



Warneke

Photo

MR WILLIAM RAEBURN.

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Mr Wm. B. Raeburn.

WITH cordial satisfaction we give with this number a portrait, true to life, of Mr William Raeburn, a former pupil, and a gentleman well known among business men of his native city. He was born in Glasgow in 1850, and he finished his school curriculum at the Institution in 1866. From that time to this he has continued to manifest a deep interest in the fair fame and prosperity of his Alma Mater.

While at the Institution he boarded with the Rector, Dr John Milne, and the daily contact of a young mind with one whose age, experience, and learning all tended to inspire reverence and exert a healthy influence on it, could not fail to be a great advantage to him in after life. The amount of direct culture received in such circumstances is no correct measure of the intellectual importance of such training to any mind of a receptive nature. The knowledge gained in this close intercourse of daily conversation was not likely to be little, for Dr Milne was always ready to supply advice, help, hints, and encouragements to true students. This training played no small part in fostering the love which binds Mr Raeburn to the old School.

In all his classes William held an honourable place, notwithstanding the fact that his time-table included classics as well as modern languages and commercial subjects. He gained prizes in Mathematics, Latin, and English, and had, besides, honourable mention in French, German, and Book-Keeping. Eminently a healthy-minded boy he loved the sports of youth, enjoyed heartily the football and cricket in their seasons, and on several occasions returned to take part in the annual friendly tussles between former and present pupils.

Equipped with a first-rate general education, Mr Raeburn left School, as we have said, in 1866, and being destined for a commercial life entered an East Indian firm's office, where he remained till 1871, when he removed to join a well-known iron and shipping firm. In 1873 he started business as a shipowner and shipbroker. Since then he has by his managing capacity,

indomitable resolution, industry, and prudence, built up a large business, and is, besides, the Managing Director of the Monarch Steamship Company, owning a splendid fleet of large cargo steamers trading to all parts of the world.

When yet a young man Mr Raeburn began to take a keen interest in public life, and, in 1882, he was one of the shipowners who successfully fought against Mr Chamberlain's Shipping Act, which, owing to the opposition of the Captains of Industry, the Government withdrew in 1884. Ever since he has been in the thick of conflicts with the Board of Trade, Trades' Unions, and other bodies which have been engaged in almost constant attempts to hamper and injuriously interfere with one of the greatest of our national assets. His common-sense attitude to industrial problems our readers will find clearly set forth on page 44 of our March number.

In 1887 Mr Raeburn was elected to the Clyde Navigation Trust, and through various convenerships therein he has risen to the Deputy Chairmanship. The work of this Trust, we need hardly say, involves an immense amount of time and attention, and carries with it heavy responsibilities. His public services do not, however, end here. He is Chairman of the Clyde Lighthouses Trust, and of the Clyde Pilot Board, Deputy Chairman of the British Corporation of the Registry of Ships, Director of various charitable societies, and last, but not least, a member of the Board of Trade Merchant Shipping Advisory Committee whose report on the subject of "Safety of Life at Sea" has lately been so unanimously supported by the shipping community and shipping experts throughout the country, and for which every individual member has been officially thanked by the Government.

Not the worst part of a public-spirited man's reputation is the esteem in which he is held by his friends, and in this Mr Raeburn is rich. He is not one who courts popularity, yet he enjoys it in abundant measure, as much for his personal characteristics as for the benefits which his unceasing efforts have conferred on the trade and industry of the country. In proof of this we have only to mention that in 1907 he was presented by the shipowners of Scotland with a very handsome gift of silver plate for long services rendered. The inscription on one of the rose bowls is as follows: "Presented to Mr W. H. Raeburn of Glasgow by the shipowners of Scotland to mark their appreciation of his valuable services rendered to the shipping community extending over a long series of years. Glasgow, 29th May 1907." Little wonder is it that Mr Raeburn cherishes the gift and the widespread fine feeling that prompted it as one of the most precious rewards of his busy life.

Mr Raeburn is one of our old boys who look back on their Dollar training as playing no unimportant part in the preparation of all that was to follow, and with a warm affection for the place from which he took his wife, Saisie Manifold—a lady whose graces were the admiration of all with whom she came in contact—and where he spent some of his happiest days. He has two sons and one daughter married, and one son and two daughters unmarried. One son is in business with himself, and his eldest is making a name for himself at the English Bar.

Mr Raeburn's address to the present pupils at the close of last session, so

full of kindness and good advice, is still fresh in the minds of many who heard it (page 166 of No. 43). We have marked with keen interest the record of his career as a public-spirited citizen, observing with genuine satisfaction his boundless energy and enterprise, and his success after diligent striving. Let us hope that his fine example of devotion to duty may be an inspiration to those who are now occupying the benches of the old School.

Nurse MacKellar.

BY A SANATORIUM PATIENT.

The following poem, so full of humour and fine feeling, is by the late Miss Wilson, daughter of the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson. The verses from the fourth to the end might have been written about Miss Wilson herself.

SHE grieves o'er all the woes we tell her,
And comforts every fresh-air dweller ;
She's melancholy's sure dispeller—
Blithe Nurse MacKellar.

She'd give her last crust and umbrellar
To help a poor, wet, starving fellar ;
She pets stray cats from the coal cellar—
Kind Nurse MacKellar.

Go ! Find the maid who can excel her,
And on my knees my love I'll tell her.
Not even for rubies would I sell her—
Good Nurse MacKellar.

She runs with Atalanta's grace ;
She has the gayest, sweetest face—
A sunbeam in a shady place
Is Nurse MacKellar.

Her voice, on quiet evenings floats,
Like happy blackbirds' golden notes,
And brings a swelling in our throats—
Oh ! Nurse MacKellar.

Relief to crushed and bleeding hearts
Her silent sympathy imparts,
She's mistress of consoling arts—
Wise Nurse MacKellar.

She does the kindest little things,
Nor ever says a word that stings ;
We wonder where she hides her wings—
Sweet Nurse MacKellar.

There's no one has a step so light ;
She always folds the pillows right,
And bids her patients sweet good-night—
Tired Nurse MacKellar.

I've watched her many a weary day,
She had no time to spend on play,
Swift fly the toilsome hours away
For tired MacKellar.

There's nothing small or mean about her,
The weakling has no champion stouter,
The patients scarce will live without her—
Staff Nurse MacKellar.

She beards the doctor in his den,
She has the wit and strength of ten,
She's not afraid of mice nor men—
Brave Nurse MacKellar.

To memory dear, though lost to view
I'll always be your lover true,
I'd gladly give my life for you—
Dear Nurse MacKellar.

A New Jamaica Almanack for the Year of our Lord, 1789.

THESE words appear before me on the title-page of a pocket volume, well cared for and well bound with a decorative gilt tooling in simple design on its fawn-coloured calf binding, and bearing the date of 1789 on the back, thus suggesting that it was not a solitary specimen, and that successive numbers might follow to swell the pockets and adorn the shelves of the nabobs of the island. The opening pages give a calendar, its days chiefly punctuated by ecclesiastical, astronomical, and local information, a few royal birthdays and the martyrdom of Charles I. linking its data with this side of the globe. A page is then devoted to local governors, and one is almost surprised to learn that the first of them, Colonel D'Oyley by name, took office in the year 1660 after having bravely defeated the Spaniards, and no other attack of any consequence was ever afterwards made by them upon the island, although it had previously been in their possession for 146 years.

The year 1660 ends the reign of military government, and the first General Assembly was convened by Sir Charles Littleton in 1663. "A series of disputes betwixt the Governors and Assemblies and particularly the Earl of Carlisle in the years 1678-9, marked this infant establishment. That gentleman meant to have introduced the Irish mode of legislation in this colony, and had received instructions from the Board of Trade, accompanied with an express order from the King in Council, that should the Assembly

refuse to assent to this code of laws, that he should dissolve them, and govern without an Assembly. The Assembly, however, were not so venal as to give up their liberties to the will of a Governor, and, notwithstanding all his endeavours, were unanimous against this mode of government. On the business being properly stated to His Majesty, he very graciously decided in favour of the Planter; and by his commission under the broad seal, restored the island to all the advantages it had ever enjoyed. In 1681 Sir Thomas Lynch was appointed Governor, and empowered by the advice and consent of the Council and Assembly, to make such laws as should be conducive to His Majesty's interest and agreeable to them." After this somewhat turbulent beginning we find peace reigned, and on the accession of William III. every privilege was confirmed to the inhabitants, as a mark of which we find that the first Grand Jury which met in 1690 addressed their thanks to His Majesty for the preservation of their liberties.

The attention of the inhabitants was first drawn to the cultivation of cocoa, the plantations of which had been a legacy of the Spaniards; these failing, or interest lacking, indigo was next tried. "This production was increasing considerably, when an immoderate duty of 3s. 5d. being laid upon every pound gave a mortal blow to all the plantations in Jamaica. Government afterwards endeavoured to retrieve this loss by a bounty of 6d. per pound, but their generosity was shown too late; it only occasioned abuses, and indigo of St Domingo was sent to Great Britain as the produce of this island." The culture of cotton was next undertaken with only comparative results, and it was not until the advent of Sir Thomas Mudiford that the culture of sugar became general, under the following somewhat amusing conditions: "His capital (Sir Thomas Mudiford's), together with his skill and activity; enabled him to clear an immense tract of land, and raised him to the government of the island. Neither could the view of his fortune, nor his warm *folicitations* prevail upon men accustomed to *arms and idleness* to apply to the labours of cultivation; twelve hundred unfortunate men, who arrived from Surinam in 1670, and whose poverty inspired them with revolution, were more tractable. Their example excited emulation, and in a short time the face of things was wholly changed—Jamaica soon exported vast quantities of sugar, superior to that of the other English islands. This culture has always been increased and never lessened, not even since that of coffee has been added to it." An essay on the culture of the latter is republished with no small assurance by the editors of the Almanack, who state—"that they do so as it is preferable to any that has yet been made public." After announcing that it is not the intention of this essay to give a history of the coffee plant or to fix decisively its natal spot, the writer then proceeds to do so negatively—"neither is it of any consequence to know that the inhabitants of Constantinople were acquainted with its nectar so early as 1554, and that the Venetians were the first that brought it from the Levant towards the end of the seventeenth century—that two individuals carried it from the garden of the King of France to Martinico in 1726, the produce of which the same year was sent to S. Domingo, and from thence brought to this island in 1732." After much advice to the "intelligent planter" he is advised, "when the plants are attacked by white flies, to plant pine-apples between the trees as the insects prefer the

sweet acid of this fruit" (scarcely a fit comparison, as a "white fly" intent on the one could scarcely be appeased with the other), and then follows, "which either kills them or prevents their multiplying!" "As to strokes of the sun, they are in general as fatal to this plant as to the human specimen, and there is no way of preventing them from such accidents—what species of culture is there which has not its inconveniences? When this plant has got the better of these misfortunes (with difficulty we presume) it will live and bear for twenty years, and abandoned to itself would rise to the height of 20 feet." "It is not in full bearing until the fifth year and 'tis then adorned with a number of flowers, which fall in the space of twenty-four hours to give place to richness less brilliant, but of more solidity." The intelligent planter is then counselled, "when a deep red has coloured the exterior of the berries, proceed to your crop"; but cautioned, "leave upon the branches what is not ripe; you can take it in due time."

So much for the cultivation, and now for the cultivators. This calendar notebook throws strange lights on the negroes as possessions. The plantation in question boasted of eighty-one—forty-four males and thirty-seven females as well as children; in all the market value was entered as £6,430, and the prices ranged for the men from £40 to as high as £200 for a driver, who was doubtless indebted to Shakespeare for his name of Othello. Did slaves drive slaves? as two drivers are entered, the companion to Othello being Primus, purchased at a cost of £80. The ancient classics supplied names in large numbers—Appia, Cato, Neptune, Brutus, Scipio, Cyrus, Damon, Pollydore, Hector, Vulcan, and Cæsar, a watchman, are a few of them. Cuffir may have represented some distant dusky African memory, while Gloster, Scotland, and Oxford seem somewhat cumbrous appellations for daily use. The prices of the women varied from £20 to £80, and their names in general are high-sounding ones—such a black list is not to be thought of without a Chloe; Salinda appears in fine conjunction with Sally; various Amelias with prefixes, such as Charlotte and Caroline, Pastora, Christmas, Myrtilla, Monimia, and Lavinia are not common sounding; Hannah, Hagar, and *Ratchell* suggest camp meetings; and the list closes with the children, little dusky Abba, Pallas, Tabia, Peggy, and Mary, with this suggestive proprietary note—"Venus delivered of Belinda 2nd November." Trim, Bob, Jessey, and Bess, at their respective prices of £67 and £66 brought up the total value of the human cattle to £6,696.

An extensive army and navy guarded the island, and we learn that the fee for a general's commission was £30, graduating to £2. 15s. for an ensign, an adjutant, or a quartermaster. For leave of absence a member of His Majesty's Council had to pay £5. The law courts bore the heaviest burden, and the commission of chief justice could only be claimed on payment of £50, and the list ends with this strange charge, "for every flag of truce, £20." The fees were paid to the Governor's secretary.

The duties on imported goods commence with "new negroes per head 10s., ditto on the sale." Wines from the Azores paid as high as £12 per tun, while French, Rhenish, and Portuguese were admitted at the lower figure of £6 per tun. Beer, ale, and cider paid £2, £1 less than "Mum or Metheglin," whatever that may have been.

Furniture was imported to judge from the entries of "chairs, couches, and corner cupboards." Sundry gold coins were current "as established by law," doubloons, pistoles, half pistoles, half johann, and quarter johann, moidores, half moidores, and guineas. Wharfage and storage rates were high, and give one an idea of what living must have cost in these far-off days to those who left the shores of England to rake up doubloons in the sugar plantations of Jamaica. Barrels of beef, pork, flour, herrings, and bread added to their comforts, soap, oil, bacon, arms, medicines, and cheese all arrived in chests, and strangest item of all—probably to minister to that ancient of horrors, a feather bed—"a bag of feathers, 7½d."

We learn the names of various packet boats on the Falmouth station employed in carrying the mails to Lisbon, the West Indies, and North America, twenty-one in all, with the cost of freight to and from London; sugar, coffee, and ginger reached these shores at the rate of 4s. per cwt., while tortoise-shell, pimento, indigo, and cocoa were carried at a 1d. per lb. "Cabinet ware in cases cost 1s. 3d. per foot." "Coaches with carriages and wheels," £12, and "chariots with ditto," £9. "Hogsheads of oats, beans, bread, and earthenware," 19s. Barrels of beef and herrings 6s. 6d. each, gunpowder, 7s., which seems a unequally proportionate rate. Even flagstones were imported at £1. 5s. per ton, "pantiles" £1. 17s. 6d. per 1,000, and "plain tiles" 18s. 6d.

The chronological tables of Jamaica offer little of special interest, or rather little has been chronicled beyond—"Columbus discovers Jamaica and anchors in Purto Bueno on the north side, 6th May 1494." The last five entries consist of hurricanes and storms. The elements were even held accountable for the explosion of a magazine of Fort Augustus in 1763 "which was caused by lightning, and killed thirty white persons and eleven negroes."

The volume concludes with a census of the population, 26,478 in all, and specialised as follows according to shade of complexion! "White, free brown people, brown slaves, black free people, black slaves."

