



Lafayette.

Photo.

MR ALEXANDER WARDLAW.

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Mr Alexander Wardlaw.

IN three former numbers of the *Magazine* we have had, for the frontispiece, portraits of three well-known clergymen. To-day we give the place of honour to a former pupil, a gentleman well known in the world of business, Mr Alexander Wardlaw, Assistant Manager of the Clydesdale Bank of Scotland.

Mr Wardlaw, son of a highly respected, public-spirited merchant of Dollar, before it had come to be dubbed the "Classic Burgh," was born in the year 1857, and was educated at the Academy, passing from the Infant School, under Miss Crombie, upward to the most advanced class. In those early years he displayed, as now, a genial, sunshiny disposition, entering with a healthy vigour into every game, into every trial of strength, into every side of the life of the School. At the same time his life in his father's home gave him a better chance than is allowed to the boarder of indulging his hobbies and following his peculiar bent. He could not be called a plodder, yet in his classes he always did well, and was a general favourite of masters as well as schoolfellows. Even now we can recall his last appearance as a pupil. It was in the Institution Hall, on Exhibition Day, at the distribution of prizes, when, after being presented with *seven*, he was called out, amidst loud applause and cheering, to receive an *eighth*. The eighth was a special prize, open to the School, and known as "Gibb's Prize for Business Accounts," in the competition for which the elements of accuracy and time were taken into account. This took place in July 1874, and in the same year Mr Wardlaw entered the service of the Clydesdale Bank at Stirling, his marked aptitude for business accounts doubtless helping as an "open, Sesame" to the appointment.

Great successes in life are, as a rule, the result, not of some brilliant dash or sudden spurt of energy, but of success in detail. We mean that great successes are the outcome of a series of small successes, and we have in Mr Wardlaw's rise to the eminent position which he now occupies abundant proof of the truth of our statement. In 1877 he was transferred from Stirling to the High Street Branch of the Bank in Edinburgh; in 1884 came promotion to the George Street Branch, as teller. Four years after, in 1888, he became agent of Edinburgh West End Branch, from which he passed, in 1894, to

the Glasgow Head Office, signing *pro* Manager. In the same year, 1894, he accepted the agency in the busy commercial town of Leith, and lastly, in 1897, he entered upon the duties of the important office which he nows fills with so much talent and tact.

Throughout the whole of his busy life Mr Wardlaw has retained his affection for the town of his birth and the "Old School," for which he is always willing to do battle, and ready to rejoice when, year by year, fresh honours are added to the large number already placed to its credit. When located in Edinburgh he was one of the most active projectors of the Edinburgh Dollar Academy Club, which has now attained its majority; and only last year, as our readers will remember, the members of the newly-formed Glasgow Dollar Academy Club unanimously, and with acclamation, elected him their first President. His zealous, faithful attachment to his School and his efforts to promote its prosperity form a link between him and his renowned ancestor, Harry Wardlaw, Bishop of St Andrews, who five hundred years ago founded there the first Scottish University, the quincentenary of which is about to be celebrated.

An honour of even wider importance, the Chairmanship of the Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannan Charitable Society, was conferred upon him at the last meeting of its members. The leading object of this society is to aid indigent persons—natives of or otherwise connected with the counties—resident in Glasgow or neighbourhood, and the importance of its work may be gathered from the fact that, in 1909, no less a sum than £246 was paid in charity. Since Mr Wardlaw became President he has, by his vigilance, been able to add a considerable sum to the funds. Our earnest wish is that he may be long spared to fill his place in the universe, and to fulfil the duties of that place.

Notes of my Travels.

THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.

BY MISS CHRISTIE OF COWDEN, F.R.S.G.S.

(Continued from page 61.)

THE stalactite caves of Drach and Arta are worthy of being better known; the latter indeed are said to be the finest in the world, with the exception of certain caverns in New South Wales. The former are entered by a hole among the boulders of a rocky hillside, and when some steps are descended, it is indeed a fairy scene that meets the eye. Sparkling petrified cascades, showers of glistening diamonds catch the light of our feeble lamps; Gothic columns support a fretted vault and give out organ tones when struck; unending passages lead past bottomless pools of clearest water and bright blue ones reflect the stalactites and bosses of the roof. In the caverns of Arta one such hall reaches the height of 150 feet, while the gem of the whole is the great "palm tree" that stands in one of the outer courts. "Its splendid shaft ascends flawless joint above joint of white coral like stalagmite till it unites with the roof 60 or 70 feet above the level of the floor. Since

the world was young it has stood in these halls of silence—a silence of æons, broken only by dropping water and occasional earthquake shocks that have flung masses of stalactite to the ground. These horizontal rings in its stem may have been deposited in the days of palæolithic man ; while that joint was being “formed, Babylon and Nineveh rose and passed away, and the Pharaohs in long procession filed across the world’s stage and vanished. It is a glimpse into Eternity that appals one.”

How modern by comparison seem the Moorish castles, scattered over the island now more or less in ruins, and still bearing traces of the combats that had raged around them and the means for their defence. The high precipitous rocks on which most of these are built, are now only defended by aloe spikes, and flowers bestrew and bury dead fences.

Palma, the capital of the island, possesses a somewhat indifferent harbour, though a very picturesque one, where one lands in an equally indifferent boat from Barcelona. It is the chief centre of historical interest, and where the height of her glory was attained under the Moors whose rule lasted over five hundred years, but of their many buildings not one vestige is left, except that of a Moorish bath, to recall the glory of past ages. The walls of the city date back to various periods from 1230 to 1500, and were finally completed in 1800. On the Plaza de Lonja rises the Lonja, “the most beautiful Exchange of Spain,” pronounces a well-known authority in such matters, erected in the fifteenth century, of Gothic architecture with fine pillars and pointed arches. The palace, built on the foundations of the old Alcazar by Jaime II., has undergone many alterations, but still retains features of interest, not the least of which is the promenade with its fine view overlooking the bay fifteen miles across. Opposite the palace rises the gigantic Cathedral, the landmark of the city, it was begun in the fourteenth century on the site of the principal mosque of the Moors, and later on was completed in Gothic style. Within are richly carved and decorated altars with a beautiful Renaissance pulpit, and one of the chapels contains an urn with the bones of Jaime II., King of Aragon.

The church of San Francisco, a building of the thirteenth century, is one of the largest in Palma, and contains the tomb of Ramon Lull, one of the most celebrated men connected with the islands. Somewhat uncomfortably his effigy rests sideways on the top of a sarcophagus let into the wall of the church, but his memory deserves more than just a passing mention. Ramon Lull, of Barcelona, his father, was attracted to the island by Jaime I. and the gift of two farms, and his son Raimundo, or Lulio as he is more often called, was born in Majorca about the year 1235. Attached to the court of Jaime I., he indulged freely in the enjoyments of such a life as at that period was permitted to those holding such offices, and in order that less scandal might circle round his reputation, his parents married him to a girl called Catalina Labots ; but her attractions had not proved sufficient, and his former career was unchecked until his thirtieth year, when one day in the garden of the Bishop’s Palace and another day in his own house he heard the words “Raimundo, follow me” ! He sold all his property, only reserving a small portion for his wife and children, and in 1266 he embarked for Barcelona to visit the shrines of Montserrat and Santiago. He then

returned home and began the study of Arabic that he might teach the Moors the truths of Christianity, and for purposes of prayer and penitence retired to an isolated hill called Randa, where he also seems to have evolved some philosophical ideas. At the request of Ramon Lull, Jaime II. made a grant of money sufficient to maintain thirteen monks that they might establish a school for the teaching of Arabic with a view to preaching to the infidels. The farm was at a lonely spot called Miramar, now in the possession of an Austrian archduke who also sought retirement from the world, and here Lulio studied and wrote his theories and ideas. He afterwards went to Rome and then to Paris, where he read his system and argued points with Duns Scotus and his disciples.

The "wander lust" was on him, for in 1299 we find him at Montpellier and Genoa, from where he embarked for Tunis. Here he preached, was beaten, and finally banished. He travelled through Armenia and the Holy Land, and wandered all over Europe preaching a crusade to recover Jerusalem. Again he is found in Paris where his system is approved of by the University. In 1314, Lulio was travelling once more through Egypt and the Holy Land, and two years afterwards we find him in England studying physics. Until his eightieth year he wrote books on every imaginable subject, and, wearied out, he longed for martyrdom which he found at Bugia in Tunis, having preached Christ openly until he was taken out of the town and stoned. The date of his death was 29th June 1315, and his body was brought home by some Genoese, and buried in the church of San Francisco (in Majorca).

The plan of all the better class houses in Palma is derived from that of the Moors: a court or patio in the centre, from which rises the marble staircase supported on columns. Heavily barred windows light the building from the exterior, but these are few in number and all on the upper stories. A further defence is in the nail-studded door that gives access to the court, and this is securely fastened long before the watchman goes his rounds with lantern and staff. His familiar cry is a final memory of Palma—"Alobado sea el Señor! Las doce—y sereno!" ("Praised be the Lord! Midnight and a clear sky!")

The Burial of a Highland Chief.

A HIGHLAND funeral is always a touching sight, but when it is that of the chief of an ancient clan, young—yet not too young to have been tried and found true—fair-haired, lovable, himself the descendant and representative in the male line of the old Celtic kings of Scotland, it is one that goes to the heart.

Alasdair Stewart Robertson of Struan, twentieth chief of Clan Donna-chaidh, had died near London at dawn on King Edward's funeral day, so that there were difficulties in the arrangements for the long journey to Rannoch, and in making these known to the many who would wish to do him honour.

Those able to attend from the south had the first glimpse of the Chief's coffin amidst the din of Perth station, where it lay in its simple state, covered

with white wreaths, a few streamers of the red tartan relieving their whiteness.* The morning was a marvellously perfect one of golden sunshine and clear, windless air, and as Perth was left behind, the route, through fresh springing moorland, forest trees in shining young leaf, and serene blue stretches of the Tay, first on one side and then on the other, became ever increasingly beautiful. Remembering the tradition that the ancient possessions of the Robertsons of Struan "once stretched from the water-shed of Rannoch to the Gates of Perth," the whole journey was of most sad interest, the line passing, as it did almost without exception, entirely through or rather upon these ancient possessions. Not very long ago, Struan, whom we now escorted in death, had taken on a bright September morning this same journey, and with the same memories as we had to-day, for in his kindness he had even put these thoughts on paper for our keeping. The first spot of special historic interest was Auchtergaven, of which the following tradition is preserved. Robert of Struan, who, in reward for capturing the murderers of King James the First, had had the whole of his extensive lands erected into the Barony of Struan, and the arms of his family augmented, with other honours, received here his death-blow—a wound on the head—in a fight with Forrest of Torwood arising from a dispute regarding territory. This indomitable chief had his wound staunched, and with his head bound with a white cloth was able to ride into Perth to obtain there from the king a new grant of the lands of Struan, and return home, before death overtook him.

As we move through the deep, silent fir-woods of Dunkeld, the May greenery springing on their floors, scantily fringing the dangling boughs of the larches, thinly veiling the great gleaming birches, and into the flash of open hillside and scattered white town, we have many an olden memory of monks, cathedral, and diocese, stormy conflicts here through our chiefs' support of the traditions of an older faith still; of battles for many a remembered or forgotten cause, early or late, in most of which were conspicuous the intrepid ancestors of him whom we are following home to-day. We pass Logierait of ancient courts, the gate to another long valley of clan memories that but end with the end of Loch Tay; and into Pitlochry,—the town all sunshine, the air warmly sweet with Highland peat-reek. Here other clansmen join the train, and we are sweeping on through Faskally and Killiecrankie, perhaps the most beautiful and historic of all the clan's ancient possessions, the "wood of trembling" hardly in full enough leaf for much trembling to-day, or unstirred in the sweet windless sunshine; past Lude, for centuries the home of the oldest branch of the Robertsons of Struan; and up through Garry-divided Athole, where the kingly race who were our Chief's most remote ancestors once ruled as its Celtic earls. Green and clear of mists runs up the little glen among the Athole hills where Struan of historic memory ran to earth the murderers of his king; and softly rounded with the new May grass, we pass the mound where stood his castle in the days of old. But soon the heathery braes and fragrant fir-woods of the clachan of Struan are around us, and as we alight from the train to begin the journey by road

* The wreath, with ribbons of the dress tartan and white satin, sent in the name of all the members of the Clan Society, lay in the centre.

to Rannoch, we hear the rushing of the Errochy and the Garry, which give this Highland spot its Gaelic name of *Sruthan*, or "streamy."

So concerned are we with our dead Chief, as he is borne to the cross-surmounted funeral carriage outside the station, that we do not remember that the forbear of whom he was perhaps the most proud, the famous old Jacobite "Poet-Chief," Alexander Robertson of Struan, lies in the kirkyard here, nor do we now remember that it is to the Poet-Chief's "sweet retreat" of Dunalastair, or Mount Alexander, that we are following his namesake to-day. A lovely cross of white and purple flowers, from mother and sister in England, and a fair white wreath from another relative at a distance, are here placed on Struan's coffin, which, strangely enough, has to rest for some little while in the place of his old and honourable name. Four clanswomen in mourning, of the old Highland stock of Struan and Athole, are found standing here to see us leave, and two join us as we take the road for Dunalastair. Away up native Glenerrochy we take our way, through lands never alienated from the clan, the black cross moving slowly on in front of us, the massed white flowers beneath it, ever distinct against the lower green braes,—a little farmhouse of historic Gaelic name high up here and there,—until the hillsides on one hand grow wilder, and are now only peopled with multitudes of climbing birches. The roadsides are often bare, but now and then we are almost within the bright precincts of the nearer scanty woods of old and weather-twisted birch-trees, their gnarled and roughly silvered trunks shining through youthful foliage. Everywhere now there is a great stillness, no sound even of bird-life around us, but a shadowy, long-shaped cuckoo flies silently over us. On past Jacobite Blairfettie; past the square house of Auchleeks, standing in front of its woods, and Trinafour with its chastened memories of a gentle laird's hospitality. Then, as the road mounts still higher, wide heather moorland and rocks, ruins of old time clachans of our clan, the brown shoulder of Ben Hualach, the long rocky range of the mountains of Loch Tummel side, are all around us; and soon we turn downwards towards the Strath of Rannoch, and at last pass through the north entrance of Dunalastair.

Here (like a vision, so silently have they, with others, joined us), ten men from Loch Rannoch side are now to be seen in two rows close behind our dead Chief, following with bowed heads, keeping most perfect step, their kilts swaying slowly as they move. And so we follow through the splendid scenery of Dunalastair, this most beautiful sight ever before us leading the way,—the cross in the air above our dead Struan, the whiteness of the wreathed flowers around him, the retainers in their red-hued tartan behind him; above them Schiehallion, unveiled of every mist; beneath them—at the foot of yon storied green slopes—the Tummel shining blue through the bright-clad branches. Strange it seems for Struan to be passing thus through Dunalastair, once destined to be his own, stranger to see the chief-like procession drawing near to the door of the house on its way,—but on past the door we slowly sweep, and down the avenue that leads from the south, only to halt where a grassy alley leads into the midst of the beautiful forest.

