



C. D. Crooke

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MR N. B. CONSTABLE

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Nelson Briggs Constable, W.S.

THE gentleman whose portrait occupies the place of honour in this number is the second son of the late William Briggs Constable, Esq., of Benarty, Fife and Kinross. He was educated partly at Dundee High School, but mainly at Dollar Academy, which he attended during four sessions from 1866 to 1870. As a pupil he did good work, stood well in all his classes, and gained honours and commendations in several subjects. Into all the school games, too, he entered with much keenness, took a prominent part in cricket, and oft-times, by cautious and steady batting, proved very troublesome to the bowler, while piling up runs for his own side. In his boyhood days, moreover, he was passionately fond of trout-fishing, and on Saturday mornings he would get up early, on purpose to "prevent the sun rising," and would be plying the rod and line in Glenquey or at the Crook when o'er the "one-half world the curtained sleep" was still falling.

After completing his course at the Academy, Mr Constable entered Edinburgh University, where he took a good place in the Law classes, being second prizeman of his year in the classes of Conveyancing and Medical Jurisprudence, besides appearing in the Honours List of some other classes. He was admitted a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet in 1881, and is now senior partner of the firm of N. B. Constable & Co., W.S., Edinburgh. He married in 1901 his cousin, Margaret Wyllie Constable, who is also a former pupil of Dollar Academy.

In politics Mr Constable is a Conservative. He contested in the Unionist interest the constituency of West Fife at the General Election of 1906, and the constituency of Clackmannan and Kinross at the General Election of January 1910, in both cases unsuccessfully. As a candidate, he was noted for lucidity and cogency rather than for fervour of speech, and still more for his skill in dealing with the "heckler," his answers being marked by unfailing aptness and ease. He made no attempt to truckle to any popular view, nor did he swerve from what he believed to be right to gain a mere temporary advantage. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that by the straightforward way in which he expressed his views, he drew to himself the hearty support of those holding opinions similar to his own, while at the same time he carried with him the respect and esteem of his opponents. The Unionist party in both constituencies passed resolutions of gratitude to Mr Constable, and pressed him to stand again; but circumstances prevented his compliance with these wishes.

Mr Constable is a member of the Caledonian United Service Club, of the Scottish Conservative and other political Clubs, and of the Edinburgh Juridical Society. He still keeps up a warm interest in the "Old School," and at the annual meeting of the Edinburgh Dollar Academy Club in the month of March, he was unanimously appointed President for the year. We wish him much success during his tenure of office, for we feel sure that under his guidance the Club will continue to aid and further the interests and the prestige of the School and have many meetings seasoned with recollections of old frolics and old friends.

From Heine: Saphire sind die Augen dein.

SAPPHIRES are your eyes of blue,
So charming and so sweet,
Oh, three times happy is the man
Whom they with love's light greet.

Your heart is like a diamond,
Thence soft the light that flows ;
Oh, three times happy is the man
For whom with love it glows.

Your lips are like the ruby red,
In beauty they excel,
Oh, three times happy is the man
To whom their love they tell.

Did I but know that happy man
I'd surely have his blood !
Could I but find him all alone
In the heart of the deep greenwood.

S. F. BUTCHART.

Love's Labour Lost.

BY HELEN HINTON STEWART.

PART I.

THIS amusing and graceful comedy is, by universal consent, considered one of the earliest of Shakespeare's plays. Professor Dowden places its inception about 1590 ; others as early as 1589 or even 1587. There was no publication of it till 1598, and then we learn from the title-page that it had been acted "this last Christmas" before Queen Elizabeth and her court at Greenwich Palace. To Queen Elizabeth and all around her, steeped as they were in everything that concerned France and Navarre, the play must have sparkled with topical interest. It is also included in

a list of the revels at Whitehall before King James in 1605. On this occasion, as we learn from a contemporary letter, Viscount Cranbourne, Master of the Revels, sent in every direction in search of "players, juglers, and Such Kind of Creatures," till at last Burbage presented himself. He affirmed that there was no new play that the Queen [Anne of Denmark] had not seen, but they had revived an old one "cawled Love's Labore lost w^{ch} for wytt and mirthe will please her exceedingly." This play, the letter continues, was appointed to be played next night at Lord Southampton's house (a magnificent mansion situated between Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn), unless a writ were sent to remove it. Whether this was done, or a different night fixed for the court performances, history does not say. These few references probably represent numerous occasions when, in addition to public performances in the theatres, this play was staged privately in the houses of the king and nobles.

Henry of Navarre (the probable prototype of King Ferdinand in the play), who afterwards became Henry IV. of France, had in 1572 on the death of his mother inherited the throne of Navarre at the age of nineteen. It is difficult to know when in his strenuous life he could have had time even to think of three years' retirement for study, but the desire for it is not out of keeping with his early training or with his character. He was an ideal hero, according to Crowe, who asserts that "to enumerate his virtues were to repeat all that we admire in the modern gentleman"; while his little kingdom on the northern slopes of the Pyrenees, the small remnant of a Spanish monarchy, make an equally ideal centre of romance. His companions in the play have also their prototypes. Longaville was one of Navarre's chief supporters; Charles de Biron became his admiral and chief minister; Dumain may, as his name implies, be regarded as an outsider attracted to the studious court by his love of learning.

The King and his three companions swear by solemn oaths to devote themselves for three years to study, and during that time to see no woman, to fast one day a week, and partake only of one meal on the other days; to sleep but three hours each night, "yet not be seen to wink of all the day." We are familiar with the sequel, and know how Nature rebelled, how one by one the four devotees were lured by the charms of the French maidens to break their vow of abstinence from love and feminine society, how each in turn was discovered by the others, until all had to confess themselves foresworn.

