the prospect of listening every Sunday to such an able and eloquent preacher." On Sabbath, the 17th of April, he appeared in the pulpit which he was destined to occupy so long.

Of Dr Gunn as a preacher we shall say little. In his sermons there were power and effectiveness, and a vigour and directness in the manner in which he handled his subject. There was a freedom from that affectation of intellectualism which characterises the essayist school of preachers. In short, his discourses were eminent for nothing so much as simple thought, lucid arrangement, and familiarly happy illustration—qualities which are appreciable by the promiscuous multitude as well as by the select few, and which were thus well fitted for his congregation. He put the matter of his message so as to force for it an entrance into the most sluggish understanding.

Dr Gunn has never been an ecclesiastical leader in the generally understood sense of the term. He has spoken but rarely in Church courts; but when he did express his opinion on any subject in which he was interested, he did so with an authority which showed that he had thoroughly considered it, and was familiar with all its bearings. Let his brethren of the Presbytery speak: congratulating him on his receiving the honour of D.D., Dr Robertson of Clackmannan said: "His great and outstanding merits were thus being recognised after a service of upwards of forty years in the parish, and on behalf of that great education establishment, Dollar Academy. They in the Presbytery knew the value of his counsel, and he felt he was but expressing the mind of the members in offering congratulations to their brother at this time." Mr Mure Smith seconded: "As a neighbour, friend, and true man, they could not find a better than Dr Gunn. He has been at all times a staunch defender of the historical position and claims of his Church, and may be said to have clung tenaciously to the sound, solid institutions of an older age."

We pass over the honours conferred on Dr Gunn by his own flock, on the occasion of his jubilee, as these are fully reported and described in the June number of the *Magazine* 1910. More recently, however, the crowning gift in our view, "the most beautiful and touching," was that of the scholars of the Sabbath school. The children, keen observers, seeing that the step of their venerable minister had lost its elastic spring, came forward with the gift of a handsome walking stick, which one of their number, Jessie Dudgeon, handed over with the appropriate words—"We hope it may help you in your walks, and that, as you lean upon it, you may recall many pleasant and happy afternoons spent in the Sabbath school."

For something like forty years Dr Gunn wielded great influence as Chairman of the Governors of the Institution, a body of men whose management, at one time, required considerable tact, as may be gathered from the words of the late Sheriff Tait, "No small amount of heat, if not bitterness, was infused into their controversies." Throughout the Chairman guided and directed the



R. K. Holmes.

ON THE BURNSIDE.

course of affairs with a firm and determined purpose. As became the parish minister, he aimed at safeguarding the interests of the foundationers; while his own experience as a student and his knowledge of educational problems fitted him to act as a guiding force in maintaining the efficiency and success of the Institution as a first-class Secondary School.

In the famous ordination charge which we find in the published works of Edward Irving occurs the sentence—"Be the minister always, less than the minister never," and Dr Gunn, it will be allowed, has kept up this tradition of ministerial dignity throughout his whole career.

We cannot do better than conclude our appreciation with two quotations, both of which we most heartily endorse. The one is from the happily conceived speech of Mr Stanhouse, addressing the Presbytery: "One thing, they would still have the benefit of his presence going out and in among them. His venerable and distinguished appearance was looked upon almost as an asset of Dollar—almost as public property." The other is from the beautiful address presented by his brother ministers: "It is our earnest prayer that you may long enjoy, in the evening of your days, a season of health and happiness among the many friends whose grateful esteem and affection you have so worthily earned."

Ariodantes.

BY HELEN H. STEWART.

(Continued.)

"AFTER eight days or more a traveller came to the court of Scotland, and related to Genevra disastrous tidings, to wit that Ariodantes had perished in the sea; he had been drowned of his own free will, no wind was to blame for the calamity, for he had sprung headlong from a rock overhanging the ocean into the raging waves below. 'He encountered me,' the traveller said, 'before he reached the frowning crest, and prayed me to go with him, that my tongue might witness to Genevra the truth of what occurred. He bid me tell her that the cause of his act was that he had seen too much, and speaking thus he plunged from that high cliff, amid the watery roar; I saw him leap and left him there in the sea, and, hurrying thence, bore the tidings to you.'

"At the fearful tale Genevra stood amazed, the colour left her cheeks, and she remained as though half dead; but when she laid her head upon her faithful pillow, ah, then she beat her breast, and rent her garment, and tore her silken tresses, repeating ever and anon the last sad words Ariodantes had spoken, that the sole source of his despair was that he had seen too much.

"Far and wide the rumour was scattered that the peer had slain himself for grief, nor was there any courtly dame nor cavalier, nay, nor the monarch himself, who heard this report with tearless eye. But above all the rest his

brother was overwhelmed with sorrow of so deep a dye that, eager to follow him, he had well-nigh turned his hand against himself like him for whom he grieved. And many times he repeated in his own thought that it was Genevra who had slain his brother, since he had been moved to self-destruction only by her ill-deed which he had been doomed to view. The thirst of vengeance so wrought on his mind, and his grief so overthrew his reason, that, graced and honoured as he was of each estate, he hesitated not to encounter the common hate of the king and the people. Thus when the throng was at the fullest in the hall he stood up before the monarch and said :—

“‘Sir King, of the crime of having marred my brother’s wits, and led him to his destruction, I can only accuse your daughter, for the knowledge of her little chastity bred such sorrow in his inmost soul that he loathed existence, and preferred to die. He was her lover, and since his intention was honest, I do not seek to veil it. He meant to win her of thee by his valour, if faithful service might avail. But while he stood aloof, scarce daring even to scent the blossoms, he beheld another scale the forbidden tree, and bear away the longed-for fruit.’

“He then related how he had seen Genevra come into the gallery and drop the corded stair, and how a leman of that fair lady had entered her chamber; his name he knew not, since he had changed his habits, and concealed his hair for disguise. In conclusion Lurcanio vowed that he would avouch every word he had said with lance and sword.

“You may divine how grieved and distraught with woe is the sire when he hears this accusation. Not only does he hear with wondering ears that of his daughter which he could never have thought, but he knows that if succour be not brought by some cavalier appearing in her cause able to prove the lie upon Lurcanio, he cannot choose but doom the maid to death.

“I do not think our Scottish law is unknown to you, which sentences to death by fire any miserable dame or damsel who yields to the desire of any other than her wedded lord. She dies, unless some champion, good and true, arm on her behalf before a month has expired, and maintain her against the base accuser to be free from stain and unmeriting such death.

“The king has made proclamation by tower and city (for he believes her wronged) that that cavalier who saves the royal maid from infamy shall have her to wife, with ample dower, but each looks to the other, and to this hour no champion appears, for the accuser, Lurcanio, is esteemed so fierce in combat that there is not the bravest knight but fears him.

“An evil fate has willed that her dear brother, Zerbino,* is not here to face the foe; for many months he has roved, proving his matchless worth

* In the description of Zerbino, Prince of Scotland, brother to Genevra, the famous line occurs :—

“Natura il [sic] fece, e poi ruppe la stampa”—(Canto X. 84),
 “Nature made him and then broke the mould,”

a figure of speech borrowed by Byron in his “Ode to Sheridan” :—

“Sighing that Nature made but one such man,
 And broke the die in moulding Sheridan.”

with sword and lance. Were he more near, or in any place whither the news might be conveyed, he would not fail to come to the help of his sister.

"Meantime the king, willing to pursue the quest, and to try whether the accuser's tale be false or true, by more certain proof than combat, arrests some ladies of the princess's retinue, weening that they can verify the fact, whence I foresaw that if I were taken, the duke and I must incur too certain risk. That very night I flee from the palace, and, escaped from court, repair to the duke. I make him plainly see how much, if I were taken, it must import both to his safety and mine. He praised me and bade me be of good courage, and prayed me to resort, for his comfort, to a strong castle which he held hard by, and sent with me two of his men to protect and bear me company.

"You have heard, Sir Stranger, with what full proofs of my love I had assured the Scottish duke, and you can clearly discern how justly bound he was to hold me dear. But mark what was my reward in the end, hear the glorious meed of my great devotion, and say if any woman can ever expect to gain, however well she may love, any return of that love?

"For this foul, perfidious, ungrateful man, beginning at last to suspect my faith, and apprehending that in course of time I might haply reveal his wily plan, secretly enjoined the guide who went with me through the gloomy forest to slay me, and would have compassed his will but for your ready succour when I called for help. Behold with what wages Love's poor slaves must be content!"

In this manner did Dalinda relate the sad story to Rinaldo, the peer of Mont Albano, as they pursued their way together.

No fortune could have been more welcome to the knight than to have found the gentle maid who was able to display the whole story of the fair Geneva and her unblemished innocence; and if he had hoped, even when believing that the accusation might be true, to furnish aid to the afflicted damsel, now that he had heard the disproof of the calumny he could war with still more courage on her behalf.

The good Rinaldo, therefore, spared not his steed, but pricked with eager haste to St Andrew's town, where the king was with all his family, and where the single fight was to take place in listed mead, until, now within an easy distance of the city, he met a squire who brought more recent tidings than Dalinda had been able to give. He told that a stranger knight had at last repaired, bent on combating in Geneva's quarrel. He wore strange ensigns, and was unknown to any one at court, for he always went closely concealed, nor had once bared his visage pent within the helmet; even the squire that came with him swore that he knew not the stranger's name.

They had not ridden far before the walls appear, and now their coursers stand before the gate. The sad Dalinda was in fear to advance, yet followed, trusting in Rinaldo's blade.

The gate was shut, and Rinaldo demanded of the porter what this might imply: he was told that the people, every one, were trooped to see a fight without the wall beyond the city, waged upon accord between Lurcanio and a stranger knight, where, on the level sward of a spacious meadow, the pair had already begun to fight.

The porter opened the gate to Mont Albano's lord, closing it immediately behind him, and Rinaldo rode through the city; but first bestowed the maid in a hostel, and willed that she should repose there till his return, which would not be long delayed; then quickly pursued his way to the lists where the two combatants make fell exchange of blows, and strive and struggle in bloody fray.

Lurcanio's heart glows with vengeful hatred against Geneva; while the other as well maintains the quarrel for her right. Six knights on foot, covered with iron corselets, stand within the palisade; beneath, the Duke of Albany, richly arrayed, was borne on a steed of noble race; he, as lord high constable, was keeper of the field, and joyed with swelling bosom and exultant eye to see Geneva's peril.

Rinaldo pierces through the swarm, which parts before the oncoming of the good Bayardo, for he who hears the stormy advance of the courser halts not in his desire to make way for him. Above is seen the lofty form of Rinaldo, the flower of all who mix in martial fray, who stops his horse before the monarch's throne, while all press to hear the words of the noble paladin.

"Dread sir," he spoke, "let not the pair longer continue this combat, for know that, whichever of the two falls dead, you let him perish wrongfully; one, misled and believing himself right, vouches what is false, but knows not 'tis a lie, urged to the causeless combat by the thought of his brother's death; the other, in pure gentleness, and caring little whether what he maintains be right or wrong, because he would preserve so fair a maid, perils his own person in this furious fight. I bear safety to injured innocence, and the opposite to the evil-doer; but first, for love of God, stay the battle; and then list, Sir King, to what I shall disclose."

The king was so moved by the grave authority and the high apparent worth of the knight that he made sign the battle should not then be continued further with sword or spear; and Rinaldo made manifest to him and all his chivalry and the barons of the realm and all others within hearing the whole treacherous plot which Polinesso had laid for Geneva. The brave warrior then declared that he would testify in arms the truth of what he vouched; false Polinesso was called and stood forth with troubled eye, yet daringly denied the tale.

"Let then deeds decide the doubtful quarrel," replied Rinaldo.

The field was cleared, and, without more let, the foes, ready armed, close in deadly duel. How dear was the hope to king and people that the proof might show Geneva innocent! All trust that God will make the treason manifest and show that she was accused with foul intent; for Polinesso was held to be greedy and severe, proud and haughty and fraudulent, so that none of all the assembly deemed it any marvel that the duke might have schemed so vile a fraud.

False Polinesso, with distressed mien, pallid cheek, and thickly beating heart, at the third trumpet laid his lance in rest; Rinaldo also spurred to meet his opponent and levelled at his heart, eager to finish at a single heat. Nor was the event counter to his wish, for half of his weapon went through the evil warrior: he bore him impaled upon the spear more than six yards beyond the horse that bore him.

The peer of Mont Albano now alights with speed and unlaces the helm worn by his foe ere aiding him to rise ; but he prays humbly for mercy, unfit to strive more in joust or warfare, and confesses, with faltering breath, before king and court, the fraud which had brought him to his death. He had barely brought his confession to a close when the pangs of death drown the failing accents.

The king who saw his daughter redeemed from death and scorn, and her virtue proved, overflows with more delight and rapture than if he, having lost his kingly crown, saw it replaced upon his head, so that he treated Rinaldo with special grace, and when he descries, under the uplifted helmet, features well known before, he pays with lifted hands his thanks to God that He had deigned to provide such succour.

The other cavalier, who had bared his blade upon Genevra's side and come thither from far to impart his aid, stood aloof, unknown to all, and looked silently upon all that passed. The good king entreated him to reveal his name, or, at least, to show his visage, that he might grace him with some fair guerdon, as was justly due to his good intent. The stranger, after long and earnest prayer, lifted the covering casque and showed a well-known visage, the cherished face of the faithful Ariodantes, whom his brother and Genevra wept as dead, and not only they, but the king and people and nobility, so great a light had his valour and goodness shed abroad.

How wretched is that evil man who lives in the trust that his secret sin is safe in his own possession ! Since, if there is nought else, the air, the very dust in which the crime is buried, declares the truth ; and oftentimes his guilt compels the unjust man, though unarraigned in worldly court, to be his own accuser, and to betray, so God has willed it, deeds hidden from the light.

The unhappy Polinesso had nursed the hope wholly to conceal his secret treason by taking off Dalinda, who alone knew and could reveal the truth ; and, adding thus a second offence to his first, only hurried on the dread appeal which, but for this, he might haply have shunned or at least deferred. He spurred blindly to self-destruction, and forfeited at once estate and life and love and friends, and honour, which was more than all.

It might appear that the pilgrim had lied in what he said of the missing knight, Ariodantes, yet it was true that he had seen him plunge from a headland into the foaming sea ; but, as it often happens to the despairing wight who desires grisly Death until he appears, but loathes on nearer view what he had sought, so painful and drear seems the cruel passage, when thus engulfed in the sea, the wretched knight, repenting his deed, was touched with fear, and, being a matchless swimmer, both in skill and spirit, beat back the billows and returned to land.

Despising now, as born of folly, the fond desire that had impelled him to death, he trod his way thence, soaked and dripping wet, to the humble cell of a poor hermit.

Housed within the holy father's shed he designed to dwell there secretly a while, till some rumour should reach his ears if his Genevra sorrowed or rejoiced. At first he heard that the miserable damsel well-nigh died through excess of woe ; for so far did the doleful tidings spread abroad that it was

talked of in the island far and wide, very different proof than that deceitful show of faithlessness which, to his cruel grief, he thought he had seen.

Next he heard that Lurcanio had preferred to her sire his charge against the fair Geneva. He felt for his brother scarce less enmity than the love he lately bore the maid, for he esteemed the deed, though essayed for him, too foul and full of cruelty; and hearing afterwards that, in her jeopardy, none appeared to lend succour to the maid, because Lurcanio's might was so puissant that all dreaded an encounter, and also because those who knew the youthful champion well, believed he was so wary and discreet that, had what he stated been untrue, he would never have risked so rash an attempt; since therefore the greater part eschew the combat fearing to meet the knight in a wrongful cause, Ariodantes, after long weighing of his doubts, resolves to meet his brother in Geneva's aid.

"Alas," he said, "I cannot bear to see the royal damsel die by my cause; my death would be too bitter and dread did I witness her death before my own, for she is still my lady, my divinity, the light and comfort of my soul. Whether she be right or wrong, I cannot choose but defend her and perish in the field for her safety. I know I choose the wrong, and be it so! and in the cause I shall die: nor would this move me, but that, alas! my death, as well I know, will prove the lovely damsel's destruction. I go to death, with only one comfort that, if Polinesso possesses her love, it will be manifestly proved to her that he has not moved to her aid, while she shall see me, so wronged by her, encounter death in her defence. And he, my brother, who blew such flames of discord, shall pay the debt of vengeance due to me; for well I ween to make Lurcanio rue his cruelty, when he learns that, while thinking to avenge me with his sword, he has slain me with his own hand."