Struan has come home to his own, and we now see our Chief carried by relays of the Rannoch men (who include clansmen, Struan's Camerons, and

tenants and servitors from his own estate at the far end of Loch Rannoch), and by kinsmen and representatives of the Clan Donnachaidh Society, the pipers in front softly playing "The Flowers of the Forest"; while we follow on foot through primroses and anemones, the shining forest trees cut close in a leafy wall on either side, the scent of the sweet white flowers borne high in the air floating back to us. So beautiful is our destination, the small square-built family burial-place in the woods just above the blue of the Tummel, sunshine trembling on its mellowed wall, fine trees guarding but not overshadowing aught of its brightness, the thin silver line of Loch Rannoch glimmering away to the west, that one cannot associate the place with death. Loyal hands have lined Struan's resting-place—which is close to the inner gate—with choice green boughs, and fringed the edges of the turf with hundreds of gathered primroses; and within this sunny enclosure (while we few clanswomen wait in the shadows outside the gate) the Very Reverend Canon, in surplice and dark velvet gold-embroidered stole, reads the solemn service; and we hang on the beautiful words, "Paradise" and "choirs of angels," with our hearts remembering that even this sweet scene around us had been called by the old Poet-Chief his "earthly Paradise." Once more "true men" come forward, once more arises the slow, soft wailing of the pipes in "Struan's Lament," and when it has ceased, we who knew him well steal in with our special offerings of white roses and white lilies, and find them an excuse to remain near Struan till the last.

Looking back, as we drive away, we see that all is now hidden in the trees; only Schiehallion rises high above as in most mighty and leal guardianship over the Struan we have known so long and found so lovable for his surpassing kindness, sincerity, and chivalry.

Tighearna Struan Alasdair Bàn Og.

S. R. MATHIESON.

[From "*Celtic Monthly*," September 1910.]

To a Mountain Burn.

EVER flowing, ever flowing,
 With a gladsome onward rushing,
 Running, swirling, leaping, glowing,
 In the golden sunlight flowing,
 Flowing frolicsome and wild
 Like a little playful child.

Sweet and pure pellucid waters,
 Sweet and pure like prince's daughters,
 Singing daily without slumbers
 In thy playful sparkling numbers,
 Oh my heart with thee rejoices,
 With the water spirits' voices.

R. L.

The Coronation.

THE ceremonies and the festivities are over, and George the Fifth is the crowned and anointed sovereign of these realms.

The whole drama of the Coronation has been an interesting experience to those who have participated in it, and we all have taken our part. Even to those who have watched and reflected, it has been a cheering and significant phenomenon. The very spirit of joyous enthusiasm was seen to take possession of the entire population, grave and gay, and to transfigure our towns and villages into scenes of brilliancy. Dollar was well to the front, and demonstrated its loyalty by entering into, and carrying out with evident zest and without a hitch, the events of a well-planned programme drawn up by the Coronation Committee, presided over by Provost Green.

To our mind the most striking characteristic of the proceedings was not their enthusiasm nor their beauty, but their *unanimity*. Every one, from the highest to the lowest, evinced an eagerness to make the day's rejoicing a success, and their object was amply fulfilled. The significance of such a unanimous tribute of loyalty and affection cannot be missed. The weather, on which so much depended, looked very doubtful at an early hour, but as the morning advanced the lowering clouds passed, leaving a bright sky, yielding promise of a delightful day. Buoyed up with this impression, every face began to wear a smile, and congratulations on the happy prospect passed from mouth to mouth. Soon, however, these hopes were sadly dashed. By nine o'clock the elements began to threaten, and, to the bitter disappointment of all, the proceedings began in a heavy downpour of rain. The unfurling of the new flag presented to the Board School was first on the programme. After a few words from Provost Green, the school children sang, "O God of Bethel." Miss Haig then hoisted the flag, and Miss Dobie unfurled it amid much enthusiasm. Prayer by the Rev. Mr Scott, and the singing of the National Anthem by the assembled multitude was followed by a most appropriate address on the meaning and significance of the British flag by Mr Dougall. He said: "In an unguarded moment, I undertook the difficult task of trying to put into words the feelings which animate us at the hoisting of our country's flag. I am not bold enough, however, to attempt in the five minutes allotted to me, to interpret your feelings. I shall venture no more than a single thought which comes into my own mind. That flag, the symbol of our nationality, with its triple cross, commemorates the chivalry of St George, the devotion of St Andrew, and the zeal of St Patrick. At the same time it reminds us that those qualities of chivalry of devotion or loyalty, of zeal or courage were features of the character of our ancestors. It was their courageous spirit, their undaunted zeal, that won for them and for us this fair land itself, as well as all other lands in which to-day George V. is hailed King and Emperor. It was due to the devotion and loyalty of the pioneers of the Anglo-Saxon race in the far-distant lands to which the spirit of adventure led them, that they set up no new kingdoms but planted the British flag, and established supports of the British Empire; and it is because of their chivalry, their fair-mindedness, their generosity, that

alien races in India, in South Africa, and all over the Empire, own allegiance to our King, not with the sullen submission of a conquered people, but with the proud conviction that they are fellow-citizens with us of the greatest Empire the world has ever known. But, ladies and gentlemen, the flag is more than a commemorative symbol. It is still the meteor flag of Britain streaming from sky to sky, lighting the way for the sons of our fathers to carry civilisation into the dark places of the earth. It summons us to cultivate and to prize these qualities of loyalty, of courage, and of chivalry, which have made our country great. In language more eloquent than any spoken word it says, 'Be generous, be brave, be true, if you would keep inviolate the heritage bequeathed you by your fathers.' To-day that flag is flying in every continent and on every sea, and wherever it flies, here in our peaceful burgh, or out there at the topmast of some storm-tossed ship, here, above the millions in the metropolis, or out there above a lonely settler in some uttermost part of the earth, it flings forth to the four winds of heaven its message, at once a challenge and a prayer, 'One God, one king, one Empire! God save the king, and keep the Empire safe!'"

The flagstaff, the gift of Colonel Haig of Dollarfield, and the flag, the gift of Major Dobie of Dollarbeg, were handed over to the School Board by Colonel Haig, and accepted in their name by Mr M'Diarmid, Chairman of the Board. The interesting proceedings were brought to a close with the presentation to Miss Haig and Miss Dobie of small gold brooches, representing a Union Jack, as mementoes of the occasion.

The various public bodies now assembled at the Institution with the view of joining in a procession to march to the Established Church. Marshalled by Sergeants England and M'Geachan, and headed by two pipers, the assembled bodies marched in the following order:—Town Council, Justices of the Peace, Clergy, Staff of the Institution, Parish Council, School Board, Freemasons, Foresters, while members of the local Territorial Force and of the Institution Officers' Training Corps acted as a bodyguard. The Divine Service in the Church, which was rather lacking in brightness and cheerfulness, was conducted by Rev. A. E. Spence, Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, and Rev. W. Scott. On leaving the Church the company gathered round a roped enclosure to witness the planting of the Coronation Tree, a healthy oak, the gift of Mr Kerr of Harviestoun Castle. Mrs Kerr performed the ceremony in a graceful manner. After the cheering which followed had subsided, Mr Malcolm proposed a vote of thanks to Mr and Mrs Kerr. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have witnessed a most interesting ceremony, a ceremony that takes us back, in thought, to the first work given mankind to do—the work of a gardener, and I think that you will agree with me that Mrs Kerr has handled the spade most deftly and skilfully. Our heartiest congratulations and heartfelt thanks I ask you to accord to her now. We have also to thank Mr Kerr for his kindness in presenting us with the thriving oak. I have already said that the ceremony takes us back to the first work of the human race; the tree takes us back, in thought, to the first coronation mentioned in history—in Scripture, at least. Three of the trees, you may remember, chose to be serviceable rather than conspicuous, and the crown was snatched by one unworthy of it. How different it is with

us to-day! Joy it is to us to know that those who are to-day set apart for the highest position—King George and Queen Mary—have already proved that they are no ‘bramble’ upstarts grasping at privilege, but are lovers of their kind, studying the welfare and happiness of all over whom they have been called to rule, and uniting in themselves the love of peace symbolised by the olive, the sweetness and fruitfulness symbolised by the fig, and the good cheer symbolised by the vine. Shakespeare has told us, ladies and gentlemen, that there are tongues in trees, and we can look forward, in imagination, to our oak becoming oracular, like its ancestor in Dodona, and recounting to a future generation the doings of to-day. Tennyson has gone one better than Shakespeare, for in his poem, ‘The Talking Oak,’ he has given the tongue utterance, and I judge from the language that he has been looking forward, as Vates, to our tree and its future growth. Hear how he and another give ‘the gardener’s word’ :—

“ ‘ May never saw dismember thee,
Nor wielded axe disjoint ;
(Be thou the best memorial tree)
From here to Lizard Point.
The fat earth feed thy branchy root
That under deeply strikes,
The northern morning o’er thee shoot
High up, in silver spikes !
(Where Mrs Kerr has planted thee,
This Coronation year,
So flourish that in reigns to be
Thou may’st be reigning here.) ’ ”

Mr Malcolm, in concluding, asked Mrs Kerr to accept, as a souvenir of the occasion, a miniature silver spade, for which she returned hearty thanks.

A cake and wine banquet was held in the Masonic Hall, presided over by Provost Green, who, in submitting the toast of “The King,” said: “Ladies and gentlemen, it is my duty and my proud privilege to give you the toast of ‘The King.’ We are taking part to-day in the most extensive celebrations the world has seen. Not the least important factor in the growth and development of the British Empire has been the personalities of the last two occupants of the throne. The natural shrewdness and the womanly kindness of Queen Victoria endeared her to the hearts of her people. During her long reign, there was in the main, civil peace and contentment, the nation was thus enabled to devote its whole energy to the cultivation of the Arts and Science, and to the development of its commerce. The personal magnetism, the wisdom, and the approachableness of King Edward carried the influence of Britain, not only into every Court of Europe, but into almost every council chamber of the world. We believe, or we are not worthy the name we bear, that, despite many grievous mistakes the growth of the power of Britain has been for the good of the world. We believe that the federation of the English-speaking peoples of the world will mark the dawn of the day of universal peace. The power of Britain was never greater than when King Edward died. The power of the throne in Britain was never greater than it is to-day. The passing of one monarch and the crowning of his successor, opens a new chapter in a nation’s history. May the new



R. K. Holmes.



R. K. Holmes.

CORONATION DAY CELEBRATIONS.

reign, the opening incidents of which we are now witnessing, be as great and as useful as those which immediately preceded it! It is in no spirit of proud boastfulness that I ask you to drink the toast of 'The King,' but rather in the certain hope that King George has inherited, in no small measure, those outstanding virtues and qualities which so distinguished Victoria the Good and Edward the Peacemaker. God grant that on this solemn day and throughout the whole of his life King George may have strength, health, and courage to worthily adorn his exalted station. I give you the toast of King George V." With the utmost alacrity and cheerfulness the company responded to the Provost's call, and the National Anthem was sung with much heartiness. The hall was beautifully decorated, the tables adorned with flowers tastefully arranged by a committee of ladies, to whom a cordial vote of thanks was passed.

The early part of the day, as we have said, was rainy; but about twelve o'clock the sun emerged from the envious clouds, and thereafter the day and evening continued fine, thus affording full opportunity for the sports of the children at six o'clock, followed by those for adults at a later hour. The various races were keenly contested, and, from time to time, much merriment was caused by mishaps and by the gigantic efforts of some of the older competitors. An interesting event was the tug-of-war, in which the Institution boys showed to advantage against weightier opponents. At two o'clock the old people were entertained to dinner in the Drill Hall, and the children had tea in the Institution Hall between four and five. The Coronation Medal presented to the children is a disc of bronze about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter. It bears medallion representations of King George and Queen Mary, and the royal inscription on its face, and on the obverse the words "Crowned at Westminster, June 1911." The children not of school age received their medals at the hands of Mr Munro, Chairman of the Parish Council; while Mr Buchanan gifted and presented a medal to every pupil in the Board School. Furthermore, each of the children received a decorated stoneware mug. On opposite sides are the portraits of the King and Queen, and between these, with other lettering, a fine representation of the Seal of the Burgh of Dollar. Provost Green made the presentation in the Institution grounds.

We have omitted mention of the Fancy Dress Cycle Parade which took place at three o'clock. This show was most interesting, attracted much notice, and gave rise to many expressions of profound astonishment at its extent, its variety, and its perfect representations of the characters chosen, down to the minutest detail. Some thirty cyclists paraded, and the grotesque costumes of the riders caused much merriment. We are glad to present our readers with some snapshots and to add the list of prize-takers. An illuminated Cycle Parade which took place as the day was darkening also turned out a complete success.

The winners were:—Most artistic costume (ladies)—1st, Miss Carmichael, "Early Victorian"; 2nd, Miss Walker, "Puritan." Most original costume (ladies)—1st, Miss Lauder, "Chimpanzee"; 2nd, Miss Eddie, "Standard Bread." Most original costume—(gentlemen)—1st, Mr Dickson, "Rajah"; 2nd, Mr Johnstone, "Red Indian." Comic costume (gentlemen)—Mr John Baillie, "Female Tinker"; 2nd, Mr J. Robertson, "Coster." Prizes were

also given for best illuminated cycles at the evening illuminated parade. Ladies—1st, Miss Stevenson; 2nd, Miss M. Robertson; 3rd, Miss J. Robertson; 4th, Miss Eddie; 5th, Miss Beattie. Gentlemen—1st, Mr J. Geddes; 2nd, Mr C. Dougall; 3rd, Mr M'Intosh; 4th, Mr Pollock.

After a day of so much activity and excitement, a day full of incident, one would have thought that the public interest would have flagged by evening; but that was not so, for when the hour arrived for lighting the bonfire on Gloom Hill a large crowd climbed to the top to witness, at close quarters, the application of the torch. This was performed by Mrs Gibson, and, to the delight of all, the flames burst forth in large sheets illuminating the surrounding scene, and attracting the attention of distant onlookers on all sides.

The town was beautifully decorated with flags, streamers, and festoons of flowers during the day, and with brilliant illuminations in the evening.

The Pirrick.

SOME RESEARCHES INTO THE ORIGIN AND MEANING OF THAT TERM.

BY REV. W. B. ROBERTSON WILSON.

NINETY-NINE persons out of every hundred among the present residents in Dollar Parish, if asked what they intend to denote when they speak of "The Pirrick," will, in all probability, at once reply: "We mean, of course, the cairn that has been erected on the top of Dollar Hill." Now, although the undoubted usage of the community in regard to the word we are here investigating is that which I have just indicated, not only in Dollar itself, but also in the adjoining parish of Tillicoultry, where the term Pirrick, I understand, is also known and employed to denote specifically the cairn that crowns the summit of that steep and sharply outlined hill that confronts the visitor as he approaches that town from the railway station, I yet hope in the course of this paper to show good cause for my conviction that the application of this term, at present so general among us, is an affair of quite modern date, and is due to the fact that the original significance of the word having been lost, the rationalising intellect straightway set itself to find some intelligible idea to connote with it, and accordingly fixed on an object which was not only in itself prominent and conspicuous, because of its position and its size, but which was also from its situation the natural objective, towards the youthful climber from the village below was almost daily in the habit of directing his steps.

Let me premise here that my attention was first drawn to the subject with which this paper deals in consequence of a very suggestive fact to which I called attention in a recent number of this *Magazine*. I refer to the unusually large number of place-names belonging to our immediate vicinity which have an English origin and not a Gaelic, not to refer to other names that on the face of them carried evidence of their Saxon original, such as White Wisp and King's Seat, Elliston, The Law, and Ben Cleugh among

our hills, and Harvieston, Sheardale, and Hillfoot among our estates. I had proved, I think, that both the Castle of Gloom itself, as Castle Campbell was originally called, and also Kemp's Score, the remarkable artificial passage descending from the back of that Castle into the precipitous ravine through which the Burn, so-called, of Sorrow plunges on its way to join the Burn of Care and form the Dollar Burn, were not, as previous writers had alleged, of Gaelic origin, but were really good English words, pointing back to the time when the bulk of the retainers who were stationed here by their royal masters in charge of the wide domains that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries were known as "the Forest of Dollar," were men of Saxon birth and speech.