We find in "Love's Labour Lost," as in all Shakespeare's comedies, many touches of seriousness; it was never his object merely to make his hearers or readers laugh. We recognise this even in the first scene, when Biron, while criticising and deriding these unnatural rules, utters a just diatribe against painful and laborious study, slavish acceptance of book-learning and mere memorising of names (I. i. 70-93):—

"Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books."

"Too much to know is to know naught but *fame*,"

that is to say, nothing but hearsay, or what has already been said. That this is not, as might perhaps have been expected, the prejudice of untutored genius against book-lore is shown by the King's response:—

"How *well* he's read to reason against reading."

This discussion is followed by comic scenes enacted between Don Adriano de Armado and the other slighter characters of the play.

The court of Elizabeth, as well as of Navarre, was haunted for a time by a "refined traveller from Spain," not indeed so early as 1590, but between that date and the publication of the play in 1598, when, we are told on the title-page, it had been "newly corrected and augmented." It is probable that in the first version of the play this was merely a conventional character, the usual empty boaster who figures in almost every comedy of the period. In the First Folio he still appears in the stage directions and before his own utterances in the dialogues simply as "the braggart"; but, after the two or three years' residence of Don Perez in London, there is every probability that the character was remodelled on his personality. Perez had at one time been in great favour with the King of Spain, but, having bitterly offended him, he was now a refugee from his country. At first he was received with favour in the court of Elizabeth, patronised by Essex and Southampton, the friend of Shakespeare, and on terms of intimacy with Francis and Antony Bacon, much to the distress of their keen-sighted mother, Lady Bacon. By degrees, however, he developed so much affectation and bombast that he fell into contempt, and became an object of ridicule instead of interest and respect. In 1595 he published in London his "Relaciones," under the pseudonym of "Raphael Peregrino," and it has been pointed out that this assumed name may be alluded to in the words of Holofernes respecting him, "He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too *peregrinate*, as I may call it," to which the curate replies,

"A most singular and choice epithet,"

and enters it in his note-book.

The little page, Moth, is generally admitted to be founded on the *petit* but witty French Ambassador to England, De la Motte.

In the second act of the play the "Princess of France with three attending ladies and three lords" arrives at the court of Navarre. She comes as ambassador from her father to require from King Ferdinand the repayment of a hundred thousand crowns, or the quittance of a bond on Aquitaine. With their advent the complications begin, and, in view of the delightful admixture of fun and poetry which follows, Shakespeare might well have been excused if he had indulged in a flight of fancy in order to attain his object. But, strange as it may seem for a lady to act the part of ambassadress to a foreign court, no effort of imagination or credulity was required on the part of an Elizabethan audience in order to realise it, for on two occasions Queen Catherine of France (mother of the weak and dissolute Henry III.), once in 1580 and again in 1586, had travelled to the court of Navarre on diplomatic missions. Both times she had been accompanied by a detachment of her beautiful "squadron" of maids-of-honour, each of whom she had selected from among the highest ladies of the land for her beauty, her birth, and her *want* of principle, and all of whom she had carefully trained in the arts of fascination and intrigue. So close an imitation of a recent and well-known event must have recalled it to the minds of all the courtly circles who witnessed the performance, and they would appreciate the rare idealism by which, while retaining the wit and the fascination and the beauty, the dramatist has transformed the unprincipled queen-mother, instigator of the St Bartholomew massacres,

and her graceless "squadron," into the dutiful daughter of a bedridden king, and three blameless though high-spirited "attendant ladies."

Shakespeare makes no pretension, as a matter of course, to historical precision in his merely romantic comedies, but in ignoring Queen Catherine's real mission, which, in 1580, was to force an unwilling wife upon an unwilling husband, he has substituted another claim, which has its source in history, although of an earlier date.

The despatch which the Princess of France presents to the King of Navarre in "Love's Labour Lost" refers to

"The payment of a hundred thousand crowns,"

which Navarre speaks of as "*one-half* of an entire sum" which was due to him, and which he asserts was never paid. The princess maintains that it *had* been paid, and that she can

"Produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of *Charles* his father."—II., i. 161, 162.

Charles was not the name of Henry's father (there never had been a *Ferdinand* King of Navarre, so in bestowing that name upon Henry Shakespeare has robbed no one else), but three of his ancestors were named Charles, and in the Chronicles of Monstrelet we find the following passage:—

"Charles, King of Navarre, came to Paris to wait on the King. He negotiated so successfully with the King and his Privy Council that he obtained a gift of the Castle of Nemours. . . . He instantly did homage for it . . . renouncing all claim or profit in *them* [certain territories he had possessed] to the King and to his successors, on consideration that with this duchy of Nemours the King of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the King our Lord."—i. 54.

This treaty is thus referred to in the play:—

King: "Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;
Being but the one-half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he, or we—as neither have—
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more."

This double coincidence of the name, Charles of Navarre, and the amount of money in dispute, two hundred thousand crowns in all, can hardly be accidental.

Shakespeare implies, and he may be right, that during the non-payment of this sum of two hundred thousand crowns Aquitaine was held in bond by Navarre.

The impression one receives in studying the subject is that the author has a perfect knowledge of the whole history of Navarre, as well as of current affairs in France, and that, with the ease of one at home with his subject, he weaves into the play such political facts as his dramatic fancy dictates and as his judgment tells him will give life and interest to the drama.