Having thus concluded in his thought, Ariodantes made new provision of arms, steed, and shield; the vest and buckler that he bought were black, the sable field striped with green and yellow; as squire he brought with him a stranger in the country, found by hazard, and thus concealed, the unhappy knight reached the town of St Andrews prepared to fight against his brother.

The issue of the event has already been told, how prince and people knew Ariodantes; nor did the Scottish king experience less delight than when Mont Albano's peer overthrew the accuser. He thought within himself that love in man had never shown so constant and true, as in him who, though foully wronged, prepared to venture his life against his brother's for her sake.

Yielding to his natural wish, and at the suit of all the court, but mostly at the instigation of Rinaldo, he assigned the damsel to the youth as his bride. The duchy of Albany, now in sequestration, late the property of Polinesso, who died in duel, could not have been forfeited in a happier hour, since the monarch made it the dowry of his fair daughter, the Princess Geneva.



Miss Christie.

PEASANT TYPES AT POLLENZA, MAJORCA.

Notes of my Travels.

THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.

BY MISS CHRISTIE OF COWDEN.

Why, where are they? and what is there to see? In the West Indies, are they not? were some of the questions that met my proposal of going to the Balearic Islands. In reply I can only state that they are not in the West Indies nor in the Grecian Archipelago, but are a group of islands in the Mediterranean off the coast of Spain, of which the principal ones are Majorca, Minorca, Iviza, and Fortunera. That there is much of interest to see in them may well be believed when one realises that their known history extends back many centuries. Exploited by the Romans in their marvellous sweeping conquests, one still finds traces of their occupation succeeding those of the Phœnicians and Carthaginians. In Port Mahon we find perpetuated the name of Mago, brother of Hannibal 206 B.C., and the Roman Consul, Gaius Cecillius Metellus was surnamed Balearicus in honour of his conquest of the islands, where he founded the towns of Palma and Pollentia.

Subsequently the Vandals, the Romans of the Eastern empire, the Moors, and Jaime I. of Aragon ruled in turn. At one time the islands had even the distinction of being an independent kingdom, but were definitely united to Aragon in the fourteenth century. Minorca was for a time in the hands of the British, but was given up in the peace of 1802, and now all the islands form a province of Spain, administered over by a Captain-General, resident in Palma. The inhabitants, numbering some 350,000, are an industrious people, speaking Catalan dialect, and are engaged in vine and fruit culture and farming pursuits. The island of Majorca is mapped out in the flatter and richer districts like a continuous orchard, and in early spring there can be few more beautiful sights than the blossom-laden trees bending over acres of sweet-scented beans, with which the fields are thickly sown. Mingled with those are fields for the culture of the olive, and its grey green colouring blends softly with the pink colouring of the peach and almond. Grotesque to the last degree are the shapes of those olive trees, and their distorted forms are suggestive of the freaks of a Barnum's show. "Many of the old trees stand on a kind of tripod formed by the splitting and shrinking of their own trunk: here a hoary veteran of many centuries has wound himself into an excellent imitation of a corkscrew; a group of twisted crones appears to gossip together with uplifted hands, while two sprawling wrestlers are locked as in a death struggle in each other's arms. Here squats a gnarled mass like nothing so much as a gigantic toad; there a boa constrictor twines itself in folds about its prey, and an antediluvian monster stoops to examine with interest the strange human insect that has adventured itself within reach."

In addition to purely agricultural pursuits the Majorcans are also expert shoemakers, and I seldom saw a town with more boot shops than Palma, possibly the cobble-paved streets give good trade, although the native country foot covering is a grass sandal, or a plaited jute sole with canvas uppers, which are at the same time both practical and comfortable and give

foothold on rocky climbs. A legacy from the Moors is the manufacture of Majolica ware, especially tiles, with which the steps of staircases are faced. The designs of many are Arabic in character and in colouring resemble those of Spain. Lace making and most exquisite embroidery on linen, basket weaving, and the plaiting of string seats and backs of chairs are all carried on in Palma and other country towns. The making of silver chain purses and bags is largely carried on for export trade, as are also minute silver charms, and gold and silver chains are measured off and sold by the palm on which to hang the attractive enamel peasant jewellery pendants.

The Majorcans are a most courteous people, honest, industrious, and noted for their good looks. Begging is hardly ever met with, and they are always ready to help a stranger even to the extent of shouting directions in his ear, should he fail to understand Mallorquin, and even to take his part against a native should occasion arise, as the following little incident will show. On a driving tour through the island I had arranged the exact route with a driver, and the last day, for some unknown reason, to me at least, he declined to take it. We argued for some time fruitlessly, and he and the "padrone" followed me upstairs when I bolted the door and bade them begone. When I judged by the sound of their retreating steps that they had disappeared, I sallied forth and searched the town till I found a diligence, and engaged a place in it to return by the desired route. I then told the driver his services could now be dispensed with and paid him what was due. He tossed the money down along with his tip. This last I removed and barricaded myself in my room. In a short time more steps approached, and, looking out, found the driver accompanied by a *gens d'armes* (corresponding to our policeman). I signed to him to come in and shut the door, as I could not sit in a draught. It was difficult to maintain a dignified position, as owing to the onslaught of mosquitoes the previous night, both my eyes were almost closed, and I sat mopping them with a cooling lotion while the *gens d'armes* and I conversed in Spanish, and the driver explained the cause of my sufferings. The *gens d'armes* was most sympathetic and hoped the lotion would do good, and what was of more use, took my part entirely as to the route,—this in spite of the driver reiterating that he was *his* friend. The whole scene was like a play, and we parted the best of friends, the driver hurried out to countermand the seat in the diligence, and he and the "padrone" assisted me in bargaining for a water jar. These water jars are made both in pottery and copper, and are of classic shapes as the guide-books say, no kerosene tins or enamelled iron are in use in the country districts, and in the evening one meets crowds of women balancing those amphoræ jars on their heads as they return from the wells or fountains. Water of excellent quality is pumped up by windmills which are a great feature in the landscape, or else it is drawn from wells. Light wine is universally drunk, being both cheap and good and not so acid as the country wines of France. Little meat is used unless pork, vegetables, bread, oil, and eggs being the staple diet. The houses are stone built, the masons of Majorca being famed as builders, especially dry stone work which is like mosaic, so well are the stones jointed. The doorways and windows of the houses have each a band of whitewash round them which brightens the brown expanse of stone and lime. Glass is not extensively used, a wooden

shutter with perhaps a pane of glass, or two at most, inserted in the upper half. Ploughing is done by a very primitive wooden implement, and the grubbing is completed by droves of black pigs, long-legged creatures with floppy ears, and it is a common sight in the evening to meet them being driven home by the children. Education is not compulsory, so school hours have not to be considered, and the children can thus help in many ways as well as those connected with farming. Many of the farm-houses were formerly known as Possession-houses, and were originally the country seats of the Spanish nobility; but the great land-owners no longer reside in their ancestral homes, which are handed over to the principal tenant on the estate who goes by the name of the Amo or Master. Most picturesque and spacious are many of these old buildings, their vast apartments scantily furnished with remnants of past glory and their walls still bearing the scutcheon of some noble founder.

The country inns are primitive but always clean, with brick floors. There are no fireplaces except in the kitchen for cooking purposes, and the fuel used is not such as would roast an ox, sometimes it is reduced to a handful of almond shells. On one occasion when storm-stayed by heavy snow showers in the mountains and rain in the plains, how ineffectual was the heat afforded by a brazier, when the circle was large and seven or eight chilly individuals gathered round it. The landlord being the possessor of three sons, one had married a year previously to "quite an heiress" as was whispered to me with pride, "600 pesetas (about £40) was her *dot*," but thrown in with this was the vilest squint I have ever had the misfortune to look at; however, she seemed amiable and very proud of her three-day-old baby, while she caressingly kept turning up the tip of its little button nose. In right of her 600 pesetas and the baby, she had the warmest seat round the brazier and the tit-bits from the family meals, and to cheer the party, her husband, an enthusiast in music, though entirely self-taught, thundered out the most stirring Wagner melodies on a tin-kettle of a piano that lacked the ivories of three white keys, and was uncertain about two of the blacks. That "living room" is a memory.

(To be continued.)

Dollar in Australia: How it received its Name.

In the *Dollar Magazine* for March 1908, when introducing a series of "Peeps into the Past History of Dollar," which he has been issuing quarterly ever since, the Rev. Mr Wilson alluded to the remarkable way in which the enterprising and ingenuous youth, who have been trained in our far-famed local seminary, have spread themselves over the face of this whole earth. Appealing to the ever-enlarging lists of the valuable "Greater Dollar Directory" that have so long been published in every new issue of the *Magazine*, he affirmed that one might as truly exclaim concerning the alumni of Dollar what the old Roman poet did about his wide-ranging fellow-countrymen: "Quæ regio in terris non nostri plena laboris?" As a further proof of the above remark he called attention to a fact, of which he had lately become

cognisant, but which, as far as he was able to ascertain, was unknown to the great majority of the present inhabitants of Dollar. The fact referred to was the existence in the colony of Victoria in Australia of a town of the same name as our own. Of the fact Mr Wilson became casually aware through the perusal of a religious newspaper published in Australia, in which he had read an account of an accident to a buggy which had occurred in the neighbourhood of the Australian Dollar, as a consequence of which a much-respected local resident, who had taken a great interest in the prosperity of the local Wesleyan Church, had met his death. The story of the accident was very brief; but the information conveyed made it evident that the birth of the Australian Dollar had taken place within the last fifty years, and that it had prospered so greatly that already it could boast of at least one church, while it also enjoyed the benefit of a local bank. Referring to the above facts, Mr Wilson then added: "I have made inquiries at a few friends regarding the origin of the Australian Dollar, but as yet I have been unable to discover under what circumstances, and by the influence of which of her sons, the old Scottish parish so dear to us all has gained the distinction of giving its name to a rising township in one of the most prosperous provinces of this great united Commonwealth of Australia. As, however, there are not a few Dollar boys and girls now resident in Australia, some of whom will in all likelihood see and read this article, I am not without hope that the notice which I am now taking of the Australian town of the same name may lead to a communication to the Editor in which these and other similar questions may be satisfactorily resolved."

This appeal was made fully three years ago, but apparently it fell on deaf ears—a fact all the more astonishing as there was all the while resident among ourselves one of our best-known citizens, who, had the matter in question been brought under his personal notice, could have communicated all the information that was needed. I refer to Mr Septimus Leishman, the youngest son of the late James Leishman, Esq., of Broomrigge.

Nevertheless, it was not from Mr Leishman the information was originally derived which is communicated in this paper. The channel through which the knowledge came which I have now to impart was much more indirect and roundabout. Some months ago, in a friendly talk with the genial and obliging Dr Cameron, who has recently settled among us, Mr Wilson happened to mention that he knew of another town called Dollar in Gippsland, in Australia, and that he had long been anxious to ascertain how, and under what circumstances, it had obtained its name; but that though he had made some inquiries about it, he had been unable to get any light on the matter at all. "Well," said Dr Cameron, "as my wife's brother lives in Victoria, perhaps I shall be able to solve the riddle." Accordingly the good doctor got his wife to correspond with her brother on the subject, and the issue was that a few weeks ago she received from Australia a brief note from the school-mistress of Dollar, in Victoria, which had been forwarded to a mutual friend, and which Mrs Cameron's brother having received, transmitted forthwith to the Scottish Dollar. The letter is brief and interesting, and I describe it *verbatim*.

DOLLAR, S.S., 4th February 1911.

DEAR MISS MAHOOD,—I received your letter to-night, and shall be only too pleased to give you the information you desire. The oldest residents about here are some people named "Leishman." The old man Leishman, who is now dead, came from Scotland, and, while there, attended the *Dollar University*. He thought such a lot of that place that he caused this place to be named after it. We are situated ten miles from Stony Creek.—Hoping you are satisfied with this information, I am, yours faithfully,

PEARL MOREY.

It is interesting to observe how highly Dollar is estimated as a seat of learning in at least the rural parts of the Australian continent, seeing that to the schoolmistress herself of our antipodean counterpart our local institution bulks large enough to be thought and spoken of as a *University*. We are so well provided in Scotland with universities capable of communicating the highest form of professional knowledge and of scientific education, that it sounds strange in our ears to hear a mere secondary school, however excellent, described as a University. But in all new countries where the interests of higher education have not yet had time to be adequately attended to, such mistakes are common and natural. Nor is this the first time, nor is Australia the only country where a similar mistake has been made about Dollar Institution. For I have a vivid recollection of a youth from one of the Western States of America coming to call on me here some twenty-five years ago, and telling me that he had come all the way from the other side of the Atlantic to Dollar, hoping to get trained here for one of the learned professions. He was an excellent and diligent young man, and spent a session among us, during which time he sang on Sundays regularly in my choir. But ultimately he returned to his native land, where doubtless, if his ambition for a learned career lasted, he could attend one of the many excellent and well-equipped colleges in the United States.

But to return to the subject of the Australian Dollar and how it got its name: I have to say that, on receiving the letter printed above, I consulted with Mr Septimus Leishman and learned from him that it was his eldest brother James who settled in Australia many years ago, when quite a young man, that was responsible for the uprising in the southern hemisphere of a township destined to carry down to remote posterity traditions of the name of its Scottish prototype.

James Leishman, I have been told, was one of the late Dr Lindsay's favourite pupils. Mr J. T. Munro, chairman of our Parish Council, tells me that he remembers him as a tall, handsome young man, and spoken of as one of the best mathematicians of his day in Dollar. His success in Australia is evidenced by the fact that he was not only influential enough in the community in which he took up his abode to get the name of his Alma Mater applied to the township in which he resided, but to establish a family there which still exists as one of the chief families in the locality. Locally he was much respected, having for many years before his death held the honourable position of a Justice of the Peace. It is a further touching sign of the affection he cherished for his native parish that to the house which he built as a home for his family he gave the designation of Broomrigge, the name, as many of us know, of the home of his boyhood. An interesting link this is between the Scottish and the Australian Dollar—that each of

them possesses a country seat that not only boasts the name of Broomrigge, but associates that name very closely with the same family of Leishman.

Perhaps, if the Editor and his Committee look favourably on the proposal, it may be possible in an early number of the *Magazine* to obtain, through Mr Septimus Leishman, some views of the beauty spot of the Australian Dollar, that the readers of the *Magazine* may be able to compare the two as respects their relative merits in the matter of natural scenery. Possibly also a view of the Australian Broomrigge would be interesting to all readers of the *Magazine*.

A Rhyme and a Tradition.

IN the select writings of Robert Chambers, there occurs in his book on "Popular Rhymes of Scotland" published in 1847, a quick-toned couplet which has reference to Dollar :

"There's Alva and Dollar and Tillicoultrie,
But the bonnie braes o' Menstrie bear awa' the gree."

I don't know whether readers of the *Dollar Magazine* would be prepared to agree to this, and I am inclined to think that the award of the rhymers is based entirely on the tradition and not on physical geographical facts. The tradition or fanciful story concerns a miller who once resided at Menstrie, or rather concerning him and his wife. The reason for Menstrie being so highly thought of, is brought home to us in another version of the rhyme :

"Oh, Alva woods are bonnie,
Tillicoultrie hills are fair,
But when I think o' the bonnie braes o' Menstrie,
It maks my heart aye sair."

The soreness of heart refers to the miller, whose wife was singularly beautiful in face and form, and whose beauty caught the affections of the fairies, who in consequence stole her away from her goodman. The unfortunate miller was beside himself with grief, especially when he heard at times his wife's voice borne to him in the air in the second version of the rhyme.

There was, as so often happens in fairy tales, a happy ending to what threatened to end in tragedy. It seems that the miller one day, busy at the door of his mill, happened to use what Chambers terms "a majical posture," and as this posture was the means of breaking the spell that held his wife in the captivity of the upper air, she descended gracefully from above and landed at his feet—happily on her own.

The whole story is like an anticipation of the perplexities and happy *dénouement* which have attended the efforts of some of the high fliers in the air. One can almost imagine the miller to be M. Bleriot and his beautiful wife to be Madame Bleriot who has disappeared in an aeroplane, and who by a curious telepathic movement is enabled to execute her husband's thought which brings her back to the solid earth.

Nature Notes.

THE ROOKERY.

BY J. STRACHAN, M.D.