It occurred to me, therefore, to ask whether it might not be possible that the obscure and perplexing term "The Pirrick" had a similar origin. There was, I found, a mire or marshy spot on the flank of the hill which immediately dominated the Castle of Gloom, to which the name of "The Slunk" was given. On inquiry, I learned that that term was a good old Scots word, found in Blind Harry's "Wallace," and that it meant precisely what it still means in Dollar, a mire, a slough. Might it not, then, be the case that "The Pirrick," too, was an old Saxon term, and had a place somewhere in our Scottish vernacular speech? Unfortunately no Scottish Dictionary or Vocabulary that I have examined, and I have searched a good many (I may add here not even Sir James Murray's "New English Dictionary"), contains any term even remotely suggesting Pirrick. It was plain, therefore, that Pirrick could not be regarded as having been an ordinary vernacular term current in our common Scottish or English speech, and therefore, to treat it as if it were only a recognised synonym of cairn, became no longer possible.

What was I, then, to think about the matter? For the moment I was nonplussed and could not see my way at all. Happening, however, to be turning over a book dealing with the place-names of Aberdeenshire, I found there several places called "The Perk," or "The Park," as also "The Park or Perkhill." There is, *e.g.*, "The Perk or Park," situated in Drumblade and Rhynie. Concerning this spot an early charter reads as follows: "Sliach with le Park of the same . . . together with four yearly fairs and markets to be holden upon the said Park of Sliach." There is also another Perk in that county, called "The Perk of Essie," which is situated on the top of an uncultivated hill.

Again in the "Place-Names of Strathbogie," James Macdonald writes: "Near to Balhinny is the traditional site of the battlefield called 'Cammel,' but whether the Campbells were combatants on one side, no one can tell. Camphill may be the old name." To the east is a knoll, the top of which, still uncultivated, is called "The Perk."

Further there is a hill called "The Parkhill" which is between Lumphanan Station and Craigievar Castle, and which is always spoken of as "The Perk-hill." Moreover at the eastern end of the Ochils themselves, near the burgh of Newburgh in Fife, and immediately adjoining the Abbey of Lindores, there is another hill also called "The Parkhill," and concerning this hill, in a charter granted by David, Earl of Huntingdon, in 1178, we find that son of

one of our early Scottish kings—the very same kings who owned the Forest of Dollar—giving permission to the abbot and convent to take stones to build with “e terris nostris de Parkhill in sylva de Ironsyde.” Finally in Smith’s “History of Aberdeenshire” I read that “the Park” of Drum, which originally formed part of the royal chase, and which Robert the Bruce reserved to himself when he gave the forest lands in the neighbourhood to William de Irvine, was granted by charter in the fourteenth century to Walter Morigin by David Bruce.

As I pondered these things in my mind, it occurred to me to consult Dr Skeats’ “Anglo-Saxon Dictionary” to see whether there might not be some old Saxon term there which would cast some light on the problem. There I found that the term “pearruc, pearroc” was used for an enclosure, and that it was the root of the word which, as modified by the Norman-French, came to be called Park. This discovery led me to surmise that possibly in the term “The Pirrick,” we had an example of that fossil history which is sometimes found in words when they are closely examined, and I jumped rather prematurely to the conclusion that in the place-name “The Pirrick” we had a case in point. For finding so many hills in different parts of Scotland that, in immediate proximity to forests, and as recognised portions of the same, were known in early times, and are known still, as “The Park,” “The Perk,” “The Perkhill,” or “The Parkhill,” I felt strongly inclined to think that “The Pirrick” was only another and an earlier form of the same word. And knowing as I did that the Scottish monarchs had a hunting lodge in connection with their Forest of Dollar, I inferred that they would have there also, even as Robert the Bruce had in connection with the royal forest of Drum, a park or chase, consisting of a portion of a much larger territory, enclosed from the rest for the king’s special pleasure, and to this name I supposed his Saxon retainers gave the name of “The Pearroc,” a term which, as the true meaning of the word died out, when a generation grew up that were no longer hunters and foresters, but farmers, shepherds, and graziers, might easily be corrupted into the form it still retains.

When I had reached this point in my inquiry I thought my goal had been reached, and that I had hit upon the true solution of the enigma that had been exercising all the powers of my mind. It was a gratifying thought, and for a week or two I exulted in the belief that I had found in the term, which in the twentieth century our schoolboys and girls use as a mere casual designation of a heap of stones, a clue to a long past and interesting period in our national history, which, as visualised by my imagination, carried me back to the time when our kings rode to battle with sword and shield, and rode a-hunting with bow and arrow.

Flushed with pride over my assumed discovery, I wrote Dr Bradley and Dr Craigie, two acquaintances of my own, who are assisting Sir James Murray in bringing out that monumental work, “The Oxford Dictionary,” asking them whether they thought on phonological and etymological grounds my theory as to the origin of the local term was tenable. In reply neither gentleman was willing to pronounce a definite and absolute opinion, though both of them said they thought my case was not adequately made out. Dr Craigie, however, added that unless I could find the word in some

old or early document he thought that little that was satisfactory could be done to explain its significance.

On receiving this letter of Dr Craigie's, with the remark I have just quoted, I suddenly remembered what I had strangely forgotten hitherto, viz., that in the Club House, Dollar, there was an old map of the Ochils, issued in 1783. By the good service of a friend, I was permitted to examine that map, and I found, that while clearly enough outlined on the map, no name was there given to that portion of King's Seat to which we now attach the name of Dollar Hill or the Pirrick. On the other hand, I was surprised and impressed by finding almost due north of King's Seat, on the other side of the Ochils, just above Blackford, a hill marked on the map as "The Pirrick of Kinpauch." Now as Kinpauch lies beyond the English group of hill summits which I have already named in this paper, and which I am inclined to regard as the limits of the Forest of Dollar, and as the term Kinpauch is evidently Gaelic, not English, in origin, it flashed upon me at once that probably the term Pirrick might also be Gaelic, more particularly as it evidently described a well-defined spur of a much higher hill, and as, like the Dollar Pirrick, it also looked down on a stretch of valley ground beneath it.

When I had reached this stage, I learned the very next day that there was a third hill at least among the Ochils to which the name of "The Pirrick" was also applied, and that it was a hill of precisely the same type as our Dollar Pirrick. Thus our Pirrick, as my readers know, is the lower ridge of the higher eminence, King's Seat, and from the hill-foot it so completely hides the higher ridge called King's Seat, that a stranger might not suspect the existence of that hill at all. Precisely similar is it with the Tillicoultry Pirrick, which is the third Pirrick to which I have been referring. For it, too, is the lower ridge of a much higher hill that lies deeper in the range, to which the name of the Law has been given. These facts led me to suspect that probably a Gaelic scholar might be able to settle my doubts, and as Dr Craigie had advised me to consult Dr Watson of Edinburgh High School, as probably the best Gaelic authority alive on place-names, I resolved to write him, as also to apply for help to the Rev. Mr Sinton, brother of the present genial and gentlemanly tenant of Dollar Bank, the farm of which the Pirrick forms a portion. Both gentlemen answered my letters, and both suggested the same explanation of the problem I submitted to them. Mr Sinton writes: "I think the place-name your friend is inquiring about is from Bior, a sharp-pointed thing. Biorag, a small sharp-pointed thing, a fore-tooth of a beast, an out-jutting or pointed little hill. *B* before a small vowel almost sounds *P*; *Ag* sounds *ack*, hence Perack."

Dr Watson writes thus: "The term Pirrick is new to me. There is no Gaelic word beginning with *p* which would suit; but we have to consider the possibility of a Gaelic *b* having been Englished to *p*, as undoubtedly happens. I don't like guesses: but you might consider whether the two Pirricks known to you are pointed (either vertically or horizontally). In that case the Gaelic Bior, a spit, point, with diminutive biorag, might be thought of. The usual diminutive is bioran, but there is no reason why biorag should not be used. Bioran occurs in Bioran Dun Duirn, the Peak of Dun Durn at the east end

of Loch Earn, a conspicuous 'spit' or pinnacle. There is also a place in Sutherland called Na Bioraichean, the place of Spits: but I have not seen it and do not know whether the spits are vertical or horizontal.

"A Bioran or biorag is much the same as A Binnean, diminutive of Beann, horn, peak, pointed hill. This suggestion, however, is subject to confirmation by the physical character of the place.

"It is noticeable that the article goes with the name—The Pirrick. This shows us that at no very distant date the name was well understood. It may be Scots, if it is not Gaelic. It is certainly not Pictish, for Pictish names never have the article even in Gaelic, much less in English.

"It is quite possible that an early Saxon element was introduced in the way you indicate. You would find some few remarks on this sort of thing in the Introduction to my 'Place-Names of Ross and Cromarty.' But some of the names you mention may be Gaelic, *e.g.*, Cowden, which I have proved in the *Celtic Review* to represent Gaelic *Calltinn*, hazel."

These letters are very suggestive, and I think throw much light on the true meaning of our local name.

Dr Craigie, to whom I communicated much of the foregoing information, has written to me, saying: "I have not been able to investigate 'Pirrick' any further as yet. Your own researches, however, are certainly bringing fresh light into the matter, and the subject is worth pursuing. I have no doubt that a number of place-names in Scotland represent obsolete words, not otherwise recorded, the meaning of which can only be ascertained by a comparison of the places to which they are applied. 'Pirrick' may well be one of them.

"I hope to go more closely into the origin of Pirrick when I get home again next month."

This promise will, I trust, issue in my having something even more satisfactory to report on the subject of "The Pirrick" in the next issue of this *Magazine*.

Nature Notes.

ADORNMENT IN NATURE.

BY J. STRACHAN, M.D.

NO one looking around upon this beautiful world, especially in such a district as the Devon Valley, can fail to be impressed with a more or less pleasing sense of the beautiful which everywhere meets the eye—with that quality in objects and phenomena which appeals to the æsthetic faculty in the human mind, producing pleasurable sensations proportioned to our powers of appreciation; and the question naturally arises in the inquiring mind: With what purpose is the world rendered beautiful? To such an inquiry I propose now to direct attention.

To many beauty is to be found everywhere in nature, with a corre-

sponding brightening of life's journey ; and even to the least observant there is much in everyday life which forces itself upon the attention, calling forth expressions of admiration and delight. The endless variety of cloud effect in the sky ; the grandeur of the mountain range and the lovely verdure of the peaceful valley ; the gorgeous colouring of the trees in autumn, and the no less striking variety of foliage in spring, with the ever-changing effects of light and shade—all appeal strongly to the æsthetic faculty. But it is open to the physicist to say that this merely indicates our mental attitude toward what is but a chance condition of things caused by meteorological change, geological formation, and the varying degrees of life and decay, and as having no purpose of beauty in nature. Without altogether admitting, we need not attempt to dispute this view of the matter, but rest thankful for our humanity which enables us to derive enjoyment, accorded to no other animal, from such phenomena.

There are, however, forms of beauty which cannot be explained away by any such scientific or matter-of-fact reasoning. In the whole vegetable and animal world, but more especially in the flower, the butterfly, and the bird, there is abundant evidence of a distinct purpose of adornment ; patterns, so to speak, in form and colour of infinite variety and perfect design which confer no corresponding benefit upon the object, but appeal more or less strongly to the sense of beauty in man. It is true that advocates of the Darwinian theory of evolution profess to explain it all on the utilitarian principles of cross fertilisation in plants, and protective colouring and natural selection in animals. The colour of flowers, they say, is intended to attract the bee, so that it may find the honey in the nectary. In obtaining this it gets covered with pollen, which it carries to other flowers of the same kind, so fertilising them. To the ordinary observer it would seem that, as with all other animals, the insect is attracted, according to an all-compelling and unerring instinct, by its own special food, whatever and wherever it may be. The honey in the flower is quite sufficient without any such roundabout attraction as colour, which has no bearing upon its well-being. Even granting a sense of colour and a preference for bright or special colour in the bee or other insect, a mere glance at almost any flower must lead the mind to an infinitely higher level of purpose and design than we can conceive as applying to such brainless creatures. Then again in protective colouring there is a very evident purpose beyond the mere mingling of reds, browns, yellows, &c., which would harmonise sufficiently with surrounding herbage. In every case the colours are arranged, shaded, and blended according to a more or less elaborate decorative design which can have no bearing upon the purpose of protection. In the butterfly the two objects are beautifully distinct. On the wing the butterfly is exceedingly nimble and keen-sighted, and can thus very effectively

escape from its enemies. There is *then* no need of protective colouring, and nature seems to seize the opportunity to lavish adornment on the upper side of the wings, which, in flight or when momentarily settled upon a flower and moving gently up and down as though to attract attention, are very much exposed to sight and show gloriously in the sunshine. There are times, however, as in cold or wet weather, when the butterfly is very sluggish, remaining for hours or days clinging to a twig or leaf of a plant, an easy prey for any bird which may spy the tempting morsel. *Then* the brilliant colouring is carefully hidden by the wings being folded up, presenting the minimum of surface, as seen from above, and the under or then exposed part of the wings is much less brightly or is protectively coloured. The same, what we might call thoughtful consideration, is seen with regard to many birds. Their powers of flight and their roosting at night in the thick leafy shelter of trees and shrubs are sufficient for safety. The males, therefore, are chosen as special objects for adornment with bright and beautiful colouring. The hens, however, during nesting-time require to lead a very sedentary and retired life in which concealment is a necessary condition, and they are, consequently, much less conspicuously or even protectively adorned. The males, too, are usually more soberly attired in winter when the leafy shelter is less available.

While protection against danger is essential and receives first consideration in nature colouring, the artistic or decorative element is present in practically all animals, and is the more pronounced the less the need of protection. What is the motive power which determines this higher or superimposed principle of adornment. Natural selection, say the evolutionists. The hen birds, they say, have such a keen sense of the beautiful that at some remote period they have given a preference in mating to some chance colouring in the male which took their fancy, and this, by a continued operation of æsthetic selection and survival of the fittest, has been gradually developed, in the course of ages, into the elaborate designs which we now see. Well, it is difficult to argue on what has taken place in remote ages, but so far as we can judge by present-day experience, *natural* selection has no such tendency. On the contrary, while varieties may be perpetuated and increased by artificial means, the operation of instinctive prompting which regulates the life of the lower animals is altogether the other way, being strictly confined within the limits of the type upon which they have been formed. Any departure from type is a freak, or sport, or monstrosity, and is repulsive rather than attractive to the opposite sex, just as a parti-coloured head of hair, even if ornamental in itself, would be with us.

But is it necessary to go so far afield to seek a cause for the beautiful in nature, or can we limit the scheme of creation to suit



A. Drysdale.

KELLY BURN.

the exigencies of a particular theory? Feeding and breeding may not be the only ruling powers in organic life. Will it be considered presumptuous if I venture to suggest another theory which would give to natural adornment a wider and a higher meaning than the personal tastes and interests of the adorned? May not the æsthetic as well as the generative principle be recognised as a motive in determining the conformation of plants and animals, and beauty, as such, be the reason for the beautiful? But, it may be asked, with what object? seeing that adornment confers no benefit or advantage in any relation of life upon the adorned. The crow is as much regarded by its mate and by its fellows as is the jay, and so far as we can judge bestows no envious glances upon its brightly coloured neighbours. Even the vulture seems quite contented with its lot, and enjoys all the conditions of life equally with the most beautiful. Apart from man adornment in nature would seem altogether without purpose or utility. No other animal shows the slightest appreciation of the beautiful, or of any adornment outside its own kind and its own particular type. Are we to assume, therefore, that man bulked so largely in creative design that the all-pervading purpose to beautify refers specially and entirely to his enjoyment. Truly we might be led to "lay this flattering unction to our souls" were it not for the fact that its distribution in time and place has no reference to the presence or absence of man upon the scene, nor is it limited within our powers of vision.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed depths of ocean bear.
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The world was probably as beautiful as now ages before the creation of man, and much of the most exquisite beauty is now hidden away in tropical swamps and forests where man cannot live, or is revealed to us only by aid of the microscope. But is all wasted which man does not enjoy, or can we limit the purposes of creation within the scope of human ken? May it not be permissible to say of the æsthetic sense as has been said of mercy,

"It is an attribute of God Himself,"

and assume a Divine purpose of enjoyment in which we have the inestimable privilege of participation. We have it on the authority of Scripture that "God made man after His own image." This surely is to be interpreted as referring, not to features, limbs, and bodily organs, but to powers and attributes over and above those which we possess in common with the lower animals. By such we are enabled, as it were, to enter into the mind of the Creator, to appreciate the wonders of creation, and to conceive of the infinite

wisdom, power, and beneficence as manifested in natural law. Again may we say with Portia that man's nature "shows likest God's," when it is dominated by such Divine attributes.