It may therefore be said that the source or inspiration of this, the only wholly original play Shakespeare has written, may be found in the romantic

personality of Henry of Navarre, the unusual circumstance of the feminine embassy to that kingdom, and, it must be added, the current fashion of learned societies at that period both in England and in France.

These societies will be the subject of our next paper.

(To be concluded.)

A Few Days Spent in the Mountains of Switzerland.

THE TOWN of Geneva has many attractions, both in its scenery and in its customs, but it has one serious drawback, and that is that we never have enough snow for sledging nor severe enough frost for skating during our holiday-time. Therefore, each winter our pensionnat goes to one or other of the villages situated in the mountainous parts of Switzerland, where sledging, skating, and skiing are the principal occupations of the inhabitants.

This winter we chose the village of Gstaad, which is situated in "Suisse-Allemagne," about five hours' journey from Geneva. To arrive in Gstaad about midday we had to leave Geneva at seven, and that meant rising at five o'clock in the morning, as we had a long walk to the station and, of course, lots of small things to put in our "rucksacks." We left the pensionnat at about six o'clock on Wednesday morning, and, by walking briskly, we counted on reaching the station in plenty of time. Everyone was in high good humour, and, with our rucksacks on our backs and our Alpine "stocks" in our hands, we resembled nothing so much as a party of soldiers setting out for camp.

Luckily we weren't far from the house when the rhythm of our step and the order of our ranks were broken, and a phantom-like figure dashed past us, going in the direction of the pensionnat. One of the girls had forgotten her purse! We all had visions of our train steaming out of the station leaving us stranded on the platform, with a wait of several hours before us, and a few expressive "Mein Gotts" and "Mon Dieu" relieved our over-tired feelings.

In about eight minutes, however, the one with the brilliant memory joined us, and we continued our route through the almost deserted town. In the market-place the stall-holders were getting ready their booths for the morning market, and one of the men called to us—

"À la bonne voyage, Mesdemoiselles!" which was rather decent of him, although his French was deplorable.

In due time we arrived at the station. Now this was something like life, for although it was so early there were lots of travellers there who were bustling around seeing about their tickets and luggage. The bulk of the travellers were, like ourselves, going to some part of Switzerland for the winter sports, and were dressed and equipped accordingly. Then some other lucky mortals were going to the sunny land of Italy *via* the Simplon Tunnel. How I envied them, and what a feeling of magnetism their part of the train had for me! But there, the guard began to shut the carriage-doors, we said good-bye to our friends, and amidst "Au revoir, beaucoup de plaisir et de neige!" and "Amusez-vous bien!" our train steamed out of the station, and we settled down to enjoy our five hours' journey.



R. K. Holmes

DOLLAR FROM THE ROUNDEL

As it began to get clearer we could admire the scenery of the country through which our train was passing. Especially after leaving Montreux, where the railway begins to ascend, the view was lovely. Away below us was the Lake of Geneva, and behind it the "Dent du Midi" quite covered with snow. On rushed the train through a snow-covered stretch of country, with dainty Swiss chalets dotted here and there, almost buried in some places by the deep snow; then we passed through thickly-wooded land with tall firs bending their branches under the weight of the snow with which they were laden.

We arrived in Gstaad about one o'clock, and immediately after lunch we set out to explore the village, and to find the skating-pond and sledging-tracks.

The village is a lovely little place of about a thousand inhabitants, who speak Swiss-German, although in the shops and hotels English, French, and German are all spoken for the convenience of the visitors, and it was so pleasant for me to hear the well-known "Tickets, please," at the entrance to the skating-pond. We spent six days altogether in Gstaad, and the usual day's doings consisted in sledging, skating, climbing, and of course eating.

One day we set out with our sledges on an exploring expedition which had for object to find pastures new wherein we might sledge all by ourselves. After much stumbling through deep snow we reached a place which satisfied even our fastidious tastes, and we had the most enjoyable time there you can imagine, alone, and monarchs of all we surveyed. Time flies when one is enjoying oneself, and too soon the waning daylight warned us that we'd better be preparing for the return journey. We found our way back again, so far, by following our footsteps in the snow, but soon we came to a village where many other footprints mingled with those we had made, and led off in several different directions. "Which road are we to take now?" we asked one another, and then we decided to ask our way from the people in the house nearest us, for we couldn't see a soul about the village.

A woman came to the door, and we asked her, in French, if she'd be so good as to show us the nearest road to take for Gstaad. Well, first of all she gaped at us, and no doubt we weren't in exactly spick and span tidiness after our afternoon's enjoyment, but we weren't curiosities, so we imagined there must be another reason for her silence.

"Perhaps she doesn't understand French; try German," someone suggested; which we did, and got as answer a rigmarole that I put down as Chinese or Hindustanee, but which I learned later was, in reality, Swiss-German, and *very* bad Swiss-German at that.

"There's no good trying her with English," I said.

"That would be much too common after Chinese or Hindustanee, so we'll just make ourselves comfy until an ordinary mortal who understands French, German, or even English comes along, failing whom, we'll just have to wait till they send a search-party for us!" We were enjoying ourselves all right, although we were in danger of being stranded here for longer than might be pleasant, when we noticed a man coming along in our direction whom we thought we might tackle. Luckily he understood French, and showed us the direction to take for Gstaad, which village we were all delighted to see again.