A DISGRACEFUL scene was witnessed here recently, and we draw attention to it in the hope that our town authorities will see to it that nothing of the kind will be permitted in future years. Since early in March the nesting of the rooks has been a source of huge interest and pleasure to all nature lovers; and about the middle of May attention was specially attracted by the calling of the young, and the increased activity and happy clamour of the old birds in carrying food, and in loving attention to their respective families. Just then residents in the neighbourhood of the rookery were startled by gun shots in rapid succession one evening in the very heart of the burgh. Thoughts of a German invasion may have occurred to some, and all were surprised, in view of the terms of the Roads and Highways Act, that such a fusillade could be permitted at our very doors. On going out to ascertain the cause we found a party of "sportsmen"!!! taking pot shots at the parent rooks as they settled to roost for the night beside their nests, while a number of children were busy picking up the slaughtered birds. A gamekeeper and another, who might have been better employed, were quietly looking on at the ruthless work, the former, doubtless, thinking of his young pheasants which he sought to reserve for slaughter later on, the latter conniving at a direct and flagrant breach of the law. For probably every rook that was shot—and we saw a dozen such in the hands of the boys, while there would certainly have been many more but for our interference—a brood of five young were left to drag out a lingering and miserable death from starvation, and their putrid bodies to remain in the nest contaminating the air, and tending to drive off the remaining rooks in disgust from their location in our midst. The only party in any way excusable in the matter was the gamekeeper, at whose instigation probably the proceedings were carried on. With him it is a matter of business, and of credit with his employer to rear as many as possible of pheasants and mallards from the eggs at his disposal to afford "sport" for his "betters" in autumn. That the rooks should be allowed any share in the fruits of his labours is trying to the temper as being contrary to his interests; while the idea of destroying six at every shot was a tempting consideration from an economical point of view. He might,

however, also consider that the rooks were not living and feeding their young altogether on chicks and ducklings. Young rats and young weasels are no less dainty morsels; and it is hard to say how many of them, besides various noxious vermin of a smaller type no less deadly enemies to game birds, and against which guns and traps are unavailable, may go to the regimen of the rookery. Then again the period of mischief is confined, in the case of game, to about one month, and in that of the farmer's crops to some two or, at most, three months. During the rest of the year the rooks still require to feed, and it may be taken for granted that their entire feeding during that time is beneficial to both game and crops. The good they do may thus be reckoned at about three to one of the mischief. Unfortunately the mischief, while it lasts, is very apparent, whereas the benefit to the community can be demonstrated only by the increase of various pests resulting from suppression of their services by ignorant and short-sighted destruction of our servants as was the case in France. Practically all birds may be regarded as the labourers of man, doing much absolutely necessary work, and seeking only a very partial living wage during a short portion of the year. Is it not folly as well as greed to condemn them for their small share of the good things of life, especially when we have the means, at small cost, of greatly curtailing (by netting, scaring, &c.) even that share.

With regard to the shooting we may state that, in consideration of the ready response to our demand that it should stop, we took no further action in the matter; but we wish it to be understood that should it occur again, and failing action by the burgh authorities, we shall feel it our duty in the public interest to bring the law to bear as far as in our power.

We would here direct attention to an interesting account by a pupil in School Notes, of a robin's nest built in one of the classrooms of the Academy; and in connection with this we may recall a similar instance which occurred at Harviestoun Cottage some five years ago and was related in this section at the time, where a pair of robins built their nest on the drawing-room mantelpiece and were proceeding to hatch their eggs when, out of consideration for the furniture by temporary occupants of the house, the nest was removed. It is to be regretted that each case of such loving trust being reposed in the humanity of man should have been unfortunate in its result. Should it occur again every care will, we are sure, be taken to protect and encourage the birds. In this latter case, had the propensity of the jackdaw been thought of, protection might have been afforded by gradually closing the window till the aperture left was such as would exclude these interesting and lovable but rapacious birds.

We are glad to learn from a fisher that a kingfisher was recently



R. K. Holmes.

POWMILL.

seen on the Devon, as these beautiful birds have been very rare in this neighbourhood during the last few years. We earnestly appeal to all to really abstain from interfering with any nest or bird which may come in their way, so that the beauty and attractiveness of the Devon Valley may, in this respect, be increased.

A WHITE BLACKBIRD SEEN IN COWDEN WOODS.—On a recent Sunday morning the Rev. Mr Wilson, who was on his way to conduct the service in the Muckart United Free Church, had his attention drawn to a pair of blackbirds, one of which he was surprised to notice was pure white. The bird was larger than usual, and its feathers were of a lovely cream-white colour. As it flitted about for some time from spray to spray, quite close to the path along which Mr Wilson was going, he was able to subject the bird to careful scrutiny, and, so far as he could see, there was not a spot of black to be seen anywhere, either on its wings or body. Last year, Dr Strachan took note in the *Magazine* of another similar bird having been seen, also in Cowden Woods; but that bird, if I remember aright, was only partially white, whereas this one seemed absolutely and entirely without a trace of black anywhere. It was a strikingly beautiful object, and one can only hope that any notice of it here may not issue in any unworthy attempt to secure so rare and interesting a specimen of the bird-life of our neighbourhood.

The blackbird seen in Cowden Woods last year was referred to by me as entirely white. It has been seen repeatedly in the locality since then.—J. S.

United Free Church—Induction of Rev. A. E. Spence.

ON Thursday, the 6th of April, the United Free Church Presbytery of Stirling and Dunblane met in the West Church, Dollar, and inducted the Rev. A. E. Spence, Larbert, to the pastorate of the united congregations. There was a large attendance of members and friends. The Rev. R. F. Anderson, Blairlogie, presided, and, after the questions contained in the formula had been satisfactorily answered, delivered the customary charges to the minister and the members of the congregation. Addressing Mr Spence he said: "My dear brother, I congratulate you on your election to this important charge. You are heir to a double heritage. The earnest labours of Mr Paul and Mr Wilson in this community are known to all here and need no eulogy. The blend of the membership under these two long and able ministries is one any minister may justly envy. You are coming into a community that is justly proud of its eminence as an educational centre. Dollar is the Eton or Harrow of Scotland; no mere mushroom of recent growth; no moribund seminary which relies on its past achievements, but to-day a living, energetic, pure source from which our sons and daughters go forth amply equipped to face the conflicts of life in every department. You come to live in a district, fair and beautiful beyond many in Nature's bounties, with a stirring historical

past and a present centre for tourists and others seeking recreation and rest. On these and other grounds I congratulate you to-day." After alluding to Mr Spence's success in his former spheres as "a workman needing not to be ashamed," Mr Anderson went on to say: "You must continue to be the earnest student. In the academic atmosphere of this town you will be forced to keep yourself abreast of every new development in our higher educational system. You will be brought into contact with the flower of youth in both sexes, whose minds are keen and clear, and here you have a great opportunity of guiding their acute minds in the direction of consecrating their gifts and attainments to noble and pure ends. But while you have responsibilities due to the nature of the community where your lot is now cast, I need not say that your own congregation must ever occupy the first place."

Turning to the congregations Mr Anderson said: "You members in the former East congregation have been called upon to sacrifice a very large proportion of your outward congregational assets, that lovely church by the bonnie banks of your village stream, whose every stone is fragrant with the odour of loving self-denial and prayer, is made, meantime, secondary, and as a Presbytery we sympathise very deeply with you in your departure therefrom; happily your minister Mr Wilson lives among you still, ever available in your hours of perplexity. You members of the West congregation to-day welcome your fellow-Christians, rejoicing that *unitedly* you also welcome a new minister. You have asked Mr Spence to leave Larbert and come to Dollar to take the spiritual oversight of your souls. Give him, then, a warm welcome to your hearts."

INDUCTION DINNER.

At the close of the service in the church the members of the Presbytery and friends dined together in the Castle Campbell Hotel. The company, which consisted of twenty brother ministers and thirty-one laymen, was presided over by the Rev. R. M'Intosh, who in submitting the toast of "The New Minister" said: "It would hardly do for me to say a great deal about Mr Spence in his presence, but the fact that you have called him to Dollar is sufficient assurance that you have appreciated the work he has done in the past. His ministerial influence and attractiveness have endeared him to the congregation where he has been, and I feel very sure that in a short time they will endear him also to the people of Dollar. By his outstanding ability, his high Christian and kindly ways, and his gracious manner, Mr Spence has secured a strong and sure and firm place in the esteem and the confidence and the affection of all those who have the privilege of knowing him."

Rev. Mr Spence in reply said: "I have to thank Mr M'Intosh for his very kind remarks. My cordial thanks are due also to the two brethren who took part in the services to-day, Mr Gauld and Mr Anderson. I have been present at quite a number of ordination and induction services, but I can frankly say I was never present at services more fitting and more admirably suitable to the circumstances and the place. I have come to a great place. I quite understand that I have come with a great desire that I may be a minister of Jesus Christ in your midst, and to live as one who shall show forth at all

times His spirit. I thank you most sincerely for your very kindly welcome—a welcome which has touched my heart very deeply.”

Principal Williams gave “The Educational Interests of Dollar,” and, as is characteristic of him, said little about his subject, but entertained the company with humorous stories of which he has always in readiness a plentiful store. Mr Dougall in the course of a fitting and appropriate reply, took occasion to extend a very hearty welcome to Mr Spence and to assure him that in all good work for the benefit of the community in which he might engage, he could depend upon the cordial co-operation of friends outside his own congregation.

A like welcome and assurance were given by Provost Green in replying to the toast of “The Town of Dollar,” proposed by the Rev. C. Mackenzie. Other toasts were “The United Free Church of Scotland,” “The Presbytery of Linlithgow,” “The Presbytery of Stirling and Dunblane,” “The Congregation of Larbert,” “The Congregation of Dollar,” “The Officiating Clergymen,” “Other Churches,” “The Croupiers,” and “The Chairman.”

THE SOIREE.

A congregational soiree was held in the church in the evening, when there was a large and interested attendance, presided over by the Rev. Mr M’Intosh. In his opening remarks, the Chairman, after reading a letter of apology from Mr J. S. Henderson, said they all sympathised with Mr Henderson in his illness, and he was sure it was their earnest hope that he might soon be restored to his place in the congregation and in the community.

The speeches were all of a laudatory nature, as is usual on occasions of the kind. Rev. D. D. Ormond recalled the share he had taken at the induction of the late Rev. Mr Paul, and also at the celebration of his semi-jubilee. Principal Williams said that their new pastor and himself had been boys at school together, and that was not yesterday. He felt certain that in choosing Mr Spence as their pastor, they would find in him a man who would labour amongst them for their profit. He was a man who was absolutely without affectation, having none of the airs of authority that would provoke people to opposition. He came to them with experience. After referring to traits in the character of Aberdonians, Principal Williams said that they knew by experience already that it counts much for the success of a minister if he is well supported in his own home, and he (the speaker) knew from long acquaintance that his was a happy home, and he knew how admirably Mr Spence was supported in all his work by Mrs Spence. He expressed the hope that all this augured well for a fruitful ministry in Dollar.

Rev. Mr Yellowlees having congratulated minister and people, Mr John M’Diarmid presented Mr Spence with a Bible, Psalm-book, and Hymnary, the gifts of the congregation. He said it was a blessed thing for a minister when he was able to lift his hearers to a higher spiritual level, and make them more like the Master. Mr Spence through the preaching of the Word and through the power of the Spirit would lift the congregation to a higher spiritual level, and this Bible, he said, would do it.

Mr Spence said he accepted these gifts with heartfelt gratitude. He was that day not going to unfold any plan of work to them, but he might say that he had come to Dollar with the determination that he was going to work. He was an ardent believer in Home Mission work, evangelistic work, and temperance work, and they would find him entirely in sympathy with them in all that work. He was greatly cheered by their welcome, and this had lifted a whole burden from his shoulders. He was going forward with calmness, knowing that the Lord would help him. He would strive to comfort them in their times of sorrow, and would help them in their temptations. There was no joy in his life greater than to dig deep in the sacred Word, and he asked them to pray for him, and with all these hopes in his mind he would go forward with faith and confidence to the work of the ministry in Dollar.

After a brief interval, Mr John A. Gibson, in name of the congregation, presented Mr M'Intosh with a purse of sovereigns in recognition of his valued services as Moderator of Session during the vacancy. Mr M'Intosh acknowledged the gift, and said that the work he had performed had given him pleasure.

Votes of thanks concluded the functions of a day that will be long remembered by the U.F. Church people.

Presentation to the Rev. Mr Wilson.

AN interesting ceremony took place in the Masonic Hall on Tuesday, the 4th of April, when the Rev. Mr Wilson was presented with a roll-top desk and a Remington typewriter, together with an excellent photograph of the East U.F. Church in a handsome frame for Miss Wilson. The function was attended by the Rev. Dr Gunn, Rev. Mr Dickson, Muckart, and by a large and representative gathering of the families composing, until lately, the East U.F. congregation. Mr Malcolm presided. Rev. Mr Dickson opened the meeting with prayer. An excellent tea was then served.

After tea the chairman said he was sure that he met their wishes when he made the first of his remarks an expression of the pleasure that it gave them all to have Dr Gunn with them that evening. They welcomed him. They felt grateful to him for coming amongst them. The man, continued the speaker, must, he thought, be blind to the signs of the times, who did not see that Providence seemed now to be preparing a way for a much more extensive religious communion among Presbyterians. The drops which had been so long separated by some repulsive ingredient were being drawn together by an attractive affinity; the river of our Scottish religious life was not only getting broader, but was carrying depth with it as well as breadth. Dr Gunn's presence here, and Mr Wilson's occupying now and again the pulpit of the Parish Church bore witness to the trend in Dollar. He would not further enlarge on the question but would call upon Mr Miller to make the presentation.

Mr Miller said it gave him the greatest pleasure to be with them that evening. He felt it a very high honour to be called upon to make a presentation on their behalf to Mr Wilson. At a time like this, he said, one's thoughts naturally went back to the past. His first recollection of having seen and heard Mr Wilson was many years ago in the old hall at the old town. The hall was built by his, the speaker's, grandfather, the late Mr J. Miller, and he was ultimately associated with a committee in the Mission he held there. Owing to the large number of people who attended the meetings, it was thought that a minister should be got, and a very cordial call was given to Mr Wilson—very fortunately for Dollar. Later on, through the energy and generosity of Mr Wilson and the many good men who surrounded him, the new and beautiful church which they had now vacated came into existence. With their permission he would now make the presentation of the gifts to Mr Wilson, assuring him that these gifts carried with them the deepest feeling of respect, esteem, and affection, and the earnest wish that he might long be spared in their midst where he had shown us a bright example of the Christian minister, who had fulfilled his duties in a spirit of love and unselfishness which would endure for ever. He had now very great pleasure in handing over to Mr Wilson these tokens of his people's love.

Mr Wilson, in returning thanks, said pleasure and pain were mingled, as he thought alike of their present and past kindness to him during his long ministry, and as he realised that, so far as his pastoral and pulpit work as minister of a congregation was concerned, his relation to them as their minister was now terminated. Speaking of his ministry, while admitting that in the ordinary, popular sense of the word, it could not be called successful; for neither as respects the numbers connected with his congregation, nor as respects the size of the stipend paid him, could he claim any great or remarkable results. But if success was to be estimated by the continuance through forty years of the most kindly and affectionate relations between minister and people, by the happiness enjoyed in the performance of every department of his ministerial duty, and by the feelings of respect cherished towards him by members of other churches, he could honestly claim that his had been a fairly successful ministry. He began his ministry with about 80 members. He closed it with 115. Only three of those who signed the call survived to this day, and all three were present. He had spoken of his congregation as never numbering more than 120 members, and yet, looking back over the forty years of his ministry, he could reckon more than forty of those brought up under him who had given their lives to the service of Christ and the Church, either as ministers or missionaries or as the wives of ministers and missionaries, or as Zenana workers and lay agents. There were, he continued, representatives of his Dollar congregation all over the world who were serving Christ faithfully, numbering one for every year he had been in Dollar, and in addition there were two professors who had been bred among them, one Professor John Kynoch of Dundee, a distinguished gynæcologist, and the other, Professor Hope Waddell Hogg of Manchester, a distinguished Orientalist. When he thought of these things, he was humbly grateful to God who had crowned his poor efforts with results so cheering. Mr Wilson then spoke of the loyal friends and fellow-workers who had co-operated with him during his work in

Dollar. He thanked all friends, present and absent, for their generous gifts, and Mr Miller for his kindly and sympathetic words in making the presentation, and he had been specially requested by Miss Wilson to convey to them her high appreciation of their kindness, and of their beautiful, much valued gift to her.

Remarks were afterwards made by the Rev. Dr Gunn, who said that he had always looked upon Mr Wilson's congregation as a happy family, by the Rev. Mr Dickson, and by Bailie Young. A musical programme was carried out by Miss Whyte, Miss Dickson, Miss Bertram, and Master Claude Bennett.