If then, this world having been made beautiful for the enjoyment of Him who made it, we have been endowed with the æsthetic faculty with the purpose of enabling us also to enjoy it, how high should be our estimate of the pleasure thus placed within our reach, and how degrading to our nature if we allow it to be supplanted by those which we share with the brute creation.

(To be continued.)

Lady Charlotte Wake's Reminiscences of Harviestoun.

Version of the Legend of the Princess who was imprisoned in Castle Gloom, as told in Dollar a hundred years ago.

IN what is called the estate of Castle Campbell, on the summit of a steep hill, stands the ruined castle so named, destroyed by fire in one of the feudal wars between the Grahams and the Campbells. It was separated from the higher range surrounding it by almost inaccessible glens, and was encircled by two streams which, uniting into a broad brook, flowed in one channel through the little town nestling at its feet. These all retained their ancient names—the Castle of Gloom, the Hills of Sorrow, the Burn of Care and Grief, and the town of Dollar (Dolour). How did they come by these names? They were given by a daughter of one of the ancient kings of Scotland, in its barbaric time, who loved and was beloved by a landless knight. To keep her safe, and also to punish her, her father imprisoned her within his castle on the Ochils. And there she might have remained till now, had not a wild boar from the other side of the mountains (no doubt a predatory chief) ravaged the whole district, destroying everything before him. After vain efforts to subdue and capture him, the king, driven to desperation by the outcries of his subjects, and the lamentations of his daughter—both parties being convinced it was a judgment on his cruelty—proclaimed that he would bestow both the castle and the lady upon whomsoever should overcome the boar. Fortune favours the brave—that is, they know how to make use of opportunities, and her knight slew the boar, wedded the princess, and took possession of the castle. All this happened a very long while ago—it may be in the days of Fingal, for all I know to the contrary.

ARCHBISHOP TAIT'S HONEYMOON VISIT TO HARVIESTOUN.

The wedding between the master of Rugby and the lovely Miss Catherine Sproner took place in the summer at Elmdon Rectory, 22nd June 1843. They went down to Scotland, where the young bride was as much delighted with the beauties of Loch Katrine and the mountain range within reach of Glen Devon (in which the family still gathered itself together, though beautiful Harviestoun stood empty and still) as she was shocked and pained by the

little barn-like kirks and Presbyterian observances, which she looked upon with a sort of holy horror. The Free Church movement had not then filled Scotland with beautiful edifices. Whatever else has been the result, the improvement in church architecture throughout the century has been evident.

The summer of 1847 was also spent by the young couple in Scotland in the cottage at the foot of Dumyet, which now represents the family home among the Ochils. Harviestoun was tenantless, John having made the wise decision that it was best to decline an inheritance, which, had it been kept in the family, would have burdened him with debt and crippled every movement.

A RUSTIC SCOT'S OPINION OF A CATHEDRAL CHURCH SERVICE.

When Tait was Dean of Carlisle, his brothers often visited him. On one occasion they were accompanied by a confidential servant, a Scotsman and a Presbyterian. "What do you think, David, of the Cathedral service?" asked his master the first Sunday evening. "I think, sir," he replied, "there are ower mony manœuvres; I was quite in a maze, an' couldna follow it ava. At last the Dean got into the pulpit and said, 'Let us pray.' Now, I thoct, I understand that; it's a' richt, and got up on my feet to pray, when a man pulled at my coat tails and said, 'You mustna stand to pray.'"

FAMILY GATHERING OF THE TAITs AT ALVA HOUSE IN 1852.

In the autumn of 1852 the Dean of Carlisle and his family joined his elder brother Colonel Thomas Tait of the Indian Army, as well as his other brothers in Scotland. They together took Alva House, a large and beautiful mansion-house belonging to the Johnstones in Clackmannanshire. The proprietor was an old and valued friend who had been the playfellow of our early years, and the glens and the hills around it were all associated with our happy childhood at Harviestoun in its near neighbourhood. The united households (with the exception of the servants, who quarrelled like cats and dogs) spent a delightful time together and received many of their family friends.

HARVIESTOUN SERVANT ON DEAN TAIT'S BECOMING BISHOP OF LONDON.

When the news of their brother's promotion to the See of London reached Blairlogie, his two elder brothers rode over to their early home at Harviestoun, where lived the old servant who had been about the place before any of them were born, and now in solitary state had charge of the house. "What do you think, Annie?" cried the first comer; "Mr Archie, the Dean, is made Bishop of London!" "Maister Airchie made a bishop! Ech, preserve us! Bishop o' London! atweel it's a fell place to be bishop o'."

There had been no exclamation of delight, but on the contrary a pause of consternation as the old woman's mind travelled from the more doubtful position of a bishop at all to the thought of the great Babylon—in her idea, the very centre and stronghold of Satan's kingdom.

"Truly Maister Archie would need a double measure of grace to bear him through the dangers of such a position"; and though one laughed at the quaintness of her speech, who could deny its truth?

AMUSING RENCONTRE OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND A DOLLAR MAN
AT A CHURCH CONSECRATION SERVICE IN THE METROPOLIS.

At the consecration of one of the new churches erected by the Bishop of London's church-building fund, a splendid procession moved through the building, the Bishop of London in his robes at its head; near him marched an official, the very personification of that dignity belonging to the Episcopal Church. A turn at the corner of the building having brought him nearer, the solemn step quickened for a moment, and the bishop heard in broadest Scotch a low whisper in his ear, "We've naething like this in our countrie, my lord—I'm frae Dollar!"

Surely the wholesome smile this provoked, the very mention of Dollar, calling up for an instant the vision of green hills and rushing waters, must have done him good, like the momentary unbending of an overstrained bow.

THE OCHILS REVISITED FOR THE LAST TIME.

In the first week of October 1871 we found ourselves once more at the dear old cottage with dearest Jem. It was our second visit since John had departed, and every feeling was stirred among those well-known scenes—the glens, the hills, all the same, but we so altered! The Ochils I could fancy leaning their green heads together, whispering to each other that we used to ramble about their slopes full of fun, leaping from rock to rock, and making their echoes ring with our glad voices. "Look at them now," they seemed to say, "but we are still the same." Yes, they were still the same: there were our glens, all our favourite haunts on the hills behind Harviestoun, but Harviestoun had passed into other hands, and we—well, Jem was eighty and I but eighteen months behind him. We drove over from the cottage to visit the scenes of our early rambles, and then we went further down to the family burial-place beside the Devon. Since the time our mother had been buried there, it had been always visited with mournful feelings, continually deepening as the name of one and another was recorded on each new stone. But it had become gradually darker and more gloomy from the growth of the dense foliage that overshadowed it, and so rank was the vegetation that our eldest brother's grave, though little more than one year old, was scarcely visible. And near it stood the drooping figure of my brother James, showing me where he wished to lie—"Close beside my mother."

The words sent me back to the bright young days when she was among us, and turning to old Drysdale, the grand-nephew of the witch, I asked him where to find the "Canty Knowe," for that the woods were so grown I could not find my way to it, though I had often tried. "Look up," he said, "yon place high up the brae wi' the sun shining on it is the 'Canty Knowe'; they ca' it now by anither name, but yon's the 'Canty Knowe.'" And there, indeed, it was, bright in the sunshine, as it had been when I was a little child, and there first learned that the great God was the God of love and kindness. It was well to look up to it from the gloom of that burial-place.

We were together nearly a fortnight, and very soothing it was. The beauty of that nest among the hills, with all its rural sounds of running water and of wind among the trees is indescribable; it was to all of us a brief space



R. K. Holmer.

THE ACADEMY FROM CAIRNPARK STREET.

of holy rest and quiet. I had my two brothers to myself—what a time it was is indescribable: the long past, the mournful present, the thought of the future, so full of those who were gone before, that it was much more as of heaven than of earth, and made the whole thing seem more visionary than substantially real.

On the last morning of our stay, we all stood together on the little platform before the cottage door—to part. Both James and I then felt that here we should meet no more; but Catherine, my brother the archbishop's wife, looking so bright and beautiful and strong—alas! that day week she lay down to die; it needs not for me to tell of the three days through which she passed from earth to heaven, for I never saw her more.

Castle Campbell.

BY THE LATE MR T. BRADSHAW, SEN.

THEY boast of classic spots in Greece and Rome;
Places where ancient worthies lived and toil'd;
Places immortalised by noble deeds
Of valour, magnanimity, and love.

And we may also boast—for here's a spot,
Hallow'd by footsteps and events, that claim
A thoughtful notice from the good and wise.
Here stood the valiant Knox in days of yore,
And fearlessly proclaim'd the truth of God
To those who sought instruction from his lips.
With solemn energy and zeal he spoke,
On themes of lasting, infinite concern.
Here, too, he broke the sacramental bread,
And gave the cup that told of dying love,
The love of Him who hung upon the tree,
And made atonement for a sinful world.

This stately ruin speaks of distant times,
When freedom was a name, and anarchy
And lawless strife prevail'd—clan fought with clan;
Urged on by bitter hate, or fell revenge,
Till scenes of desolation fill'd the land.

Hence I look round, and in the vast expanse
Behold a splendid sight. Here, lofty hills,
In solemn grandeur, stand and pierce the clouds.
There, a deep glen, romantic, fills the mind
With awe and admiration. Farther on,
“Our Village” shows itself, and well deserves
To be regarded with attentive eye
By lovers of their country and their kind.

And farther still, the Devon winds along,
 Silent and slow, yet bright and beautiful,
 Giving the landscape a delicious charm.

Onward I look, and gain a wider view,
 Embracing hill and dale, woodland and stream,
 And fruitful field ; with happy flocks and herds
 Cropping the grass—reposing in the shade—
 Or gambolling with unrestrained delight.

Yonder a noble river ebbs and flows,
 And bears upon its bosom merchantmen
 And smaller craft of various kinds ;
 While towns and villages adorn its banks,
 Imparting life and beauty to the scene.

Here I could linger long, contemplating
 The wondrous works of the Great Architect
 Who plann'd the universe. But duty calls,
 And I'll away to join the sons of toil,
 Who know and feel the stern realities
 Of this competing, mammon-loving time.

The Vicar of Dollar.

It is somewhat remarkable that during the primacy of the two Beaton, James and David, uncle and nephew, two priests of the name of Forrest should have perished at the stake. Early in the primacy of James Beaton, Henry Forrest, a Benedictine monk, and a native of "the faithful town of Linlithgow," was arrested and imprisoned by order of the archbishop, on the charge that he had declared Patrick Hamilton to be a martyr, Hamilton having perished in the flames in front of St Salvator's College, St Andrews, on the 28th February 1528.

Henry Forrest, according to Foxe, seems to have been betrayed by a friar called Walter Laing, who revealed what had been told to him under the seal of the confessional, with the result that Beaton had him arraigned, degraded from his order, and burnt at the stake "at the north church stile of the Abbey Church of St Andrews." This burning probably took place in 1532.

It was during the primacy of the nephew David, who was subsequently murdered in the Castle of St Andrews, on the 29th May 1546, by John Lesley, Kirkcaldy of Grange, Melville, Carmichael, and other just avengers of George Wishart's death, that the atrocious burning of Thomas Forrest took place on the 1st March 1538.

There is not much to record regarding "the worthy vicar of Dollar," but what there is is worthy of repetition. He belonged to the house of Forret or Forest or Forrest in Fife, and his father was master of the royal stables in James IV.'s reign, probably at Falkland. His early education having been

finished, he was enabled to proceed to Cologne to enter on higher studies, through the generosity of a noble lady of the time who was interested in his scholarship. On his return to Scotland he became a canon regular of St Colm's Inch.

About this time a volume of St Augustine's writings fell into Forrest's hands in a curious fashion. Along with the other canons he had been engaged in a dispute with the abbot about the allowance due to them, and the canons had got the book of the foundation into their possession to prove their case. This book the abbot took from them, and in its place gave them a volume of St Augustine's writings, as the abbey belonged to the order of St Augustine. Forrest was wont to say, "Oh happy and blessed was that book to me, by which I came to a knowledge of the truth."

Forrest's study of St Augustine's writings, and of the Scriptures, led to his throwing in his lot with the Reformers, and many of the younger canons, becoming infused with his earnest spirit, followed his example. His courage led him, on one occasion, to prophesy, in part, the manner of his death. The abbot had rebuked him for his outspoken views, and had advised him to keep his mind to himself. His reply was, "I thank you, my lord, ye are a friend to my body, but not to my soul. Before I deny a word that I have spoken, ye shall see this body of mine consumed to ashes, and blown away with the wind."

Shortly afterwards, he became vicar of Dollar, where he was most assiduous in his labours, and thereby incurred the displeasure of his superiors. Generous to the poor, he taught his flock the fundamentals of the Christian faith in the common tongue—the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and with the young he took great pains to have them educated in a catechism which he prepared for them.

When the Papal agents came to Dollar to sell indulgences, the worthy vicar spoke out strongly and fearlessly in these words: "Parishioners, I am bound to speak the truth to you; this is but to deceive you. There is no pardon for our sins that can come to us either from Pope or any other, but solely by the blood of Christ."

Forrest struck at priestly tithes and perquisites in a way which increased the hatred of his class. For example, he would not exact the corpse present which consisted of the best cow, or the best suit of clothes, or a bed coverlet of the deceased. At length the friars took persistent action, and had him repeatedly summoned before the Bishop of Dunkeld for preaching and explaining the mysteries of religion in the common tongue.

The bishop, who rather liked Forrest, cautioned him to abstain from the practice of preaching every Sunday, inasmuch as the people would begin to think the prelates should do the same. The bishop further advised him that when he did preach, he should do so in such a way as to set forth the liberty of Holy Church, and to select a good gospel, or good epistle, and leave the rest alone.

Forrest replied that if his lordship would indicate which was the good and which the bad, he would meet his wishes in the matter, although he held that he had read both the Old and the New Testaments, and had never found an ill gospel or epistle in any of them.

"Nay, brother Thomas, my joy, that I cannot do," said the bishop; "for I thank God I never knew either the Old or New Testament. I will know nothing but my breviary and my pontifical; but go your way and leave these fancies alone, else you will repent it when you may not mend it."

From this answer arose the common saying, "Ye are like the Bishop of Dunkeld, who knew neither the new nor the old law." Possibly too the proverb in Webb's "God's Controversie with England, 1609," "Of as great knowledge as the Bishop of Dunkeld," arose out of the Bishop's reply.

The good vicar met his end as bravely as he had lived. On the Castle-hill of Edinburgh on the 1st March 1538-39 he was cruelly burned to death. A friar called Hardbuckle vainly urged him to pray to the Virgin Mary. A New Testament was torn from him and held up with shouts of "Heresy! heresy!" to which the brutal crowd responded, "Burn him! burn him!"