The next day we made up our minds to content ourselves with sledging-

ground a little nearer home, for at night there was to be a carnival on the ice which we were anxious to see. There was really nothing very distinctive about the carnival, I must confess; it was just something the same as those we have in Scotland. Some of the skaters, men especially, didn't trouble disguising themselves at all, but simply stuck a disfiguring nose on their faces. These noses were all red at the point; perhaps they helped to lighten up the skating-pond a bit—who knows?

Later on in the evening we went into a café concert, as a sort of finishing touch to the day's doings. We were almost ill laughing at the grimaces of some of the men with adopted noses when they attempted to eat or to smoke. One Englishman couldn't control his new nasal organ at all, so in despair he called on a waitress and begged her to light his cigarette for him, which she very good-naturedly did. There was a waltzing competition on the ice, too, during the carnival, and the prize was carried off by an English couple. I was so delighted, and gave the girls such an enthusiastic oration on the superiority of the English over all other nations in matters of sport, among other things, that they nearly went off in a huff!

After the carnival we had still two more precious days left of our holiday, so for the first day we organised a picnic and sledging party combined. Each girl was to bring some kind of eatable, such as sandwiches, biscuits, cake, buns, apples, oranges, different kinds of nuts, chocolate, and plenty of sweets, which were highly appreciated.

We had a most enjoyable time *en route*, as everyone was in a good humour, caused principally by the sight of the plentiful provisions packed on our sledges. We passed a dead fox on our road, and I found it rather interesting, as it was the first one I had seen outside a museum of stuffed animals; however, I wasn't allowed to wax poetical over poor foxy, as my unfeeling companions dragged me on towards our goal.

We came, finally, to the sledging-ground. This time we hadn't the place to ourselves, but found a good number of sports-people here before us, and, as usual, the bulk of our fellow-sledgers were English and American.

We sledged for a time, but the keen Swiss air whetted our by no means blunt appetites, so we made preparations for our feast. But the fates were against us, for we weren't destined to have even a moderately firm foothold on which we could stand and eat in peace, for only the sledge-track was solid under our feet, while on either side of the track the foot sunk about two feet down into soft soaking snow. Thus each time a sledge came swishing down the track we had to move to the side, and almost every time we flopped ungracefully into the snow. How the people laughed at the contortions we made to keep our balance and our dignity. One of the girls was especially ludicrous; she's a regular German, tall and decidedly portly, and we all nearly choked laughing at her when she went sinking into the tricky snow, waving an orange as a last farewell.

Well, we finished up our picnic by sledging down a track on which we had no business to sledge, and only escaped death and a collision with a horse-sleigh by running our sledges into the much-maligned snow at the side of the track. Everyone admitted that we had spent a most enjoyable day, and as such we reported it to the principal, and to our parents and friends.

On our next and last holiday-day in Gstaad, we undertook a sleigh-ride to the neighbouring village, which I enjoyed very much. In this part of

Switzerland sleighs take the place of the usual horse-vehicles, and we passed ever so many sleighs laden with wood, and driven by picturesque Swiss peasants.

The scenery during our drive was so fine that we stopped the sleigh several times to take photographs of some parts that specially appealed to us, for it would really have been a pity to let such landscapes pass into oblivion, and we cannot expect our minds to retain the picture of every pretty place we have seen.

After visiting the places of interest in the village we had come to see, we took our places in the sleigh again, and the drive home was accomplished in silence almost, so much was our departure next day weighing on the minds of the girls.

I made friends with only one person in Gstaad, and rather a queer person she was, although I felt really sad at having to break off our friendship so soon. Madame M. is between forty-five and fifty, I'm *sure*, and she is what I call a wanderer on the face of the Continent. Above all, she is a keen mountain-climber, and has *attempted*, at least, the ascent of the most of the famous mountains in the Alps.

As she is always out in the open, her complexion isn't exactly pink and white, but she's so careful about it and so coquettish, for all her fifty years, that she smears her face with every kind of preservative imaginable. However, her coquetry, or rather her consideration for her fellow-guests at the hotel, ends here, for she robbed me of my appetite the first evening at dinner by appearing at table with her face plastered with some patent skin-preserver. She took my fancy, though, perhaps because she was an entirely new type to me, and we became quite good friends. In spite of the face-preservers, her conversation was most interesting and educative. I found that I wanted to stay in Gstaad a month, instead of a week, to profit by the tales of her experiences and adventures in the mountains and on her travels. She detests writing in any shape or form, so that I've never had any communication from her whatsoever, and in moments of regret for her silence I've murmured that verse of Longfellow's beginning, "Ships that pass in the night." Madame M. left the day before we did, so I wasn't sorry that our holiday had come to an end, and I looked forward to seeing dear old Geneva again with its gaiety and cosmopolitanism.

H. W. C. (F.P.).

Recreation.

BY J. STRACHAN.

THE period of youth, or let us say for our present purpose, school time, is that designed by Nature as preparation for the coming or adult life. It has been said that the boy is the father of the man, which means that according to the use made of the ten or twelve years of school time so will be, to a very great extent, the fifty or sixty years which may be expected to follow. This, surely, is matter for very serious consideration by all who have to do with young people. All youthful activities should be considered and estimated in their bearing upon the future. This is, of course, understood to be the case with regard to school studies; but it should be equally

so with their sports and pastimes and other out of the school activities. These, as well as school work, should be looked upon as the building process of the future man or woman. As in the building of a house the preparation, placing, and cementing of each brick or stone has direct bearing upon the character and stability of the edifice, so almost every action of the child or young person goes to building up his or her future character, and should be as carefully considered.