There were twenty rectories in the island, and greatly to the credit of those responsible, only three livings of that number were under £200. The cause of education was upheld in Woolner's Free School in Kingston with an attendance of eighty-seven scholars, and there the boys were taught the "Greek and Latin languages, writing, counting, and French," while the girls were only instructed in "reading, writing, and accounts."

In order to protect house property where so much was of an inflammable nature, fourteen fire-engines "in complete order," with a captain and a certain number of assistants attached to each were held in readiness at convenient points, one being "inside a church," and a town guard was maintained for the safety of the citizens in Kingston.

The old almanack has now told its tale. The procession of fighting and peace-loving governors and gay dragoons has passed by, planters have ceased from troubling, and the weary slaves are at rest, the custom house is cleared of its beef and bread barrels, packets no longer furl their sails at long intervals, but instead puffing steamers meekly bear the load of passengers bent on pleasure cruises to the isles of winter sunshine, and a new era has dawned.

ELLA R. CHRISTIE.

On Learning a So-Called Language.

A FRIEND of mine once described Tiberias Gracchus and Lloyd George as "two of those unfortunates marked out by their friends and relatives from earliest years for eminence in every sphere." I feel reluctantly compelled to write myself down a third, and, like the Chocolate Soldier, "the reasons why I'll plainly state." The first one is, not that I came too late, but that it has been mine to go on from disgrace to disgrace until to-day I am reduced to rolling upon my unwilling tongue sounds never heard on land or sea, words heavier far than the rock that proved the bane of ancient Sisyphus.

I mention that unfortunate gentleman because I consider myself something of an authority upon him. He has been and still is terribly misunderstood. His stone I take to have been the philosopher's stone, because it made such a fool of poor Sisyphus. After all, it was so simple. He had only to sit down with his back to the unyielding crag, set his feet against anything that came handy, and light his pipe. Anyone but Sisyphus would have thought of that, but then the philosopher's stone invariably prevents anyone from thinking of anything, which I take to be the peculiar function of philosophy. However, let it pass, and Sisyphus with it, lest some penetrating reader be tempted to object that his pipe is something of an anachronism. But then so was he; his absurd conduct showed he was too old to know better. He was too good a Conservative to stop rolling or to let the grass grow under his feet, far less the moss on his stone.

Contrast his conduct with that which a Lloyd George would exhibit in similar circumstances. His policy would be simple—to dodge the stone and let it roll down gaily. "Dangerous," you say? Not at all, because those below are all insured. No one thought of those things in the days of Sisyphus, but nowadays one has to think of everything. We are all on the rocks, which makes a difference.

As I was saying when friend Sisyphus intervened, I have been "rolling," these last few weeks, with a wholly laudable determination to avoid all possible effort, so that after a long spell of concentrated inattention, I find myself still unable to pronounce the very name of this fascinating tongue. I should call it the "Elusive Pimpernel," save that it doesn't really sound anything like that. Not that the name matters very much, for it is my instructor rather than his subject who arrests my attention and now claims yours. What exactly it is in which he instructs me I am not yet prepared to say. Hitherto it has escaped me, but I believe that it is a moribund Oriental language. I hope to convince you that it is in the best sense "impossible," and as I strain my weary eyes upon the characters—(very bad characters they are)—the assurance of the organ-grinder without that "Everybody's Doing it Now," fails to arouse in me any degree of enthusiasm.

In his opening lecture some time ago the presiding "pundit" (am I right, O Anglo-Indian?) let loose without a moment's warning such a volley of strange-sounding syllables as I have never listened to in all the vagaries of my meteoric career. Do not mistake me, reader, it was too early for that. Later, perhaps. The Anglo-Indian temperament is—well, you know better than I

just what it is. But I do think we might have been prepared just a little for what was coming. In those days one's nerves are not what they might be, and I confess to having been shocked. Yet worse was in store, for not content with the opening fusillade, masterly as it was, the abandoned wretch proceeded to even greater extremities, daring us who listened aghast to an unheard-of feat. "You will now," he said—and his calm was terrible—"strike the roof of your mouth with the centre of the lower side of the tongue, saying, 'ttaa.'" "Never!" said I, bravely, as I thought, but resistance was vain. I was as clay in his pitiless hands, and with a last look around me I braced myself for the ordeal. . . . When I came to myself it was over, and I was merely choking in a spasmodic fashion which seemed to afford my tormentor some slight amusement. "I'm so glad," I remarked, when sufficient breath was vouchsafed me. "More than I am," was the blunt and cruel response. "You said it quite wrong; kindly repeat." I did so, and this time came the comment, "Might have been worse." "Not much," said I, before it struck me we were at cross-purposes.

The lesson progressed, but I spare further details. What I wished to say and now do say is just this. I can see nothing to be proud of in the ability to perform such acrobatic feats. It does not seem to me either right or just to expect a law-abiding citizen to risk lock-jaw or worse, to tie himself in knots, and all for the sake of pronouncing what cannot and ought not to be pronounced.

But my taskmaster is hard and relentless, so that day by day I find myself quoting the psalmist: "Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth," and again, as the thought of failure and its dire penalty assails me, "If I forget thee . . . O Jerusalem."

So that I have trained that ill-starred member to cleave closer than a brother, closer even than on a certain fateful morning somewhere about the year *one*, when I stood forth, quaking in more than every limb, to repeat "Mensa," and having been unlucky enough to give "Mensam" as the genitive, was politely informed that if that was the best I could do, the proper place for me was *under* the table. At the moment I quite agreed. Yes, reader, you may laugh, but I assure you that at the time it was no laughing matter. Not half. After all, though, why *shouldn't* the genitive be Mensam? Tell me that, oh ye at the head of the table.

Anyhow, to return to the main issue, "Mensa," with its four legs and all, could not compare with the wondrous inventions with which it is my fate to wrestle to-day. When all is said, there is some sense in a table. One can rely upon it to behave in a reasonable manner and not to turn and rend one as do the grisly spectres which assail me now every time I open my mental cupboard.

Which reminds me, by association of Mother Hubbard with Humpty Dumpty, that yesterday I was actually asked to put him and his tragic story into "Elusive Pimpernel" or whatever it is. I emulated Humpty and sat on the fence. But it would be rash to ask or expect the reader's sympathy with all my troubles, whose name is battalion at the least. The latest inspiration of my jocund mentor must be my last also. He assures us in all seriousness that the best, indeed, the only way to learn just how to inscribe the verbal

acrobatics constituting the more than the doubtful characters of this forsaken tongue, is to walk about the streets and watch them *in the air*!

Now I have heard of a certain needy duke—or was it a birthday night?—who swore to finding tongues in trees. Some of us see more than others, and I should be the last to dispute with the duke his simple pleasures, but “Pimpernel” in the air is really too much. The sun and occasionally the stars are quite good enough for me, and even were it possible to obey instructions I should not like to vouch for the results.

To expect to find or to produce “tongues” and their symptoms or symbols (I do not say characters) whilst perambulating Piccadilly seems—well, a trifle optimistic, if no more. Yet it is mine but to do or die, and the more I see of Piccadilly the more I feel inclined to put my money on the latter alternative. Nowadays one has more to do than walk about describing indescribable figures in the air. One is forcibly reminded by the equally indescribable noises of ubiquitous juggernauts of every shape and size that there is no place like home, and I have no ardent desire to sacrifice my precious life upon the altar of “Elusive Pimpernel” and the pavement of Piccadilly.

So that it looks as if I were doomed to fail once more, despite the glowing prophecies of friends and relatives alike. Man was born to sorrow, and hereabouts the sparks certainly fly upwards.

After all, I have learnt enough languages. One too many, if my family told me the truth after that bout of fever, though in justice to myself I scorned the insinuation. In any case I don't intend to “see things”—in Piccadilly or elsewhere—nor do I wish to be arrested as an anarchist for drawing fairy patterns on the Marble Arch. Not that they could make it any worse, but still, it's against my principles. I shall not do it. And meantime I cannot learn the lingo. I am in a parlous state. But stay! Did I not say “Pimpernel”? I have it—I shall write to Baroness Orczy. R. C. C.

“Ridin’ Two and Two.”

THE last engagement of the year was over; for the last time the finest regiment in the service had paraded in the keen morning and ridden out from camp in tittupping half-sections to drill upon the wide wet sands or do battle along the hills and highways. The training, so long in prospect, so bewilderingly short in retrospect, was at an end just, as it always seems, when we were really settling down to it.

A few hours more, and the site of our canvas village where we had lived in such good comradeship for two lively weeks, would be marked only by ugly round patches of worn grass and the holes dug in the soft soil by horses restless in their stalls; and our glorious parade ground, the shining miles of sand beyond the bents, would be left to other chargers than ours—the wild white horses of the North Sea.

Farewell.—So we two troopers—Johnny Ludlow and I—were not sorry to leave when we did, though it was business that dragged us away a day

before our comrades, for the spectacle of a dismantled camp is more melancholy than a ballroom as the last cab rattles away.

The sun shone for us, as it always does on the closing day of an outing. We saddled our horses carefully, having blanched our white ropes and polished our "D's" and buckles with almost as much care as for the colonel's detective eye, bearing in mind that it might be the last time we should do it as troopers.

Our mounts—my bay "Antonio" and Johnny's chestnut "Whitesocks"—were the only horses in the lines saddled at ten o'clock that morning. The rest stood dozing in their blankets, wondering (if horses can wonder at anything after a couple of weeks with the Yeomanry) to what they owed their leisure; and we two, their masters, were the only troopers in "drill order." For there was no more strenuous business on hand than the receipt of pay, which was being distributed by the major and his assistants at an improvised table at the head of the lines.

As soon as Ludlow and I had signed our names and pocketed our pay—never mind how much or how little; we served for other reward than gold and silver—we went to our stalls and led our horses out. The day was all before us, but we had some thirty miles to ride to Edinburgh, and did not wish to push our mounts.

The camp looked very home-like and attractive as we rode at a walk down the street of white tents, bidding good-bye to the fellows with whom we had spent the time of our lives; past the store, where thrice a day in our shirtsleeves we had fallen in at the sergeant's shout to scramble for oats and hay; past the thirty-foot plank washstand which had witnessed our Spartan performances with pails and cold water; past the watering-trough where every day after parade, in a slough of mud or a haze of sunny dust, to the accompaniment of trampling hoofs and jingling stirrups, the horses of the four squadrons had quenched their thirst. Only when we had got on to the road did we feel that we were really homeward bound, and even then, for a while, we rode through country so familiar that it had come to seem like regimental property; our memories, sketching it in airy charts, showed it covered with crossed swords.

Our camp lay in the midst of a district so prosperously beautiful that it might well distract the attention of a strategist, much more that of the mere trooper. The countryside owes part of its charm, of course, to the neighbourhood of the sea—you can never tell when over the fringe of some dark wood or the swell of some green field, your eyes may rest upon it; but turn and walk inland, and in this fair county of corn and cattle you never miss that luring hope of the blue horizon.

Perhaps, after all—you must recollect that my thoughts are with Johnny Ludlow on his Whitesocks jogging reluctantly townwards between the August hedges—half the beauty of the locality would be unnoticed by the mere motorist or even by the happier pedestrian. Raised fifteen or sixteen hands above the road level you are at an advantage—you can look over the unclipped hedges into the woods and watch the rabbits' tails flickering into their fastnesses; into the fields and see the stir of the wind that shakes the barley, and admire plantations of potatoes with their dark foliage and

mauve blossoms, and acres of stiff, cool cabbages, and clean cows swinging their tails in the shadows.

But the county's most characteristic and piquant ornament is the scarlet poppy that flames everywhere by the roadside and amongst the grain. As you look down from the saddle upon the tall wheat and see the glow of poppies between the crowded stalks, you can hardly help being struck by its resemblance to deep water irradiated by the sun—the myriad stems and shadows mingle into a deep translucent hazy green, in which the poppies float like scarlet jelly-fish; and then as the laden ears swing and sway beneath a sudden impulse of the lazy wind, you hear, to heighten the illusion, the long rush of the tide along a beach.

The day was very warm, and our water bottles empty; and when we met a dusty-booted alien pushing a yellow barrow along the road we dismounted for a parley. . . . No one was there to see us and talk, and I thought I had never tasted a more delicious ice.

Marching by the brook we dismounted now and then, and trudged on foot for a spell with the reins over our arms, for the sake of a rest both to man and horse. This consideration was evidently misunderstood by some cyclists, who remarked in accents of irony as they whizzed past with their shoulders up to their wet ears, "Ye're trampin' it the day?" I suppose they believed we only sat upon our horses when we knew we were being watched, and that they had caught us off our guard by coming so quickly round the corner.

We decided to give Antonio and Whitesocks a rest at Haddington, and an opportunity to "pick up a little seed"—it is well to learn to speak of one's horse as if he were a canary—and so put them up at the stables of a certain hotel.

There is no more romantic spot under the sun, or even the moon, than an inn yard when it forms the background for a horse that you can call in any sense of the word "yours." Galloping idylls of Gretna Green, stories of Dick Turpin and his mythical delightful brotherhood, the tootling of post horns, the imposing rumble and jingle and clatter of four-in-hands, all the stir and life and colour that imagination has lent to the old coaching days, is conjured up by the clink of your horse's shoes on the splashed cobbles and the cool sound of water rushing into a bucket beneath the complaining pump.

Having seen Antonio and Whitesocks to their stalls, and having removed their bits and slackened their girths, we strolled out to admire Haddington. The town was *en fête* that day, with bunting fluttering and the disturbance of "sonorous metal blowing martial sounds"—not on our account, but to celebrate their Gala.

From the window, at which later Trooper Johnny Ludlow and I sat to take our own oats, we had a leisurely view of the most striking item of the procession then forming—a beautifully painted and polished tub-cart marked in long-range characters, "Tripe." Neither of us had seen a tripe-cart in a procession before, and it struck us both as a credit to Haddington. We agreed that if we resided in Haddington we should subsist largely on tripe, for the sake of having that little chariot often standing at the garden-gate.

By the time we got on the move again, the bright sky of the morning was overcast ; slate-coloured clouds with hard tormented edges were climbing out of the south, and before long a flash of lightning and a crashing rumble of thunder spurred up the horses and made us thankful we had our "coats rolled on saddles"—as the orders on a wet morning express it.

The road was long, but yet for us not long enough.

Once across the ford at Musselburgh we felt that we were at home ; we could humbug ourselves no further : the shadows of the office, and perchance the shafts was over us. In imagination, as Antonio and Whitesocks clambered dripping out of the Esk, we each bade a long and sad farewell to the dogs we had been for a fortnight—a whole fortnight.

* * * * *

Antonio, my faithful charger, so long-suffering at stables beneath the tickling of my unskilled dandy-brush, so eager to gallop when in line we charged the hypothetic foe—did they speak truth who swore they saw thee between the shafts of a base postal van? If so, yet hang not thy white-starred head, Antonio, but remember in thy bondage the trumpet in the morning and the hoof-beat sands, and forget the paved road and the whip.

And thou, whom I have called Trooper Johnny Ludlow, my oft-proved comrade, if in thy stuffy office thou shouldst chance to dream that the stool whereon thou sittest is a swinging saddle, the humble pen in thy right hand a rifle, the blotting-paper in thy left a tightened rein—a yeoman's malison upon the rude senior who shakes thee from thy bliss!

W. K. H.

The Bachelor's Window-Box.