Forrest meekly accepted his fate, and his reply was, "God be merciful to me a sinner. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." He recited portions of the Psalms as he was tied to the stake, and continued to do so while the ravenous flames leapt up around him. About this time three or four Stirling men were also put to death for being present at the marriage of the Vicar of Tullibody and for eating flesh in Lent at the bridal feast.

Strange, very strange, was the mental obliquity and religious fanaticism of those stirring times, when professing Christians could perpetrate such dastardly and unchristian actions!

RONALD LEAN.

Aviation.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

AVIATION is the latest production of modern science, and, although it is still more or less in its infancy, it has made wonderful progress, as is shown by the absence of any fatal accidents during the longest flight contemplated, namely, the *Daily Mail* Circuit of Great Britain, 1,010 miles.

Brooklands Motor Course is one of the chief aerodromes in the south of England, and it is interesting to know that two old Dollar boys are connected with it and the new sport of flying. B. Macfie has now been there some time and has designed, built, and is flying a machine called the "Macfie Biplane" with which he hopes to make his name. He is recognised there as a clever mechanic, and in time, no doubt, will rise to the top of the flying ranks. The official doctor of the place is also an old Dollar boy, W. M. Paul, and it is owing to his position there that I have been enabled to make a flight in an aeroplane.

Graham Gilmour (a famous flyer) kindly took me up, one beautiful still summer evening, in his Bristol biplane, and I do not think I ever had such a delightful experience in my life before. At first I did not feel I was off *terra firma*, but the aviator said, "We are up fifty feet," and on looking down I saw it was really so. At first I did not hold on to anything, fearing I might touch some important wire or stay which would make our descent rather more precipitous than we wanted, but Graham Gilmour said I might hold on to the

wooden bars on either side of him. I did not feel in the least insecure, and was able to get my pocket handkerchief out of my pocket to wave to friends who looked mere specks on the earth beneath.

Higher and higher up we went until we were 300 feet up in the air and the earth looked as if it were spread with a beautiful carpet of varied hues and designs. I had no sensation of moving although we were travelling at anything from forty to fifty miles per hour, and it was only on looking down to the earth that I could see that we were flying along. We mounted still higher and were up over 500 feet before we started to descend. Two aeroplanes could be seen flying beneath and this gave me a good idea of the height we were up. After this we began to descend, and had almost reached the ground when suddenly the planes were tilted and up we went again, a beautiful vol-plane, and we alighted in front of the hangar in a soft and easy manner. No words can describe the delightful sensation of floating in the air, but being in the hands of so skilful an aviator I did not feel in the least nervous.

Another old Dollar boy who has been racing on a motor bicycle on the famous track is J. F. Potts, who was well known to older Dollar boys for his motoring proclivities.

Brooklands is a very unique and wonderful modern place; in fact it has been characterised as one of the engineering wonders of the world. There I have seen many good and fast speeds in both motor cars and aeroplanes. One of the most wonderful sights of the times was seen there when twenty competing aeroplanes set off on their race for the Daily Mail £10,000 prize on 22nd July 1911. I saw also the return there of Beaumont the winner, and Vedrines, having an interesting little conversation with the winner.

INA E. PAUL.

Historia Amoris.

At the early age of eight
I thought I'd met my fate
When I was introduced to curly-headed Mabel.
But I thought it rather queer
Having twelve birthdays per year,
So I threw her up as soon as I was able.

With some amours in between,
I advanced towards fifteen—
That's the year I fell in love with Miss M'Pherson.
She was twenty-five herself,
And she left me on the shelf,
For she got married to a military person.

At the age of twenty-two
(After loving just a few)
My heart was occupied by Mariette.
I loved her "fit to bust";
But it really was disgust-
ing when she left me to become a suffragette.

At the age of thirty-one,
When the calf-love days were done,
I proposed to a delightful girl called Milly.
But again—ah! what a blow!
I was left—she answered “no,”
Because she thought my manner was so silly.

Now my youth has passed away,
And my hair is turning grey,
And a bachelorly solitude's before me.
Old, and haven't got a penny,
Yet I wonder why so many
Dear young persons all insist that they adore me?

D. Y. A.

Dollar Parish Church.

ORDINATION OF REV. R. S. ARMSTRONG, M.A., B.D.

WITH a unanimity and cordiality which gives evidence of the fine spirit that animated the Selection Committee and the tact which, under the Moderatorship of Rev. Mr Williamson of Alva, they displayed in guiding the congregation in its choice, the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., was called as assistant and successor to the Rev. Dr Gunn, now retired. The call, signed by 373 members, was accepted by Mr Armstrong, and he was ordained on the 27th of July amid many manifestations of warm welcome and approval. The ceremony was conducted by the Presbytery of Stirling, in the Parish Church, when there was a large attendance of members and adherents of the congregation and friends. Rev. A. J. Miller, M.A., West Church, Stirling, conducted the service.

Addressing the new pastor, Mr Miller in name of the Presbytery, reminded him of the great and solemn responsibility of the office which had been given to him, and its Divine origin. The call to minister to God's people in their joys and sorrows was indeed a grand yet a most difficult call. He would find it of great assistance in his work that Dr Gunn had laboured in the field before, and that he would still have the benefit of his ripe Christian wisdom. The things required of a Christian minister were many. Visitation might take up a good deal of time, but it was absolutely necessary if the minister was to know his people. It was also necessary that he should keep in sympathy with the best thought of his age and of all ages, and this would mean a great deal of study and meditation, while it was impossible to keep in touch with Jesus Christ except by prayer. He was to try to be an example to his flock in his walk and conversation. Even in these democratic days he would find people looking up to him for an example. Finally, no man was sufficient for these things of himself. Their sufficiency was of God.

Addressing the congregation, Mr Miller counselled them not to forget

that their minister needed their help at least as much as they needed his. Napoleon used to say that Providence had a way of being on the side of the big battalions. Certainly they had no right to expect Providence to be on their side if they stood still and did nothing. There were far too many "sleeping partners" in the Church of Christ to-day. They could all assist and encourage their minister by their presence at the various ordinances, and by their prayers. They were to regard themselves as soldiers in the Christian army, each with a duty to do. They were not to be afraid to confide in their minister. He and they were now united in a joint enterprise. They must consider themselves as servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, engaged in a glorious work which would be incomplete so long as a single soul did not respond to the call of the Gospel.

THE INDUCTION DINNER.

At half-past one o'clock the induction dinner was held in the Castle Campbell Hotel, when a company of between sixty and seventy gentlemen were present. Major Dobie of Dollarbeg, Convener of the Congregational Committee, presided. The Session Clerk, Mr Masterton, intimated apologies for absence from Rev. Dr Gunn; Rev. Mr Gwyther, Dollar; Rev. Mr Cameron, Blairingone; Rev. Mr Lees, Stirling; Mr Kerr of Harviestoun Castle; Mr Wardlaw, Clydesdale Bank, Glasgow. Dr Gunn wrote it was a sorrowful request to ask that his absence be excused, but it was necessary. His best wishes were with Mr Armstrong. He prayed that God might bless him and make him a blessing to the congregation and parish.

After the toast of "The King" had been duly honoured, the Chairman submitted the toast of "The New Minister." He said:—

"I am sure no words of mine are necessary to commend this toast to your whole-hearted acceptance. I regret that I cannot say very much about our young minister because I am not yet sufficiently acquainted with him, but I hope to be by-and-by. Although we are all for the most part strangers to Mr Armstrong we will not be that very long. (Applause.) I am quite sure he can depend upon our loyal and hearty support, and that in his goings in and out amongst us he will receive a very hearty and a very warm welcome. (Applause.) I hope he will be long spared in health and strength to labour amongst us, and that his work in this parish will be abundantly blessed." (Applause.)

Rev. Mr Armstrong: "I must, in the first place, thank Mr Dobie for the very kind words that he has said regarding me, and you, gentlemen, for the cordiality of the response given to the sentiment. I may say that the election to a parish must be a memorable day to any probationer, but I think I may be permitted to say that in my case it was a red-letter day because it happened on Coronation Day—22nd June. On that day King George received a crown and I won a Dollar. (Laughter and applause.) Perhaps you will think me a little mercenary, but it is the case. (Laughter.) In looking round Dollar when I came here to preach, three things struck me. I knew that Dollar had many attractions from what I had heard, although I never had the pleasure of visiting Dollar before that day. First of all its educational interest appealed to me very strongly. We have here a beautiful Academy—Dollar Institution.

I feel it is a great privilege to me to be called to be minister of Dollar on account of its educational attractions. I have always had a great interest in young people, and I hope I shall always maintain that interest even when I get older, because I have always felt that when one is thrown into the company of young people it makes one keep himself young, and it also has the power of widening one's interest and to feel that it is a duty to identify one's self with the life-interests of the young. I hope later to be able to ascertain the inner working of the School life. One cannot help feeling that it deserves the name of 'classic' burgh, because any one visiting Dollar for the first time must be struck with the classic atmosphere which pervades the whole town. The second thing that appealed to me was the natural beauty of Dollar. I have not had an opportunity of visiting the environments of Dollar, but I understand from what I have heard that they are unsurpassable. I think no one can be a good teacher and a good preacher unless he is at heart a lover of nature. I have always personally been deeply impressed with beautiful scenery, and I feel I have really been privileged to be called to be the minister of Dollar, because I shall have opportunities of drawing inspiration from the beauties of Dollar and its surroundings. (Applause.) Then there is a third interest that appealed to me, and that is in being called to be assistant and successor to Dr Gunn. (Applause.) I regret, and I am sure we all regret, that he is unable to be present with us to-day, and I should like to thank him in his absence for the kind remarks which Mr Masterton read from him. I feel that the responsibility is very great which has been imposed upon me by the people of Dollar in calling me to be their minister, because I am deeply conscious of the high standard which Dr Gunn has maintained throughout his long ministry in the parish. I know that Dr Gunn is a man of great erudition and scholarship and that he has maintained, with great acceptance to the people of Dollar, the best traditions of the Church of Scotland, and I hope, with the assistance of the Kirk Session and the people of Dollar, that I shall be enabled to try at least to follow in the footsteps of Dr Gunn. (Applause.) I am not going to occupy more of your time at present, and I would simply conclude by thanking you all for your kindness, and for the warmth of the reception which has been extended to me in coming to Dollar." (Applause.)

The other toasts included "The Rev. Dr Gunn," "The Church of Scotland," "The Presbytery of Stirling," "The Officiating Clergymen," "Moderator and Kirk Session," "Rev. R. Armstrong, sen.," "Other Churches," "The Town of Dollar," "The Educational Interests of Dollar," "The Chairman," "The Croupiers."

THE SOIREE.

In the evening a largely attended social meeting of the congregation and friends was held in the Institution Hall, presided over by the Rev. J. A. Williamson, Alva, Moderator during the vacancy. Accompanying the chairman to the platform were: Rev. R. S. Armstrong, the newly-ordained minister; Rev. Mr Armstrong, Glasgow, Mrs Armstrong and Miss Armstrong (father, mother, and sister of the young minister); Major Dobie, Dollarbeg, and Mrs Dobie; Miss Haig, Dollarfield; Mr J. McArthur Moir, of Hillfoot;

Rev. Mr Scott, Rev. Mr Dunn, Gargunnock ; Mr Dougall, Headmaster of Dollar Institution ; Colonel Haig ; Mr Cameron, Procurator-Fiscal, Greenock, &c. After a service of tea (the blessing having been asked by the Rev. Mr Scott), the congregation joined in the singing of two verses of Psalm lix., led by the choir, under the leadership of Mr John M'Gruther, the choirmaster, Miss M'Gruther giving the accompaniments on the organ. The chairman thereafter offered prayer.

In formally opening the proceedings, the chairman said he had been asked to occupy the chair that evening for a little, and he need hardly say that he felt greatly honoured and privileged in being asked to preside over this large gathering. He apprehended that his duties would be light. In the first place, he felt that he owed a deep debt of gratitude to the Dollar people for many kindnesses he had received from them, and especially did he owe a debt of gratitude to their senior minister, Dr Gunn. (Applause.) More than twenty-six years ago, Dr Gunn occupied, in Alva, the same position which he (the chairman) filled that evening in Dollar, and from that time down to the present he had had the rare privilege of enjoying his friendship and benefiting by his kindly counsel on many occasions in his ministry. (Applause.) He deeply sympathised with Dr Gunn and the congregation in the heavy shadow of sorrow which was now hanging over the household, and yet, in spite of that sorrow, Dr Gunn—he had learned from reports—had received deep satisfaction from the fact that in laying down the active duties of the ministry, one so able and well qualified to take up the burden thereof had been appointed, having been selected by the congregation, and set aside by the laying on of hands by the Presbytery that day. (Applause.) He (the chairman) had had a little experience in the ministry—he was not going to confess how long, as they might think he was getting old—(laughter)—yet he might say that he had never known a young minister entering upon the charge of a parish in more promising circumstances than Mr Armstrong was entering into his charge in Dollar that day. (Applause.) The present large and representative meeting was witness to the fact. The hall, beautifully embellished with plants and flowers, the solemn proceedings in the church, the hearty welcome from the Presbytery, the presence of able ministers in the church under whom Mr Armstrong had laboured, and lastly, the presence of his own dear father—all these were pregnant of meaning and were an augury of a prosperous and successful ministry in years to come. (Applause.) It was no light task to which they had called Mr Armstrong. In choosing him as their minister—and Mr Armstrong had already acknowledged and given recognition to the fact—they had called him to succeed a very able man—an able business man, an able preacher, and an able expounder of the Living Word—a man of men, and a minister among ministers. Let him, therefore, bespeak—he hardly required to do so—their active, energetic and thorough support of Mr Armstrong in his ministry here. (Applause.) He believed that was what they intended to do, and if there was a step further they could take by way of assisting their minister, they should take it. (Applause.) In some congregations there were people who criticised what was done in the church, or who were inclined to stand at a safe distance and applaud, but would not do much more than that. They might acknowledge they had a grand

minister, and one who was loyal in visiting the sick, but they were not so ready to undertake active Christian work. Dollar congregation had never been of that kind in the past. They had always been recognised in the Presbytery as a living, active congregation, devoted to its minister, and most energetic in support of all Christian schemes, and he believed if it had been so in the past, it would be so in the future in a larger extent and measure. (Applause.) He was deeply touched with the proceedings of that day, and he was sure many prayers from loving hearts had ascended to the Throne on high that their new minister might be supported by the Holy Spirit in his ministry, that he might become a tower of strength to the congregation and the community, that he might follow in the steps of his noble predecessors, and in the footsteps of his Great Master. (Applause.)

Rev. Mr Dunn, Gargunnoch, and Mr John Cameron, Procurator-Fiscal, Greenock, afterwards gave addresses, in which they spoke highly of the abilities and the work of the young minister in other spheres.

Mr M'Arthur Moir of Hillfoot, who was received with loud applause, said he had pleasure in calling upon Mrs Dobie and Miss Haig to robe the new minister.

Mrs Dobie and Miss Haig then gracefully adjusted the pulpit robes on the shoulders of Mr Armstrong amid applause from the assemblage.

Mr M'Arthur Moir, in making the presentation, said he wished the ladies had not put him in that position, because he had to make the speech, and either of them could have made a speech and said far sweeter things. (Laughter.) Their minister was now clothed in the robes of office, and he (Mr Moir) was perfectly sure that all would give Mr Armstrong a most hearty welcome as their minister. (Applause.) He was coming to a large congregation gathered together by their present minister, Dr Gunn; he was coming to an attentive church-going congregation, and he (Mr Moir) was certain they would appreciate him in his service. (Applause.) Mr Armstrong was the third minister of Dollar Church that he knew of, and judging by his character and attainments and his past work, he was sure Mr Armstrong would carry on the good work carried on by Dr Gunn, and would make a splendid minister. On behalf of the ladies of the congregation, he had great pleasure in presenting Mr Armstrong with the pulpit robes.