Speaking generally, the life of man is divided into three nearly equal periods, namely work, recreation, and sleep. Of sleep nothing need be said here except that, in the young, it should be not less than nine hours, and preceded by two hours of brain rest to bring it into a condition favourable to sound sleep. Apart from this the day, taking account of Sundays and holidays, is about equally divided between work and recreation. In dealing with the young, then, we have the two periods to consider and prepare for, and they may be regarded as of, perhaps, equal importance; that of work for the community at large, and that of recreation to make life worth living, by providing pleasurable occupation for hours of leisure and final retreat from business. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." This is true, not only of the boy and girl, but, taking play in the wide sense of recreative activity, equally so all through life. It is but a dull and joyless existence which has no hobby or alternative interest to occupy spare hours. There is, I think, no condition more sad than that of one who, having toiled almost incessantly for thirty or forty years making money with a view to retiring and enjoying his later years, finds himself then without occupation or resource to fall back upon, and drags out a tedious existence in idleness and vacuity.

Preparation for the work of life is undertaken, more or less successfully, by school, college, and apprenticeship or other industrial arrangement, and we may leave it at that. But what about the third period—what preparation is or ought to be made for what is to constitute about half of the activity of adult life? Let it be clearly understood that this cannot, any more than work, be left to the chance or circumstance of the future. Taking for granted the need for sufficient bodily exercise, which is not in doubt or dispute, we have to consider the training of the mind to meet the requirements of recreation as well as of work; and it is only during the plastic period of growth that this can be done efficiently. In later years certain games and other amusements may be taken up, but never with the same zest and skill as can be acquired in youth, and scarcely at all unless at least some foundation for them has then been laid. The question, therefore, of what form of recreative activity should be encouraged and promoted in the young so as to make provision for recreation in the coming life is one which should engage the serious attention of all concerned with educational matters. From the individual point of view, it is of scarcely if of any less importance than professional or industrial training. Many a man, as instanced, say, by Thomas Edwards, a poor country cobbler, but "the Banffshire naturalist," as described by Mr Smiles, and by some I could point to in this neighbourhood, have thoroughly enjoyed life although but poorly equipped for work; whereas many a successful and prosperous man has had little of brightness in his life to relieve the cares of labour, and less of real enjoyment to turn to in his declining years. The main points to be considered in this connection are, first, the value of the exercise in itself as

bearing upon the future ; and second, the probable extent to which it may be available in the coming life.

All outdoor exercise is, of course, of great value in promoting health and developing the body, and the more of it the better with all young people. It is, however, equally so with the lower animals. The capering of the foal, the frisking of the lamb, and the romping of the puppy are, in this respect, of no less value than, say, football. But there is much more in football than mere physical exercise, the mental element entering largely into this and other games, thus rendering them of much greater value than gymnastic and athletic exercises. The knowledge of and interest in football acquired in youth may be carried into after life, and thus be of some value ; but this refers only to football, and has thus very little bearing upon the future. The same may be said of cricket. These are excellent games for the time being, but to the very large proportion of players they are entirely school games, having little or no bearing upon recreation in the coming life. They afford short spells of capital sport, and no doubt develop manly qualities during the four or five years at school, but provide nothing in the way of recreation for the fifty or sixty years which may be expected to follow. Golf and tennis may be continued much farther into after life, and are thus of greater value ; they, however, mean money, and depend on opportunities which are to a great extent problematical as regards the future. I have no wish to decry these games and other sports and pastimes of youth, which are excellent so far as they go ; but my contention is that they are not sufficiently to be depended on as recreative resources in the future to render them suitable for general, far less for exclusive, preparation in the young. What is wanted is some resource for idle hours and times of leisure which may be expected to be more or less available to all at all times and under all circumstances.

Literature, science, and art may, in one or other of their many branches, well be made serviceable as above. To be so they should be taught with a view not to passing examinations, but to cultivate the taste by directing the attention and imparting knowledge in the most interesting and attractive manner. Any subject may be made repellant by the drudgery of lesson learning from the book. Whatever may be said for the endeavour to impart necessary knowledge in this way, it is certainly out of place and would be entirely futile for the purpose we now have in view. By being made enjoyable in youth such subjects would naturally be looked to, and sought after, as an enjoyment in after life ; and whether or not they fulfilled the entire purpose of recreation, they would widen the interests and increase the pleasure of life. Art, to be of use in this way, should take the form, not of mere draughtsmanship, as free-hand, model drawing, &c., but a study of the beautiful and picturesque in Nature, with the power of pictorial representation. I have in my mind three F.P. friends, two, alas, gone from us, but one still going strong, who have found in landscape painting a delightful resource during the off periods of arduous business life (two in banking and one in manufacture), and full and most enjoyable occupation on their retiral from business. This they and I attribute entirely to the late Mr John Brown's sketching class, when he took us to the most picturesque spots in the neighbourhood, pointing out and impressing upon us their special artistic features, as well as teaching us the art and method of sketching. All who attended these lessons look back upon them with the

greatest pleasure, and feel that they have added greatly to our appreciation and enjoyment of natural scenery; while several have attained to high distinction in the profession of art. I cannot too strongly urge the importance of such a class with a view to providing a most enjoyable form of recreation in the future, and, at the same time, cultivating the art of seeing and appreciating the beautiful and picturesque in natural scenery.