UPON my window-sill a box is set,
Wherein of late I planted mignonette ;
Since when the rain and sunshine, day by day,
Have made of it a garden, green and gay ;
A tiny fragrant forest, two square feet,
A fairy grove, so far above the street,
So far above the clamour, crowds, and cars,
I think we're almost nearer to the stars ;
Just tall enough from my armchair to hide
The ranks of chimneys on the other side.
Now and again a bold adventurous bee
Arrives to loot its tempting treasury.
I love to watch him plunder, nothing loth
To be so robbed ; I'm rich enough for both.
I think some magic haunts it, with its scent
Mingling a charm for human discontent.
Sadly and sweetly, like some ancient air,
It brings to mind the happier days that were
Her favourite flower ! So long ago and yet
I love her still ; *ma mie* ! ah, Mignonette !

W. K. H.

Dollar as a Place and Personal Name.

By Rev. W. B. R. WILSON.

CHAPTER II.

At the close of my essay on the above subject, which appeared in the last number of this *Magazine*, I undertook, in subsequent numbers, to examine and refute all the previous etymological explanations of our local parish name with which I am acquainted. That, therefore, is the task to which I must now chiefly address myself.

Before entering upon that task, however, I think it desirable that I should mention as an essential element in the final solution of the etymological problem with which I have to deal, that it is, in my opinion, incumbent on everyone who would satisfactorily handle this subject, that, as far as possible, he should have an adequate acquaintance, at first hand, with the outstanding features of the scenery of each of the localities to which the specific name requiring explanation has been found to appertain. Now it is a remarkable and significant fact, that though there are known to me four separate place-names, in which the vocable "Dollar" occurs, three of which belong to different districts in Scotland, and one to Cornwall in England (not to mention the fact, to which I have already called attention in this *Magazine*, and elsewhere, that there is not merely a Dollar in Australia, but no fewer than three Dollars in the United States of America), yet, nevertheless, no previous writer who has ventured to suggest an etymology of the term "Dollar," seems to have been aware of the existence of these various place-names, much less to have visited the scenes they designate with the view of ascertaining how far, if at all, the significance supposed to be found in the etymology suggested corresponds with the scenery the term is held to depict. A partial exception may possibly be required in the case of the Rev. J. B. Johnstone of Falkirk who, in his well-known work on "Scottish Place-Names," has undoubtedly bracketed the name of Dollar Law from Peebleshire with that of our own parish name, as justifying and demanding the particular etymology which he assigns to the word. Personally, however, I shrewdly suspect that Mr Johnstone can never actually have visited Dollar Law; for I apprehend that, had he done so, he would certainly have hesitated before propounding the view which he adopts as the true etymology of that word.

I have indicated in the foregoing paragraphs that there is a duty that clearly lies to the hand of any etymologist who would adequately explain the origin of a local name that is found in more than one locality. I have said that everyone who explains such a place-name, whether considered as a compound descriptive phrase or as a single vocable that is meant intelligibly to designate the nature of the scene to which it is attached, ought certainly to survey personally and first of all every one of the localities to which the said name has been appropriated, in order to judge whether or not these localities possess any common feature to which the same descriptive epithet could with aptitude be applied.

Now, as the result of a personal investigation of the three places in Scotland that have for centuries borne the distinctive name Dollar, I make bold to say that scenes less marked by any outstanding common features it is scarcely possible to imagine; and, indeed, the conclusion to which, as the consequence of my examination of each of them, I have finally been forced



A. Drysdale.

THE TOP OF ACADEMY STREET.

is this, that, however the name Dollar may have originated, it is quite impossible that it could have been intended as a descriptive epithet. Accordingly I have been strongly confirmed in the belief to which I gave expression in my last paper on this subject, the belief, viz., that the term "Dollar" must have been given to celebrate and perpetuate the memory of some notable event, of a character likely to be of frequent occurrence in those primitive ages when most of our place-names were first given.

We are all familiar, of course, with the nature of our own parish scenery, and can judge for ourselves whether the etymology of the name Dollar, which regards it either as a corruption of *Dal*, a valley, and *ard*, high, or of the adjective *Doillir*, dark, gloomy, corresponds to the true character of the scenery to which the name Dollar has been given. Personally I have never felt that, viewed as descriptive of the place we know so well, either of the interpretations that have hitherto had greatest vogue among us, can be regarded as satisfactory. Nor have I been more attracted by that of Mr Johnstone who interprets the word as "the meadow beside the height." But even if I had been able to find in these etymologies a satisfactory account of the manner in which the name Dollar originated, as that name is applied to our own local scenery, I would have been compelled to reconsider the question of its origin on finding that the same name was employed elsewhere to designate scenery to which neither of these descriptions could justly apply. Thus to take first the case of the Ayrshire Dollar and to inquire how far the commonly accepted etymology of that word tallies with the scenery of the places so designated, I must call attention to the following facts. First of all, the term Dollar is, in that county, found attached to a small croft or farm known as Dollar Hill, which, moreover, in the local vernacular is pronounced, just as among ourselves, *Dolär Hill*. It must not be imagined, however, because the name Hill is given to this small croft, that there are any hills, in the strict sense of that word, in Craigie parish at all. On the contrary, that parish consists of a series of slight undulations or rolling levels, amid which the stream of the Cessnock winds slowly to join the Irvine. Thus the topographical character of this part of Ayrshire is seen to be utterly unlike anything in our own neighbourhood, a statement of mine that finds ample corroboration in James Wilson's descriptive poem, "The Clyde," where, in allusion to the position of the adjacent town of Kilmarnock, which is about two miles or so distant, he writes thus:—

"Kilmarnock low that mid her plains retires."

Then, secondly, close beside Dollar Hill there is a mansion called Dollars House, which is the seat of a county family that owns an estate also called Dollars. This estate, of which, it should be remembered, Dollar Hill is no part, consists of some nine farms. Dollars House itself was built in 1779; but, before that, the property to which it is now attached had apparently no proprietor's residence connected with it and was known as Auchenskeoch—the new name of Dollars for the estate having been given as its distinctive title, from the name of the mansion then for the first time built, which name again seems to have originated from the fact that the house so designated had been built in close proximity to two farms belonging to the estate, the first called Dollars Mains and the second Low Dollars. The existence of the plural form in connection with these local names need not trouble us, as there are numberless instances in Scottish nomenclature in which farms or

properties, having the same name, when differentiated from each other by some descriptive adjective, have assumed the plural form and dropped the singular. For example, in the parish of Inch, Wigtownshire, there are three farms, Meikle Larg, Little Larg, and Mains of Larg, all belonging to the estate of Larg, and these are to-day known and spoken of in the district as "the Largs." In the same parish there is a Nether Clenerie, or a High Clenerie, and an Over Clenerie; and, as a result, alike in legal documents and common speech, the name Cleneries has been substituted for Clenerie. So also is it with two farms in the same county that in the eighteenth century were the centre of the smuggling interests in the south of Scotland, and that were then vulgarly denominated the Heich and the Laigh Clone, but which were even then known and spoken of, just as they are still known and spoken of, as "the Clones." Cases these, which, I cannot but think, admirably illustrate the process by which, as regards the word we are now considering, the singular place-name Dollar has in course of time blossomed into the plural form Dollars, by which name it is that we to-day designate not only the mansion-house so described, but the whole estate appertaining to that residence, as well as the two farms I have mentioned in its immediate neighbourhood, and even a colliery village, also belonging to the estate, which, however, is now in ruins, having been abandoned by its inhabitants as soon as the mines on the estate were wrought out.

But the point on which I wish to insist is this, that in the above facts I have furnished evidence that in the parish of Craigie there is a stretch of land in close vicinity to the Cessnock water to which at an early period the name Dollar was given. Moreover, since, as everyone who has visited the spot will admit, there is, so far as the Ayrshire Dollar is concerned, no wild or gloomy scenery at all, but on the contrary open ground and bright and smiling prospects everywhere, to imagine our prehistoric ancestors calling such a scene as that either a gloomy place, a high valley, or a meadow under the height can hardly be regarded as otherwise than preposterous and absurd. On the other hand, as the Cessnock is one of the boundaries of the Dollar estate, and as the adjoining ground slopes gradually up from that river, it seems perfectly reasonable to suppose that, as in the case of our own parish name, the Ayrshire Dollar may have been so called originally to perpetuate the memory of a specially sanguinary engagement fought there in those dark ancient days when our forefathers lived in the midst of almost ceaseless sturt and strife.

But if that etymology of our parish name which has hitherto passed current among us is thus seen to be untenable when we apply it to the solution of a similar place-name in Ayrshire, much more untenable, I think, will it be found when it is considered in relation to the same name as used in Peebleshire. For there the name Dollar, which is also vernacularly pronounced Dolar, just as it is among ourselves, has curiously enough been attached to a burn called Dollar Burn. This circumstance, however, need not perplex us when we recal the fact that we have a similar name in our own parish, designating the stream that flows southward through the town whose name it bears, past the site of the old baptismal church of St Columba, on its way to the Devon, and yet we know that it was not the stream here which gave its name to the parish, but the parish which gave its name to the stream.

(To be continued.)

A Year's Work.

IN the temperate climate of Great Britain, and more especially in the sheltered haven of the Devon Valley, Nature may be said to complete her productive work for the year during the month of October. For eight months she has laboured hard, but with more or less of joy and gladness in the work, and with very much that is beautiful as well as useful in the process. With cautious and tentative hand she puts forth her first preliminary efforts in March, when her many workers rouse themselves from their winter's rest and bethink them of the duties which lie before. The sap begins to stir more actively in the vegetable world, and the leaves, which have been closely packed and safely clad against the frosts of winter, successively burst from their wrappings, and with many shades of beautiful colouring, drawn from the sun's rays, clothe the trees, hedges, and shrubs with the lovely verdure of spring, while plants of humbler growth break through the soil and spread a mantle of green, soon to be spangled with white and yellow, over the brown earth. The birds with joyous song, with sonorous caw, and merry chirp and chatter arrange their love matches, and the happy pairs look out for suitable nesting places; whilst those which have sought winter quarters abroad, each kind at its allotted date, return to their well-loved British home, proclaiming their arrival with melodious warble and merry twitter as they seek their old familiar quarters. Then the great work of reproduction begins. Flowers burst from among the green leaves and deck the world with varied hues. Various insects emerge from their shelters and set busily to work, while seeking honey for themselves, in carrying the fertilising pollen from flower to flower. Bees and wasps arrange their hives and construct their combs, and the queens, under the strict but loyal and loving direction of a select bodyguard, lay their eggs in the allotted cells, while other insects deposit their eggs upon the plants and other hosts upon which the larvæ are destined to feed. Birds, each after its kind, build their nests—in many cases with an eye to adornment—and lay their pretty eggs, while mammals make all due arrangement for prospective progeny. Now the wonderful process of generation progresses in Nature's laboratory. The ovules of the flower develop into seeds in many cases enveloped by more or less luscious and beautiful fruit, the egg develops into insect, fish, reptile, or bird as the case may be, and the many other animals produce young after the manner of their species. Soon a new creation—for is it not a creation (or if not altogether made out of nothing, at least arising from the minute and structureless cell), and, from an intellectual point of view, far more wonderful in its inception and development than the mosaic conception of springing into complete form at the word of command?—seems to possess the world. Insects in myriads break from their

chrysalids, and wanton in the air their new-found powers of flight ; fledgelings, trusting to their tasteful but thoroughly effective feather garments, have left the warm comfort of the nest and fill the hedges, trees, and bushes with a multitudinous flutter and a clamorous call upon their devoted and dutiful parents to complete their task of bird formation. Tiny, but perfectly formed and fully clad—no exposed limbs to suit the fancy of maternal vanity—rabbits skip and scamper in the fields and by the roadside, scurrying off on our approach to the safe shelter of their burrows ; while hundreds of lambs in snowy verdure gambol on the fields and hillsides. Everywhere the young are in evidence, and busy in their several sportive ways preparing to take their place in the march of progressive animal life. It is an animated scene, and all goes merrily on to full perfection under the impelling and guiding rule of Nature. The ripened seeds and fruits are a no less conspicuous provision for continued and progressive vitality and evidence of the completion of Nature's yearly task. Abundant pears and apples hang russet on the bough, the hedgerows are gay with rowan berries, haws and doghips ; and wide stretches of golden grain meet the eye in all directions. The leaves of deciduous trees, having served their purpose of absorbing the gases and solar rays from the atmosphere, and conveying these to the fruits and seeds, are themselves adorned with varied and beautiful colouring, and for a period clothe the woods with the gorgeous robes of autumn.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Then comes the end and full fruition of the generative activity of the year. The leaves, having had their little day of ornamentation and being nipped by the early frosts, fall from the trees in flickering showers and spread a carpet of many colours over the ground beneath which many tiny creatures find shelter from the rigours of the coming winter. The cuckoos, having satisfactorily quartered their progeny on foster parents, have long left our shores for a southern clime ; and the swift and swallow tribe, the warblers and other migrants have left or are preparing to leave, according to constitutional requirement, for their winter resort. The young, as such, have disappeared from the scene, merged in the great army of workers who now rest for a season from their labour of love, and look to their own subsistence and enjoyment in their several ways in the general scheme of life and beauty. Starlings gather into flocks and delight the eye of man by—while, no doubt, themselves greatly enjoying—their wonderful aerial evolutions ; rooks hold many caw-fabulations at the rookery probably discussing incidents of the past and their plans for next year's nesting season. The great variety of tone and articulation is very suggestive of interchange of thought, and the changes in nest location which follow seem to point to very definite results.

SPRING CLEANING.

A very necessary work remains to be overtaken before that of reproduction can be resumed. Much of the material used in the season's industry now litters the ground and clings in rags and tatters to the trees and shrubs and plants, and must be disposed of in preparation for the advent of spring. Unlike the spring cleaning of our domestic arrangements when we are almost scrubbed and swept out of house and home at a time when all should be bright and gay, that of Nature, though it takes a much longer time, and is carried on by rough but effective methods in clearing up and utilising the scrapped material of summer, is attended by much home comfort and social enjoyment. It must be completed in time for the great work of the year to begin, at the latest, some time in March; and the winter scavengers—wind and rain, frost and snow—are kept more or less hard at it during the previous four months. They manage, however, to put in a good deal of fun in the by-going. The November wind-storms have a rollicking time of it, sweeping all remaining leaves from the trees and bushes, gathering those on the ground into heaps, but first playing with them as a cat with a mouse, swirling them about like a St Catherine's wheel, piling them up then tearing them down again; driving them along at railway, or rather aeroplane, speed, and finally rounding them up in a corner for the other scavengers to deal with. It is all like wind made visible, and showing it to be, not the steady old horse we are apt to fancy or to think it ought to be, but a fiery young colt rearing and prancing, curveting, wheeling, kicking, and racing in an exuberance of joy and jollity. That it sometimes, as on Tuesday, 26th November last, takes the bit in its teeth and goes tearing along with the strength of a hurricane, knocking trees and chimney cans and men and women about like ninepins, smashing windows and even sacrilegiously knocking the cross off the gable of the U.F. Church, may be put down to excess of zeal. At all events it was something to see and to talk about, and being preceded by a deluge of rain causing a spate on the Devon, and flooding the Deadwaters as they were perhaps never flooded before, and succeeded by eighteen degrees of frost, giving two days of November skating on a magnificent sheet of ice, it made up altogether a memorable week.

Rain, frost, and snow have also to do their work by promoting chemical decomposition and disintegration of the *débris* of vegetation, thus returning to the soil what has been taken from it with an added increment from the atmosphere. They will be kept busy for the next three months with, no doubt, much that is disagreeable as in all scavenger work; but with spells also at the "roaring game" and on the skating pond, not to speak of snowballing and tobogganing. In any case, as it is all in preparation for the glorious coming of spring, we may bear its ills with equanimity, and look forward to—as we wish all our readers—a very happy Christmas.