Rev. Mr Williamson then vacated the chair in favour of the new minister, who was enthusiastically received.

Rev. Mr Armstrong, in acknowledging the presentation, said it was his pleasant duty first of all to thank Mrs Dobie and Miss Haig for their great courtesy and kindness in robing him with this handsome gown, and to thank the ladies of Dollar parish, who had contributed towards the gift. He assured them that he felt quite proud in being robed in such a beautiful garment. The gown he had just received took him away back to his college days, and the wearing of the little red gown which they were compelled to wear at some of the classes at the University. Some of these were heirlooms, and others worn by students had belonged to somebody else, and so in consequence a gown often looked very much the worse of wear, and sometimes very short. (Laughter.) He remembered of an incident regarding a rather tall student, who wore one of those gowns which came up to his waist. (Laughter.) He

was strutting along the corridor one day when he was met by one of the professors. The professor said, "Sir, that is a very short gown." (Laughter.) "Oh," replied the student, "it will be long before I get another." (Renewed laughter.) It will be long, said the chairman, before I require another—(hear, hear)—such a handsome gown. (Applause.) He was afraid they would be sick of hearing so much about their new minister—at least he was—(laughter)—and one gentleman at the dinner that afternoon referred to the bad system, or mistake rather, of heaping up the praise upon a young minister. He (the chairman) agreed with him now that he was in that position—(laughter)—because, to begin with, it was apt to give one swelled-headedness—(laughter)—and that was a dangerous thing. He should like to say that he hoped they would not expect too much of him. He could hardly blame them if they expected too much after what they had heard that day, but for himself he would say that they should not be expecting too much of him. A new broom, it was said, sweeps clean, and if he might use that simile, and consider himself a broom, he hoped to sweep efficiently if not clean, and he hoped that he should not wear out so soon as a new broom did. He hoped he would get their support, and he would do his best to maintain the high standard that their venerable friend, Dr Gunn, so ably set before him during his long ministry in Dollar. (Applause.) After asking for their sympathy in the work, to avoid being too critical, and to bear with him if there was an occasional change in the pulpit, he said he was glad to see so many happy faces before him that evening, and to see the warmth of their welcome. His only regret was that owing to the holidays he had not the pleasure of seeing the lads and girls of Dollar Institution with him that evening, but he was glad to have with them Mr Dougall, the headmaster, whom he had to thank for returning from his holidays to be present. (Applause.) In closing, the Rev. Mr Armstrong said he had again to return thanks to Mrs Dobie and Miss Haig and the ladies of the congregation for presenting him with this beautiful robe, and also the beautiful cassock and bands, which they would see on Sunday next. (Applause.)

Mr Dougall, in name of the congregation, presented Rev. Mr Williamson with a purse of sovereigns in recognition of his many excellent services as Moderator of the Kirk Session. Mr Williamson briefly returned thanks.

Colonel Haig next handed a purse of sovereigns from the congregation to Mr Masterton, session clerk, as a mark of appreciation of his valuable services. In returning thanks Mr Masterton said that the sovereigns might disappear, the recollection of their kindness would never vanish.

A feature of the evening was the programme of vocal music rendered by the church choir under the leadership of Mr M'Gruther. Several anthems were admirably rendered.

Votes of thanks to all who had taken part in the meeting closed the proceedings of a day which will be long remembered.

On Sunday, 30th July, Rev. J. Smith, D.D., Hon. F.E.I.S., Partick, formally introduced the new minister to his congregation. Mr Armstrong, said the Doctor, after finishing a distinguished career at Glasgow University, was appointed assistant at Greenock, where he laboured for two and a half years, after which he was appointed to Laurieston Parish, where his abilities

were not long in being recognised. In asking for their young minister a promising future he could congratulate the people of Dollar on their choice. Knowing Mr Armstrong so well he could speak in confidence. He knew him as a student, when he was distinguished by his scholarship; having heard him preach he had been impressed by his thoughtful and earnest sermons. There was a ring of sincerity about him which could not but be appreciated, and he was endowed with good judgment, as well as with a large measure of common-sense. Continuing, the Reverend Doctor said that they had given Mr Armstrong a cordial welcome last week, and he was sure they would give him a hearty welcome to their homes. He hoped they would not take it amiss if he asked them to help and encourage him in his work. He would rejoice with them in their joys, and they would find him a true and devoted friend in their time of sorrow. The reverend gentleman also urged upon the congregation to do their part, which was to attend their place of worship as regularly as possible. If they did their part it would materially assist their minister to do his also. No one should have a sensitive feeling or feel that he was a stranger. In conclusion, Dr Smith said he felt sure that, in that beautiful part of the country, they would remain firm, and that they would love their minister for his work's sake, and thus inspire him with renewed vigour to demonstrate his loyalty to Christ, and his loyalty to the old Church of Scotland, to which he was so devoted.

Golfing Notes.

THE golf course may now at length be said to have taken on its final shape, and the long years of capital expenditure since work was commenced on the wilderness of rocks, whins, and bent on Dollarbank in January 1906 may now be said to have come definitely to an end. The result of the labour and capital expended on it has made it one of the best inland golf courses and very hard to beat anywhere. The number of members shows a regrettable tendency to decrease, but this was only to be expected, as many non-golfers very generously helped the enterprise at its outset by joining, and naturally now drop off. If, however, the income from members at all events tends to decrease, the expenditure decreases in a greater ratio, and we believe the financial position of the Club this year will be better than ever before. Notwithstanding the exceptionally dry summer the course and greens have been surprisingly good this year, and much credit is due to Wm. Shepherd, the greenkeeper, for the thorough and at the same time economical way the course is kept.

In the matches played this year the Club has had varied fortunes. On their own course they managed to draw the match with Alloa on 22nd April, but the doughty golfers of Alloa gave a thorough beating to Dollar at the return match on 13th June. Dollar disposed of Bridge of Allan here on 27th May by 8½ matches to 3½, and also gave an excellent account of themselves at Crook of Devon. Muckart was also beaten here, but avenged themselves on their own course in a match which was played in a thunder-



R. K. Hoimes.

THE UPPER MAINS FROM THE U.F. CHURCH.

storm and a torrential downpour. The usual Club trophies and prizes were played for during the season, Mr H. J. Muil winning the Merchants' Cup, Mr J. M. Smith the Archibald Trophy, Mr D. Donaldson the Gibson Medal and Dobie Medal, while Mr N. Izat succeeded in winning the much-coveted Captain's Prize. A Gymkhana was held on 10th June, when the weather proved kind, and the result was a substantial addition to the funds.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

BY ALEXANDER SCOTT, JUN.

THE blame is mine. But for me the Professor would never have handled a golf club, and the Royal and Ancient Committee might still have followed Lord Fisher's recommendation to sleep quietly in their beds.

Until the other day the learned gentleman's best round was "about" 125, and according to those kindly critics, the caddies, "the auld buffer couldna putt for nuts." But you never know the capabilities of a master-mind. When I dropped into the Professor's rooms last week, I found him peering through a microscope at a newly painted golf ball.

"What *are* you doing?" I asked.

"I propose," he said solemnly, "to reduce putting to a certainty."

"Don't!" I exclaimed. "You'll spoil the game."

"Nonsense!" he said, though apparently that objection had not occurred to him. "This ball is coated with tractum, a new substance I have discovered."

"It *looks* all right," I remarked. "But how will putting be any easier?"

"Come with me to St Andrews on Monday," said the Professor mysteriously.

Monday arrived. When we drove off the Professor was actually nervous, so nervous, in fact, that he took eight to get over the Swilcan. A penetrating voice behind us expressed the opinion that our proper place was on the Jubilee Course. But we plodded on. The experimenter's ninth stroke landed on the green, and ran about four yards past the hole. My ball was rather nearer. The Professor then took out his wooden putter and played, rather hard, I thought; but his ball simply bolted into the hole.

"Wonderful," I said, ambiguously.

On the next green a similar thing happened. Again at the third my opponent had a very long putt, but this time he seemed to misjudge the line entirely. When about a yard short of the hole, however, the ball began to swing in, and finished as before by dropping out of sight. After that even the caddies began to take an interest in the round.

"Mum's the word," said a very proud man, as he holed out a twelve-yarder on the last green. "Wait till I've had my revenge on Major M'Duff; I'm going to play him to-morrow."

Next afternoon I happened to meet the gallant major coming out of the club-house.

"How did your game go to-day?" I asked.

"Oh, just as usual," said he, with becoming modesty. "I was three or

four up. The Professor did fairly well for a few holes—putted extraordinarily well, indeed—but he lost a ball at the seventh; then he went all to pieces. He'll never make a golfer as long as a little thing like that upsets him."

When I went round to condole with the Professor I found him mixing more paint.

"Double strength this time," he said dourly.

That is why I am afraid the Royal and Ancient Committee's rest will soon be disturbed.

REGRETS.

I REGRET all the hours I have squandered
On many ignoble pursuits,
And the various times I have wandered
From rectitude's circumscribed routes.

I grieve at the cash I've expended
Dame Nicotine's aid to invoke,
And the projects which seem to have ended
Like all my tobacco—in smoke.

I remember with sorrow the winners
I never have managed to back,
And the game which I played with "beginners"
Who had marked every card in the pack.

But the shoe of my memory pinches
More than anywhere else at one scene—
Ah, that putt—for the match—eighteen inches,
Which I missed on the very last green!

A. S., Jun.

In Memoriam.

DEATH seems to have used an eager and wide-sweeping sickle among our former pupils during the summer months, filling our homes with mourning, and our hearts with poignant grief. The name which falls first to be inscribed on this page which we dedicate to the remembrance of those who have passed into the *life beyond*, is that of Robert Barrie Beveridge, a distinguished former pupil of the Institution, student of St Andrews University and of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, who was drowned while bathing off the Norfolk coast. The deceased, who was a native of Kinross-shire, left the Institution in 1905 with that solid groundwork of mathematical training which Dollar knows so well how to supply. At the University of St Andrews he proved himself a brilliant student and gave promise of reaching a very high position. He was medallist in the Mathematical Class of 1906-7, medallist in the Junior Honours Class the following year, and again in the Senior Honours Class. He also won a Guthrie Scholarship in 1908. On leaving St Andrews he went to Cambridge, having gained a scholarship at Peterhouse. Here his scholastic

achievements were numerous, and his personal friends were buoyed up with the hope of additional distinction in the near future. Very mysterious, is it not, that such a man should be taken away so early, just when, after a long preparation, he was coming to the fulness of his powers—a man eminent for his amiability and manliness of manner, who had earned the respect of all who knew him.

The tributes of regret and sympathy which have reached us from north, south, east, and west are not merely ceremonials of grief. They have the invaluable quality of a genuine sincerity. We quote those from his companions in the highest class of the Institution. Mr James Hutton, M.A., student, Oxford University, writes: "I think you will understand when I say that I cannot well express what the death of Bobby Beveridge has meant to me. It is not too much to say that I revered him for his genius as a mathematician; but, somehow, that is not what I think most of now. My mind is always carried back to the hours we spent on the hillside together, and, most of all, to those rare days when, after we had both left school, we met again during vacations to spend a few hours in each other's company. I feel it is useless for me to say more. His friendship was something deep-seated, showing itself in countless little ways which had no meaning for anyone but ourselves."

Mr Matthew W. Robinson, now a student of Glasgow University, says: "All the memories of the years I spent at Dollar are bound up with R. B. Beveridge. He was one of four of us who travelled to school together for four years, and we knew him perhaps better than any others. But it was not till he was gone that we realised what he was—indeed, we are only realising it now. Perhaps we could scarcely say anything that means more than this—that looking back now upon that period of intimacy we can recall nothing that gives any pain, nothing that we could wish had not been. Endowed with splendid gifts, and meeting, especially after he left school, with much academic honour, he was one of the most modest and unassuming men one could meet. Even to us he said little of what he had accomplished, and much of it we learned from other sources. It was clear he was in the way to high intellectual eminence, but with the news of his greatest achievement came that of his death, and there are many great hopes buried in his grave. But in the painfulness of sorrow for what we have lost, there is a certain gladness that so much was given us. R. B. Beveridge has made possible aspirations and ideals that would not have been at all without him; and about our memories of him there is no bitterness, for he went about "wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

From Mr William D. Robieson, Glasgow University, we receive: "Bobby Beveridge was one of the most popular boys of his time in Dollar, for, though a worker, he did not bury himself in his books, but was liked by us all for his openness and his geniality. Before he had been long in the School, his aptitude for mathematics manifested itself, but only in his last two years, when he was working for the old Honours Leaving Certificate, did we realise the full extent of his brilliance. I remember how we, less gifted ones, used to look on in admiration of his successful solutions of problems that had long baffled successive Honours classes. Mere class-room work, however,

does not of itself bring popularity: and it was in the many other activities of school life that Beveridge made himself an especial favourite. . . . It was mainly in the occupations of the hours between classes that we came to value his companionship so highly. The group of 'train' boys, of which he was a member, will always look back on those hours as among the pleasantest of their school life. That the one who above all others made them so pleasant to remember, should have been cut off at the outset of what promised to be a brilliant career will always remain a matter for sorrow to them and to all others of his acquaintance."

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THE next young man whose untimely death we mourn is Surgeon William Forrest Archibald, R.N., of the Royal Naval Hospital, Chatham, which took place with startling suddenness on Coronation Day. With two companion officers he made a trip up the Thames from Maidstone, taking the stroke pair of sculls which he handled with his wonted dexterity. On deciding to land at East Farleigh for lunch, deceased when about six feet from the bank stood up in the bow with a boat-hook. Suddenly he gasped for breath, dropped the boat-hook and fell out of the boat head foremost into the water. He had a syncope attack before he reached the water, and death must have been due to natural causes. He was buried with full naval honours and amidst every manifestation of sympathy and respect, his father, Rev. W. I. Archibald, Chaplain of the Forces, Colchester, being present.

When a pupil at the Institution, Willie Archibald showed good ability in the class-room, and in athletics he was one of the foremost. He was seldom without a smile on his countenance: he was, in short, a free, fresh, frank, lovable lad. After leaving School he did well in his classes at Edinburgh University, where he gained his degree.

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THE next whose demise it is our painful duty to chronicle is George H. Geyer, engineer, eldest and only surviving son of Mr Herman Geyer, formerly Modern Language Master in the Institution, who died at the Presidency Hospital, Calcutta, on the 8th of June. George while a pupil here entered heartily into the whole of the School life, and held a distinguished place in many of his classes. In his last year he gained several honours. From *Burns' Monthly Magazine*, published in Calcutta, we quote: "Mr Geyer was of German extraction but brought up in Scotland, and, like another of our friends who has gone before—the late Mr W. Wood of our shipyard—received a considerable portion of his early education at Dollar Academy. Both these gentlemen cherished a warm regard for their old school and the 'bonnie wee toon at the Ochil foot,' and many a reminiscent 'crack' have we had with both, when the *Dollar Magazine* made its quarterly appearance here, about the beauty spots therein portrayed, old schoolmasters, and old schoolfellows, and old schoolboy pranks that somehow none of us were very much ashamed of."

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ANOTHER of our most popular pupils, lost to the world by the merest accident, is Dr John Briggs, whose death took place at Somerset West, South

Africa, on 10th July. He was the eldest son of Colonel and Mrs H. B. Briggs, 12 Lonsdale Terrace, Edinburgh. He left the Institution at the close of Session 1897-98, entered the medical classes of Edinburgh University, where he did credit to himself and his School, and graduated M.B., C.M. in 1904.