While special knowledge of any of the branches of natural science affords a never failing and engrossing source of interest and pleasure, to which the mind can turn from the cares and worries of business or professional work, it can scarcely be acquired without more study than the young have either the time or the inclination to give to it; then the question of which branch is, to a great extent, a matter of individual taste which had better be left to natural selection at a later period. What is wanted during the preparative stage is a general introduction to the objects and phenomena of Nature which may come under every-day observation, and a training of the mind to *think* upon what it sees and feels.

The special advantages of Nature Study over almost all other forms of recreation—besides that it should inspire us with a fuller appreciation of the infinite power and beneficence of the Creator—may be stated as follows: It is freely open and available to all, poor and rich, young and old, and to both sexes, almost without let or hindrance; no fee or licence is required, and no other expense necessary; no restriction as to times and seasons, and practically no legal limit to the area over which it may be exercised, short of damage to other people's property and intrusion on their privacy, while it does not in any degree limit or interfere with the enjoyment of others. All young people, therefore, may, with great advantage to themselves and possible advantage to the cause of science, be trained to a knowledge of, and interest in the beauty and wonder of Nature's handiwork. With all it will tend greatly to lighten and brighten the pathway of life which lies before; and to those who may elect to specialise and devote themselves to a particular line of observation it will open up an almost infinite field of investigation and research. Many men of our day, such as Darwin, Huxley, and Lubbock, not to speak of Gordon Stables and Tom Speedy, led only by deep interest in Nature, have greatly distinguished themselves in this way; and there is still ample scope for original work in the great field of Nature Study. Possibly many potential Darwins and Lubbocks may be among the present or coming generation of school children, some, perhaps, even in Dollar, who, with suitable opportunities and wise guidance, might, in the future, be equally distinguished, with corresponding advantage to natural science. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that such possibility does not lie in making collections of dead organisms. Absolutely nothing original remains to be done in this direction. Every egg, or rather eggshell, every butterfly, moth, and beetle, the stuffed skin of every beast and bird, and every pressed plant and flower are to be seen in hundreds of museums throughout the country; and no useful object can be served by making other and vastly inferior collections. The great interest for the naturalist, the great wonder and mystery in Nature is *life*, and the beautiful vital phenomena displayed by every living creature. All dead organism is, by contrast, repulsive to the true naturalist, and the killing is horrible. The proper place to form a collection is in the memory, where, not only the objects but all the beautiful surroundings



A. Drysdale

THE JUNIOR GIRLS' TENNIS COURTS

and associations connected with them may be stored and carried about with one for a lifetime.

There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that egg collecting is a naturalist pursuit, leading to an interest in and knowledge of birds. The eggshell is no more a natural object than does the empty case of a watch represent the work of the watchmaker. The interest of the collector is not in the bird, but the selfish and heartless greed for the property of the bird. What is it to him that the eggs are the dearly loved and sole possession of the parent, or that, under her maternal care, they would, in a few short weeks, develop into beautiful living birds? It is merely the shell in which he is interested. The contents, with the deep mystery of life and development, are to him only matter to be got rid of by blowing it out so that the shell may retain its pretty colouring. The beautifully constructed nest, so lovingly adapted to the requirements of the eggs and young, is only the receptacle in which he may find the eggs, to be then torn out and flung away as of no further use to him.

Bird-nesting, on the other hand, conducted in the true naturalist spirit, is one of the most delightful and, in its effect upon future character and resource, most valuable pursuits in which either boy or girl can engage. Each nest, if seen from the beginning, affords fully five weeks of deeply interesting observation. Twenty or thirty of various kinds, which but for the nest robber might be readily available in this district, will form a subject for Nature Study and mind culture which nothing can equal. A collection in the memory of real living pictures thus acquired will keep fresh and vivid throughout a whole lifetime, whereas the eggshell collection seldom survives school time. I can myself call to mind many such pictures, and would fain, even now, add to my collection; but, owing to what I cannot but regard as a low and degrading practice, it is seldom that one has the chance of seeing a nest a second time. I would earnestly beg of parents and guardians to use their influence in this way, not only for the sake of the birds and our enjoyment of them, although probably thousands are destroyed every year, but far more for that of the boys themselves, who are now throwing away a great opportunity for promoting future enjoyment of life.

I may remind all concerned that the taking and destroying of the nests and eggs of our wild birds is now a criminal offence, and lays the culprit open to prosecution in a court of law. While we should all be very unwilling to subject any boy to such degradation, the purpose of the Act and the good of the community should have first consideration; and if other influences fail the law ought to be put in force. It is for the D.N.F.C. to see to this. All the members should keep their eyes about them and report any cases which may come to their knowledge to the officials of the Club, who will consider what action should be taken.

Thinking.

BY ALEX. STEWART (F.P.).

I'm thinking of the home wood, the dark wood, the pine wood,
Scented sweet—with underfoot the needle carpet spread.

I'm longing for the green grass, the long grass, the soft grass,
Home fields, in the gloaming light, and grey sky overhead.

I'm thinking of the wild rush, the mad rush, the foam rush,
Sweeping 'neath the rustic bridge and curling past the fern ;
I'm listening for the quick whirr, the glad whirr, the loud whirr,
Rod bent by the silver trout—the trout of Ochil's burn.

I'm thinking of the big hill, the heath hill, the home hill,
Tow'ring black into the sky and pink flushed in the sun ;
I'm yearning for the pink bells, the white bells, the heath bells,
Waving in their beauty—ah ! here there is not one !

I'm thinking of the Old Road, the glen road, the field road,
Bordered high with hawthorn hedge, where silver shekels shed ;
I'm listening for the clear call, the sweet call, the true call—
Mavis, blackbirds, shilfas, in the meeting firs o'erhead.