The Wherefore of Falstaff.

BY MRS HINTON STEWART.

PART II.

IN our former paper we tried to show that Prince Hal, the hero of the two parts of "Henry IV.," as portrayed alike in the pages of history and in Shakespeare's play, was guilty of nothing worse than high spirits and a keen sense of humour.

Before the opening of this play Shakespeare had already introduced him in "Richard II.," v. 3. From the answer there given by Hotspur to King Henry's question—

"Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?

'Tis full three months since I did see him last,"

we gather first and superficially that the young prince had already chosen his wild companions and learned their language (without which he could never have shared their humour); but we may also gather that, during the three months that had seen the dethronement of Richard and the usurpation by his father of the throne, he had held himself aloof, and that he felt and expressed the most contemptuous disapproval of the triumphs to be held at Oxford in honour of these events. It is this that draws from the new king the admission—

"As dissolute as desperate: yet through all

I see some sparkles of a better hope

Which elder days may happily bring forth."

The strained relations between father and son are, in "1 Henry IV.," i. 3, indicated again by Hotspur—

"But that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,

But that I know his father loves him not,

And would be glad he met with some mischance,

I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale."

Compelled, therefore, by his father's attitude to absent himself from the active affairs of state, Prince Henry was tempted, by the fascination of Sir John Falstaff's wit, to associate with a set of dissolute gentlemen on the fringe of Court Society.

Professor Bradley, in his "Oxford Lectures on Poetry," has analysed and illustrated this fascination so perfectly that, since the book is procurable from every library, it would be superfluous to add a word to it. Our contention is that the dramatist's object in inventing this marvellous wit is to account for and excuse those traditional extravagances of the young prince, which had become an essential part of his dramatic character. To have left out the boon companions, the robbery at Gadshill, and the "box o' the ear," popularised in "The Famous Victories of Henry V.," would have disappointed the spectators; to make these exploits consistent with an otherwise noble character, by the creation of Falstaff, was worthy of the author.

But not only does this contention fall to the ground, but the wonderful embodiment of wit and humour has no *raison d'être*, if the young prince deliberately and with calculation chooses his loose companions for the purpose of giving éclat, by their rejection, to his reformation when it should take place. Professor Bradley writes as follows: "In his [Prince Henry's]



A. Drysdale.

ON THE DOLLARBANK ROAD.

first soliloquy—and first soliloquies are usually significant—he declares that he associates with them that, when at some future time he shows his true character, he may be the more wondered at for his previous aberrations. You may think he deceives himself here: you may believe that he frequented Sir John's company out of delight in it and not merely with this cold-blooded design; but at any rate he *thought* this design was his one motive."

This first soliloquy, which occurs at the end of "1 Henry IV.," i. 1, may seem superficially to justify this view, but we venture to assert that it was not Shakespeare's intention. The preceding scene has shown the young prince (he was barely sixteen when he fought in the battle of Shrewsbury) full of varying impulses, first rallying Falstaff on turning night into day, then betraying a lion-like flash of wrath at the imputation, "Majesty, I should say, for *grace* thou wilt have none"; now exchanging quips and quiddities with "damnable iteration," and again indignant at the suggestion of turning robber; anon tempted for once to "be a mad-cap," and as suddenly resolving to "tarry at home." When in the end he is persuaded by Poins to join the party and then to attack the robbers themselves, it is evident that he is tempted by the thought of seeing the huge knight in a new and ridiculous situation.

As he watches Poins' retreating figure he remarks to himself—

"I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The *unyoked* humour of your idleness."

It was true that he knew the worst and the best in them all, better than most princes know their fathers' subjects, but there was no malice, there was only good-humoured sympathy connected with the knowledge. Surely this is abundantly proved by his readiness to provide each with a charge as soon as it was in his power to do so, and by his good nature towards Falstaff at Shrewsbury. That his opinion of them and his subsequent actions should be influenced by the result of the experiment, stands to reason.

In the meantime he is idle and they are idle, but he is powerless to change the situation; he will, therefore, "awhile uphold the unyoked humour of their idleness," yielding to the charm of Falstaff's humour and the exhilaration of their daring exploits, even although, by so doing, he may seem to participate in all their folly.

When he proceeds with the soliloquy he has dismissed his companions from his mind and is thinking only of his personal conduct—

"Yet herein will I imitate the sun
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted [*i.e.*, needed] he may be more wondered at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him."

There is no need to read either pedantry or calculation into these words. Cut off from the natural outlet for his energy and interest, he is simply excusing himself for following his inclination, for enjoying the unfailing delight of plump Jack's wit, for being merry and free since he cannot be useful. He proceeds further to try and persuade himself, by reasoning which under certain circumstances might be just, that it will prove even

better in the end to hide all his faculties under a veil of loose behaviour, than to lead a futile life at court, superseded in the council by his younger brother, compelled to associate with men whose policy he disapproves, or to feed his father's jealousy by sympathy, real or suspected, with opponents of that policy. He speaks of throwing off his "loose behaviour," but had every wish to be generous to his loose companions. The "skill" in his offence would consist in keeping his character and physique strong and pure in spite of appearances.

Professor Bradley continues the above quotation as follows: "And that being so, two results follow. He [Prince Henry] ought in honour long ago to have given Sir John clearly to understand that they must say good-bye on the day of his accession. And having neglected to do this, he ought not to have lectured him as his misleader. It was not only ungenerous, it was dishonest. It looks disagreeably like an attempt to buy the praise of the respectable at the cost of honour and truth."

We do not believe that Henry ever formed any such plan, and therefore could give no clear understanding; but repeated warnings were given to Falstaff, not by any deliberate caveat, but by the irrepressible bursts of indignation, and even of momentary disgust, which betray the prince's more serious character. Such an outburst was evoked by the "gross and palpable lies" about the men in Kendal green (Part I., Act ii., Scene 4), but changed into shrieks of laughter by Falstaff's solemn asseveration—

"By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye."

Later, however, in the same scene, when Prince Henry has heard of the active rebellion in the land, and is occupying in sport the chair of his father, he is possessed by a sense of incongruity between the old *roué's* grey hairs and his irresponsibility, between his self-indulgence and his forfeited position as a man of honour. Forsaking gradually the lewd language in which, with his usual versatility, he almost surpassed his teachers, and increasing in earnestness, as he proceeds he describes Falstaff, in his father's name, as "that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years," and lastly by the very name Professor Bradley considers unjustifiable in the later "Sermon," "that villainous, abominable *misleader of youth*, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan." Falstaff's answer is, of course, a triumph of pathetic humour, but the prince is too much strung up to be moved by it, and concludes by verbally banishing "plump Jack and all *his* world," in the words—

"I do, I will."

This scene seems almost an anticipation of that at the coronation.

The same impulsiveness is shown in his interview with his father. Henry listens to the long rebuke with respect and modesty, only suggesting that many of the accusations against him may be the invention of "smiling pick-thanks," and giving the promise, when he sees his father's eyes suffused with tears—

"I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself."

But when at last the king insinuates, after a glowing eulogy on Hotspur, that his son may be in that rebel's pay and a traitor to his king and his country,

Prince Hal's self-command and reticence completely break down and the words pour forth in torrents—

“Do not think so ; you shall not find it so ;
And God forgive them that so much have swayed
Your Majesty's good mind away from me !
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son.”

The words continue to flow, in chivalrous defiance of Hotspur and in most unwonted bragging on his own account, till he ends with the glowing hyperbole—

“And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.”

No wonder the king answers, himself infected by his son's impetuosity—

“A hundred thousand rebels die in this—
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.”

We know how well he justifies the sovereign trust at Shrewsbury, by defeating Hotspur, saving the king's life, setting an example of magnanimity in his treatment of the Douglas, and, we may add, by gilding a lie with his happiest terms in favour of Falstaff, forgetting to “calculate” that these actions might diminish the éclat of his accession.

Nevertheless we find him in the second part of the trilogy, after his return from a campaign in Wales, still an exile from court and under his father's jealous displeasure, and we know from history that Henry IV's. jealousy of his eldest son increased rather than diminished towards the end of his reign.

A Fallacy.

WHEN Cæsar came across from Gaul
And introduced his Roman ways,
The Early Britons, one and all,
Desired the Good Old (savage) Days.
When Norman William's thieving band
Arrived and made themselves at home,
The folks already in the land
Sighed for the Good Old Days (of Rome).
In Tudor times, when heads were chopped
And limbs extended on the rack,
Torture, 'twas said, would soon be stopped
If Good Old (Norman) Days were back.
The Stewart Kings brought no content,
And other dynasties were tried ;
But still by strife the land was rent,
“Give us the Good Old Days,” men cried.
At present I am fairly stawed
By this same antiquated phrase,
Because the thing's a pious fraud—
There never *have* been Good Old Days. A. S., JUN.

Our Canadian Camp.

By the margin of a lake, nearly a hundred miles from Ottawa, we have for the last four years pitched our summer camp. At first we were a little farther from the water than we are now, but the threatened danger of destruction by the fall of a giant pine tree, which showed signs of having weathered its last storm, caused us to remove to a little elevation only three yards from the water's edge. A forest of maples, cedars, and pines begins but a few yards behind us. The ground is covered with pine needles, and upon these our tent is pitched—a position which is dry, healthy, and fragrant.

In this open situation the ropes and pegs of our tents are many a time well tested by the fury of the sudden gales which sweep across the water. The lake is noted for being one moment calm, and the next foaming and hissing under a squall, before which great waves sweep in and burst upon the sandy shores, leaving after each storm a litter of logs, planks, and chips, borne from the lumber camp across the lake. More than once our skiff has been driven right across the water, and its occupants forced to make a precarious landing among the swinging logs on the opposite shore; and our neighbour the farmer, who has been used to the management of a birchbark canoe from his childhood, prefers, on such occasions, to carry a heavy load for many weary miles rather than risk the passage in his boat, which therefore must be left behind to be recovered later.

Under the pine trees, almost at the water's edge, is placed our dining-table—made over at the lumber camp, and an article of furniture whose beauty lies in its rugged strength. Near by, fixed to the tree trunks, are various boxes which serve as cupboards for groceries and small utensils, while in another place nearer the stove, several tree trunks are fringed around with pots and pans hanging all ready for use. Between trees which are close enough together to permit of it, shelves are placed; and so far as culinary matters are concerned, we do not feel that we miss any of the conveniences of so-called civilisation.

The shores beneath our tent and in many places around the lake are composed of beautiful golden sand. The bathing is excellent and safe until in August, when the water goes down, and we cannot get swimming depth until we have waded out to where the sand shelves downward to a depth of between forty and fifty feet.

Three years ago we had a plague of wasps. One nest quite near our tent was a very large one, but it was not discovered until the maple-sugar time in the ensuing spring. As soon as we sat down to a meal one or two scouts would appear. They seemed to carry the news of what was to be had, and in a short time wasps would arrive in scores, battalions, myriads. Changing our position was little use, and at last we resorted to putting small dishes of marmalade in several places to keep the pests away from ourselves. This expedient, it must be confessed, was only moderately successful (although the marmalade *was* Scotch), for there seemed to be plenty of wasps to go round the dishes, and attend to us as well! Last year it was hornets. Though the

sting they give is a bad one, we found them less aggressive than their smaller and more gaudy relations, and they helped us in our continual warfare against the flies. They are always hungry, and must eat a great many of the flies which make our tent a "buzzy" place all day long. At night ere we can retire to rest we must drive them out. The lamp is placed a yard or two outside the tent door and the flies then roused up with a cedar branch. They all make towards the light, and may be brushed out almost to the last one. Then we close up the tent, and do our best to ignore the efforts of the few survivors to disturb us. This is in July before the end of the month; the mosquito season is practically over, and our badly bitten faces beginning to recover their customary beauty of contour. Even the baby, through constant practice, has become an adept at mosquito destruction; and it is amusing to hear her exclaim, "Way! quita!" as she rubs out of existence one which has dared to puncture the tender skin of her little arm.

Of all the creeping creatures our most familiar visitors are the spiders. There are spiders everywhere, in hundreds, crawling all over us and our clothes morning, noon, and night. But we do not mind them in the least. Even the most timid of our women folk never shudder at the largest of them. We know they are not there to stay. They do not wish to prey upon us, and are merely on their route to somewhere else; so we hardly even interrupt them, but just let them go their ways.

The chipmunks are very numerous, also the larger tree squirrels, and both have become tamer and more inquisitive each succeeding summer. The chipmunks are smaller than the squirrels, and are easily distinguished by the very prominent longitudinal stripes running from head to tail. They are dainty little creatures; and though they do climb trees, we see them oftenest upon the ground, feeding on the scraps thrown from our table, and boldly exploring our tents when we are out, in order to steal the apples. The farmer bears them no goodwill, for he says they destroy much of his grain, but we are fond of them for their beauty and the entertainment they give us. The larger squirrels are even tamer than the chipmunks. They visit us at meal times, coming right on to the table to see what is going on, and, if we do not prevent it, a slice of bread is sure to be seized and carried off up a tree to be eaten there at leisure. There is one squirrel in particular, a very fine little fellow, who is specially privileged. He knows his way to our bread box, which is fixed to the end of the table, and he is also very fond of investigating the sugar basin. But we make him earn his sugar. The basin has a lid, and he must knock that off ere he can secure the dainty. This he was not long in learning to do, and now it has become quite a daily performance.

Next to these the farmer's pigs are our most frequent visitors. They come to us every few hours both day and night, and many a time in the small hours they have to be chased away from the vicinity of the tent. Sometimes a snake is seen, and occasionally a skunk pays us a visit, that fact being only too forcibly borne in upon us whether we see him or not.

Many and strange, to the newcomer, are the sounds both by night and by day in a Canadian camp. Often at first did we lie awake listening to the soft lapping of the water upon the sandy shores of the lake; and many a time still do we lie listening to the more awe-inspiring sounds of a storm. Then the

waters burst boisterously on the strand. The great trees round about us sway wildly as the wind whistles among their tossing branches, which accompany the whole with eerie creakings and groanings; and sometimes there is a tearing crash, when the roots of some great tree have failed to withstand the enormous strain put upon them.

Birds seem less plentiful than at home, and the woods do not resound with their songs, but all day long may be heard the humming of the bees, hard at work among the tree blossoms. The loud chatter of an angry squirrel frequently rings out. These little creatures can make a terrible din when they choose. The croaking of bull-frogs from the adjacent swamp, and the tinkle of the bell on the neck of some wandering cow, are frequent night sounds, the latter a favourite one with us all. It is a pleasant, homely sound, and there is a mellow, reassuring quality about it which is of great comfort to wanderers in a strange land.

Storms of thunder and lightning are very frequent. It is beautiful to see the tent lit up by vivid flashes, and the shadows of the trees photographed upon the canvas. In the morning, too, when the sun rises we can see the shadows of the branches moving slowly across, and many a time when the moon is shining we see them there like protecting hands held over us in benediction.

By the end of August the nights begin to be very cold, and in spite of all the charms which tempt us to stay, we find it wise to return to the protection of our city home. But all through the winter we think of our camp in the wilds, and there is no persuasion needed, either for young or old, when the time comes round again for us to return to it.

MARY GRAY (*née* M'QUEEN, F.P.).

Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald.

The Izat Bridge at Allahabad.

OPENING BY SIR JAMES MESTON.

The Enterprise of the Bengal and North-Western Railway.

THE Izat Bridge of the Bengal and North-Western Railway, a fine structure spanning the river Ganges at Allahabad, the building of which has recently been completed, was formally opened to traffic with appropriate ceremony by Sir James Meston, the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, on Thursday morning.

Mr Neville presided over the proceedings, and breakfast over, he proposed the health of the King, which was loyally honoured.

THE AGENT'S SPEECH.

Mr Neville subsequently proposed the health of Sir James Meston, and in the course of his speech he said, after welcoming the guests generally :—

"To you, Sir (the Lieutenant-Governor), I must particularly express our thanks, and tell you how highly we appreciate the great honour you have done us in inaugurating this event which marks the completion of an important chapter in our history—the entry of the Bengal and North-Western Railway into Allahabad, the Provincial Capital and seat of Your Honour's Government. This has been achieved by the completion of the imposing bridge over which we passed this morning, a bridge which will now be permanently linked with the name of Mr Alexander Izat, the great Engineer and Administrator to whose genius and pertinacity were so largely due the growth of the metre-gauge system in these provinces, and its linking up and consolidation with the metre-gauge systems lying to the east and west, with the result that to-day this gauge extends right across the breadth of Northern India, aggregating over 9,000 miles in length, from Assam in the east to the western sea-board in Kathiawar.

"With the advent of the Bengal and North-Western Railway Mr Izat began his connection with these provinces. Long prior to then—as far back as 1870—he had won his spurs in constructing a short branch from Jalamb to Khamgaon during the cotton famine, after which he built the Holkar-Nerbudda Bridge (fourteen spans of 200 ft.). He then became Engineer-in-Chief of the Dhond and Manmad Railway, and subsequently of the Bhavanagar, Gondal, and Bombay Eastern Deccan Railways. At the beginning of 1883 he joined this line as its Agent and Chief Engineer, a post he held till he took over the Managing Directorship of the Company at home. Shortly after joining this Company his services were secured by the R. and K. Railway in a similar capacity. Mr Izat has thus watched over these lines from their infancy. In their growth and development he has played a great part.

"Well has he been styled the 'Architect of the Metre-gauge,' and it was a graceful action on the part of our Chairman, Colonel Gracey, and one highly appreciated by the old staff, that the great bridge his son, Captain Gracey, has built, and which marks our maturity, should be associated with Mr Izat's name.

"The Izat Bridge consists of forty spans of 150 ft. founded on 25 ft. diameter wells sunk 75 ft. below low-water level, and spanning the river from bank to bank. At low-water level the girders are 60 ft. above the river. They were designed by Messrs Rendel & Robertson, and supplied by Messrs Dorman, Long & Co., and the steelwork in them comes to about 5,000 tons. The bridge is 6,380 ft., that is about a mile and a quarter, in length, and its cost including establishment and plant will be about thirty lakhs."

The above is taken from *The Pioneer*, Allahabad, Saturday, 2nd November 1912.



A Journey Across Canada.

By WM. STEWART CURRIE.

A HANDFUL of sand dribbled slowly between the fingers gives some idea of immigration into Canada, and of the way newcomers scatter on reaching this vast Dominion.

After a struggle with luggage and a Customs official, quite unnecessarily alert, I stood once more in Montreal. But I was bound for Vancouver, and therefore nearly as far from my destination as from Glasgow.

The night journey to Toronto can never be an exhilarating experience. I was just settling to sleep when I heard the cry, "All tickets, please," from the trainman, lantern in hand. The conductor followed close behind, punched my ticket, and stuck a small piece of cardboard inside my hatband—a sort of passport to the land of Nod, because passengers so favoured are left in peace for the rest of their journey.

The scenery after leaving Montreal is apt to depress the spirits of immigrants, but on this occasion was passed during the night. In the morning we were gazing eagerly out at the fair Ontario landscape, for the train was then nearing Toronto, and soon pulled slowly into the Union Station.

There are several means of getting across Canada from Toronto to Vancouver. On foot, for instance. The common way is to buy a first-class ticket, with dining-car and sleeper service attached, and travel in Sybaritic comfort. I adopted a third method, known as going "colonist." Preliminary to this, however, the old campaigner buys, begs, or steals a blanket, pillow, suit of overalls, black shirt, soap and towel, and food for five days. It is better to take bread in loaf form; butter in a jar, tea, sugar, and condensed milk are also necessary, and an enamelled cup and plate, a knife, fork, and spoon should not be forgotten, nor a small kettle or teapot. And it is surprising what a popular travelling companion one can become on a jar of marmalade. Lastly, it is advisable to get a ticket, which, by the way, costs fifty-six dollars. This entitles the passenger to a plain wooden seat by day, and an equally plain wooden bunk by night; the bunks pull down from the ceiling when wanted. The seats are built back to back, holding only two passengers each; thus four persons face each other in each section. Every car has an aisle down the centre, with the same number of seats on each side. This mode of travelling is rather hard on the "new chum," who, as a rule, is thankful when his journey's end is reached. Having provided myself (honestly) with the necessary paraphernalia, and looking half German gipsy and half Robinson Crusoe, I boarded the train one Saturday night, secured a bunk, laid out my blanket and pillow, curled myself up, and promptly fell asleep. But hard boards plus a noisy and shaky train are not recommended as a cure for insomnia, and to many the night is long and tiresome.

In the morning I was early astir, and cooked my own breakfast at the stove with which each car is provided. It is comparatively easy to buy food for five days; to make it last out the time is quite another matter. A healthy appetite, and the temptation to vary the monotony of the day by having



R. K. Holmes.

JAMES PLACE.

"another meal" tend to short rations before the journey's end. I must say I rather enjoyed cooking, but how I did hate washing up afterwards!

During the night we had passed some of the prettiest parts of Ontario, but having made the journey before, I am able to describe the country. On either side of the track are farms with prosperous-looking brick houses and well-built barns. Most of these farms have orchards, as fruit-growing is becoming quite an industry in Ontario. The trees and vegetation are much the same as in Britain, and the landscape has a restful and homelike look. Travelling at first in a north-easterly direction, these comfortable homesteads disappear, and frame houses take their place. The country becomes more and more barren till eventually we leave farms entirely behind, and reach a land of rocks and cedars. This district gets swept by bush fires and so one often sees tall, black-looking cedars, divested of all foliage, standing grim and erect amongst the green and younger growth. A few more miles brings us to Muskoka, one of Ontario's pleasure resorts. This district is thickly wooded, and too rocky for agricultural purposes; but it abounds in small lakes and islets. Holiday-makers have plenty of scope for fishing, bathing, and canoeing. Muskoka is the great camping ground for Ontario. Farther north lies Cobalt, a great mining district, which (along with Porcupine, another mining town) has been swept several times in the last few years by bush fires.

Towards Sunday evening the train reached Sudbury, and joined the main coast-to-coast line from Montreal to Vancouver. From Sudbury, all the way to a place called Jack Fish Bay (one of the first points touched on Lake Superior) the scenery is wild and rocky, but so monotonous that it becomes almost an eyesore.

Jack Fish Bay we passed about midnight, and from there onwards travelled along the north shore of the lake. In daylight this is a wonderful sight, for the railroad bed has been cut out of the solid rock, and winds in and out, following the water's-edge most of the way. All night this course was followed till we came to Port Arthur and Fort William early on Monday morning. Thence, towards Winnipeg, we passed through Chaplin, White River, Lake of the Woods, and other smaller trading stations. At certain points the train stopped for ten minutes, permitting passengers to buy refreshments at the station restaurants. But one has either to be very wealthy or very hungry, for the prices would take away the appetite of an ordinary economical Scotsman. Soon the line is passing once more through farming land, but of the prairie nature. As the clocks were striking six on Monday evening we entered Winnipeg, the great business centre of Western Canada.

Here we had to change trains, but in about an hour were again moving westwards through prairie land with small patches of scrub. After passing Brandon (another thriving western city) darkness fell upon us, but all through the night we ran speedily along. Daylight on Tuesday revealed vast stretches of level prairie with little farm-houses dotted here and there. On both sides of the railroad track, and as far as the eye could reach, stretched miles and miles of wheat and other grain crops. Soon we came to Regina, still showing the damage done by the awful cyclone; then passed Moose Jaw, Swift Current, and Medicine Hat. Besides its curious name, Medicine Hat

has some of the largest natural-gas wells in the Dominion, and it is quite a busy manufacturing town. We had now left Saskatchewan and entered Alberta. Travelling north-west, we covered mile after mile of rolling prairie, and saw many horse and cattle ranches, with cowboys in attendance. Tuesday afternoon brought with it some little excitement, for on looking towards the south we beheld a large prairie fire, the ranchers' enemy. This fire extended over two or three miles. Along this part of the line the Government has given farms complete with buildings to the Indians, but the red man is not a good farmer, being constitutionally indolent and averse to living in houses. He does not like hard work—but the same complaint is not unknown among "pale faces." Two great drawbacks in the west are the long severe winters, and the scarcity of water. The latter complaint, however, has been somewhat overcome in parts by the Government's irrigation scheme, ditches and canals stretching for miles.

On Tuesday night we reached Calgary, Alberta's wonderful city that has grown almost as quickly as Jonah's gourd. Here we were joined by a number of cowboys, tall, swarthy fellows of the Buffalo Bill type. Soon we were off again, entering British Columbia and the eastern foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Farms disappeared, and as the train mounted higher and higher the hills became rougher and more precipitous. Some people did not go to bed at all that night, but gazed out on the moonlit scene of rocks and trees and waterfalls.

Wednesday morning revealed the Rockies in all their splendour; almost from the very track rose the pine-wooded mountains with snow-capped peaks, first on one side and then on the other, we could look down into ravines with foaming rushing waters. The mountainous scenery reminded me very much of certain parts of Norway. Near the summit of the line an immense glacier could be seen away up in the mountains; indeed, the next station is called "Glacier." Here in the summer months a large and picturesque hotel is filled with tourists from all parts of the globe.

We now began to descend, twisting round seemingly impossible curves, dashing under snowsheds, through tunnels and deep cuttings till we reached the fertile valleys of the western foothills, with their numerous little farms. A few miles farther on the hills got lower and lower, and were not so thickly wooded. As we moved westward, the wooded slopes gradually receded from the track, and peculiar sandhills took their place. These hills are in terraces and mounds, as though the works of man, and are divided by deep and rugged fissures. After a few miles growing hay and vegetables, we again came to rocks and seemingly impossible country for a railway. Here the Thompson River flows swiftly by. Someone has remarked that this torrent is still supplied by the "cold water" thrown over the pioneers of this marvellous railway. The *grande finale* to our long journey put completely into the shade all the switchbacks, bump the bumps, chute the chutes, and similar exciting amusements. The run high above the waters of the river is nerve-trying, even for the passenger; the driver of the train must indeed have a steady head and nerves of steel. Before we had completed this exciting ride darkness fell upon us, and on the opposite bank of the river the twinkling lights of mining camps appeared. The blowing of the whistle and the

clanging of the engine bell warned us that we were near Vancouver : bags were packed, and at three o'clock on Thursday morning the train pulled up with a jerk in Vancouver station.

It was an anti-climax to find all the hotels and boarding-houses closed, but spreading my blanket on one of the waiting-room seats, I lay down and soon fell asleep. At my first call in the morning the door was opened to me by a Glasgow man who had visited Dollar and Castle Campbell, while the driver of the wagon that came for my baggage turned out to be "frae Glasca" too, he had passed through Dollar, Tillicoultry, and Alva, and had even been in Coalsnaughton. The world is but a small place after all, though five days in a "colonist" car might lead one to the opposite conclusion.

The Golf Course.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rather unfortunate weather of this year, especially during the holiday months of July and August when the Golf Club reckons on attracting more visiting players than during all the rest of the year, the annual audit shows that the Golf Course Company has no reason to be dissatisfied with its financial position. To finish the year with all debts liquidated and about £100 to carry forward is very satisfactory, even though it should be owing to a steadily decreasing expenditure rather than to any very marked expansion of receipts under any head. The latest improvement is the long-past due one of green 7 which, notwithstanding that it had been twice altered from its original condition, has ever been a source of complaint from all players. With its transformation into the thoroughly good green it now is, one may say the last valid objection to the sporting character of Dollar Golf Course has disappeared. One or two of the other greens may be enlarged as time and opportunity allow, but the course may now be said to be at its best, thanks to the zeal, energy, and ability of the Greenkeeper, William Shepherd, who effected the re-formation of green 7 within one month, no mean feat, when we remember it was accomplished single-handed and in addition to his other duties.

The following are the winners in the Club Competitions :—

Merchants' Cup	-	-	Mr W. T. Mackay.
Runner up	-	-	Capt. Leckie Ewing.
Archibald Trophy (<i>scratch</i>)	-	-	Dr R. P. M'Morland, 80.
Gibson Medal (<i>Handicap</i>)			
Dobie Medal	-	-	Capt. Leckie Ewing.
Captain's Prize	-	-	Mr J. M. Halley (6), 80.
Moir Medal	-	-	Mr H. J. Muil. Aggre-
			gate 254.

With regard to the home and home matches Dollar is seriously handicapped by the small number of first-class players it has to draw on for a team, and even so it is seldom or ever that all our best players can be got together in a match. In these circumstances it may be sufficient to say that Dollar was not always beaten.

Notes from Near and Far.

TOWN COUNCIL.—The recent municipal election gives us an opportunity of congratulating Provost Green and his Council on the successful termination of another year's work. Evidently the electors are satisfied with the work of their representatives, as there was no attempt to oust the retiring members. Mr Rankine did not seek re-election, and his place has been taken by Mr Brown, ex-Janitor.

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THE MEMORIAL CLOCK.—The long-talked-of Dr Spence Memorial Clock has at last been completed. It was handed over to the Town Council by the Committee on 23rd October, and the *Scotsman* of next day contained the following report of the proceedings:—

"The inauguration ceremony in connection with the Dr Spence Memorial Clock at Dollar took place yesterday afternoon in the Burgh Chambers, where the master clock is fitted up. The Rev. J. Y. Cameron, in asking Provost Green to accept the custody of the clock on behalf of the community, paid a tribute to the qualities of heart and mind of the late Dr Spence. The doctor, he said, was a friend to rich and poor alike, and his personality had made a deep impression on the hearts of the community. Provost Green acknowledged the gift. Miss Christian Haig, the little daughter of Mr and Mrs J. B. Haig, cut the ribbon, releasing the pendulum, and started the clock. Mr C. S. Dougall handed over a pair of silver scissors to Miss Haig. The monument is over 19 feet high, stands at the east end of Bridge Street, and is of grey granite. The four opal dials at the top are controlled by a synchronome electric clock in the Burgh Chambers." The inscription is:—

IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM SPENCE, M.B., C.M.,
BORN 1861, DIED 1910.

For twenty-three years he practised in this place, and by his skill
and kindness of heart endeared himself to all classes of the community
far and near. This monument is erected by his patients and friends.