Remarkable for fine physical development, amongst his companions Jack Briggs at once acquired a pre-eminence in all the athletic exercises and outdoor amusements engaged in by Dollarians; and it is not too much to say that he was greatly instrumental in raising the standard of athletics to a high pitch, which his successors strive to maintain. In the early prime of life, and apparently in the full flush of manly vigour, he entered upon his work in South Africa, and continued to prosecute it with exemplary faithfulness and great acceptance to the end of a bright course of ever-widening usefulness. In the ordinary intercourse of life he was the cultured gentleman and genial friend. His sun has gone down while it was yet day.

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LESS widely known than those already referred to was Mr George Brown, medical student of Edinburgh University, who died at Portobello only three weeks ago. He passed with much credit the University Preliminary Examination in 1908, and thereafter was successful in the several classes he attended. His general quiet bearing and shyness of disposition gave one the impression that he was not naturally very strong; nevertheless he held a good place in his football team. The bereaved parents have our sincere sympathy.

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BUT of all those who have been called home ere yet their sun had attained its noon, and who are mourned by their Alma Mater to-day, no one left behind more saddened hearts and more tearful eyes than Gertrude Morrison Crabb, who died at Edinburgh on the 21st of July. Gertie Crabb, who left the Institution at the close of Session 1907-08, possessed in a high degree those qualities of mind and heart which were certain to make her a first favourite with her class-fellows and teachers; and her memory is embalmed by them in unaffected sorrow. Hers was a free, frank, joyous spirit—cheerful, hearty, sympathising, lovable. She early showed herself interested in, and not idly interested in, but eager actively to promote the amusements and happiness of her girl friends, and they in turn chose her as their Captain in tennis and hockey. Her infectious enthusiasm added to the liveliness of their games, and helped them to their victories in many matches. A good all-round scholar, she particularly excelled in music. She was a brilliant pianist, and her performances on exhibition days are still remembered. The story of her life of so rich promise seems prematurely closed.

We little thought what time she tarried here
How short her life would be;
And who of all among us was so dear?
Who, bright as she?

But all is wisely ordered. God is good.
Nor would we grieve as they
Who cannot see—beyond the clouds that brood—
The cloudless day.

Marriage.

LEGRAND—STALKER.—At the Roxburghe Hotel, Edinburgh, on 14th June, by the Rev. Dr Wallace Williamson, St Giles' Cathedral, Alexis L. Legrand, Director of the Berlitz School of Languages, Edinburgh, to Margaret Josephine (Madge), daughter of the late Dr Daniel Stalker, and granddaughter of the late Rev. George Philip, D.D.

CARROLL—SIMPSON.—At St John's Church, Aberdeen, on 20th July, Archibald Douglas Carroll, civil engineer, of the Bengal-Nagpur Railway, India, second son of the late Chas. Carroll, late traffic manager of the B.G.J.P. Railway, India, to Helen Marie (May) Simpson, eldest daughter of the late Mr James Simpson, distiller, Inverboyndie, Banff.

Obituary.

GEYER.—At Presidency Hospital, Calcutta, India, on 8th June, George H. Geyer, engineer, eldest and only surviving son of Hermann F. Geyer and Mrs Geyer, Tayport.

GLASS.—At Station Road, Dollar, on 15th June, Elizabeth Haldane, widow of William Glass, baker, aged 69.

BLACKIE.—At Hastings, on 17th June, Katherine M'Leod Ranken, wife of the late Wm. Gourlie Blackie, 22 Devonshire Terrace, Hastings.

ANDERSON.—At Roxburgh Cottage, Dollar, on the 20th June, Hannah Allison, wife of Bailie Anderson.

SPENCE.—At United Free Church Manse, Dollar, on 8th July, Margaret Easton, infant daughter of the Rev. A. Easton Spence.

WILSON.—At Strathdevon, Dollar, on the 18th September, Mary Conn, only surviving daughter of the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson.

IT is with extreme regret that we have to record the death, on the morning of 22nd September, of our highly esteemed townsman and legal adviser, John S. Henderson, Solicitor, after a long and trying illness borne with exemplary patience and cheerfulness. We hope to give his portrait and a full account of his career in our next issue.

Notes from Near and Far.

WE have the greatest pleasure in offering a hearty welcome to our new Parish Minister, Rev. Robert Armstrong, and in wishing him long years of happy and successful ministerial work in Dollar. He comes amongst us at a time of peculiar fitness, and we feel sure that he will prove a valuable acquisition, not only to his own church and congregation, but to the whole public and social life of the community. While fully sympathising with the kindly consideration shown to the Rev. Dr Gunn in leaving him in possession of the manse he has so long occupied, we think it is matter of regret that the new minister, though taking on the whole of the work, is without a proper ministerial residence. Taking into consideration the whole circumstances of the case, it appears to us that there is a very evident and desirable way out of the difficulty. The cemetery is, all too rapidly, filling up, and already the choice of ground there is unpleasantly and unprofitably limited. It is certain that within a comparatively short time an extension will be necessary, and that even now it is desirable. The only direction in which this can be made is to the north by taking in the garden and grounds of the manse. To enable this to be done it will be necessary to provide a new manse, in which case any expense laid out upon the old (very old) manse in order to bring it up to present-day requirements will be altogether thrown away. Looking to the future necessity as well as to the present need, it would seem the wisest and most economical plan to build a new up-to-date manse instead of trying to repair and add to the old one. In that case there would be no need for delay, and within a twelvemonth Mr Armstrong would be settled, we hope for life, in a manse of his own. An excellent site would be on the high (Glebe) ground to the north to which the present approaches could be made available.

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AS OTHERS SEE US.

IN the *Glasgow Evening Citizen* of 29th July appears an article under the title, "Holiday Resorts: Dollar and Rumbling Bridge." It is well illustrated with views of Cairnpark Street leading to Institution, the Dollar Institution, Castle Campbell, view in the Glen near Castle Campbell, Rumbling Bridge Cauldron Linn, The Devil's Mill.

The writer's observations give proof of the favourable impressions made upon him by our educational advantages, our beautiful scenery, and attractive surroundings, but he altogether omits mention of our breezy, exhilarating golf course, so much prized by lovers of the game. He says: "There is no bustle about Dollar; even with its summer visitors at present the town is quieter than usual. The reason for this is that the Dollar Institution, an academy which has made the place famous, is up for the vacation. There are no factories or mines, and with an atmosphere unpolluted by smoke, there is a calm restfulness about this charming little town on the southern slopes of the Ochil Hills that has a beneficial and soothing effect on the

summer visitor, who for a brief spell has managed to tear himself or herself from city stir and bustle.

"The 'auld toon' with its steep streets and its picturesque red roofs was originally planted under the shadow and shelter of the ancient keep, Castle Campbell—the Castle Gloom of former days. The modern burgh has grown up round the famous school. The Dollar Institution was founded by a native of the parish in the beginning of last century. Many of its sons have risen to eminent positions. It may be mentioned here that a number of old Dollar boys in Glasgow who have a warm heart for the School and the little town formed themselves into a club only this year. The first president is Mr Alexander Wardlaw of the Clydesdale Bank, and the secretary is Mr Herbert C. Sloan, C.A., 45 West Nile Street."

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A NARROW ESCAPE.—One of our oldest inhabitants, Mr Peter Robertson, Lower Mains, a contemporary and schoolfellow of our friend Mr Alexander Stewart of Millera, N.S.W. (donor of the Stewart Bounty), met with an alarming adventure and had a very narrow escape from death on the evening of 13th September. Returning from a visit of inspection to some cattle he had grazing in one of the Dollarbeg fields, he was crossing the Sour Meadow (between the railway and Dollar Burn), when he observed a young heifer acting in a strange way toward a dark object on the ground beside her. On going up he found this to be a very small new-born calf. He was proceeding to examine it more particularly when he received a tremendous buffet on the side of the head which sent him sprawling and nearly stunned some yards away. He was sufficiently conscious, however, to see and know that the infuriated cattle beast was in the act of making another rush at him, and with the keen perception and quick thought which comes with imminent danger, he had given himself up as "done for." This he certainly would have been had not help arrived in the very nick of time. His dog had been straying on some distance in front, but seeing how matters stood with his master, flew to the rescue and made a vigorous counter-attack upon his assailant. The cow immediately turned and went after the dog, and Mr Robertson was fortunately able to rise and make off in all haste to a safe distance from the maternal fury. He escaped with a lacerated ear requiring to be stitched, and some rather severe bruises on the legs, but he says he'll "never be nearer death till the end comes."

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RESEARCH SCHOLARSHIP.—At the July Graduation Ceremony of the St Andrews University it was announced that Miss Bina Paterson had been awarded a Carnegie Research Scholarship in Chemistry. We join many F.P.'s in hearty congratulations.

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MISS NORRIE'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL.—The first session of this school, which has grown in favour with the parents of Dollar, was closed on the 16th of June with a very attractive exhibition of the work done by the pupils. The programme consisted of drill, recitations, and pianoforte solos, all of which gave much satisfaction and delight to the audience. At the close

Mrs Dougall presented prizes to the duxes, and Mr Dougall congratulated teachers and pupils on the excellence of the session's work.

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LOCAL MUSICAL RESULTS.—In the School Examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music the following pupils of Miss Olive K. Holmes, L.R.A.M., passed with credit:—Higher Piano (Distinction), Christina D. Robertson; Higher Piano (Pass), Agnes J. Fraser; Elementary Piano (Pass), Annie Sinton; Pass, Rudiments of Music, Mary Rutherford and Elizabeth Rutherford.

In the same examination Margaret Taylor, a pupil of Miss Susan M'Gruther, gained a Pass in Primary Piano.

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BANK APPOINTMENT FOR AN F.P.—Many of our younger readers will be pleased to hear that Mr Forbes Sutherland, who left Dollar only two years ago, has secured an appointment in the Chartered Bank of India, Shanghai. He carries with him the hearty good wishes of his teachers and class-fellows.

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A DISTINGUISHED F.P.—In our last number we had pleasure in recording the success of Mr W. R. C. Callander, M.A., in gaining First Class Honours in Classics, and to-day we learn that he has gained the further distinction of First Class Honours in Mental Philosophy. Hearty congratulations from the old School! Double Firsts are rare.

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CORONATION MEDAL FOR THE PROVOST.—At the July meeting of the Town Council Provost Green intimated that he had received a letter from the Secretary of Scotland stating that His Majesty the King had been graciously pleased to bestow upon him a Coronation Medal, which he produced and handed round for inspection. The members heartily congratulated the Provost on the honour conferred upon him.

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SUMMER SCHOOL OF MISSION STUDY.—The Summer School of Mission Study under the auspices of the Joint Committee on Mission Study of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church of Scotland was held in a large marquee in the grounds of the Institution. Mr Stanley Nairn, M.A., the Secretary, was responsible for the arrangements which were onerous, as there were about two hundred delegates from all parts of the country. Addresses on missionary topics were delivered by eminent clergymen and others, and these were followed by discussions in the sections sitting in the class-rooms of the Institution.

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CORONATION DAY IN FEZ.—We note with much pleasure that Mr M'Ivor M'Leod, F.P., British Consul at Fez, entertained all the British residents there, nine in number, to a Coronation lunch on 22nd June, when the toast of long life and health and a peaceful and prosperous reign to King George V. and Queen Mary was pledged with much enthusiasm.

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PROVOST Green, as representing the Town Council, and Mr Malcolm, as one of the representatives of the County Council, were honoured with the King's command to attend the ceremony of the inauguration of the Chapel of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle in St Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, by His Majesty the King, accompanied by Her Majesty the Queen, on Wednesday, 19th July.

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WE heartily congratulate Mr George N. Harper, F.P., now of the Indian Civil Service, on his winning the open Challenge Cup for the Championship of the North of Scotland in the Lawn Tennis Tournament held at Grantown-on-Spey. Mr Harper beat Mr Yuille, the holder, by 6-3, 6-4, 6-3, 3-6. He was also successful in the Elgin Tournament, where he gained two prizes, a first and a second.

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VISITORS.—Season after season shows that our F.P.'s when on holiday like to revisit the scenes of their schooldays; and, during this summer we have been glad to welcome among others:—

Edward P. Clinton and Mrs Clinton, from Shawfield Lodge, Ash; Edward H. Aikman, from Belize, British Honduras; James Leitch and Mrs Leitch, from Buenos Aires; Alex. Whyte (neph.) and Mrs Whyte, from India; Mrs Roberts (*née* Kate Richards), from Cheltenham; Mrs James Hutcheson (*née* Lillie J. Harper), from Montreal; James Young and Mrs Young, from India; A. Douglas Carroll and Mrs Carroll, from India; Miss Florence Blacklaw, from Daventry; Mrs Deacon (*née* Ella Dawson), from Shrewsbury; Paul Savi, from India, whose contributions to the *Magazine* have given much pleasure to our readers; Marshall Anderson, from India.

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At the Graduation Ceremony of the Edinburgh University on 28th July, two of our F.P.'s, Andrew Gray Carment, M.B., C.M., B.Sc., and Thomas S. M'Intosh, M.B., C.M., received the degree of M.D. Dr Carment's Thesis was "Footnotes to Tropical Medicine on Beri-Beri, Blackwater Fever, and the Life History of *Culicinx*."

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AN INTERESTING RECORD.—In connection with a trip to Welbeck it will not be inappropriate to mention a somewhat unique record that has come under our notice. Some forty years ago there were at Dollar Academy six young men who boarded together with a Mrs Ralston, and it is a rather remarkable coincidence that the whole six have achieved distinction in the same profession, and that to-day the leading factorial positions in the country are being filled by them. The oldest of the boys was Mr J. Harling Turner, the Duke of Portland's Commissioner in Scotland; and the others were:—Mr T. Warner Turner, the agent at Welbeck; Mr William Ralston, agent to Lord Strathmore at Barnard Castle; Mr Charles Ralston, Chamberlain to the Duke of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig; Mr Agnew Ralston, factor for Lord Linlithgow at Philpstoun; and Mr George Russell, factor to Lord Home at Hirsell. At the same time at Dollar Academy, though of a younger



A. Drysdale.

OFFICERS AND REVIEW CONTINGENT OF THE CADET CORPS.

"school," was Mr James Middleton, now factor to Lord Howard de Walden in Kilmarnock.

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MR WILLIAM HENDERSON of Lawton (F.P.), who was one of the members of the Agricultural Commission which recently visited Australia, has been instructed to examine and report upon a group of pastoral stations in Western Australia on behalf of a London Syndicate. Mr Henderson is one of the most skilful farmers in the country; he was a member of the Commissions that recently visited Denmark and Canada.

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LOOKING AHEAD.—Mr Vivian Van Millingen (F.P.), writing from Beulah, Manitoba, earnestly asks to be informed regarding the exact date of the celebrations of the centenary of Dollar Institution, 1918, as he longs to be present to have a share in them. If our F.P.'s throughout the world will take the hint, and begin now to prepare, we may count upon a vast gathering and happy re-union.

School Notes.

Now that the work of a new session is in full swing, it requires an effort to cast our minds back to 20th June, when the closing Exhibition of last session took place. There was the usual large turn-out of parents and friends, and we think they were even more than usually well pleased with the displays in Gymnasium, Art room, and Sewing room. The art needle-work of the senior girls was much admired. In his report the Headmaster referred to the distinguished honours gained by our former pupils at St Andrews, Glasgow, Oxford, and Cambridge. He spoke also of the losses the School had sustained by the deaths of some of the most promising of our recent pupils. Unfortunately, since Exhibition Day further losses have been sustained, and our retrospect of a session which took from us so many of whom we were justly proud, must always be a sad one.