As Mr Miller has well said, at a time like this, one's thoughts naturally go back to the past, and, on reflection, we are reminded of the beautiful letter of congratulation which Mr Wilson received from his esteemed friend and minister, Dr Robertson of Irvine, on the occasion of his appointment to Dollar. We present our readers with a short extract therefrom: "I am glad that you have chosen Dollar, Dollar having first had the wisdom to choose you. The lines, I should say, have fallen to you in pleasant places—in a country town far enough, yet not too far, from the cities. I used to think (when looking at it through the eyes of childish romance from the heights above Bannockburn) that the garden of Scotland, not to say of Eden, lay somewhere along the sunny side of the Ochils to Dollar eastward, and that the flocks in summer evenings on those hills were tended by the veritable 'shepherds of the Delectable Mountains.' I have always counted Dollar about the choicest of the little towns that nestle in the shelter of that north wall of hills. A slumbrous, academical air, too, seemed to me (as in our own quiet Irvine) to overlie the town, which is of a more classical build than its neighbours to the right and left. This atmosphere must be more congenial to a thoughtful mind than the rush and roar of cities. Of course I do not mean that you will ever 'take things easy' in your ministry. You have too much of earnestness, of faithfulness, of hard work in you ever to turn Castle Campbell into a Castle of Indolence, or become a lotus eater on the banks of the Devon."

Origin of British Measures of Capacity, Weight, and Length.

THE following article is a summary of a paper written by Wilfred Airy, B.D., M.I.C.E., on the origin of the present British weights and measures, abridged to meet the requirements of this magazine. The table annexed has also been reconstructed.—J. E. M.

In the early days of the human race, when men lived on the wild products of nature and by hunting wild animals, measures of any kind would be unknown, and not till cultivation began, and the earth was made to yield corn and other produce, would the necessity arrive for some measure of capacity, to enable the inhabitants to sell or barter amongst themselves, and with other tribes and communities.

Naturally the measures of capacity would be required first, and in course of time, when a knowledge of metals and other materials was acquired, measures of weight would then be devised.

Tradition and the writings of ancient historians all point to the fact that the units of length were derived from the different dimensions of the human body, and this appears to be quite natural and reasonable, as they were always at hand and ready for use. The measurements of the body are fairly convenient for subdivision, and when one was fixed as a standard unit, the rest could be referred to it. For example, a man's foot is about one-sixth of his height, or of the distance covered by his outstretched arms. The distance from the elbow to the ends of the fingers equals one and a half times the length of the foot; the width across the knuckles about one-third of the length of foot, and others; similarly would be evolved the standard unit of capacity, which was in most countries about a pint, chosen, doubtless, to the capacity or requirements of the body, and the standard unit would probably be fixed at such a quantity as was considered necessary to take with their meals. From the standard fixed, other proportional measures would be made as were found convenient for purposes of trade or barter.

When such measures were once firmly established they were almost certain to be of a permanent nature and not easily changed, for population being small and the areas of trade large, any sudden or drastic alterations would be certain to hamper business and be strongly resented. That such has been the case will be seen later on.

From these considerations it appeared highly probable to Mr Airy that British measures would have been transmitted down from very ancient times with slight alterations, and led him to investigate and examine the ancient Egyptian measures preserved in the British Museum, because it was from Egypt that civilisation was carried to the western countries and Britain, through the agency of these great traders the Phœnicians. The standard unit of weight would naturally be derived from the standard weight of capacity, and would clearly be the weight of some important commodity, such as corn, as grain of all sorts was, and still is, the most necessary produce for the needs of the earth's inhabitants. These views will be found to be confirmed by the investigations so ably carried out.

ORIGIN OF THE BRITISH PINT.

In the splendid collection of ancient Egyptian relics to be found in the British Museum is an alabaster vase, on which was inscribed in hieroglyphic characters a note of its contents, which were "8½ HIN." This vase was beautifully and carefully made, and afforded every facility for measuring its contents with great accuracy, and this was done by weighing its contents of distilled water. Its capacity was found to be 269.57 cubic inches, and, therefore, $\frac{269.57}{8.166} = 33.01$ cubic inches was found to be the capacity of a "HIN."

Other two vases were found, but of a different shape, and with no note of contents inscribed on them, and were carefully measured as before. One,

made of copper, was found to have a capacity of 33.87 cubic inches, which was evidently a HIN measure, and the other, made of alabaster, was found to contain 271.19 cubic inches, and evidently an 8-HIN measure, as $\frac{271.19}{8} = 33.90$ cubic inches. The average of these different measures showed the HIN to contain 33.59 cubic inches.

Now, the old English Winchester bushel contains 2150.42 cubic inches, and $\frac{2150.42}{64} = 33.60$ cubic inches would be the contents of a Winchester

pint, which is practically the same as the ancient Egyptian "HIN." The reason the Winchester pint was used in comparison rather than the Imperial pint was because by an Act of 1824 the volume of the gallon and other measures of capacity was increased by about 3 per cent., and as there is no record of any previous alteration of measures, it was rightly considered by Mr Airy that comparisons should be made through the old Winchester measures. It is thus seen that the ancient Egyptian HIN, dating back to 1500 B.C., or over 3,400 years ago, is practically identical with the Winchester pint.

To check this result, in a kind of a way, an examination and measurement of ancient Roman vessels was also made, with the following result.

In the British Museum was found a bronze Congius or measure of Sextarii, dated 75 A.D., marked PX, meaning 10 lbs. The weight of a Roman pound is 5,050 grains, and the contents of this vessel, with distilled water, was found to be 10.10 Roman pounds, or 1 per cent. more than the inscription showed.

The capacity was found to be 202 cubic inches, and therefore the sextarius would contain $\frac{202}{6} = 33.66$ cubic inches.

Thus is shown :

In 1500 B.C. the Egyptian HIN = 33.59 cubic inches.

In 75 A.D. the Roman Sextarius = 33.66 "

In 1824 A.D. the British pint = 33.60 "

∴ Egyptian HIN = British pint.

The HIN measure was probably introduced into this country by the Phœnicians, who were traders at a very early period in tin and other commodities, or by the Romans, as sextarius. In Domesday Book, sextars of honey, corn, &c., are frequently mentioned.

(To be continued.)



R. K. Holmes.

THE DOLLARBEG ROAD, LOOKING WEST.

Glasgow Dollar Academy Club.

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.

THE first Annual Meeting of this Club was held on the 24th of March, in the Windsor Hotel. A Committee had been appointed at a previous meeting to prepare a suitable Constitution, and the first business was the consideration of their report. Some of the older alumni stated that there had been a regular organised society at one time, but no records were at hand or could be obtained, so the members adjusted and adopted the draft Constitution. Thus a well-organised and complete society has been launched, which we hope will be a benefit to the old School and to the individual ex-pupils, as well as to the community at large. The success of its future depends on all the eligible F.P.'s enrolling their names and helping to support and further its interests.

After the adoption of the Constitution the members adjourned to the banquet table. Here Mr Wardlaw, the President, occupied the chair, and was supported by Messrs David Stewart, H. H. Browning, W. A. Raeburn, J. Barnet Gow, Richard Malcolm, C. S. Dougall, Rector of Dollar Academy; Rev. Wm. Brownlie, J. C. Christie, W. M. Carment, Dr John Cram, and Dr Strachan. The croupiers were Mr John Dempster and Mr W. Neilson. Others present included Messrs J. K. Lamberton, Hugh Lamberton, Albert J. A. Baird, A. D. M'Leish, William C. Maitland, Rev. A. S. Middleton, Messrs Wm. MacLean, H. C. Sloan, A. Brown, Dr W. M'Lennan, Messrs Edward Lawrenson, Robert Cousin, William Lyburn, Robert S. Wardlaw, J. B. Forbes Watson, M'Kinnon Reid, W. R. Smith, Alex. B. Mitchell, D. Brown, jun., Samuel Pitt, W. O. Spence, J. H. Innes, Andrew Clement, Major Duncan, Messrs G. A. F. Grieve, G. A. H. Douglas, Cedric B. Low, Robert G. Sommerville, Donald Stewart, Robert M. Fraser, W. Johnston, Dr James Macartney, Messrs Wm. Robertson, Stewart M. Galloway, Dr Butchart, Dr A. G. M'Intyre, Messrs John M. Kennedy, H. E. R. Neilson, Robert Crawford, J. Hally Craig, A. J. Bisset, &c.

Following the loyal toast given from the Chair, Mr John Dempster proposed "The Imperial Forces." He thought that at such a dinner he might depart from the beaten track and recount some interesting reminiscences of old Dollar days. His description of the siege and storming of a wasps' byke along with other boyish pranks, delighted his audience and drew forth ready applause. Referring to the formation of the Naval Base at Rosyth, he gave particulars of a visit paid to the Channel Fleet in 1860, and vividly portrayed the tramp to Queensferry of about twenty Dollar boys under the guidance of Dr Lindsay, along the road which had been trudged a century before by John M'Nab when he started on his journey to the West Indies.

Dr Butchart, who replied, spoke of the part the Territorials played in the defence of the country. He hoped that recruits would come forward rapidly, because if the Territorial scheme did nothing more than provide their young men with an excellent training, it would be of considerable value. He noticed that some of his old Cadets were present that night; they would be pleased to

know that the Corps is still in a flourishing condition as regards efficiency, although rather badly off for want of funds. This latter circumstance was through no fault of its own. Still the Corps was going on just as well as ever, and there was promise of their sending a pretty strong lot to camp this year again. There had been three successive field days every year, and each day they had managed to "bag" a whole Cadet Corps. That said something for their efficiency.

"The Memory of John M'Nab" was proposed by Mr H. H. Browning, who at the same time submitted the toast of "Dollar Academy." Why, he asked, should they drink to the memory of John M'Nab? He was a philanthropist. When they thought of him they had a vast stream of preliminary fact, and a considerable stream of final fact and nothing between. He vanishes for fifty years, and they saw him just as he makes his exit. He came back to Dollar about the beginning of the eighteenth century, consulted the old schoolmaster, and took that gentleman's advice regarding the spending of money with which he desired to benefit Dollar. As a result of his beneficence Dollar Academy came into existence some years after M'Nab's death. Mr Browning spoke at length on the "old School." They found that men of the most outstanding merit had been educated at Dollar; men of science like Sir David Gill; like Sir James Dewar, who let the world see what the world had never seen before—liquid air; and like Sir George Birdwood, not to mention other names which went to show that Dollar Academy had proved a boon to the country.

The Rector of the Academy, Mr C. S. Dougall, was in happy and interesting mood in his reply. On behalf of the old School he thanked the company for the enthusiastic manner in which the toast had been received. It gave him the sincerest pleasure to be present at this inaugural meeting of the Glasgow Club. He had to congratulate the office-bearers on the success which had followed their efforts to found this Club. They would allow him to express his deep sympathy with clubs such as these. The association of old schoolfellows was the most natural one it was possible to conceive. The scenes of their boyhood were the dearest scenes they would ever view, the friends of their youth were the dearest friends they would ever know. He, at any rate, would not care to entrust either his affections or his purse to a man who did not look back with exaggerated affection upon the persons and the places he had known in boyhood. (Applause.) From the point of view of the School, which was his point of view that night, such clubs had a function to perform of the utmost importance and utility. They could keep alive that *esprit de corps* without which no human institution could hope to prosper. (Hear, hear.) Such famous schools as Eton and Harrow depend for their success upon their hereditary associations with great families. The Eton man sent his son to Eton just as the good churchman sent him to church. They had not yet reached that stage in Dollar. Dollar had a way of sending out men who rose in the world, and they were enabled to put their sons to schools where they got a more costly education than in Dollar. He was not making any complaint, but he could not help thinking that a school was not achieving perfect success when the old pupils did not send their sons to the same academy to be educated. At present, said the Rector, there were sleeping in

his own house—at least he hoped they were sleeping—(laughter)—the sons of three men who were educated at Dollar. He did not know when he had been more touched than the other day when he received a note from a widowed mother to the effect that it had been her husband's desire that his children should be trained in Dollar, where he had been trained. It might be one of the functions of this club that when its members multiply and replenish the earth, they will send their sons to the old School to be educated. (Applause.) It was nearing the end of his first decade as headmaster in Dollar, and he felt he had a right to claim an interest in all old Dollar boys and their affairs. It was one of his greatest pleasures to meet them. He felt as if it was a command from all past generations of Dollar boys, to strive to worthily occupy the place he was placed in when an "old boy," sexagenarian or octogenarian, walking through the School, addressed him as he would have done the head of his day, with a reverential "Sir." Continuing, the Rector said that of the School staff ten years ago, more than half were gone. They had now a new and up-to-date pavilion, and also a large new building for science. Dollar had always had a reputation for science teaching, ever since the days of the great Dr Lindsay. It had been necessary, however, to take £4,000 out of the capital for this addition. In a very few years they would be celebrating the centenary of the foundation of the School, and he hoped it would be a feature of the celebrations that the capital would be restored to the sum which was bequeathed by John M'Nab.

The toast of the evening—"The Glasgow Dollar Academy Club"—was submitted by Mr Richard Malcolm, who received a most enthusiastic welcome, the company upstanding and singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." He said that their kindness had taken away his breath, he felt quite overwhelmed, yet he could assure them that not even the warmth of their reception could possibly exceed the cordiality of the feeling with which he met so many old boys. He deemed it a very great honour to be the first to propose success to the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club, as yet an infant institution, but they would agree with him, when they looked round the tables, that it was a very fine child indeed, with a vigorous constitution. He esteemed himself singularly fortunate in knowing it before its prime, and he hoped that he might have the pleasure of remembering when it had attained its full maturity, that he had been a friend of its youth. It succeeds to an elder brother of a very meritorious character but of rather a weak constitution, that expired when young after a wordy quarrel with his parent. He had always thought that a famous school like the Dollar Academy should, like our universities, be a great federation in which those who had gone forth should still be and should still feel themselves members of the one great body, children of the Alma Mater. A free interchange of opinion between the F.P.'s who left year by year and the permanent staff who remained behind would be eminently profitable. Clubs like the one they had inaugurated that night were the means through which that great object could be attained. They had now clubs similar to this one scattered over a great part of the world, in London, Edinburgh, St Andrews, Buenos Ayres, Sydney, and Hong Kong. He would like if they could arrange that about the first of May of each year there should be an exchange of greetings between these

clubs. He mentioned the first of May because he thought that would be about the time that the founder of the Academy was born.

There was not in Britain, continued the speaker, any institution so socially liberal as a public school like Dollar Academy. The pupils were members of a perfect democracy, where each was valued for his own worth, and not for the external accident of birth or wealth, or social position. Nowhere was genuine merit more generously appreciated. He hoped that many former pupils would avail themselves of the existence of this club, in order to revive and strengthen the memories of their younger years, to encourage the feeling that, though they had quitted the old walls, their connection with, and interest in, the welfare of the Academy had not ceased. And very pleasant it was to recall schoolboy days with their companionships and their friendly rivalries, with all the harmless pranks and pastimes, the delinquencies, and even the sometimes necessary chastisements. He trusted that every year which dawned on the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club would find it richer in means of usefulness, that from year to year they should rejoice at the immense progress it had made, and look back upon that night with new pleasure and satisfaction. He asked them to honour the toast.

The Chairman replied. Whilst they had not had a Dollar Club in Glasgow for a great many years, they had been able to hold a very successful dance, and possibly it was the result of the last dance, at which at least a hundred and eighty people were present, that made them resolve to form a club. The younger members might perhaps think that by having a dinner the older ones were going over their heads; but they were not by any means leaving the younger members out; to think so was a mistake. They wanted to do all they could to help the annual dance, which was held in November: the dinner would be held later in the season. He earnestly hoped all old Dollar boys in the city would support the club and make it really a strong body, and one which could be of assistance to the old School.

Dr Strachan, on being called upon by the Chairman, gave an interesting account of the genesis of the parent club instituted in Dollar in the year 1870. The preliminary meeting was held under his roof, but he could, at the moment, recall only two names of those who accepted his invitation, viz., Sir Frank Swettenham and Mr Playfair Reynolds. The suggestion that a club should be formed met with a warm approval, and those present agreed to act as a committee to promote the scheme. To keep up the interest, it was arranged that an annual report should be prepared, and a copy sent to every member. The necessity for this report no longer existed, as the Dollar Magazine, which he was glad to hear so well spoken of, fulfilled the purpose. He thanked the Chairman for so highly commending it to the company.