* * * * *

HONOUR TO MRS GIBSON, ARGYLL HOUSE.—Many friends, we feel sure, will join us in congratulating Mrs Gibson on the honour which has been conferred on her by her old boys who, in token of the unbroken continuance of the kindly, grateful feeling which they entertain towards her, have asked her to accept a very handsome presentation consisting of a beautiful barograph, an elegant corner cupboard, a gold watch, and a purse of sovereigns. Argyll House, now closed as a boys' boarding establishment, sent out many F.P.'s who are now occupying positions of trust and responsibility, and this last act of theirs is in keeping with the honourable traditions of the house. The barograph bears the following inscription:—Presented with a gold watch and purse of sovereigns to Mrs Gibson, Argyll House, from her old boys, as a mark of respect and esteem, 9th November 1912.

GIFT TO THE POOR.—Mr Alexander Stewart, Millera, Australia, has again gladdened the hearts of the poor of Dollar by sending £25 for distribution among them. We thank him most cordially for this renewal of his "hand-grip across the sea."

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PRESENTATION TO MR H. J. GEYER.—On Saturday evening, 16th November, in the Harris Academy, Dundee, under the auspices of the Harris Academy Former Pupils' Association, a lecture on "Tannhauser" was given by Mr Hermann J. Geyer, late modern Language Master of the Academy. There was a large and enthusiastic gathering of present and former pupils and friends. Mr Geyer has been obliged to retire under the terms of the Teachers' Superannuation Act, and is about to leave Dundee for London, so this was really a farewell meeting.

At the close of the lecture, Mr J. Barry Robb, Rector of the Harris, presented Mr Geyer, in name of his colleagues and former pupils in Dundee and Dollar, with a purse of sovereigns, and a pocket-book suitably inscribed. (Subscriptions received amounted to nearly £35.)

In making the presentation, Mr Robb said that Mr Geyer had been for seventeen years a teacher in the Harris Academy, to which he had come in 1895 from Dollar Institution. He spoke in warmest terms of Mr Geyer's never-failing kindness and courtesy and cheery optimism which made him honoured and beloved by colleagues and pupils. He referred also to Mr Geyer's brave sons, worthy sons of worthy sire, both of whom recently, in the prime of their manhood, gave up their lives—one, at his post, in the interests of his employers, the other literally laying down his life for his friend.

The whole company joined most heartily in three cheers for Mr Geyer, afterwards singing "For he's a jolly good fellow." Mr Geyer in a few heartfelt words expressed his thanks, and, as the meeting dispersed, shook hands with every one as they left the hall.

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A LARGELY attended Smoking Concert was held under the auspices of the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club in Ferguson and Forrester's, Glasgow, on Monday, 22nd October. There were present among others, Mr John Dempster, Dr Cram, Messrs C. S. Dougall, Alexander Wardlaw, Alexander Willison, Donald Stewart, William Robertson, William Neilson, W. R. Smith, J. K. Lamberton, T. B. Anderson, J. B. Forbes Watson, R. M'Lachlan, T. J. Young. An excellent programme was submitted, in which Messrs Dalgleish, Flower, Kerr, MacIntyre, M'Kinnon, M'Leish, Nicolson, Ramsay, Robertson, Saunders, and Smith took part. During the evening Mr Dempster, the President, presented the very handsome Golf Trophy to the Club, which was accepted, and suitably acknowledged, by Dr Cram. Thereafter Mr Dempster presented the Cup to the winner, Mr J. Wilson Penman. Mr Dougall, Rector of the Academy, then made a short speech, during which he mentioned that there was now a scheme on foot to provide tennis courts for the boys at the Institution. Mr Donald Stewart thanked the performers, and Mr Watson moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, both of which were heartily responded to.

EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.—At the School Examinations held last June under the auspices of the Associated Board of the R.A.M and R.C.M., the following pupils of Miss Olive K. Holmes, L.R.A.M., were successful in gaining certificates. In pianoforte playing, primary division, Peggy Stewart, David Young, and Jeannie Bennet; in primary theory, Mona Kirk, Annie Sinton, and Peggy Stewart.

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ON THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.—Mr Robert Maule, J.P. (F.P.), Edinburgh, in addressing a meeting on the National Insurance Act, traced its origin to the Friendly Societies. Who could deny, he said, the magnificent work the Friendly Societies had carried out in educating the nation, in educating their rulers up to the point of recognising the vital necessity of some easily obtained form of insurance for every worker in these islands? He urged upon them all to remember that whatever the State might do in its wisdom to care for the aged and the penniless, the unfortunate and the sick, it did not thereby form, or help to form, character. Character was moulded by self-denial, by training, by the exercise of judicious restraint, and especially by self-reliance. These were the virtues which had made the descendants of those who took early advantage of Friendly Societies a vigorous and manly race.

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ENGINEERING APPOINTMENT.—With pleasure we congratulate Mr A. Alan Munro (F.P.), student in the Heriot-Watt Technical College, on his appointment as a Teacher of Machine Construction under Edinburgh School Board.

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INSURANCE COMMITTEE.—We note with pleasure that Town Councillor Mrs Malcolm has been appointed a member of the Insurance Committee for the Counties of Clackmannan and Kinross.

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SUCCESSFUL MUSIC PUPILS.—At the Examinations held at Stirling in June by the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., London, Helen Kirk passed in the Elementary Division (Practical Pianoforte), and Rebecca Wilson passed *with distinction* in the Primary Division (Practical Pianoforte). Both were pupils of Miss Jackson, Ashfield.

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FORMER PUPIL PROMOTED.—From the *London Gazette* of 3rd September we take the following: "Colonel (temporary Brigadier-General) Philip M. Carnegie, C.B., Indian Army, a Brigade Commander in India, to be Major-General *vice* H. Mansfield, C.B., dated 1st September 1912."

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FROM the *Glasgow Herald* of 6th November we take the following notice:—

"British Empire Shakespeare Society."

"Mrs Hinton Stewart delivered a lecture in Provand's Lordship last night to the Glasgow Branch of the British Empire Shakespeare Society on the



R. K. Holmes.

THE OLD TOWN FROM THE DRUM ROAD.

'Riddle of Troilus and Cressida.' Professor Cooper presided. Mrs Hinton Stewart said that 'Troilus and Cressida,' which was first published in 1609, differed in tone and structure from Shakespeare's other plays. It was not often placed on the stage, though it was produced in Paris this year. The play was undoubtedly by Shakespeare; not a captious commentator had questioned that fact. She quoted the views of a number of critics as justification for describing the play as a riddle and a mystery. One school had argued that 'Troilus and Cressida' was written by Shakespeare at a time when he was grovelling in the mire and unable to raise himself above the lusts of the world. In her opinion that view was unthinkable. She advanced the theory that Shakespeare was influenced by the environment of the period in which he wrote, and drew the characters in the play from contemporaries. She gave an interesting analysis of the love episodes, and associated the characters with personages of the period. Thus Frances Howard, who became Countess of Essex, was compared with Cressida, and Prince Henry with Troilus. The Court of James I., in regard to its low tone, was second only to that of Charles II., and the Thersites of the play, which could not be personated on our stage owing to the coarseness of the character, was to be regarded as the concentration of the manners of the time. A discussion followed, and Mrs Hinton Stewart was cordially thanked."

Under the auspices of the same Society Mrs Hinton Stewart delivered her address in Sheffield, and more recently favoured Dollar Association with a recital of it. In both cases she was warmly thanked. The lecture has already appeared in our pages.

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CURLING CLUB.—The cold winds have shaken the glory from the trees and left the bare branches and twigs to stand out in clear outline against a sky from which the blue of heaven is banished for a time. Sure signs these that winter is once more with us. The "Dead Waters" is again flooded; and the curlers are active and vigilant lest leaks should delay their longed-for game. The Club is in a very healthy condition, as was made manifest by the reports at the Annual Meeting. The office-bearers for the ensuing season are as follows: Patroness, Miss Haig, Dollarfield; President, Dr Strachan; Vice-President, Mr Gray Gibson; Representative Member, Mr Malcolm, who also represents the Club on the Lochleven Province; Chaplain, the Rev. A. E. Spence; Secretary, Mr W. Henderson; Treasurer, Mr Gray Gibson.

We congratulate Dr Strachan on his election as President. He well merits the honour, for there is not a movement for the good of the town but owes much to him. He may claim to have been the founder of the Dollar Club (Reading and Billiard), the Dollar Association, the Dollar Academy Club, the Naturalist Field Club, and last, but not least, the *Dollar Magazine*. His professional duties prevent him from being on the ice as often as one would like to see him, but that he has the true curling spirit is proved by his "Curling Song," Vol. I., p. 18:—

"The coorin', creepin' Channel stane!
The hurlin', burlin' Channel stane!
What mortal man can mak' his mane
When thinkin' o' the Channel stane?"

And his compliment to the teachers:—

“There come the maisters frae the school
O’ learnin’s host the wale are they;
Yet here like bairns they play the fool,
And shout like laddies at their play.”

R. M.

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BANK APPOINTMENT.—We cordially congratulate Mr A. R. Stewart, Sub-Agent of the Clydesdale Bank, Alloa, on his appointment as Agent of the Kilmarnock Branch of the Bank. Mr Stewart was for some time Accountant in the Dollar Branch, where he made many friends.

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HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS.—The U.F. Presbytery of Stirling and Dunblane, at a recent meeting, directed the Clerk to send a letter of congratulation and good wishes to the Rev. George Blair (F.P.), East London, Africa, who at the time was spending a holiday in this country. Mr Blair acknowledged as follows:—

“LANGLEA,
DOLLAR.

“It was a real pleasure to me to receive the kind greetings of my brethren in the Presbytery, and I wish you to convey to them my warmest thanks for their interest in me and my work in South Africa. I shall ever look back with pleasure to the memory of my connection with the Stirling and Dunblane Presbytery, for every man in it played the part of a fellow or brother to me. We return to South Africa on the 19th of October, and I would ask you all at times to remember us in our work out there when you present your petitions at the Throne of Grace.”

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IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT FOR A F.P.—On the 17th of September the Directors of Chalmers Hospital, Edinburgh, appointed Mr John F. C. Haslam, M.B., Ch.B., Resident House Physician for the six months from 1st November. Dr Haslam was a member of the famous 1904 class.

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CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.—In the recent examination of candidates for the Civil Service—Home, Indian, and Colonial—two F.P.’s, Wm. Ramsay Corson Callander and Norman Izat, secured appointments; the former goes to Madras Presidency, and the latter to Ceylon. The examination for these positions is considered the most difficult that young men have to tackle, and we heartily congratulate them on their success.

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CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.—With very much pleasure we note that Mr A. R. Cumming, our Classical Master, has been appointed a member of Council of this Association.

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DOLLAR ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting of this Association held on 1st November, it was agreed that the name henceforth should be “The Dollar Association for the Culture of Art, Science, and Literature.” Office-bearers

were appointed as follows: Honorary President, Dr Strachan; President, Provost J. B. Green; Vice-Presidents, the Rev. R. S. Armstrong and Charles S. Dougall; Secretary, P. D. Lauder; and Treasurer, A. M. J. Graham. The syllabus for the season is an excellent one, and comprises six lectures, two debates, and two musical evenings. The lecturers are Mrs Hinton Stewart on "Troilus and Cressida"; the Rev. J. Taylor, M.A., B.D., on "Reminiscences of Active Service on the North-West Frontier of India"; the Rev. A. E. Spence on "Religion in Art"; Mr J. M. C. Wilson on "When the World was Young"; Mr G. Dundas Craig on "Shakespeare's England"; and Dr Strachan on "Adornment in Nature." The subjects of debate are: "Should the Parliamentary Franchise be Extended to Women?" and "Is the Influence of the Periodical Press Beneficial?"

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THE TALLEST BUILDING IN AUSTRALIA—A DOLLAR F.P. ARCHITECT.—Culwulla Chambers, the tallest building in Sydney, is being built for Dr Herbert Marks and Mr Walter M. Marks. Messrs Spain, Cosh, and Minnett are the architects. The Mr Cosh of the firm is a F.P., who left the Institution in 1884. He is nephew of the late Mr Thomas Frame, architect, Alloa.

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IMPORTANT NEW BOOK BY A F.P.—There has just been published an important book for Medical and Sanitary Officers in India. It is entitled "Mental Derangements in India; their Symptoms and Treatment"—being a handbook to the Theory and Practice of Mental Disease in India, together with notes dealing with the Legal Aspect of Insanity, and the various questions likely to arise concerning it. The author is A. W. Overbeck Wright, M.B., Ch.B., Med. Psych. Cert., D.P.H., Captain, Indian Medical Service. Captain Overbeck Wright finished his curriculum at the Institution in 1895, and thereafter studied Medicine at Aberdeen University.

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NEW RECTOR FOR ST JAMES'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DOLLAR.—The vestry of St James's Episcopal Church, acting along with the Bishop of the diocese, have appointed as Rector of that charge, the Rev. W. Lewis, Chaplain to the Marquis of Breadalbane at Taymouth.

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U.F. CHURCH MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—Mr Baillie has once more got his choir together for practice. The oratorio of "Messiah," the work upon which, more than all others, Handel's immortality rests, is the one to be studied. "Messiah" was first performed for a charitable benefit on the 13th of April 1742—a day for ever signalised in the history of music. We hope that Mr Baillie will receive the support and encouragement which he so well deserves.

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EADIE U.F. CHURCH, ALVA.—The Rev. J. Brand Scott, B.D. (F.P.), who has just been chosen Minister of the Eadie U.F. Church, Alva, was introduced to the congregation by the Rev. P. Wilson, M.A., Leith, on Sabbath, 3rd November. The new minister preached in the afternoon, and at the close of his sermon thanked the members "for the very handsome way he and his wife had been received by them as well as for putting the

manse in such a comfortable condition, and also for beautifying the church." We congratulate our Alva friends on their choice of a minister, for we feel sure that Mr Scott will prosecute his ministerial work with exemplary faithfulness and great acceptance.

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YOUNG MEN'S GUILD.—The syllabus of the Dollar Branch of the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild is before us, and we are glad to see that, under the new President, Mr Alexander, Station Master, there is no falling off in the activity of this Association. The Honorary President is the Rev. Mr Armstrong, and it must be gratifying to him to find so many members of his congregation ready to assist in the good work by the delivery of helpful, appropriate addresses. Besides the President we have Mr Dougall, Mr Cumming, the Rev. J. Taylor, B.D., Mr Fraser (Vice-President), Mr M'Intyre, Mr Masterton, Mr Dunn (F.P.), from Alloa, Mr Cruickshank, Mr Begg, and Mr Charles Brown. The younger members also have mornings set apart for short papers from them. But we must not omit to express our satisfaction with the success of the recently formed Young Women's Bible Class. The members—between thirty and forty in number—are regular in attendance, showing that they highly appreciate the benefits derived from those class meetings.

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A LOYAL CONGREGATION.—It may interest friends of the Rev. A. Stanley Middleton (F.P.), Minister of the West Parish Church, Cambuslang, to learn that his congregation by means of a bazaar have been able to wipe the debt off the manse, and to leave a substantial balance for church purposes. The sum aimed at was £800, the sum realised was £1,250. The zeal displayed by the members is proof of their devotion to their pastor.

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A WISE SUGGESTION.—We notice that the Rev. Simon George MacLennan, M.A. (F.P.), speaking at a meeting of the Society for Sons and Daughters of U.F. Ministers said: "They did not give a country minister with a manse an adequate stipend to keep up his position. If they would let ministers live in ordinary houses instead of the manses, which were in most cases far too big, they could manage better. There was quite enough money raised for stipends in their church if it were properly divided. If the ministers who were highly paid would be content to divert a little of their large stipends for division among their poorer brethren the work of the Society would be diminished."