I'm thinking of the old home, the wee home, the thatched home,
Lilac tree and lavender, and sweetbriar bush and all ;
I'm tholeing with a sad heart, a tired heart, a dead heart,
Waiting, listening, yearning, for my last long homeland call !

Tigers.

BY MR ARTHUR STRACHAN, (F.P.).

CONTRARY to general opinion, I am convinced that tigers are increasing in some parts of India in spite of improved modern weapons and greater facilities for travel, and such was undoubtedly the case in the part of Assam in which I was stationed during the years 1905-08.

Seldom a day passed on which the tell-tale evidence of their "pugs" could not be found on one of the roads or jungle paths in the district, and night after night as I sat in my bungalow verandah after dinner, the weird, unearthly "pi-a-a-a-oo" * of a solitary jackal would break the harmony of the shrill concert of the cicadas and tree frogs—further proof that one of the great cats was "seeking whom he might devour" in the neighbourhood. Cattle were constantly being killed or maimed, two coolies had died from the effects of an unprovoked attack by a tigress with cubs, and I myself

* This cry is well known to sportsmen who have been in tiger-infested districts, and it is quite unlike the ordinary howl of the "jack." It is usually uttered only when excited by the presence of a tiger or leopard, but I have heard it on two occasions when the exciting cause was a dog.

was once growled at without any provocation while walking quietly along a path in the jungle. To add to these misdemeanours, two favourite dogs were carried off, so I had a bitter grievance against these striped marauders, and lost no opportunity of thinning their ranks when there was a chance of sitting over a "kill" within reasonable distance.

On these occasions I have seen many beautiful sights; have witnessed a few of Nature's jungle tragedies, and have had exhibitions of the enormous strength of the lord of the Indian forests, but only once have I been privileged to witness any scene in the "domestic" life of the tiger, and that in the broad light of day. Such a privilege is not often granted to sportsmen, and it was *the* occasion of many on which I would infinitely rather have been armed with a cinematographic camera than with a rifle. A word picture of such a scene, however graphically written, can give but a poor idea of the reality.

About noon on this particular day, the news was brought to me that a cow had been killed during the night at a spot a little over a mile from my bungalow, so without loss of time I rode over to see if there was any likelihood of the perpetrator visiting the "kill" before dark, there being no moon for "an all-night sitting." When I arrived at the spot I found a full-grown cow with its neck broken and the invariable wounds inflicted by the cruel canine teeth in the throat, lying in a "nullah" which ran through a fairly extensive piece of grass land bounded on three sides by dense jungle. The grass had been burned, leaving here and there small clumps untouched—an ideal place to get a shot if the tiger did put in an appearance. The most advantageous spot to "sit" was on a small, scrub-covered hillock commanding a view of the whole of the burnt land as well as the jungle edge; but as this was rather far from the "kill," I gave instructions to have the carcass dragged out of the "nullah" to a small cup-like depression, within thirty yards of where I decided to place myself. As I had no intention of remaining after dark, I had no "machan" made, but only a small screen woven of the branches of the surrounding bushes, which, I thought, would effectually hide me from the most inquisitive eyes. Having posted coolies to keep the spot from being disturbed in any way, I left everything in readiness and went home for "tiffin."

Returning at about 3 P.M., I dismissed all the men except one who had been my companion on previous occasions, and made myself as comfortable as possible behind my screen, fully expecting a long, and probably fruitless, watch. Though almost invariably lengthy and often fraught with disappointment, such a vigil is seldom uninteresting or devoid of excitement; but the watcher must be able to endure a considerable amount of discomfort from the persistent attentions of mosquitoes if he would be successful. Absolute stillness is essential, and as nothing is more irritating and distracting than to have a companion who has not the requisite self-control, it is well to choose, if possible, one who has been tried and *not* found wanting in this respect. Some native "shikarries" have, too, an intensely annoying habit of audibly clearing their throats when highly excited or nervous in the presence of game, and these, when tiger shooting, are to be avoided as one would the plague. "Ticca," my companion, had proved himself to possess all the necessary qualifications, combined with a fair amount of pluck—a somewhat rare combination in the average coolie.

For perhaps twenty minutes not a sound disturbs the stillness, even the

very birds and insects appearing to be awed into silence by the presence of some lurking danger. Not a leaf quivers in the stagnant air, and the feathery tops of the bamboos in the jungle beyond the clearing hang motionless and clearly defined against the opalescent western sky. No sign betrays the presence of the slayer.

A tiny black speck appears in the blue vault of heaven immediately overhead, then another and another, wheeling in majestic circles almost beyond the limit of human vision. Imperceptibly increasing in size as they draw nearer and nearer to the feast their wonderful eyes have discerned from probably thousands of feet above, these gradually take shape as vultures, sailing on motionless wings and without apparent effort, ever lower and lower. Suddenly the nearest half closes his wings and drops headlong, with such velocity that the stiff primary feathers vibrate with a noise like the rush of a miniature whirlwind, and his destruction seems inevitable; but, with instinctive precision, the powerful pinions are again stretched wide, the tail feathers, spread and depressed to act as a "break," instantly checking the heavy body when within a few feet of the ground, and with a few ponderous flaps, the huge bird flies to a small tree close by. Others have appeared from nowhere, and in rapid succession each repeats this display of aeronautics, and they settle down to squabble and chatter querulously till such time as they dare commence their revolting feast.