Mr J. K. Lamberton proposed "The Ladies," to which Mr J. H. Innes responded. "The Guests" was given by Mr Forbes Watson, who enlivened the audience by a speech full of pawky humour, which the Rev. Wm. Brownlie, in replying, cleverly kept up. Dr Cram gave "The Chairman," and Mr Raeburn, the indefatigable Secretary, Mr Sloan. "Auld Lang Syne" concluded the proceedings.

Reminiscences of Harviestoun a Hundred Years Ago.

THE late Mr Paul having unfortunately been called away from his earthly ministry before concluding the series of articles on the above subject which he commenced in the March number of the *Magazine* for 1910, I purpose to take up and complete his interrupted task, provided the Editor consents to my resolution.

The subjects illustrated in Mr Paul's paper were these three: "The Making of Harviestoun," "The Jubilee of King George III.," and "Scotch Superstitions." There are, however, in Lady Wake's book many other matters of deep local interest, which it will delight the readers of the *Dollar Magazine* to have brought under their notice: and in the articles that follow I shall endeavour to reproduce them in as fresh and lively a manner as possible. And first, I think that the account Lady Wake gives of the religious life and training of a Scottish county family in the beginning of the nineteenth century is most illuminating and instructive. The following extracts from the volume of that lady's reminiscences, published two years ago, will suffice, I think, to make good the assertion I have just made.

A GLIMPSE OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE TRAINING OF A SCOTTISH COUNTY FAMILY AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"It was a part of my father's creed that family affection was in itself a religion, and, as such, would accompany each child as it grew up, a constant protection from evil: and there is no doubt that he acted on that principle, for there could not be a happier home than ours. Our schoolroom troubles vanished in the influence of his bright genial temperament, and the overstrict observance of the Scottish Sabbath was tempered so as to secure us happy Sundays when he was at home. We children were allowed at all times, when in the country, great freedom in our rambles. We had learned early to take care of ourselves, and, when once emancipated from the actual nursery, we roved at will, wading in the burns, climbing the rocks, and finding for ourselves lovely glades, making secret haunts among them that filled our very souls with joy. The God of Nature taught us by His works.

"Once, I shall never forget it, I had got separated from my constant companion, my brother Jemmie, and forcing my way through tangled bushes, I found myself on the top of a sunlit brae, shaded by the trees, bright with spring flowers. Charmed with the scene, I threw myself amongst the flowers, and looked up into the blue sky. A lark was singing above my head; up and up it went as though it would reach the light fleecy clouds, and its song seemed to fall round me like a shower of music. 'How beautiful it all is, and God made all these things, so beautiful, so happy! He cannot be the terrible God I have read and heard about. He must be full of love and kindness, or why should He have made all these lovely flowers and all these happy things.' For the bees were humming about, and the butterflies chased each other in a sort of merry dance through the soft air, quite near the moss on which I lay. How long this lasted I do not know. I was so happy that I could

not move, and then and there it was revealed to my childish heart that this awful God of the Old Testament whom I had dreaded was indeed the loving Father of all creation, and that we were His children. Never has the lesson He thus taught me on 'The Cauty Knowe,' for that was the name of the place, faded from my memory. It has been a ray of sunlight through many a gloomy sky in after-days, and the rejoicing song of the lark has fallen again from heaven as a hymn of praise, for on that day I had learned that God is love.

"Besides our father, the only other very intellectual member of our family was Aunt Campbell, the wife of Lord Succoth, and very delightful to some of us were the hours spent in her house. I'm afraid there was an especial charm to some of us in the greater laxity of her manner of keeping Sunday. She used to give us pencils and paper as a fit amusement for the day, which in the stricter *régime* of our own home was counted altogether wrong. Our family was Presbyterian, altogether Kirk of Scotland; Aunt Campbell was Episcopalian, and brought up her children accordingly. On looking back I am bound to acknowledge that in those days there was very little religion in the Episcopalian house, much more in our own, though it was a serious mistake making Sunday irksome to the children, who were of too lively a temper to be content with reading grave books which we could not understand. Yet we could not but receive religious impressions from our own gentle mother; each night when she saw her little ones in bed she would bend over us whispering the well-remembered verse:—

' This night I lay me down to sleep,
And give my soul to Christ to keep,—
Sleep I now, or wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ for ever.'

It became so fixed a habit with us all to repeat these lines as we lay down to rest, that in after-years it was most touching to hear our soldier brother tell that he never, even when sleeping under arms, forgot to repeat this prayer.

"On looking back to my mother's character there shines out this remarkable difference between her and other women, that no one ever saw her in the slightest bustle or fuss of any kind, nor can any one remember her voice raised in anger. Her memory comes back with a sort of moonlight radiance. Clouds in her life there must have been, but she passed through them all, brightening them to others and by them herself undimmed.

"I love to remember her kneeling on the large white old-fashioned chair which belonged to her bedroom. Often she retired there for private prayer, and among the memories of earliest childhood her figure shines out as in a picture, kneeling upon the cushion of the high-backed chair, her earnest face lifted up to God, but she never prayed aloud; it was only when we were very little children that she did not mind the presence of one of us, when she carried her distresses to the Comforter. Everything she did was so quietly done that, though we saw when we were at Harviestoun that she always kept in her bedroom a little bunch of daisies carefully tended in a glass of water, not one of us knew till long afterwards that she gathered them from our little brother Willie's grave, and thus treasured them for his sake: yet he had died so long ago that few of us had the slightest recollection

of his birth, and he had lived but for six months. She must have gone to the grave quite alone in the early morning, for no one ever saw her there.

"Dear mother! she was so purely and so innocently good. The modern language of what is called the religious world was unknown to her, but the true spirit of religion dwelt in her, and her left hand did not know what her right hand had done. Of her self-denying deeds of charity few were known till her death caused them to be missed, and I cannot remember her to have spoken unkindly of a single human being. The religious books of her day did not bring forward the evangelical truths of all that Christ had done and is still doing for us, but she had the Word of God itself. I remember her sympathising with the remark made to her by a poor woman who was fond of reading, to whom she had lent a volume of Blair's 'Sermons' as a good work, when to her inquiry whether she had liked them, she replied, 'Deed, leddy, no' that weel, for in a' that reading' (turning over a number of pages) 'there's nae mention either of God or of Jesus Christ.'

"It was an English lady, Miss Wake (whom we always called Aunt Charlotte because she was Charles Wake's aunt), who first brought among us any knowledge of what is, and was, I believe, then called the Evangelical Church. Her nephew, whose knowledge of the kingdom of heaven brought to earth by the Son of God, as Redeemer of a sin-struck world, was then far ahead of ours, had given to our mother the four volumes of Cooper's 'Sermons,' which interested her deeply and surprised her not a little. It almost alarmed her to think that the glad good news of salvation in Christ our Lord was indeed freely offered to all—it seemed almost too good to be safely accepted; but the more she read the statements contained in these four volumes, the more she dwelt upon them, and she could not but find them verified in the Book of Books which had always been her greatest treasure and her constant guide. In Cooper's 'Sermons,' though now they do not appear strongly doctrinal, there was just that supplied of the want of which in Blair's 'Sermons' the poor woman had complained to her: there was God and Jesus Christ on every page. Also about this time Hannah More's tracts had made their way into Scotland, and words cannot express the joy it was to us to find the stories they contained, and by carrying the religion of the Bible into the daily scenes of college life, they had shown to us religion under a new view, not only wearisome advice and still more wearisome reproof, but a Living Power."

It is small wonder that from a family circle so penetrated by religious feeling, that there issued perhaps the greatest of English Churchmen in the nineteenth century—Archibald Tait, the famous Archbishop of Canterbury. Of this lad his sister tells us that "very early, as though in a prophetic spirit, his father gave him the name of 'the little Bishop.' Whether from any internal feeling, or simply from having always heard this, the child fully adopted the idea, and grew up for his future destiny carrying with him the thoughts and habits proper to it. I well remember that when any of the more riotous part of the family forgot that Sunday should be spent in a different manner from other days, little Archie's voice of appeal would be heard in childish protest: 'Whesht! it's the Sabbath!' His nurse, Betty

Morton, was a truly religious woman, and took care that the day was in her nursery, at least, a day of quiet."

AN AMUSING DUEL BETWEEN ONE OF THE HARVIESTOUN BOYS AND
A GANDER.

"The baby of that period was a very long thin child, with a much more handsomely developed nose than usually belongs to babies in long clothes. He was always called by my father, 'the ancient warrior,' and he looked the name to perfection, almost as well as he did after thirty years' service in India, a Queen's Aide-de-Camp, and distinguished for gallant conduct in many a hard-fought battle, at the head of the Irregulars known by his own name as Tait's Horse. Well I remember his first combat, when old enough to run about. On a summer evening, when the whole family was happy in one of those strolling rambles in which our father delighted, they were alarmed by cries of mingled rage and pain. At some distance a strange sight was to be seen—little Tommy in single combat with a gander. With merciless beak he held on to the arm of the child, who was thrashing him in self-defence with might and main. I can see them now, my mother running to the rescue. Poor Tommie, for many a day his arm bore the marks of the beak of his adversary, which had frightened him as never Afghan or Sikh had since had power to do. My father laughed heartily at the attack made on his ancient warrior."

ACCOUNT OF A KIRN OR HARVEST HOME AT HARVIESTOUN IN 1813.

"My mother's birthday and that of one of her boys was on the 1st November, and also on that day was the Harvest Home, the Kirn of Scotland, when, after all the crops, including what is called the black crop (*i.e.*, peas and beans) are gathered in, there is a most joyful gathering of all the workpeople and their families: every cottar, every farmer, and the laird's whole family, old and young, with all his visitors (care being always taken that on that occasion there should be a goodly number of these), are gathered in joyous assembly. This was usual throughout Scotland, and in many places it is still the custom. At Harviestoun the Kirn always took place in a very large building, a sort of barn-loft, at one end of which was one of the many agricultural machines in which the laird delighted, and which for the evening was covered over with napery, and thus was transformed into a splendid buffet, on which there was a profusion of everything that was most esteemed, in the way of refreshment, by the class of guests for whom it was prepared. Whisky toddy, punch cold and steaming hot, and mountains of shortbread cake were the most favoured among the good things provided for the occasion, and innumerable were the visits made to the buffets by the panting couples who, for a brief space, broke away from the dance at the upper end. Fast and faster still, each foot kept that wonderful time, of which none who have not witnessed real Scottish dancing can form the faintest idea. It is a wild enthusiasm that almost seems like a regulated delirium, while every limb answers to the marvellous music of the Scottish reel and Highland strathspey. Feet stamping, fingers snapping, eyes as it were on fire, heads thrown back,

while shouts mark the crisis of the dance—it must have been seen to be imagined. Great was the admiring astonishment of the English guests, intense the delight of the young ones. The young ladies danced with the shepherds and the various working men belonging to the estate, and the gentlemen with the country lassies, till all were so tired that they were obliged to withdraw. The steward was bound to remain till the Kirn was closed, and to see that the whisky drinking was not prolonged to an excess that would have been full of danger to the well-filled granaries in which it had been held.”

(To be continued.)

University Notes.

ST ANDREWS UNIVERSITY.

Degree Passes, March 1911.

Walter N. Russell—Latin, Political Economy.

James Marshall—Ecclesiastical History.

Roderick J. F. M'Donald—English, Logic.

The October and November Degree Examinations are put forward to June and July this year, on account of the Quincentenary Celebrations, which take place in September and extend over four days, viz., 12th to 15th September. It is proposed to have an historical pageant on one of the evenings. There will also be a Students' and Graduates' Dinner.

R. J. F. M'D.

Marriages.

HAMPSHIRE—DEANS.—At the residence of Mrs G. T. Taylor, 279 Upper Lachine Road, on 29th March, by the Rev. J. Lochhead, W. E. Hampshire to A. M. Deans, of Dollar, Clackmannanshire.

SIMPSON—KERR.—At Clackmannan Parish Church, on the 26th April, by the Rev. A. Irvine Robertson, D.D., Minister of the Parish, and the Rev. Angus Gunn, D.D., Dollar, James Simpson, of Mawcarse, Kinross-shire, to Nora Margaret, only daughter of the late John Hutcheson Kerr, of Harviestoun and Castle Campbell.

Obituary.

BARBOUR.—At Dunmuir House, Castle Douglas, on 4th April, suddenly, James William Barbour, S.S.C., aged 45. Mr Barbour was a grandson of the late Mr Westwood, teacher of Botany in the Institution.

MURRAY.—At Marischal Villa, Dollar, on the 27th April, Helen Isabella, widow of Donald M'Iver Murray, of Soom, Darjiling.

BARBOUR.—At Dunmuir House, Castle Douglas, on the 29th of May, Mrs Jamesina Isobel Westwood, widow of William Barbour, Esq., and daughter of the late John Westwood, teacher of Botany, Dollar Academy.

IT is with great regret that we record the death of Mr Mitchell Gibson Fortune (F.P.), which took place on board the "Highland Brae," in the English Channel, when he was returning home from Buenos Ayres under doctor's orders. Mr Fortune was educated at the Institution 1870-74, and he will be best remembered by the cricketers of these years as "Mickie," the name by which he was familiarly known. He emigrated to Buenos Ayres about 1881, and soon rose to a position of importance as a commission agent. Some idea of the esteem in which he was held can be gathered from the fact that, two years ago, the members of the Hurlingham Club, which he had founded and built up, presented him with an oil painting of himself in appreciation of his valuable services.

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THE death has taken place at Vevey, Switzerland, of Dr George Mackay of "Kildalton," Hermitage Drive, Edinburgh. In order to recoup his health, which had not been good for some time, he went to the south of France and subsequently to Switzerland. Dr Mackay received his early education at the Academy, Dollar, which he left for the Edinburgh University about the year 1868. He took his degree in 1874, and thereafter succeeded in building up a large practice. An F.P. who knew him well writes: "He boarded with Miss Baillie in Clifton Cottage, and was familiarly known as 'Geordie Mackay.' He was my family doctor for some years, and during that time I was able to test and appreciate his consummate skill as a professional man. Not only so, but he proved himself to be a real man—a noble soul. I have preserved a letter of his for the last seventeen years, because it gives the best evidence of what I have just said."

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THE LATE MR J. GALLOWAY WEIR, M.P.—BY-ELECTION IN ROSS AND CROMARTY.

MR JAMES GALLOWAY WEIR, Member of Parliament for Ross and Cromarty, who had been ill at his residence at Hampstead, London, died there shortly after five o'clock yesterday afternoon. Mr Weir was taken suddenly ill on Tuesday, but the serious character of his indisposition was not realised until the following day, when it was discovered that he was suffering from a paralytic seizure. A son of Mr James Ross Weir, Dunfermline, Mr Galloway Weir, who was seventy-two years of age, was educated at Dollar Academy, and afterwards entered upon a business career. After he retired from business as a manufacturer, he unsuccessfully contested Falkirk Burghs in 1885. He represented Ross and Cromarty in the Radical interest since 1892. In the House of Commons his reputation was made chiefly at question time. He was a tenacious heckler, addressing large numbers of questions to ministers, especially, but by no means exclusively, on matters affecting Scotland. His foremost subject of interest was the condition of the Scottish crofters. For many years at the opening of every session of Parliament he moved an amendment to the Address to call attention to the grievances of the crofters. It was only the introduction of Lord Pentland's Land Bill, of which he was one of the most strenuous supporters, that put a stop to these annual appeals to the sympathy of the House. He described himself as one who was in



A. Drysdale.

IN THE CEMETERY.
(MEMORIAL STONE TO MR TAYLOR IN CENTRE.)

favour of the Gladstonian programme generally, but puts in the forefront the amendment of the Crofter Act. From 1892 to 1895 Mr Weir was a member of the London County Council. He had been twice married, first in 1863 to a daughter of Mr George Dash, of Brighton, and, she dying in 1896, he married, secondly, Miss Marion Jolly, who survives him.

THE BY-ELECTION.