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A VETERAN CRICKETER.—We notice with much pleasure that Mr Wm. M. Massey (F.P.), who annually presents the 1st XI. of his old School with prize bat and belt, still enters heartily and with much success into his favourite game. He is a member of the Quebec team, and in the match Quebec *v.* Empress of Ireland he took five wickets for 31 runs. His own score was 17. In the match against Three Rivers Club he was top scorer with 40 not out. Quebec won both matches, the former by six wickets and the latter by 99 runs.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers are reminded that in posting the *Magazine* to them the best we can do is to send it to their most recent address *known to us*. This we do until persuaded that death or other equally cogent cause has rendered continued subscription impossible. Subscribers—even those abroad—who fail to receive the *Magazine* at a reasonable interval after the end of the month of issue should therefore communicate with the Secretary or the Treasurer ; but first let those who have changed their address make inquiry at their former abode. So highly appreciated by landladies and others is the *Dollar Magazine*, that several cases have recently come to our notice where copies have neither been forwarded to the addressees nor returned to us, and even the pink enclosures reminding backward subscribers of the function of a long-enduring Treasurer have been retained !

These same pink enclosures, by the way, would not be necessary if subscribers would remember to send their remittance early in the year, thus relieving the “office staff” of considerable very uninteresting work.

To a Wild Flower Inclosed in a Letter.

Go, little flower, nor drooping grieve
That thou must all thy comrades leave,
That, for a time, from life and light
Thy beauty thou must hide in night.

Though dark and drear thy prison now,
Bethink thee of the morning's glow.
When Phœbus once again shall rise,
Thou'lt bask in light of Mary's eyes.

Not like the sun's too scorching ray,
That withers up thy leaves by day ;
Nor to the moon's pale chilling light
Which makes thy petals close at night.

But like the twilight's softened glow,
'Twill make thy grateful heart o'erflow.
Thou'lt rest content beneath its beam,
Nor sigh to leave thy native stream.

And when her lovely form you view,
Then breathe the prayer I breathe to you ;
“May every blessing from above
Attend and consecrate our love.”

Now go, dear flower, and droop no more ;
Bright is the morn for thee in store ;
But many a morn on me shall rise,
And bring no light from Mary's eyes.

J. S.

Letters to the Editors.

GLENFOOT,
TILlicouLTRY, N.B., 14th September 1912.

The Editor, "Dollar Magazine."

DEAR SIR,—Regarding the article in *Alloa Advertiser* of 10th, headed, "When does the Name of Dollar first Emerge in Scottish History?" I beg to say I have several old original documents (connected with some of my Coalsnaughton property), the first of which is dated from Wester Pitgobar in 1619, and witnessed then by some five individuals, among others by Thomas Dryisdail of the Manis of *Dolour*; so at least it is the spelling by the expert who copied part of the deed, but I can only make it Dolor (or something like that), however, there it is, and if of any use, welcome to your inspection.

I have also several extracts taken from original documents in the Register House, Edinburgh, Stirling Commissariat, &c., connected with "Searches" in the matter of the family Drysdale, who settled in Dollar parish early in 1500 (one of my great-grandmothers was a Drysdale of Sheardale Haugh, &c., forming part of the property there, recently sold). In all these *extracts* where the name appears it is spelt "Dollar," the first being in 1611. To test this spelling the originals, of course, would have to be examined, but as "Drysdale" is spelt there in two or three various ways, and other local names are variously spelt in these extracts, the inference is that exact copies were made, and that consequently "Dollar" was at that date at all events the official spelling.

If you care to see any of these documents, I will be glad to arrange a mutually convenient day and hour for the purpose.—Yours truly,

CHARLES BLAIR.

Obituary.

COUSINS.—At James Place, Dollar, on the 21st October, Jane Hunter, wife of John Cousins, gamekeeper (late of Meekspark).

NIMMO.—At Westquarter, Polmont, on 18th October, James Nimmo, Coalmaster (F.P.).

MACTAGGART.—At Rosemount, Campbeltown, on 10th November, Henry Dundas Beatson MacTaggart (F.P.), aged 59. (Formerly at Kodaikanal, Madras Presidency.) Only ten days before his death Mr MacTaggart was made Provost of the Burgh.

DRYSDALE.—Suddenly, at Glasgow, on the 13th October (of acute pneumonia), William Drysdale, elder son of Mrs Thomas Drysdale, Rathmore, Dollar. For nearly thirty years with James Stirrat, Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

MITCHELL.—At Cairnpark Street, Dollar, on the 15th October, Margaret Morrison, aged 78, widow of James Mitchell, Grangemouth.

SINTON.—At Dollarbank, Dollar, on the 20th November (the result of an accident), Patrick John Sinton, farmer. A man with many friends and no enemies—that is a summary of the characteristics of our much lamented friend.

Marriages.

M'MASTER—WILSON.—At Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, on 7th September, by the Rev. Dr John Smith, Partick Parish Church, Alexander M'Master, eldest son of the late Hugh M'Master, India, to Marion Todd, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Wilson, Glasgow.

HALLEY—WALLIS.—At St Enoch's Hotel, Glasgow, on 17th September, by the Rev. Charles Robson, M.A., Moncrieff United Free Church, Alloa, Edward Halley, L.D.S., to Margaret Logan Royal, daughter of Ernest J. Wallis, of Alloa and Tillicoultry.

M'INTOSH—M'DIARMID.—At St George's Parish Church, Edinburgh, on 12th October, by the Rev. J. G. Dickson, St John's, assisted by the Rev. Robert M'Intosh, Alva (father of the bridegroom), Thomas Steven M'Intosh, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P.E. (F.P.), Pinner, Middlesex, to Chrissie, younger daughter of Duncan M'Diarmid, Esq., 4 Bernard Terrace, Edinburgh.

SAVI—GARDINER (F.P's.).—At 2 Fingal Place, Edinburgh, on the 22nd October, by the Rev. Robert Armstrong, M.A., B.D., Dollar, Victor George Savi, Assistant Superintendent, Police Straits Settlements, to Ena Campbell, daughter of the late Patrick Gardiner of Auchterarder, and of Mrs Gardiner, Ashfield, Dollar.

MAUGHAN—STRACHAN (F.P.).—At St James's Episcopal Church, Dollar, on 6th November, by the Rev. W. Gwyther, Archibald D. K. Maughan, elder son of the late James A. Maughan, P.W.D., India, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Mrs Maughan, The Cottage, Dollar, to Mabel, second daughter of John Strachan, M.D., Dollar.

HOLMES—SCOTT (F.P's.).—At the Afghan Memorial Church, Bombay, on 29th November, by the Rev. G. F. Harvey, Geoffrey M. K. Holmes, Gorakhpur, India, and Dollar, Scotland, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Alexander Scott, Tillicoultry.

Visitors.

Mr and Mrs H. G. MONTAGUE (Isabella Cousins), and Miss MARGARET COUSINS, Bath.

Dr LAWRENCE SHAW, Pekin.

Mr WILFRED CARTLAND, P.W.D., India.

Mr CRICHTON STRACHAN, Mrs STRACHAN, and children, India.

School Notes.

MR ALEXANDER DRYSDALE has kindly undertaken to make a collection of local rocks for the School Museum, and has already filled one case. It is proposed to show, on a geological map of the district, the places from which the specimens were taken. Mr Drysdale will be glad to receive for the collection any specimens of local fossils that readers may have picked up.

Another interesting addition to the Museum is promised by Mr Kerr of Harviestoun. Mr Kerr has, for some years, been collecting stuffed specimens of rare birds and animals found in the neighbourhood, and he has kindly offered his collection to the School.

In recent years, many improvements have been made in the appearance of the School grounds. One corner, however, still remains an eyesore. When the School gardens were given up, the site of the pond was utilised as a coup for rubbish of various sorts, with the result that year after year a magnificent crop of nettles, docks, and coltsfoot has been reared on what was once a place of beauty. We are glad to know that this is to be changed. The new tennis courts are to be made on this site, and already workmen are busy levelling the ground. It is found that there will be just space for two courts running north and south between the pavilion and the two beautiful trees, a silver birch and a wild cherry, at the foot of the hockey pitch. It will not be necessary to interfere with these trees or with the cedar of Lebanon on the south side of the ground in question. From the list of subscriptions sent us by the Headmaster, it will be seen that a very good response has been made to his appeal for the necessary funds to carry out this very desirable improvement. It is estimated that not less than £160 will be required to complete the work of making the courts and enclosing the ends with netting, so there is still an opportunity left for those who would like to have a share in this good work.

On behalf of the Tennis Courts, a sale of cakes, candy, and knick-knacks suitable for Christmas presents, will be held in the School Hall on Friday, 14th December. Contributions will be gratefully received by Mrs Dougall or by the lady teachers.

Mr Drysdale gave a most interesting lecture on the scenery and geology of Dollar in the Hall on Friday, 8th November. By the aid of a magnificent series of diagrams and views shown on the screen, he traced the changes that have occurred in the configuration of the Ochil Hills and Devon Valley from remotest times. Mr Drysdale must have spent much time and trouble in preparing this lecture, and he thoroughly deserved the hearty vote of thanks accorded to him on the motion of Colonel Haig. Incidentally, the lecture realised nearly £12 for the Tennis Court Fund.

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The monthly School services were resumed on Sunday, 13th October, when the Rev. R. S. Armstrong delivered an excellent address on the subject of influence. There was a very good attendance of pupils and staff. The second meeting of the session took place on 10th November, when the Rev.

Mr Campbell Smith, Paisley, conducted the service. Owing partly to the inclemency of the weather, the attendance was not so good as usual. Those services are a splendid institution, and we hope their popularity will be maintained.

Several of our F.P.'s at Glasgow University have been distinguishing themselves this session. Hector J. W. Hetherington has taken First Class Honours in Economics, thus joining the very select band of men who have graduated with triple Honours. William D. Robieson has taken First Class Honours in History. Margaret H. Simpson has been awarded an Andrew and Bethia Stewart Bursary for an examination in English and French. John M. Garlick has gained a Divinity Hall Bursary, and has graduated with Honours in Mental Philosophy.

The Headmaster asks us to acknowledge the following subscriptions paid or promised to the Tennis Court Fund. He will be grateful for further contributions.

Wm. Adamson, jun.	-	-	£1	0	0	Professor Scott Lang	-	-	£2	2	0
Rev. R. S. Armstrong	-	-	1	0	0	Proceeds of Mr Drysdale's	-	-			
Dr Beveridge	-	-	1	1	0	lecture	-	-	11	17	0
Charles Blair	-	-	1	0	0	Wm. F. M'Kenna	-	-	0	10	0
A. M. Cowan	-	-	0	10	6	R. Maule	-	-	1	0	0
J. M. Cowan	-	-	1	1	0	E. M'Arthur Moir	-	-	0	10	0
A. R. Cumming and boarders	-	-	2	0	0	J. M'Arthur Moir	-	-	2	2	0
Mr and Mrs Cursiter	-	-	1	0	0	Geo. Myers	-	-	3	3	0
John Dempster	-	-	2	2	0	W. H. Raeburn	-	-	2	2	0
Harry Foston,	-	-	1	0	0	A. J. Ramsay	-	-	3	3	0
Flannel dance, per Mrs Fox	-	-	3	0	0	Col. Roberts	-	-	1	0	0
F.P. dance, per T. B.	-	-				S. Reid	-	-	0	5	0
Anderson	-	-	1	4	0	J. D. Rutherford	-	-	0	2	6
Professor Darroch	-	-	1	1	0	W. Sherman	-	-	1	1	0
Sir James Dewar	-	-	20	0	0	A. J. Simpson	-	-	0	10	0
Mrs Dewar	-	-	1	0	0	James Simpson	-	-	10	0	0
T. G. Dewar	-	-	0	5	0	Dundas Simpson	-	-	0	10	0
Thos. Dodds	-	-	1	0	0	Sir Jas. B. Smith	-	-	1	1	0
C. S. Dougall	-	-	3	0	0	Donald Stewart	-	-	2	2	0
Geo. A. Duthie	-	-	0	2	6	Dr Strachan	-	-	0	10	6
W. L. Ewing	-	-	0	2	6	H. C. Strachan	-	-	1	1	0
W. E. G. Falconer	-	-	1	1	0	G. Thompson	-	-	0	10	0
Provost Green	-	-	0	10	0	Wemyss Tod	-	-	1	1	0
J. B. Haig	-	-	1	1	0	J. Harling Turner	-	-	1	1	0
Captain Halley	-	-	0	5	0	R. W. Wallace	-	-	2	2	0
Harry S. Hay	-	-	0	10	6	Jas. G. Weir	-	-	1	1	0
James B. Hutton	-	-	0	5	0	John R. Ure	-	-	0	10	6
Col. H. H. Johnston	-	-	0	10	0	A. Willison	-	-	2	2	0
J. Ernest Kerr	-	-	5	0	0	H. G. Wilson	-	-	1	0	0
Mrs Lammie	-	-	1	0	0						

We congratulate Miss Hutchison, Sewing Mistress, on her recent success in the Art Needlework Design competition of the Glasgow School of Art, and in the *Studio* Magazine competition. In the former, her panel representing "Vanity" took first place, and in the latter it was placed third.

THE PICNIC.

'Twas on a sunny morn in May
We left the town behind,
To wander all the long bright day
Free as the sweeping wind.
The glorious summer sun blazed down,
All in a cloudless sky,
And all along the road the dust
In whirling clouds flew by.

We turned away from the dusty streets
Towards the shady glen,
To seek the freedom of the hills,
Far from the haunts of men.
Oh sweet the scent of dewy earth
At that cool morning hour,
The crystal drops were shining still
On every leaf and flower.

By waving bent and bracken green,
What time the sun rose high,
We went ; the peewits circled round,
Tittering their plaintive cry.
In the blue heavens overhead
We heard a skylark sing ;
Before our feet the startled grouse
Sprang up on whirring wing.

So up and down the sun-kissed slopes
We wandered all the day ;
How sweet were these free sunny hours,
How fast they fled away !
The merry woods, the laughter light,
Went flashing to and fro
Amongst us on that mountain height—
Only the peewits know.

Came evening, and the sun sank low,
The western sky glowed red,
The misty moon came slowly up,
The long bright day was sped.
Down the hillside we slowly went,
Thinking how time wore on,
How soon from our green blooming vale
Half of us should be gone !

We looked at hill and glen and burn,
And the bright sunset skies ;
Half of us read the self-same thought
Each in the other's eyes.
As often as we glanced behind,
When we went down the glen,
"It may be many a long, long day
Ere we come here again."

MARGARET SIMPSON.

FOOTBALL.

Although the number of last year's 1st XV. to return this year was small there was some expectation that the sturdy members of last year's 2nd XV. would make things even again. The loss of MacNaught meant much to the team, even though his place was well filled by Walker.

The threequarters are not what one would quite desire. They get the ball going, but they do not put into their attack the vim that characterises such a team as Edinburgh Academy. Individually they may be all right, but otherwise one cannot say much to their credit. Their finishing in every game yet played has been very poor. We would suggest to them that more combined training would improve matters.

A chance remark by an onlooker at a side the other day gave us food for reflection. He said, "There doesn't seem to be the same keenness in the game as in the years gone past." The remark is unfortunately too true. The lackadaisical, careless manner of turning out, the general disregard of advice, and the want of a really firm hand are too apparent.

As to the forwards, we can only say they are leaderless, and that speaks volumes. It was the forwards who caused the downfall against Edinburgh Academy, for most of the game they wandered aimlessly about looking around when they should have been down and at it.