The programme included a scene from "Twelfth Night," with J. B. Fox, G. L. Wilson, D. Gordon, G. Heyworth, and Miss Agnes Wilson as characters. A choir of girls rendered four songs—English, Scots, Irish, and Welsh airs; Misses Crabb and Watson played Weber's "Rondo" on the pianoforte; and a small orchestra, whose members were all pupils of the School, gave an excellent rendering of the "First Prelude" (Bach-Gounod) and a "Minuet and Trio" by Mozart.

Dr Irvine Robertson delivered an appropriate address in which he said that Dollar Institution had gone on since 1819 prospering and to prosper. If Dollar did not bulk so large to-day in the eye of the public as it did, that was not on account of any deterioration on the part of Dollar Academy, but on account of the enormous levelling up of the standard of education all over the country, and the growth of Secondary Schools in and near our large cities. To have held its own as it had done in the face of competition

showed that the constitution of Dollar was still sound, and that those locally responsible for its welfare knew their duty and did it. The centenary of the Academy was not now so very far off, and he believed that when that time came, this School would be able to show a hundred years' work which would compare with that of any school of its station in the land.

The prizes and medals were presented by the Chairman of the Governing Board, Professor Scott Lang, St Andrews. The principal awards were as follows :—

English—Isabella L. S. Luke (Merit); Agnes M. Wilson (Medallist).

Latin—Isabella L. S. Luke (Medallist).

French—Margaret H. Simpson (Medallist).

German—Jamesina Lennox (Merit); Margaret M. Drysdale (Medallist).

Mathematics—Jessie M. Younger (Medallist).

Science—Gavin L. Wilson (Medallist); Isabella L. S. Luke (Merit); Adelaide L. Masterton (Special Prize).

Art—Agnes A. Drysdale (Medallist).

Gymnastics—Gerald Hallifax (Badge); Dorothy L. Crabb (Badge).

The Milne Medals, awarded to the best general scholar in the Boys' and Girls' Schools were gained by John B. Fox and Isabella L. S. Luke respectively. John B. Fox also won the William Wilson Memorial Prize.

Donald H. Culbard was awarded the Bronze Medal presented by the Fife, Clackmannan, and Kinross Edinburgh Association to the best pupil in the technical classes.

The prospects for this session appear to be very bright. There is a welcome increase in the numbers, especially in the senior classes. In his remarks to the pupils on the morning of opening day, Mr Dougall told us that this was the tenth session of his Headmastership of Dollar, and he asked us to try to make it a record year for honest, hard work. If appearances are to be trusted, we have made a good start towards granting his wish.

For several years the Headmaster has talked about the formation of a portrait gallery of distinguished former pupils and teachers. We believe that there are now fourteen pictures in the gallery, as well as the statuette of Sir James Dewar, presented by Lady Dewar a few years ago. Some of the classmates of Robert Beveridge, whose sad death cast a gloom over the proceedings on Exhibition Day, propose to add his portrait to the gallery. William D. Robieson, Schoolhouse, Fossoway, will be pleased to receive subscriptions from any of those who were schoolfellows of Mr Beveridge.

The cricket season ended all too soon owing to the early closing of the School before the Coronation. The winners of the Massey Bat and Belt were J. B. Fox, average 17.3, and V. Cowley, average 5.6, respectively. A new scheme for division of the Athletic Club is being tried this year, principally to overcome several defects in the conditions of cricket practice and house bat matches. The scheme also includes within its scope a better method of supervision of the smaller boys in all the branches of athletics. It is hoped that the boys will give the scheme all the consideration required, and that they will do their utmost to carry it out as fully as possible.

The Athletic Club is to be divided into five divisions of almost equal strength from an athletic point of view. Each of these divisions will be governed by a captain, vice-captain, secretary, and two of a committee, elected by the members of the division. The captain and the older members will exercise a proper supervision of the smaller boys, training them for football and for cricket, so that they may make worthy successors to their seniors in the 1st XV. and 1st XI. as time goes on.

The divisions will engage in inter-divisional games—seven-a-side—cricket matches, &c., whilst the usual routine of training and practice games will continue as before.

Every division will have a master elected to act as general adviser and to be consulted whenever required. The master so elected will represent his division in the Athletic Committee meetings, so that all members of the Athletic Club will have a direct representation on the Masters' Committee.

The scheme is the outcome of much discussion amongst several of the masters and former pupils. Former pupils have been consulted as to the form of such a scheme, and many valuable hints have been given, all of which are now acknowledged.

There is a difficulty in selecting names for the divisions, but it is expected that whatever names be chosen they will have some close relation to the School or its surroundings.

Each house will have colours for its cricket XI. and Rugger VII.

The carrying out of the new scheme in the athletics has been left in the hands of the Masters' Committee, and Mr Wilson will act as general supervisor of its working. We hope that all the masters will co-operate to ensure the smooth working of the scheme.

The four old goal posts have gone—now there are four graceful new poles in their place. The last of the four was hoisted into position on Monday, 11th September, by Mr M'Gruther and his handy men. We all turned down quickly to lend a helping hand as of yore. Lo! we found we were too late. The tall post was fixed up, and there they stood—Mr M'Gruther & Co.—smiling. Our thanks to them for all their hard work.

The Athletic Club takes this opportunity of expressing its deep gratitude to Colonel Haig for still another pole. We are certain that our field is graced by the four largest goal-posts in Scotland, and we are proud of the fact and grateful to the donor.

At a meeting of those remaining of the first three XV.'s of last year the following were appointed to positions of honour in the teams:—

Captain 1st XV.	-	-	Geoffrey Heyworth.
Vice-Captain 1st XV.	-	-	Eric MacNaught.
Secretary 1st XV.	-	-	Alf. Hanbury.
Captain 2nd XV.	-	-	Sam. Farish.
Captain 3rd XV.	-	-	John Watson.

All of them tried and trusty, and to them we look for great deeds this season.

The 1st XV. have already been hard at work, and so far they are proving themselves more than worthy successors to the teams of the past. Heyworth has a fine personality which, we feel sure, will do much to make the team a most successful one and the season a victorious one.

The different positions in the team have been well filled up, especially in the half-back and three-quarter lines. Myers has come in to partner MacNaught, and a smart alert pair they are proving. Kinloch, now completely recovered from his unfortunate mishap last season, is once more in the three-quarter line, whilst Colven has come from the pack to the same position.

On Saturday, 16th September, the first match of the season was played. Mr J. H. Innes kindly got together a team of F.P.'s and masters for the game. This team was quite a strong team all through, but it had to go under by a margin of three points. The score was—1st XV., 11 points; Former Pupils, 8 points.

From observation of the play of the 1st XV. in this game we feel assured of a successful year. Although suffering from too little practice as yet, the play of the XV. was much superior to any play we have seen for many years at the beginning of a season. The pack held their own in the scrum, getting the ball as often as their opponents, whilst in the open their dribbling rushes made one feel quite pleased. Not for a long time have we seen so many rushes in which the forwards kept so well together. The three-quarters had many smart runs, Kinloch, Collie, and Colven working hard and most successfully. Hanbury is never at fault in his tackling and there is never any doubt of the result when he goes at his man. Colven was still new to the work, but his score from a rather poor pass from Hanbury showed that with practice he will soon be all right. Kinloch is the speediest and smartest of the lot, and we look for much scoring by him during the season. Collie is playing with the same dash and determination that marked him out in the 2nd XV. last year as a real gritty player.

A little more defending play on the part of these four will make their line all that could be desired.

Of the halves one can scarcely say too much. Myers is smartness personified, and with MacNaught, who made himself well known last year, our half-back line is as good as, if not better than, it has been for several years.

At back Fox is still a trifle slow and rather afraid of getting down to stop a rush. No doubt this will all come right before the season commences in earnest.

We would urge all the members of the XV.'s to make a study of the game—to treat it as a science, and work at it as such, so that they may get the greatest results for their play.

The Hockey Club have also elected their office-bearers. The Captain is Lizzie Cursiter, and the Secretary is Betty E. Dougall. We have been informed that there is every hope that a strong team will be got together for

the season. Some trouble arises, however, in the choice of players. There are several who would make the team quite strong, but we have learned that a difficulty arises about their travelling to matches away, as these players do not care to travel.

This is an annual difficulty, and one which is most annoying. Surely for the honour of the School no trivial objection should be allowed to keep anyone from joining the team. We hope to hear that all this difficulty has gone, and that the team is as strong as ever.

A good fixture list has been arranged. Altogether there will be twelve or more games during the season, either at home or in Edinburgh, Stirling, Glasgow, and Alloa.

The tennis tournament proved very successful. The winners in the different divisions were:—

Racquet (open), Mary S. Alexander; (under sixteen) Jessie L. Walker; (under fourteen), Dorothy Stewart.

The other day we made a tour of the School grounds and arrived in the garden. It seemed as if some fairy's wand had been waved, and we had entered a new world. Not for many years have we seen such a lovely mass of colour. We are inclined to boast that our garden is the prettiest school garden in the kingdom.

Mr Masterton tells us that he has had a record year in many ways, but greatest of all in the result of the School Sports. Much, if not all, of the honour of making this financial record is due to Mr Masterton himself, and we wish him a new record next year.

On Monday, the 18th, a figure was seen moving about the football field with a tape in hand. Closer observation proved to us that it was the renowned "Bill." How much the Athletic Club owes to the painstaking Mr Carment can never be told in words. We ask him to accept the thanks of the Club for all his services to it in days gone past.

Girls' Literary and Debating Society.

THIS Society holds its opening meeting on 13th October. After the very successful work of last session, our hopes for the coming winter are naturally high. Miss Dougall has been elected President; Miss Simpson, Secretary and Treasurer; and these are assisted by a committee of four, viz., Misses Paterson, Luke, Masterton, and Wilson. A varied and interesting syllabus has been drawn up, including debates, essays, illustrated lectures, a hat-night, a magazine-night, a musical evening, and a conversazione.

It is to be hoped that every girl who can possibly do so will make a point of joining the Society and attending its meetings, for we can guarantee to all who join this energetic and enthusiastic body a full return in pleasure and profit.

Evening on Cumbrae.

THE long, hot day draws near its close,
The sea a glassy mirror lies,
Reflecting back the glowing skies,
In tints of blue and gold and rose.

The green woods lie all dark and still,
The low moors still and silent lie,
Save when a distant curlew's cry
Comes sounding clearly from the hill.

O'er field and wood breathes evening's peace
Hushed are the voices of the land,
But all along the stony strand
The ocean's voices never cease.

Their restless murmur, mournful, sweet,
That day and night unceasing moans
Among the rocks and smooth-worn stones,
Slowly the ebbing waves retreat.

The paddles of a steamer break
The stillness with their thudding beat,
Like hurrying sound of many feet ;
Behind it gleams the long white wake.

Swiftly the steamer glides away,
The first faint stars of falling night
Glimmer o'erhead ; the points of light
Come twinkling out all round the bay.

By M. S.

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

Officers' Training Corps.

THE Officers' Training Corps had a strenuous time last season. The musketry course was carried out at Hillfoot range under much more favourable conditions than in the previous year, and there was a distinct improvement in the shooting. Corporal Gavin Wilson won the Leckie-Ewing Cup, the runners up being Cadet A. Miller and Bugler Pollock.

On 23rd June thirty-five cadets with two officers and Sergeant-Instructor M'Geachen went into camp at Barry for eight days' training. Ours was the first corps to appear on the camping ground, and consequently we had to act as a fatigue party to put up the officers' tents. The camp was an improvement on previous ones as regards the food arrangements, which were

superintended by Captain M'Lean of the Hillhead Contingent, who acted as Quarter-Master. The training was rather hampered by the fact that big-gun shooting was carried out every day on the links, which in consequence could not be utilised for field days to the same extent as formerly. A good deal of useful work was, however, put in by the seven corps that were in camp. Ceremonial drill was the order of the day, chiefly with a view to the Royal Review at Windsor.

We got back to Dollar on Friday, 30th June, and entrained on the Saturday for Windsor, travelling all night. The section chosen for the Review contained the very pick of the School as regards physique, and the Dollar boys compared very favourably with most of the corps present. They formed the right section of the sixth company of the kilted battalion. We arrived at King's Cross about 7 A.M., and were conveyed by omnibus to Waterloo, where we entrained for Windsor. On arrival there the corps marched to the Review ground. The Review in Windsor Great Park on the following day was a most impressive sight, no fewer than eighteen thousand cadets of the senior and junior divisions taking part in the inspection and the march past. The royal party, accompanied by an escort of the Life Guards, entered the ground at 4 P.M., and were received with the royal salute, after which the King rode slowly round the lines making a minute inspection of the four brigades. The King was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Lord Roberts, and other distinguished soldiers. Then came the march past, which was a great success, as far as our battalion, and particularly our company, was concerned. The appearance of the kilts was greeted with ringing cheers, and it was freely stated after the Review that the Scotch battalion was the best one there. We left Windsor at 10.20 P.M. the same night, arriving in Dollar at 2.30 P.M. the following day! There wasn't much time for sight-seeing during the three days of our stay at Windsor, but everybody, I think, succeeded in seeing round the Castle.

The prospects of the Corps for this season seem pretty good. Colour-Sergeant Heyworth has the right stuff in him to make good some of the deficiencies which were apparent last year amongst the N.C.O.'s, who were, on the whole, not so good as in previous years.

Boys' Literary Society.

THE meeting for the election of office-bearers of the Boys' Literary Society was held this week, when the following office-bearers were elected:—President, G. Heyworth; Vice-President, D. MacColl; Secretary, E. MacNaught; Committee, Fox, Hallifax, Hanbury, and Matthewson. We understand that an attractive programme has been drafted, and as several of the most prominent members of last session are still at School, we do not doubt that a successful year lies before the Society. The first paper will be read by the new minister of the parish, the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D. We hope that every boy will make a point of attending the meetings, and that as many as possible will take part in the lively discussions to which we have now got accustomed.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

THIRTY-NINTH LIST.

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

NEW ADDRESSES.

- AITKEN, Mrs, Linden, West Park Road, Dundee.
 GILKISON, ROBT., Solicitor, Water Street, Dunedin, New Zealand.
 LAWLER, J. R., Assistant Locomotive Superintendent, B. & N.W. Railway, Gorakhpur, India.
 ROBERTSON, JOHN A., c/o District Engineer, B. & M.R. Railways, Livingstone, N.W. Rhodesia, Africa.
 HUTCHISON, MRS JAMES (*née* Lillie J. Harper), 227 Milton Street, Montreal.
 SOGA, Rev. J. HENDERSON, Miller Mission, Elliotdale, *via* Ounu, Transkei, Cape Colony.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

- BRIGGS, Col. and Mrs, 12 Lonsdale Terrace, Edinburgh.
 BRIGGS, R. B., Assistant Engineer, O.R. Railway, Moradabad, India.
 BRIGGS, Surgeon H. B. B., H.M.S. "Forte," Simonstown, S. Africa.
 CARMENT, Dr A. G., 119 South Street, St Andrews.
 WEI YUK, The Hon., C.M.G., Mercantile Bank, Hong Kong.
 STEINITZ, J. J., General Manager, Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Co. Ltd., Gloucester.
 STEWART, F. W. H., c/o Cia. Rio Tinto Ltda., Huelva, Spain.
 SUTHERLAND, J. FORBES, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, Shanghai.
 WALLACE, ALEXANDER, W.S., 40 Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh.
 CHRISTIE, ALEX. (1866-7), (late Chartered Bank of Australasia), 39 Outram Street, Perth, Western Australia.
 LEAN, RONALD, Principal, Government Model School, Freetown, Sierra Leone.
 SAVI, GERALD B., Indian Police, Salin Subdivision, Minbu District, Burma.
 STRACHAN, H. CRICHTON, B. & N.W. Railway, Gonda, India.
 STRACHAN, GEORGE R., Kannia Mallai Estate, Munaar, Travancore, South India.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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

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