At the last General Election Mr Galloway Weir was returned unopposed. At the General Election in January 1910 the result was:—

| | | | | | |
|-----------------------|---|---|---|---|-------|
| J. Galloway Weir (R.) | - | - | - | - | 4,430 |
| N. Maclean (U.) | - | - | - | - | 1,418 |
| Majority | - | - | - | - | 3,012 |

Mr Galloway Weir's death will be regretted by his Scottish colleagues, who recognise that though his views might be mistaken and his mode of giving expression to them sometimes open to ridicule, he was animated by a vehement sincerity. The failure of the Government to deal with the land question in the Highlands, and the prejudice inflicted upon non-controversial reforms for the crofting areas by insisting that the whole of Scotland should be dealt with under one Bill, bitterly disappointed him in his later years. He missed no opportunity of reminding ministers that when Mr Asquith visited Inverness in 1904 he declared that the claims of the crofters were entitled to first consideration. Mr Weir believed that a Bill carrying out the reforms most urgently desired could have been passed through both Houses with little difficulty. His failure to convert his leaders was a disillusion and shock to his faith in the party of which he had been a life-long supporter. He was impervious to ridicule or clamour when he desired to address the House. The ingenuity and persistence with which he drafted questions on the minutest administrative points affecting his constituency have never been equalled, but, with all his truculence of manner, he was one of the most genial and kindly members of the House. His health of late years had been indifferent, and the only occasion on which he was able to visit the House since the General Election was when he came to take the oath. His illness took a serious turn a few days ago, and only the other day he was looking forward to being able to attend the Coronation.—*From the "Scotsman."*

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DEATH OF MR PETER HALLEY.—A well-known figure has passed from our midst in the person of Mr Peter Halley, slater, who died at his residence, Laurelbank, Sorley's Brae, Dollar, on Wednesday evening. The deceased was in his seventy-seventh year, he having been born in 1834. Mr Halley's father came to Dollar when the Academy was in process of erection, as inspector of the slating and plaster work, and the deceased was one of four brothers, one of whom died in Dollar, and two went to Australia. Although a well-known man in Dollar, the late Mr Halley took no part in public work, but in his day he was a keen curler. He leaves a widow and one son to mourn his loss.

Letters to the Editor.

SCARNES, CHATSWOOD,
NEW SOUTH WALES,
8th May 1911.

The Editor, "Dollar Magazine."

SIR,—I am indebted to my friend Mr David Fell, M.L.A. (an old Dollar boy), for information respecting your journal.

I, too, am an old Dollar boy, having attended the Academy during the years 1865-68, several years before Mr Fell's time, and I still retain many pleasant recollections of the years I spent in your village, and at the grand old Institution with its world-wide reputation.

I shall be pleased to become a subscriber to your journal, which will no doubt bring back to me much that I shall find of interest relating to the days of my boyhood, and of a place for which I have always retained an affectionate and healthy regard.

I understand the annual subscription is 5s., and I enclose P.O.O. accordingly.—I am, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HARDING.

The following will, we are sure, interest our readers :—

MILLERA, 26th March 1911.

If I live to see donation time again I will surely send on another hand-pig to aid the poor folk of Dollar.

"The bonny town of Dollar,
Will I ever see it more?"

In a previous letter you ask me to send an article to your *Magazine*. I am a busy man and time is a factor. Then again, I never reached the first class, and was not eminent in the second. I never got much past the three R's. In Latin I never got past the rudiments, and I could only decline the first noun, *penna*, a pen.

But to my tale, my business is growing cattle, and an article on breeding cattle is not for your *Magazine*. Nor would horse breeding interest your readers. I have sojourned in the now Commonwealth fifty-three years. I ran a store and gold buying business for a time, and referring to my Mint receipts I have handled a half-ton of raw gold all in a few years, and being all those years in an inland locality, ninety miles from water carriage, no railway, no coaches, all my travelling on horseback. My average mileage riding will or would be fully one hundred miles a week or more. Probably there is not one man sublunary to-day who has just equalled my record on horseback, or in hairbreadth escapes from horses falling or cattle stampeding.

Yes, sir, time is a factor, therefore I may never send an article to your popular and widely read *Magazine*.

Re David Fell. Thanks for the mention; if he is a Dollar boy, I will try to get into touch with him. I know James Smith of Cowra, N.S.W., a son of our shoemaker who married a daughter (the only one I think) of James Campbell of Cornhill, just behind Tanhill. I have not seen Mr Smith for many years, but he has prospered much, to use a new adverb. Then

we have Mr Kidston, the now retired Premier of our neighbouring State, Queensland, a Falkirk ironmoulder. He has eclipsed my record in achievement by many miles, knocked my performance kite high. I am not in the same street except perhaps financially. We Dollar boys are behind Falkirk, think of it. I am sending a few cuttings. And by next mail I will send a paper report of our local show, also the St Patrick's Day sports in Tenterfield, where I judged the dancing. Fancy a Dollar Academy boy coming to that level! I have done this dance judging for many years, and no one else will take it on.

The season here is equal to or better than the average. We have had twenty inches of rain since 1st January 1911, and still more coming. Too much rain. Still we are fairly prosperous in this State, only we have a Labour Ministry on the Treasury benches, and that means Socialism as against individualism. A brainy man is not wanted. Thanking you again for a nice letter.—With kind regards and best wishes, Sincerely yours,

ALEXANDER STEWART.

LERIBE, BASUTOLAND,
15th May 1911.

DEAR SIR,—As I am an old Dollar boy of late Rev. Levack's house, I will be very glad to receive our *Magazine*, for which I enclose subscription. Some old friend sent me one from London. Is Dr Strachan still in Dollar who lived opposite the golf course in Dr Thom's time? I see our Editor is a Dr Strachan; they were very excellent friends of mine. I am delighted to hear that a magazine has been started; the Directory is a grand feature in the book, and I will be only too glad to receive it. If there is anything I can send you that would be of interest to the *Magazine* it will be a pleasure. For example, 30,000 natives met His Excellency in our capital last Wednesday, *i.e.*, Maseru, where there were many speeches by chiefs and so forth. It was fully reported, and if you think it would be of any interest I can send you a full and detailed account. Will conclude wishing everything in connection with our dear old home, Dollar, long life and prosperity.—Yours very sincerely,

A. H. D. BLAIR,
B. M. Police.

Notes from Near and Far.

OF all the associations in Dollar that have for their object the social well-being of the community, there is one of which we hear but once a year, so quietly does it go about its work, and yet to the Christian man and woman it must appeal as one doing much good in relieving the saddest of all ills—sickness and pain combined with poverty. We refer to the *Society for Nursing the Sick Poor*. A number of ladies, with Miss Haig, Dollarfield, as President, and Mrs Macbeth, Thornbank, as Secretary, stimulated by convictions of Christian duty, voluntarily undertake to superintend the work of Nurse Bell, and to provide the necessary medical stores, appliances, and comforts for the sick under their charge, with whose wants, by a well-planned system of rotation, the Committee make themselves well acquainted. Surely

its useful existence and truly charitable functions give this Society a strong claim on the support of all able to give a helping hand. The last Annual General Meeting of the Society was held in the Masonic Hall on Wednesday, 22nd March, and was presided over by Mr Malcolm. The Rev. Mr Wilson opened the meeting with prayer. Thereafter the Chairman read the minutes of all the meetings held during the past year, and the Annual Report, from which it appeared that the amount of sickness had been gratifyingly small. Nurse Bell's report showed that she had paid, on an average, two hundred visits a month, and that her services had been much appreciated. The financial statement, read by Mr Gibson, the Honorary Treasurer, brought out a balance in hand of £37. 4s. 2d.; and on the motion of the Chairman a hearty vote of thanks was passed to him for his care in looking after the funds, and for the clear report he had just given. The officials and retiring members of Committee were unanimously re-elected. On the motion of Provost Green thanks were awarded to the Rev. Mr Wilson, who, in acknowledging, spoke words of encouragement to the ladies taking part in the truly Christian work.

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MRS TAYLOR wishes to record her high appreciation of the handsome tombstone that has been erected over her late husband's grave, and to tender the grateful thanks of herself and family to all the subscribers.

BROOKSIDE, DOLLAR, 20th May.

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WE notice with much pleasure that the Rev. Alexander Horn, B.D. (F.P.), has just succeeded the late Rev. John Falconer as minister of the parish of Ettrick, Selkirkshire. Our readers will recollect (see Vol. I., page 115) that Ettrick is the parish of which Thomas Boston, the author of the famous "Fourfold State," was at one time minister. Ettrick has a monument to his memory. Here, too, are the burying-places of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Tibbie Shiel.

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CONGRATULATIONS from many friends and from the "Old School" go out to Captain William Frederick Harvey (Wilfred) of the Pasteur Institute, Kasauli, on his early promotion to the rank of Major.

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WE congratulate Colonel Henry H. Johnstone, A.M.S., on his appointment as Chief Medical Officer at Gibraltar, where he will be stationed until September 1913, when he retires from the Army on reaching the age limit.

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MR S. J. LINDSAY HARDIE, C.A., has, we are glad to learn, been assumed as a partner by his uncle, W. Hardie, C.A., who carries on business in St Vincent Street, Glasgow. Mr Hardie, who is a grandson of the late Dr Lindsay, Dollar, has gone through a thorough training in Glasgow, New York, and London. He is a member of the Institute of Accountants and Actuaries in Glasgow. We congratulate him on his well-deserved promotion.

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"PAINTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Mr A. W. Strachan, who recently had some remarkable miniatures on view at the 'Times Library Club,' is a

singular case of human courage surviving almost impossible difficulties. He was a tea-planter in India, and had the misfortune to be mauled by a tiger, He lost his right arm and left foot in the encounter, but nevertheless, on returning to England, learned to paint miniatures of animals with his left hand so successfully that one of them was hung at a former exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters.

"He has secured many distinguished patrons in the British Isles, and all must admit that he deserves thoroughly any celebrity that he may obtain."

E. URWICK.

(From "*Paris Nouvelles*," 8th April 1911.)

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IN the Photographic section of the Scottish Exhibition, Glasgow, Mr Robert K. Holmes exhibits a fine view of Portree Harbour, Isle of Skye, while in the Decorative Art section Mr Arthur Strachan shows a much-admired case of miniatures.

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WE are pleased to learn that Miss Christie of Cowden has been elected a Fellow of the Scottish Geographical Society, and been asked to lecture at the Central Asian Society in London in recognition of her most interesting and, at times, adventurous travels in the East, of which we have been privileged to give some account in these pages. We congratulate Miss Christie on this well-deserved distinction.

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MISS CHRISTIE sends us the following extract from a letter from Bokhara, April 1911:—

"We were very sorry you were not here during the Fair, as it was really exceptionally interesting. The fact of the Emir now residing here has made the place much gayer generally. The bazaars were profusely decorated with carpets, coloured cloths, &c., and illuminated at night by thousands of lanterns. There were, of course, huge crowds everywhere, all dressed in their most gorgeous robes, the whole producing a most realistic 'Arabian Nights' effect.

"There were also the musicians playing music of a school so advanced that it will probably only be appreciated years hence, when Strauss will be counted old-fashioned. The gold and silver caparisoned horses were also quite a feature, and not the least interesting were the children's amusements, such as native 'merry-go-rounds,' &c., most primitive contrivances."

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THE NEW ZEALAND FARMER.—Freddy Campbell (F.P.) sends us the following interesting notes regarding part of the farmer's work in the antipodes:—"Well, we have got Christmas over, and have started the New Year with plenty of sunshine, which will ripen our harvest fields and make them fit for cutting. The Cocksfoot seed harvest is in full swing now—an interesting time. Men turn up from all parts, and in hundreds get out on the hillsides, working their way up the hills in lines, cutting the tall grass. The grass is gathered with one hand and cut with a reaping hook in the other. It takes a day or two to get into the swing of it. The open-air life is splendid, and the work is clean and light. Some take on patches by contract, and the rest are paid 1s., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6d. an hour and found. The

cutting lasts in some places for six weeks, during which time the men sleep in tents, each wrapped in a blanket, and have their meals served in the open just like a picnic. The grass is gathered in large sheets of canvas, and carried on men's backs to the threshing floor, where the primitive flail is used, reminding us of Cowper's lines learned in the English class-room :—

“ ‘ Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destined ear.’ ”

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U.F. CHURCH MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The session of this Association was brought to a close, on the evening of the 9th of March, with a most successful performance of Maunder's "Song of Thanksgiving," followed by solos and choruses from "The Messiah." We cannot enter into particulars, but the solos by Miss Bertram, Miss Duncan, Miss M'Gruther, and Miss Webster, as well as the duets by Miss Bertram and Mr Whittaker, and Miss Webster and Mr Whyte, were most tastefully and effectively sung, and called forth hearty applause. The solos from "The Messiah" were entrusted to Miss Runciman, Miss M'Gruther, and Miss Webster who did them ample justice. Nor must we omit the trio so admirably given by Mrs Gibson, Miss Webster, and Mr Whyte.

Mr Baillie, the conductor, to whom the Association owes its existence, is to be most warmly congratulated on the result, and on his unflagging efforts to keep alive a taste for classical music in our midst, which, but for his enthusiasm, would be allowed to die out. He deserves more encouragement than he gets.

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We note that W. J. Jamieson (F.P.) won a high jump handicap at Johannesburg some weeks ago, doing 5 feet 6 inches actual.

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PRESENTATION TO DR AND MRS GUNN.—We have already referred to the presentation made by the scholars of the Sunday School to their esteemed minister; but we must not omit to mention that at the same time Mrs Gunn was remembered by them. Their own words were, "We desire also to express our thanks to Mrs Gunn for the great interest she took in the Sabbath School. We ask you to accept this bag for Mrs Gunn, and convey to her our best wishes." In returning thanks Dr Gunn said that he could assure the children that he valued their gift more than it was possible for him to tell them. He had always had a great pleasure in the Sabbath School work, and he hoped to be able to visit them often. He prized highly the beautiful stick that he had just received, and Mrs Gunn had asked him to convey to all of them her warmest thanks for the handsome and useful bag.

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MR VICTOR SAVI (F.P.), who quite recently passed successfully into the Indian Police, has just experienced rather rough handling in an affray with a mob of coolies. He along with other members surprised and captured the ringleaders in a group of gamblers; but the other coolies, arming themselves with poles and sticks, rescued the captives and inflicted severe wounds on some members of the police. After the fray, Mr Savi who, in averting

a blow aimed at his head, received a heavy stick on his hand which smashed a number of small bones, had to retire to the hospital.

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DOLLAR FAIR.—This annual celebration—which is fast falling into disuse—was held on Monday. A couple of stalls or “stands” for the sale of confections and gingerbread were located at the Bridge, but there was an entire absence of the old-time collection of cattle. In the Market Park there was a number of shows, dolly stands, swings, &c., and these were well patronised by the young people.

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INTERESTING PRESENTATION.—At a meeting of the Christian Endeavour, held in the U.F. Church Hall, on Thursday evening, 13th April, Mr Liu Shi Gin, a young Chinese student, who is about to return to China to prosecute his studies at Pekin University, was presented with a handsome Oxford Teacher's Bible and a neat C.E. Badge. This young man has been a student at the Academy for four years, and has acquitted himself well. Rev. W. B. R. Wilson made the presentation, and remarks were afterwards made by the Rev. Mr Spence and others.

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PRESENTATION TO REV. MR SPENCE.—On Monday, the Bible Class of Larbert East U.F. Church had an excursion to Dollar, where they spent an enjoyable day. The visitors partook of dinner and tea in Mr Ure's restaurant, and at one of these meetings the Rev. Mr Spence (formerly minister of the Church and teacher of the Class) was presented with a handsome pocket-book as a parting gift from the members of the Class.

* * * * *

CADET DANCE.—Captain and Mrs Butchart gave their annual dance to the Cadet Corps in the Gymnasium of the Institution on Friday evening last. There was a large assemblage, many F.P.'s being present, who had come in view of the Sports on the following day. An enjoyable evening was spent by all.

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YEARLY PROVIDENT SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Dollar Yearly Provident Society was held on Wednesday evening, 3rd May, in the Old Parish Schoolroom. Mr R. Stanhouse, Chairman, presided, and there was a fair attendance of members. Mr Charles Robertson, the Secretary, read a statement of accounts for the year, which showed that the Society was still increasing—the sum of £1,420 being divided among the members, and also £8 being paid for funeral money. The office-bearers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—Mr R. Stanhouse, Chairman; Mr James Brydie, Vice-Chairman; Mr James Robertson, Treasurer; Mr Charles Robertson, Secretary.

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GOLF.

Moir Medal—Last Saturday, and Thursday preceding, in each month.

Mrs Gibson's Medal—First Thursday in each month.

Merchants' Cup—First round to be completed by 13th April.

Alloa—home, 22nd April.

Dobie Medal—Qualifying round (scratch), 6th May.

Second round (bogey), 20th May.

County Championship, 20th May.

Bridge of Allan—home, 27th May.

Archibald Trophy (scratch), 1st June.

Gibson Medal (handicap), 10th June.

Gymkana, 10th June.

Alloa—away, 13th June.

Tillicoultry—away, 17th June.

Muckart—home, 6th July.

Crook of Devon—away, 13th July.