The full back must realise that anticipation of a movement plays an important part in the game of defence, and that it is useless to be on one side of the field when it is evident that circumstances will force the game to the other. Touch-finding is exceedingly poor, and might profitably be practised by every member of the team.

The 2nd XV. show signs of becoming a good hefty lot, and in many ways are free from the faults of their elders.

The various games played have been quite interesting and well contested. In the opening game against the F.P.'s the 1st XV. snatched a victory which was well deserved. Certainly the F.P.'s team was not of the strongest character, but the game was one of the most keenly contested we have seen at the opening of a season.

Against Glasgow Academy there was never any doubt as to the result. Myers's opening score before a minute had elapsed from the kick-off startled everyone. There were some good bouts of passing and repassing between our threes, but Abbey handled badly and lost several times.

Against Glenalmond the 1st had the hardest fight so far. Weight *versus* speed. Only splendid defence saved the situation.

The Edinburgh Academy game was a great disappointment to all. It was never once thought that our forwards would go under as they did. The most remarkable point in the game was the scoring of two tries by our XV. The threes were idle, for no ball came out to them, and it was the same story over and over again when the forwards went down. Myers worked like a Trojan, but had little support; in fact, funk was plainly evident in several cases.

Alloa Academicals had to go under, though they made a plucky fight.

With five men off, the 1st made a good show against Royal High School, though once more the forwards were outclassed in the scrum.

The 2nd XV. have done well, their best games being those against Glenalmond 2nd XV., and Daniel Stewart's College 1st XV.

The 3rd XV. simply romped over Stirling High School, and it was a treat to watch Chuan work the scrum.

The place-kicking competition is being carried through as early as possible this year, but the results so far are very unsatisfactory. Out of the first five attempts the best are: Hope, 28; Myers, 26; Bennie, 26; Hogben, 24; and the full points obtainable are 65.

There is the same want of interest and lack of competitive feeling in this competition as in the games. It is anything but encouraging for masters to spend their much needed spare time in superintending a competition in which the competitors display little interest.

The usual age, height, and weight figures for the teams, as photographed, are given below. They are for September:—

1st XV.

				Age.	Height.	Weight.	Backs.	Forwards.
				Yr. Mon.	Ft. In.	St. Lb.	St. Lb.	St. Lb.
Average *	-	-	-	16 7½	5 7¾	9 9½	9 5½	9 13½
Last season	-	-	-	16 11	5 8½	10 1	10 2	10 0
This season	-	-	-	17 0	5 7¾	9 13½	9 9	10 3§
2nd XV.								
Average †	-	-	-	15 9	5 6	8 10½	8 1½	9 4
Last season	-	-	-	16 0½	5 6	8 12	8 6	9 3
This season	-	-	-	15 7	5 6½	9 3	8 8	9 11
3rd XV.								
Average ‡	-	-	-	15 2	5 3½	7 10	7 3	8 2
Last season	-	-	-	15 1	5 3¾	7 9	7 2½	8 0
This season	-	-	-	15 4½	5 4	7 13	7 1	8 7

* Age=average of 14 years. Height and weight=average of 9 years. All inclusive of this year.

† Average of 6 years inclusive of this year.

‡ Average of 3 years inclusive of this year.

§ Against Edinburgh Academy, 10 st. 1 lb.

As is customary in the December issue of the *Magazine*, we give a photograph of the three match-playing football teams with the names and birth places of the members. In each team the forwards are standing and the backs sitting, except where otherwise noted on the margin.

Out of the forty-five members the so-called "Foreigners," as in the last two seasons, number twenty, whilst Scotland also claims twenty (a rather greater proportion than usual), three of whom were born in Dollar.

Twenty-one members of last season's three-team group are now with us, of whom only three then wore 1st XV. colours.

The ages in September of the members of the 1st XV. lay between 15 years 11 months and 19 years 6 months. Smith alone of that team, and Welsh in the third team, were then within one inch of 6 feet, but four other members of the teams were 5 feet 10 inches or over. Smith and Philp, 11 stones 6 lbs., were the heavy weights of the teams, and ten other members weighed between 10 and 11 stones. In the first team one member was under 9 stones, and six between 9 and 10 stones.

Except as regards height of the first team, age of second team, and weight of the third backs, this season's measurement are all over average. This is especially so with respect to weight of the forwards. The first and third backs are somewhat lighter than those of last season, but in all three teams the forwards are several pounds per man heavier.

ON AN INFORMAL (Junior's) HOCKEY PRACTICE.

WHAT joyous notes ring through the air
 More clear than laverock ever carolled ;
 Than merle's song more free from care ;
 More sweet than lay of singer laured.
 More pure than crystal ; bright as light ;
 Dear as shy maiden "yes" to lover ;
 Welcome as beacon in the night ?
 'Tis girlish laughter bubbling over,
 And eager calls as, mutual-schooled,
 These happy maidens urge the leather,
 —No "serious" game this, whistle-ruled,
 Each calls to each, and all together !
 "Now, Peggy, pass !" "Quick, Rebie, shoot !" —
 —"Saved, Isobel !" —"Hit harder, Molly !" —
 They come—they go—with fawn-fleet foot
 And cries of "Mona !" "Ella !" "Dolly !" —
 Oh happy maids that pleasure find
 In play, Youth's cares and sorrows healing ;
 Oh "healthy frame for healthy mind" ;
 Oh tongues with silver music pealing,
 Long may your grace and joy combined
 Replace for me joys Time is stealing !

A. D.

HOCKEY.

The Hockey season began well by the Club having its membership doubled from last year. Only five of the last season's XI. were available to play this season, but little difficulty has been found in filling the vacant places, as several of the beginners promised very well from the first day they played. There are practice games now four times a week, so that everyone may play at least twice. On one day members of the staff and F.P.'s make up a side to play against the 1st XI. This is a great help to the XI., and the improvement in their play is largely due to this hard practice once a week.

The girls have turned out well for practices, and there is a keenness this year that has been absent for several seasons.

A good fixture card has been arranged and a new feature, two games for 2nd XI., have been introduced. This ought to encourage the younger players who must remember that it is from their ranks that next year's XI. will be drawn.

The first match played was against the F.P.'s, and the School had to acknowledge rather a severe defeat. However, the match was played before the team had been welded into shape, and L. Cursiter, the captain, was unable to play, and in itself that made a vast difference in the attack.

Next game against the F.P.'s may see the tables turned.

Falkirk High School were our opponents on 26th October, when our XI. won a well fought game. The attack was strong and good, but the defence lacked finish. The defence must make sure that they clear lustily and tackle at once—no waiting until it is too late.

In this game the most prominent players were M. Ferguson in goal, J. Robertson and L. Maclaren in the half back division, and May Spiers and L. Cursiter in the attack.

On 16th November the 1st XI. travelled to Cupar to play Madras College, St Andrews, and returned victorious by 6 to 0.

The School played a good mid-field game, but the forwards were weak in the circle, and should have scored far more. The left outer and inner are not careful enough as regards the offside rule.

The team is quite good and only requires a little attention to the points mentioned above to "mak' siccar" in all the games yet to play.

The football and hockey results up to date of going to press are as follows:—

1ST XV.

2ND XV.

Opponents.	Points.		Result	Opponents.	Points.		Result
	For	Agt.			For	Agt.	
Former Pupils	11	0	win	Glasgow Academy	8	0	win
Glasgow Academy	27	5	win	Glenalmond	9	0	win
Glenalmond	8	6	win	Morrison's Acad. 1st XV.	0	0	draw
Edinburgh Academy	8	33	loss	Stewart's College 1st XV.	3	6	loss
Alloa Academicals	24	3	win	Watson's College	---	off	---
Royal High School	16	0	win				
Watson's College	---	off	---				
Heriot's College	---	off	---				

*A. Drysdale.*

Back Row (standing)—J. Harris (Stirling); G. Bonthron (Fife); R. Philp (Menstrie); S. Murray (China); G. M'Clelland (Argentine); D. Smith (Lancashire); W. Owens (Selkirkshire); C. Muil (Alloa); G. Murray (China); C. Radford (India).

Front Row (standing)—J. Wade (Yorkshire); T. Bryce (Spain); R. Petty (Yorkshire); F. Campbell (Dublin); R. M'Kenzie (Vancouver); C. Sarel (Alaska); R. Beattie (Dollar); J. Wiseman (Inaia); R. Douglas (Glasgow); D. Cameron (Argyleshire); A. Brown (Glasgow); J. Tuckwell (Argyleshire); T. Welsh (Lancashire).

Sitting—J. Hogben (Edinburgh); J. Watson (Lanarkshire); N. Bell (Burma); W. Purvis (Lanarkshire); R. Colven (Argentine); E. Myers (New York), Captain; H. M'Coil (Java); F. Abbey (Russia); L. Hope (India); L. Chuan (Penang); W. Warden (Edinburgh, Forward).

On Ground—W. Bennie (Spain); R. M'Farlane (New York); C. Shaw (Dollar); D. Lammie (Edinburgh); T. Walker (Berwickshire); L. Lucas (Dumfriesshire, Forward); J. Lauder (Dollar); J. Roussac (Burma); J. M'Niven (Glasgow); E. Davidson (India); C. Morrison (Singapore).

3RD XV.

GIRLS' HOCKEY XI.

Opponents.	Points.		Result	Opponents.	Goals.		Result
	For	Agt.			For	Agt.	
Glasgow Academy	13	17	loss	Former Pupils	0	11	loss
Stirling High School 1st XV.	32	0	win	Falkirk High School	4	3	win
Watson's College	...	off	...	Madras College	6	0	win

The tickets for the skating pond are now on sale, and from the weather so far we have every reason to expect a good skater's winter. It is desired that all ticket holders should pay particular attention to the rule concerning the road to the pond, as contravention of this rule involves the committee seriously.

The practices for the Athletic Club Concert have commenced and this, year's display is to be quite original and different from any of the concerts hitherto held. It will not only be a feast of music but one of fine costumes and lovely tableaux. The direction of the affairs of the concert is in the able hands of Mr Craig, whilst this year Mr Collyer has consented to give of his large experience in coaching the young ladies in their parts of the proceedings. We would say to everyone, "Make sure that you obtain your concert ticket in plenty of time on this occasion."

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

The year has commenced quite satisfactorily, although it would be more gratifying to those who spend their time and study for the good of the corps that a larger number of recruits was forthcoming. The strength of the corps is seventy-four officers and men—one less than at the end of last year.

There has practically been a restaffing of the officers and N.C.O.'s of the corps. Mr Frew and Mr Walton are proving quite useful officers. At the Local Course in Musketry held in Edinburgh in September, Captain Wilson passed the examination allowing him to dispense with attending the course owing to his being sufficiently advanced not to require the training, and at Glasgow in October Mr Frew sat Examination "A" for promotion and was successful.

Drills have been held every Wednesday and at times a promotion class has met under Captain Wilson for the instruction of cadets seeking promotion. An examination for promotion will be held shortly, and full particulars will be had later. Under Drum-Major England the buglers are making good headway, and they are expected to begin to the drums before the Christmas holidays.

No doubt many will be thinking the band has been forgotten, but we must remind them that much hard practice must be gone through before drummers are fit to take their place on parade and fully play their part. Miniature shooting will be started soon during the darker weeks of the winter. Issues are being made of efficiency and of musketry badges to those qualified to wear them, and it is to be hoped that everyone will strive to gain these badges this year.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The Girls' Literary and Debating Society resumed its meetings under the Presidency of Miss E. E. Dougall, and the first speaker was the Rev. A. Easton Spence, M.A. He chose as his subject the poetical work of James Russell Lowell, and treated it with great skill and charm. 4th October was "Hat Night," and on 18th October Mr Craig entertained a large audience with his "Spanish Pictures." The views were extremely pretty and spoke well of Mr Craig's artistic taste, whilst the descriptions of the mode of travelling in the interior and the life of the inhabitants were witty and to the point.

On 1st November there was a lively debate on the question: "Is the savage happier than the civilised man?" Despite the brilliant support he received the savage was judged to have the worst of it by twelve votes to ten. Once more the Society has been fortunate in securing Dr Miller's services, and on 15th November he treated them to another scientific feast such as few schools or literary societies have the pleasure and the fortune of obtaining. Dr Miller chose for his subject "Wireless Telegraphy." Drawing parallels from the phenomenon of sight Dr Miller led his audience on to an easy appreciation of the waves in the ether. The latter he dealt with very skilfully, showing how it must have definite properties to suit the propagation of the waves.

Several simple yet instructive experiments made his points clearer, and finally he capped a most interesting lecture by showing a wireless installation at work. This installation he had fitted up himself in the laboratory. From the foregoing it is obvious that the Society is in a very healthy state, and what remains of the syllabus is so interesting that every girl who is eligible ought to join at once.

As with the Girls' Literary Society so with the Boys'; we have quite a good report to make concerning it.

Joining with the sister society for the Rev. Mr Spence's lecture they went their own way until they formed part of the audience at Dr Miller's lecture. In the interval there have been debates, papers by members, and a Parliamentary election, all bringing out much oratory and talent. The subjects for the future meetings of the Society are encouraging, and Mr Peterkin's lecture on "Explosions" will without doubt be most enjoyable and instructive.

* * * * *

We are indebted to Mr W. M. Carment for the following:—

In the issue of December 1908, a list of captains was given, and at the same time we requested further names for the previous years from those of our readers who were in a position to give reliable information. This appeal met with a very poor response, and the above list (which has been obtained only after a considerable correspondence), is given in the hope that some "Old Boy" will be able to give the information required. For the year 1872-73, Walter Thomson has been suggested as captain; for 1873-74, W. H. Masters, E. N. Ewart, or W. W. Young; for 1874-75, Hugh Scott Robson. Can anyone give any authentic information as to the "footer" captains of these years? Can any of our readers inform us of Mr

D'Albedyhll's present address? Of course our readers are aware that it is proposed to adorn the walls of the School Pavilion with panels on which will appear the captains' names.

CRICKET CAPTAINS.

1868. Adam Murray.	*1873. F. Youngerman.	1878. S. H. Henderson.
1869. Goring Dalton.	*1874. H. D. Ewart.	1879. E. Shearer.
*1870. James Gibson.	*1875. do.	1880. J. Huskie.
*1871. Ulysses Murray.	1876. John Henderson.	1881. E. Sandeman.
*1872. F. Youngerman.	1877. C. D'Albedyhll.	
	* Dead.	

FOOTBALL CAPTAINS.

1871-2.—Cameron.	*1875-6. John Henderson.	1878-9. H. Forbes.
1872-3.	1876-7. C. D'Albedyhll.	1879-80. E. G. Lietke.
1873-4.	1877-8. C. D'Albedyhll and	1880-1. D. Huskie.
1874-5.	R. A. Cameron.	1881-2. J. W. Murray.
	* Dead.	

Amongst F.P.'s prominent in the football world are G. U. Reid (Captain of Glasgow Academicals); R. M'Lachlan (Glasgow High School); J. K. Lamberton, R. G. Bell, J. H. Innes, and W. Kiernander (Clydesdale); J. B. Andrews (Edinburgh Wanderers); G. H. Woodman (St Andrews University); C. Kinloch and G. Gordon (Edinburgh Institution, F.P.); A. Bonthron, (Kirkcaldy); and N. M'Donald (Brunstane).

The Greater Dollar Directory.

FORTY-FOURTH LIST.

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

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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.