Muckart—away, 13th August.

Competitions open to Visitors, all Saturdays in July and August.

Captain's Prize, 9th September.

Mixed Foursomes, 23rd September.

A new charge of 6d. for single round after 2 P.M. has been introduced.

The May competition for the Gibson Medal for approaching and putting over nine holes has just been completed. The winner was Mr H. J. Beresford, 30. The next best scores were—Miss C. Paul, Miss Ogilvie, and ex-Bailie Pender, 31 each.

The Moir Monthly Medal (handicap) for April. Result:—John Pender (98—9), 89. Next best—H. I. Muil (100—10), 90.

Dollar v. Alloa.—Teams of fifteen players aside representing the above clubs engaged in a friendly match over the eighteen hole course of the "Classic" burgh on Saturday afternoon, 22nd April. A gusty wind swept over the course, but otherwise the conditions were favourable. A pleasantly-contested game ended in a draw of $7\frac{1}{2}$ matches each. The following are the details:

| DOLLAR. | | | ALLOA. | | |
|--------------------|---|---------------|--------------------|---|---------------|
| Rev. J. F. Cameron | - | 1 | J. B. N. Moyes | - | 0 |
| J. M. Halley | - | $\frac{1}{2}$ | A. A. Thomson | - | $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| A. Rutherford | - | 0 | W. Harley | - | 1 |
| O. Taylor | - | 1 | J. Reid, jun. | - | 0 |
| J. Brownlee | - | 0 | A. Orr | - | 1 |
| J. Harvey | - | 0 | G. Cockburn | - | 1 |
| R. Archibald | - | 0 | J. C. Brown, jun. | - | 1 |
| A. Walker | - | 1 | W. T. Buchan, jun. | - | 0 |
| R. Brown | - | 0 | T. Campbell | - | 1 |
| H. I. Muil | - | 1 | A. P. Waller | - | 0 |
| J. M'Illwraith | - | 1 | J. M'Iver | - | 0 |
| J. Pender | - | 0 | W. T. Buchan | - | 1 |
| J. M'Geachen | - | 0 | J. Stewart, jun. | - | 1 |
| J. A. Gibson | - | 1 | F. M'Kenzie | - | 0 |
| G. Lumsden | - | 1 | A. D. Stewart | - | 0 |
| <hr/> | | | <hr/> | | |
| $7\frac{1}{2}$ | | | $7\frac{1}{2}$ | | |



A Drysdale.

AN INCIDENT IN THE F.P. MATCH.

School Notes.

THE football season closed more favourably than it opened. In the later games the team played with much better combination than previously, and the three-quarters worked more harmoniously. The game against 'Varsity 2nd XV. was almost as good as drawn, 'Varsity having a hard task to obtain the winning point. The F.P.'s game was one of the keenest we have ever seen. For more than two-thirds of the time it looked like a victory for the School, as they had the most of the game till well after half-time.

We hope to have a very creditable 1st XV. next season. The 2nd XV. played splendid football all year, and in the later games the three-quarters excelled in many ways, giving their fellows of the 1st XV. points in the playing of the game.

Appended is a list of the results since the date of going to press of the March issue of the *Magazine*.

1ST XV.

2ND XV.

| Opponents. | Points. | | Result | Opponents. | Points. | | Result |
|----------------------------|---------|------|--------|---------------------------|---------|------|--------|
| | For | Agt. | | | For | Agt. | |
| Watson's College - - - | 5 | 21 | loss | Royal High School - - | 0 | 5 | loss |
| Royal High School - - | 0 | 18 | loss | Perth Academy 1st XV. | 36 | 0 | win |
| Glasgow University 2nd XV. | 0 | 6 | loss | Stewart's Coll. 1st XV. - | 0 | 14 | loss |
| Bellahouston - - - | ... | ... | off | Glasgow High School - | 42 | 5 | win |
| Glasgow High School - | 3 | 0 | win | Edin. Institution 1st XV. | 34 | 0 | win |
| Heriot's College - - | 6 | 0 | win | 3RD XV. | | | |
| Mr D. A. M'Leish's Team - | 6 | 0 | win | Stirling H. S. 1st XV. - | 6 | 11 | loss |
| F.P.'s - - - - | 13 | 22 | loss | | | | |

British, 0; Foreigners, 10.

Saturday, 29th of April, was the date of the School Sports. The morning broke clear and sunny and pointed to a fine day. About mid-day, however, the sky became overcast, but the weather clerk kindly arranged that the rain should keep off until all was over. The ground was soft and quite unsuited for record making or breaking, and so we did not look for any exceptional times for the races.

This year Tong's absence made the competition for the Edina cup more interesting and exciting. Who would be winner was rather a difficult question to answer. The favourite was Matthewson, with Hunter as a good second, and the results proved the soundness of this judgment. Matthewson carried off the cup with a total of 23 points, somewhat below Tong's results in previous years.

In the 100 yds. race (school) Hunter led to within 7 yds. of the tape, and then Matthewson made up and passed the line by a narrow lead. To us standing at the winning post the difference was perceptible and no more. It was a good race well run, and Matthewson deserves all praise for gaining the first place. We thought for a time that Hunter had the race well in hand, but he failed at the close.

In the 220 yards Matthewson ran home easily, but the second place was won by Robertson, one of the Intermediate pupils. He came in in fine style, and showed great promise as a sprinter. The High Leap (school) was, to say the least, very disappointing. In fact it is worth noting that the height cleared in this event was 4 feet 8½ inches, whilst that cleared in the High Leap under sixteen was 4 feet 8½ inches. We wonder if such a condition has ever chanced previously at the School Sports. Myers was the winner under sixteen, and had he entered for the open we feel sure that he would have come in first there also.

The Quarter Mile was a repetition of the 100 yards, Matthewson and Hunter fighting hard for first place, the former coming in first.

In the 120 yards Hurdle (school) Hunter came out top in splendid fashion. His hurdling was quite creditable, and he well deserved his victory. It was rather a disappointment to many to see Matthewson drop out in the middle of the race since he had been expected to put up a good fight.

In the Long Leap (school) G. Gordon carried off the honours. Gordon also won the Drop Kick with a distance of 48 yards 2 feet 9 inches.

The finish of the Mile race (school) was quite a surprise to all. No one had thought of Miller as a likely winner, and when he romped past the tape, far ahead of all the others, the cheering was louder and longer than at any other time previous. Well run, Miller! We look forward to seeing you make a record next year.

Hanbury proved himself quite a giant at Putting the Weight. His distance was 30 feet 11½ inches. This distance is a record one for the last six or seven years. In his practices for this event Hanbury beat even this record—one evening he putted the weight over 31 feet. The Place Kicking competition ended in a win for Colven with 77 points; a much larger score than last year.

The Tug of War was not so exciting as usual. The Foreigners were both stronger and better managed than the Britishers. The first pull was over before the cheering had well begun, and the second pull was only feebly contested. Hanbury is to be congratulated on his team and their victory.

Hanbury carried off the prize for Throwing the Cricket Ball. The distance was under that of previous years, but the footing was very bad as the ground was soft and slippery.

In the under-sixteen events some good races were run. The 100 yards was won by Robertson with Wiseman as a very close second, whilst the half-mile saw the same first with Halifax as second.

At the close of the Sports Mrs Dobie, Dollarbeg, was called upon by Mr Dougall to distribute the prizes to the winners.

The Committee and the Athletic Club take this opportunity of thanking all those who contributed to the Sports and also all those who acted as stewards, judges, &c., for their interest and exertions which went far to make the day a record one all over.

Mr Masterton acted as Treasurer, and right well did he carry out his duties. We have been told that the Sports have been financially a great success, and this is due to a great extent to the careful management of the Treasurer.

The Athletic Club desires to express its thanks to Hon. Alexander Izat,

C.I.E., of Balliliesk, for his annual donation of £5 towards the rent of the Sports field.

The arrangements for refreshments, &c., during the Sports were left in charge of the ladies of the School staff instead of being placed outside. It is very gratifying for us to learn that this venture has been rewarded with success. The Athletic Club thank all the ladies for their kindness, and for the trouble they took to make the social side of the Sports day more enjoyable than ever.

The cricket season has now begun, and so far the teams have been quite successful. The 1st XI. is fairly strong, and it will take a good team to beat them. We had the pleasure of seeing them play at Perth, and can say that their batting and fielding are better than those of last year's team.

The results of the games to date are appended.

FIRST XI.

| Opponents. | For. | Against. |
|-------------------|------|----------|
| F.P.'s - - - | 52 | 70 |
| Royal High School | 80 | 63 |
| Perth Academy - | 97 | 55 |
| Alloa XI. - - - | 89 | 153 |

SECOND XI.

| Opponents. | For. | Against. |
|----------------------|------------|----------|
| Morrison's 1st XI. - | 50 | 90 |
| G. Watson's 2nd XI. | drawn game | |
| R. H. S. 2nd XI. - | 42 | 67 |
| Morrison's Academy | 82 | 52 |
| Alloa Academy - | 66 | 88 |

THIRD XI.

| Opponents. | For. | Against. |
|-----------------------------|------|----------|
| George Watson's College - - | 32 | 42 |
| Kelvingrove Academy - - | 63 | 45 |
| Stirling High School - - | 88 | 77 |

Much more interest in cricket seems to be taken by the younger pupils this term, and we hope this interest may continue, not only in cricket but also in football and in school too. The older boys should remember that the making of the younger boys into good footballers and cricketers depends much on them, and therefore they should do all they can to stimulate a healthy interest in sports amongst the younger boys.

The leaving certificate examinations are now things of memory, but the inspectors have not yet ceased from troubling, and the pupils interested in the bursary examinations have their time well taken up if success is to be theirs.

A most enjoyable day was spent by the Senior I. and II. girls along with the masters on Thursday, the 18th May. The party had an excursion over the hills to Ben Cleuch. We have a description of the picnic in another part of these Notes, so say no more, but express a hope that the outing or a similar one may be made an annual affair.

In the last School Notes we promised to give some extracts from the magazine of the Girls' Literary and Debating Society. This could only be done with the consent of the members, and as this has been kindly given, we include several extracts, and hope to include others next time also. We take this opportunity of thanking the girls for their kind permission to make the extracts.

It would be a good thing to see the Boys' Literary Society follow suit in this matter, then we might have much more to put into these Notes, and make the *Magazine* more acceptable to the School than it now is.

We welcome Mr Lee to our midst. He has come when Dollar gives her heartiest welcome, and we are sure he will find himself amongst good friends as well as pleasant scenes.

At odd times we frequent the cricket field and oftentimes we see the masters busy at the nets. Does this mean that they intend making big scores, or is it only as a feint to frighten the 1st XI.? We saw some very hard hitting the other evening, and should such hits be made when the masters' match does come off the boys will have a fine evening's leather hunting.

Tennis has commenced. The courts look well, and seem better than last year. A little more levelling up with sand during the off-season would make them perfect.

The girls entertained the Staff to tea, and played the annual game against them. The Staff once more emerged victorious, though they had to confess themselves beaten by one pair—Dorothy Crabb and Mary Rutherford—who won all the sets they played. The game was most enjoyable, and altogether a pleasant evening was spent.

A wet weather cap for the 1st XV. has been chosen. In colour it is slightly paler than the School blue, and it has the initials D.I.R.C. on the front with room for dates. This should supply a much-felt want.

We note that Mr Whittaker, one of our masters, is playing for Clackmannan County again, and also that R. Laing, last year's captain, was included in the team the last two matches.

Dr and Mrs Butchart held an "At Home" on the 28th April. Their guests were their friends and the senior boys of the O.T.C. A most enjoyable evening was spent. The presence of quite a large contingent of former pupils made the evening more enjoyable than any previous ones. At the close Dr and Mrs Butchart received a long and hearty cheer for their kind hospitality.

Captain Maxwell's Ghost.

BY MARGARET H. SIMPSON.

"WHAT shall I tell you a story about to-night?" asked Miss Chase. "It's growing too dark to read."

The governess and her three charges, Harry, Rita, and Bertie Lynn, were sitting in the window of a room in their seaside lodgings. It was twilight on a wet August evening, and on wet evenings Miss Chase always told the children stories or read to them.

"Miss Chase," said Bertie solemnly, "do you believe in ghosts?" Harry and Rita laughed.

"No, of course not. I nearly did once though, when I thought I saw one."

"Tell us about it, please," said Rita. "Were your brothers in it too?"

"And Colin Urquhart?" put in Harry.

"Yes, my brothers and Colin were all in it. Colin was in all our best adventures. This is a sort of ghost story, but I don't think you'll have any nightmares after it." So Miss Chase began.

You know that I have five brothers and one sister. Alan and I are twins and the eldest. Then come Leslie, Phil, Charlie, Willie, and May. Then there was Colin Urquhart. He was three years older than Alan and I were. His father and mother lived in India. His mother had been at school with our mother, so when Colin had to come to this country he came to live with us, and went to boarding-school with our boys. He was ring-leader in all our escapades, and whatever he did Alan and I followed, and then Leslie and so on. At the time of this adventure Alan and I were fifteen and Colin eighteen. The adventure happened in the Christmas holidays.

A family called Maxwell had lived in a house in our road. Our house was at one end of the road and theirs near the other end. Captain Maxwell had been drowned at sea, and after that Mrs Maxwell had left the place, and the house had stood empty for nearly a year. One night just after Christmas I had been out at tea with a chum of mine. When I started for home about half-past eight it was a frosty moonlight night. My way was by a road from which I could see the lane that ran behind our row of houses. I happened to look in the direction of the lane and saw a man in naval uniform walking there. There was a stretch of ground between the road and the lane, but in the moonlight I could see the brass buttons on the man's jacket and the gold braid on his cuffs. I could also see that he was close to the Maxwell's back gate. His head was bent and his cap pulled down over his eyes.

Soon a bend in the road took me out of sight of the lane and I got home without seeing the man again. I found the boys in the schoolroom, that is, Colin, Alan, and Leslie, for the others were in bed. I said, "Colin, do you know who that sailor is who's home just now?"

"No; where did you see him?"

"In our back lane near the Maxwell's, as I came down the road just now. He'd no end of brass and gold braid on. He was going along with his cap pulled over his eyes as if he was afraid to be seen."

Alan whistled, and Leslie dropped some skates he was cleaning into the fender with a clatter. Colin looked at me queerly and said, "Near the Maxwell's, did you say?" I nodded. Alan came and felt my pulse. "Do you feel quite well, Thora?" he said, pretending to look serious.

"Whatever do you mean?" I cried. "What *are* you sniggering at, Colin? Who is that man?"

Colin laughed nervously: "He must be the chap who's lost the number of his mess."

"Who?"

"Captain Maxwell."

I stared at Colin. Alan explained, "We didn't tell you, Thora, for fear you would be frightened. One or two people have seen him before, late at night. No one has seen his face properly because he always has his cap drawn down just as you saw. Next time you meet him you might look and see if he's got dark hollows instead of eyes." I shuddered.

"He walks without making a sound," put in Leslie. "Someone saw him in the garden." Then they told me all about it. The first to see the apparition had been a workman on his way home one Saturday night. He had been drunk, so few people had believed his tale of a figure in uniform looking out of a window in the Maxwell's house. Next, however, a sober man had seen it and he was believed. All sorts of queer stories began to go about and the boys had heard some of them. I made the boys promise not to tell anyone that I had seen the apparition. I had some lively dreams that night as you may imagine.

The next to see the ghost was Colin himself. Colin saw him passing the staircase window on his way upstairs with his arms folded and his head bent. There was a faint light shining at that window, but Colin couldn't see where it came from. After that, we were all rather nervous of passing the house after dark, and never walked in the back lane at night. One day Colin and Alan forced the catch of a window and searched the house but found nothing that would give them a clue, though they looked in every hole and corner. They found one or two sacks in the washing-house, and traces that someone had been smoking there, but that was all. They thought that a tramp had slept there. We didn't tell any grown-up people about all this. The ghost was not seen again, and the scare subsided, while our attention was taken up with two other events—a burglary and the Boys' Concert.

The burglary happened at a big house on the outskirts of the town, and a good many valuables were stolen. There had been another burglary at a house not far off, just before the holidays, and the burglars had never been traced. People suspected that the second burglary had been done by the same thieves, but though there were detectives about the place for a while, they didn't trace them.

The concert, which came off every year, was one of the events of the winter. This year the entertainment was half a nigger minstrel concert and half a play. The performers were nearly all boys and girls of the town. All

our boys except Willie were performing. I was acting in the play and would have liked to be a nigger too, but it was true what the boys said, "You'd make a ghastly nigger, Thora, with your face blacked and your fair hair." We had been rehearsing all the holidays, and we did enjoy it. I was frightfully excited over the play, for my part was a pretty big one. I got a great surprise when they asked me to take it, for I had never asked to have a part at all. However, I loved acting, and it wasn't the first time I had done it, so I wasn't afraid. At length the day came. The last rehearsal that afternoon went off quite well. About half-past seven at night the doors of the hall were opened, and then the boys began to dress up. I laughed at some of them, for with their faces blackened it was hard to recognise them. Those whose hair wasn't dark enough wore wigs, and that made them more unlike themselves. Leslie was rather hurt when Colin laughed at him. He happened to come out of the dressing-room with his face only half blackened, and Colin said, "Hullo, is this a new species of piebald monkey?" Colin looked funny enough in his own get-up.

I went into the hall and sat down on a side seat. The nigger concert was splendid. I laughed and laughed till I cried. Colin had to sing a solo, and he was frightfully nervous over it. However, when his turn came, he did very well and was encored. Just after that I caught sight of Phil beckoning to me from behind the scenes. I ran out.

"Thora," he exclaimed, "there's someone in the room you girls are to dress in, rifling the cash box."

I went to the dressing-room door and listened. There was a jingling of money inside. I opened the door and there, filling his pockets, was a disreputable-looking man. I said, "What are you doing here?" He jumped round in alarm and made a dash for the door, cannoning against me. My head struck the wall and I saw a cloud of stars. When the stars cleared away, I found myself sitting on the floor, and Colin standing over me. "Has he hurt you?" he said. "Shall I get you water or anything?"

"No thanks, I'm all right. Where's that fellow?"

"Some idiot left the side door unlocked, and he bolted out. I'm just going after him."

He ran out along with Alan. I went into the hall and told father about it. He and one or two young men went out quietly without making a disturbance among the audience. I went back to my seat for a short time, but all the time I was longing to know if they had caught the thief. Then I thought I would go and see. On the way I met one of the boys, who told me that they had chased the thief into the Maxwell's house, and he had come out again, and now they were chasing him over the fields. I went to the house and found Colin there. He told me he had been left there to watch if the thief doubled back again. He and I walked along the garden path close to a row of bushes. Suddenly I clutched his arm. "Look at the stair window," I whispered.

We had reached the back of the house. A faint light was shining at the window and it fell on the figure of a man who was walking slowly downstairs. It glinted on the gold buttons and braid of the man's naval uniform.

and on the brass badge in front of the peaked cap drawn low down over his forehead.

Colin shook my hands off his arm, "By jingo, whose ever ghost he is, he isn't Captain Maxwell's. You keep in the bushes," he said, and darted to the kitchen window. I saw a match being struck in the kitchen and heard an exclamation. Next minute there was darkness again, and I heard Colin dart round to the back door. The door opened slowly—then Colin sprang and he and the ghost rolled over on the ground fighting like mad. First Colin was uppermost, then the other, then Colin again. At last he got the "ghost" down on his face and paused for breath. When I saw the "ghost" trying to throw him off, I snatched two hatpins from my hat and ran forward. "Would a hatpin be any use?" I asked.

"Very ticket," panted Colin, seizing them. "Look here," this to his prisoner, "if you move you'll get *that*—and if you speak you'll get *that*," as the "ghost" gave a yell and swore. After a few digs with the pins he subsided. Then Colin sat up and wiped his face. "Phew! this is the heftiest ghost I ever tackled. You scoot along home, Thora, and see if you can get a bit of rope to tie him up."

I ran home and got a piece of clothes-line. On my way back I met in the lane father and the others—among them the policeman, who had set out to chase the thief. They had caught him with some of our money in his pockets. I told them about Colin catching the "ghost," and they hurried to the Maxwell's garden. We found Colin and the "ghost" just as they had been, and Colin called out, "He's a bit restive yet, but those pins are awfully useful." We lost no time in securing the "ghost" with the rope. When we saw those two in the light of the electric torches some of the boys had brought, we all burst out laughing and Leslie said, "Who's a piebald monkey now?" The black had come off Colin's face in streaks where he had wiped it, and his hands had left black marks on the "ghost's" face. "How do you like my complexion, Thora?" he grinned; "it seems to have scared this supernatural being when I showed it at the window."

When I went home, I heard the explanation of the ghost mystery. The two men had done the burglaries. Their booty was found under a floor in the Maxwell's house. They had got up the ghost scare mainly to take attention away from themselves. They had been quite successful in that, for no one had thought of connecting the ghost and the burglaries. If they had not tried to steal our concert money, they might have escaped scot free.

"What I can't see, Colin," I said that night at supper, "is how you found out it couldn't be Captain Maxwell's ghost, in the glimpse you had of him."

"It was quite easy," said Colin. "A captain would have had three rows of gold braid on his cuffs, and that beggar had only two."

Schoolboy Eccentricities.

TEACHERS who have had experience cannot but have noted that their pupils, when brought to the test, often show that their knowledge falls far short of expectation, even after the most patient and painstaking efforts have been made to give them "perfect possession." Answers, always disappointing, are frequently very amusing. We offer our readers some slight specimens taken from a large stock.

With a single illustration we pass over the oral answers which are intended to set the class in a roar and make the teacher bite his lips. The boys were reading in Cowper's "Task," the beautiful description of the thresher at his work :—

"Thump after thump resounds the constant flail
Which seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destined ear."

Explain "falls full on the destined ear."—Jack, with his tongue in his cheek, and a twinkle in his eye—"gives him a good skelp on the lug." Jack is for the nonce a hero, and bright eyes are sparkling with laughter.

But let us confine ourselves to written exercises :—

How many senses have we? Name them.—We have two senses, wrong and right.

How is silence expressed in music?—Silence in music is expressed by putting your feet on the paddles.

What is a blizzard?—The inside of a fowl.

The feudal system consisted of a bell which, when it rang, all fires went out.

The base of a triangle is that part we don't talk about.

Give the title of the highest office held in the Church of England.—The Archipelago of Canterbury is the head of the English Church.

St Augustine was sent to England by Pope Geography to convert the English who were heathens before they were created.

The river in Italy about which there is a common saying.—The cat in the Adige.

The battle of Marathon.—Something mentioned in the Bible which means *bitter*.

Give a proof of the earth being round.—It says in the Bible, "World without end."

What do you understand by the Salic Law?—The Salic Law forbade any man descended from a woman inheriting the throne.

Domesday Book was a book that everyone would read, and the curfew bell was rung at eight o'clock to stop them.

Why have we four seasons while there are only two in the Tropics?—The part within the Tropics has to rotate so much faster than that within the Temperate Zones, there is only time for two seasons.

What and where is Corea?—A thing the Mohammedans read the Bible from. Dido was Queen of Cartilage and was afterwards changed into a bone.

Write a short account of the Seven Years' War.—The first engagement

in this war took place at Quiberon Bay. From there Robert Clive led his soldiers to the Heights of Abraham above Quebec. This manœuvre surprised the French.

Explain the words, What's Hecuba to him?—Hecuba was a town in Sicily where there were a great many bees and hence a deal of buzzing.

That, trusted home,

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown.

Explain *trusted home*.—Allowed to go home from a party all by yourself.

What reader will give the English sentence which the budding classic Latinised.—*Ibo non plum?*

But meantime we must leave the choice translations.

When Sam Weller ended his love letter with the words—"My dear Mary, I will now conclude," his father, acting as critic, broke in "That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" "Not a bit on it," said Sam, "she'll vish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

If our readers "vish there was more" we have still a plentiful store, though to tell the truth we can vouch for the actual occurrence of only *two* of the foregoing.

Officers' Training Corps.

OFFICERS and cadets are busier than usual this year. Shooting has been going on at the range but the musketry course is not yet nearly finished, and with the inspection coming off on 7th June it will be rather a difficult matter to get things completed.

A section of the corps, including the greater number of those who are over sixteen years of age, proceeds to camp on 23rd June. As far as physique is concerned this will be quite the best lot we have ever sent to camp, and they have already given promise of attaining a high degree of efficiency. The same boys with perhaps one or two additions will go to Windsor to take part in the Royal Review to be held on 3rd July. The competition for the Leckie Ewing Cup will probably take place on Friday, 16th June.

The written examination for certificate "A" was held on 22nd May, and the oral and practical examination on 29th May. Eleven candidates were presented, including one boy who intends to proceed to Woolwich.

S. F. B.

Picnic to Ben Cleuch.

"COMING events cast their shadows before," and therein lies the only explanation of the general feeling of excitement which had pervaded the Senior Girls' School for several weeks. The secret was that a picnic was proposed—a picnic to Ben Cleuch—for even to these heights did we young ladies aspire. Everything was, however, shrouded in doubt and mystery, there was nothing but buzzings in the air, and whispers of expected pleasure, until, with the arrival of the science leaving certificate exam.—for like to unlike is the order of this world—this dim vision began to shape itself into

reality by having its date fixed for the following day. Excitement now reached fever heat, and many were the preparations which our busy and energetic committee carried out, and many, I fancy, were the barometers consulted as to the nature of the weather for the following day.

Soon rosy-fingered Aurora rising from her saffron couch was calling the vapours to disperse, and Phœbus coming forth in all his power looked down on Thursday morning on that little town of Dollar to see a motley crowd wend their way to the station. Motley, I say, for there were youth and age, girls and masters, each bearing a look of business, and a burden of bags and baskets. Parcels and boxes, and, perhaps most important of all, a mighty kettle formed part of the impedimenta. Never was train honoured by such a company, and never at least was Tillicoultry; and now too late the absence of the town band was to be regretted, our committee in their excitement having quite overlooked this important item. Without it, however, and perhaps quite a brass band in ourselves, we reached by a rather circuitous path the foot of the hill, to find our worthy Head arrived from Dollar and waiting to welcome us and see us set out in all safety on our ascent. Here the company rested, and here began, at the hands of the owners of those wretched cameras—no fewer than four being with us—those sufferings which continued without intermission till the close of that memorable day. Then rose that jolly company bag and baggage, and up those zigzag windings which lead from the valley to the heights. Many were the temptations in the form of seats which had to be, or at least should have been, resisted. The first steep ascent was now overcome, and while coats were being thrown off and faces becoming brilliant, the more poetical members of the company had time to muse on the beauties of the district. Nature was seen at its best; everything was fresh and green bursting into summer grandeur; Tillicoultry slept peacefully in the valley washed by the waters of the winding Devon which . . . Oh, but we did not all possess this poetical bent; most eyes were straining upwards not downwards: some were thinking of the hard realities of life, others trying to catch a glimpse of the vast beyond, and not a few studying survey maps. The path now lay along the side of a hill. In the valley trickled a stream which was a great allurements to many, whilst the more fortunate in happy possession of oranges cast no longing glances in its direction. And so over the moor we trudged onwards and ever upwards, everything joy and excitement, while jokes ran high and cameras were much in evidence until our merry band was cleft asunder by a discussion as to the most advantageous path now to be taken. To "Tired Tim" and "Weary Willie," the Law rising straight in front (beyond which nature had placed the object of our aspirations) offered a Ben Cleuch whose nearer proximity promised more immediate refreshments and less exertion. But after a few words the energetic majority overcame the feebler minority, and the caravan resumed its march and soon reached Maddy Moss. Our weary brethren hailed this spot as one likely to afford a few minutes' comfortable rest, and left there the empty bags and boxes, the contents of which had disappeared in the interval.

Lunch-time gave us an excuse for the next halt, and now I may say that an anxiety which long had been felt with regard to the kettle, for it was feared

that it would have no opportunity of displaying its melodious powers, was relieved by the appearance of our stragglers, laden with logs of wood—ask me not where these came from! Everything was business now; some filled the kettles, others superintended the fire, some did the unpacking of those curious and multitudinous parcels, whilst not a few sat with their cups ready. Yes, tea was the order of the day, and pleasant and rich was the sight of teacups to weary wanderers near the top of Ben Cleuch. Man is only human, and tea is one of the weaknesses of the human race, so we are not to be blamed. While we were feeling the exhilarating warmth of the tea in every vein, and whilst the photographers tried, but without success, to find a new position to photograph us in, the summit of Ben Cleuch gave us a warm invitation, “Blessings on your heads, you tired mortals, who resist this invitation: we will leave the baggage with you and blithely mount to the cairn.” Had fortune favoured us with a clearer day we would have had a splendid view, and even as it was we saw in the distance the Forth and Devon, whilst close at hand the cairn with its bottles and papers testified to previous visits of tourists. Had we not in an evil hour left our baggage lower down, in all probability we would have left our marks behind us here. No matter how little time we had arranged to spend here we had once more to submit ourselves to the scrutinising glance of the photographer and then race back to the camping ground, for the shades of night would soon be falling, and our guides advised home. A violent effort was here made by some to empty their baskets, but I doubt if these efforts met with success—the efforts in themselves being praiseworthy but the size of the baskets at fault. Now preparations were made for the homeward journey: part sought Tillicoultry by the valley, others Dollar by the Dollar Burn, and the rearguard Dollar by King’s Seat. The latter party arrived down rather late, the reason being, as I am given to understand, that a supper was partaken of on the way down. Be this or be this not the case, all arrived at the golf course in course of time, and a triumphal march down the burn side brought to a close one of the most memorable days in the annals of Dollar Institution.

A Robin’s Nest.

Hopping o’er the carpet,
Picking up the crumbs,
Robin knows the children
Love him when he comes.

ROBIN’S love for young folks is well known, and it was quite appropriate that she should fly in at the open school window and choose her nesting-place in the hollow head of a bust high up on a shelf in the girls’ art room.

The building of the nest took place during the Easter recess, and the little redbreast flew in and out at the open window without being molested. But prior to that, the birds had made many morning visits to the art room, evidently to make quite sure that it was wise to make such an unusual choice.

They had studied the school hours well, for, during the laying week, there was never a sign of the birds, only every morning there was an additional egg, till five were laid. Her well-known love for young people made her quite contented to sit still during the hatching period, no doubt many a time taking a peep at the work of art being done by the girls.

A sweet little family of five was her reward. The progress of the little brood was watched with great interest by teacher and pupils alike. Closely the hen robin sat all day save for a few minutes' interval for food, when off she flew at a call from her lord who came to the window and gave a chirp. When the young ones were hatched the parent birds fed them most diligently, and we were looking forward with much interest to the time when they would be ready to fly.

Great was the consternation of all, therefore, when it was known one morning that a tragedy had taken place. Some natural enemy, possibly a jackdaw, had invaded the nest and destroyed the young brood.

Let us hope that the bereaved pair endeavoured to raise their hearts above their disappointment, and chose a safer spot where they would once more raise a little family.

CHRISTIAN M. WILSON.

A Dream.

(From the *Girls' Literary Society Magazine*.)

THE other night
I got a fright,
Such a dream to me was sent,
You may or may not
Believe the whole lot,
But this is how it went.

Two anarchists fought
O'er a tuppenny pot
Of pickles and ginger wine,
While a fire brigade
Sang a serenade
In a key with sharp notes nine.

Mr Redmond sat
On a big black cat
And swam the Irish Sea,
And Lloyd-George in a sack
On Asquith's back
Offered a peerage to me.

A big airship
Took as landing slip
The roof of my dwelling-place,
And a fair suffragette
Stuck up "To let"
On the House of the Lords of the
race.

I went to see Gray
A billiard match play,
But I tell you it wasn't a joke,
His cue was a tree,
His ball was poor me
But—never a record he broke.

I was crying out "boo"
To some German spies who
Were landing away down in Devon,
But ere I got them away
I heard someone say,
"Time to get up—half-past seven."

E. E. D.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

THIRTY-EIGHTH LIST.

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

NEW ADDRESSES.

- BLAIR, A. H. D., Basutoland Mounted Police, The Bungalow, Leribe, Basutoland.
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 GREIG, ARTHUR J., 4 St Vincent Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad.
 HARDING, WILLIAM SEARNESS, Chatswood, New South Wales.
 HUTTON, W., Monteith Road, Egmore, Madras.
 TONG, JAS. H., c/o Y. C. Tong, Imperial Chinese Telegraph Administration, Shanghai.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

- ANDERSON, T. C., Apartado 1228, Mexico, D.F.
 BELL, MRS. JESSIE, ALICE, and ROLAND, 2 Colebrook Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.
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 IZAT, RENNIE, Assistant Engineer, R. & K. Railway, Bhira, Kheri District, by Mailani, U.P., India.
 IZAT, Captain W. R., R.E., Oudh & Rohilkund Railway, Undo, near Cawnpore, India.
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