A couple of crows, a large monitor lizard, and a sneaking, cowardly jackal next appear on the scene, with the evident intention of also participating in the tiger's bounty. The "jack" approaches the carcass with the utmost timidity and caution, his ears laid back and his tail tucked tightly between his legs—the very personification of nervous dread. Starting at the slightest sound and with his eyes riveted in the direction of probable danger, he at last summons up what little courage he possesses and ravenously tears off a few mouthfuls of skin and flesh, then incontinently bolts as if the devil himself were at his heels.

Wondering what had been the cause of his hasty exit, I glanced over at the jungle edge and was just in time to catch a momentary glimpse of a small dark object disappearing above a clump of grass. I fixed my eyes on the spot and in a few seconds it again appeared, but this time I distinctly made out a ringed tail, the black tip of which I had previously seen disappear. Several times the tail flashed into view before the owner showed itself, then a beautifully marked tigress crept, slowly and stealthily, in the crouching attitude of a cat stalking a bird, across a burnt patch to the nearest tuft of grass, where she lay down. For some minutes she lay, quietly scrutinising her surroundings for any sign of danger. Having apparently satisfied herself on this point, she got up and stole across to the next bit of cover in the direction of the spot where the "kill" originally was and lay down again.

She had lain here only a few moments when, to my intense surprise and delight, her lord and master sprang into the open from the same spot at which she had appeared, and, without any preliminary survey, stalked majestically across the burnt land, straight towards me. There was no trace of fear or suspicion in his attitude as he came on, erect and defiant, in proud contrast to the stealthy, slouching gait of his spouse, who had so far ignored his presence save for an occasional glance in his direction. He came to the edge of the "nullah," within fifty yards of me, and only then

deigned to look for possible danger. Here he stood, his tail slowly waving to and fro, and made a careful survey—a veritable king defying invasion of his territory.

Never shall I forget the picture of those two grand brutes, shown to perfection against the black background, with the dark green jungle as a frame, and a sky faintly tinged with the first indications of approaching evening as a setting. How inconceivably grander than the picture of two such animals restlessly pacing backwards and forwards in the cramped confinement of a cage.

The tiger stood in this position for a few minutes, then slowly turned and walked in the direction of his mate. I could easily have shot him then, but as there was still an hour of daylight, preferred to await developments.

The moment the tigress saw him approaching her she rose, then crouched behind the tuft of grass she had been lying beside, flattening herself as if preparing to spring on some unsuspecting victim. As her lord drew nearer and nearer, she seemed to sink almost below the level of the ground, every muscle ready for instant action, and the tip of her tail twitching spasmodically, like some huge domestic tabby intent on the capture of its prey. Then, as if shot from a catapult, she sprang to meet him, with ears laid back in mock fury as if attacking a deadly enemy, but when she reached him all her pretended temper vanished, and she raised her head to his, kissing him affectionately. He condescendingly raised his huge paw and patted her in acknowledgment of the caress, then the two indulged in a playful tussle, sparring and feinting like a couple of boxers, and occasionally rolling, locked in each other's embrace, making playful use of their paws and teeth.

Many people regard the tiger as a morose, savage, and cruel despot, but the behaviour of these two I had the pleasure of watching on this never-to-be-forgotten day, proved that they are at least capable of great affection in their domestic relations, and these great cats are supposed to mate for life.

After playing in this fashion for some time, the male rose, shook himself, then wandered slowly in the direction of a swamp, where he temporarily disappeared. The tigress still sat on, waiting and watching, till I began to fear she wasn't going to visit the "kill" till after dark, but she was evidently only awaiting the return of her mate.

Just as the fiery ball of the sun disappeared behind the jungle, and the shadows were blotted out by the first faint pall of approaching night, the tiger strolled back in leisurely fashion, and the two commenced a cautious approach to the spot where they expected to find their luckless victim.

The tigress was evidently the perpetrator of the deed, as she led the way, still exhibiting signs of suspicion and distrust by stopping every few yards to raise her head and sniff the air. Her mate followed respectfully in the rear.

At last they reached the scene of the tragedy of the night before and disappeared into the "nullah," evidently to investigate. After an anxious wait, as the light was now beginning to fail, I was greatly relieved to see the tigress spring up the bank and begin to follow the trail of the dragged "kill," with her nose to the ground like a hound on the scent of game.

The tiger was still invisible, but reappeared just as his partner

approached the depression, slowly, *very* slowly, following in her footsteps. Her ladyship came to the edge and there stopped, quite unconscious of the fact that her doom was simply a matter of the least pressure of my finger as I drew a bead on her head, but with covetous greed I waited in the hope of getting both. Alas, "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley," particularly in tiger shooting.

After standing gazing intently at the carcass for a few seconds, she seemed suddenly to come to the conclusion that something was wrong, and, acting on the impulse of the intuitive suspiciousness of her sex, bounded across the drain without a moment's hesitation. I had decided long before to fire at the tiger first if the opportunity offered, as he was much the bigger beast of the two, though not so beautifully marked as his lady, so I let her go unmolested.

Luckily the less suspicious male took no alarm at her action, and still came on to inspect for himself. He stopped at the same spot as the tigress had done and I covered him with the rifle, waiting for a favourable opportunity to fire. This slight movement apparently attracted his attention, for, immediately raising his head, he gazed straight at me. Some part of me or "Ticca" must have been visible, as he crouched at once and bared his teeth with a threatening snarl. For a moment we glared at each other without moving, then almost imperceptibly he commenced to back away, expressing his savage hate and fear of the only enemy of his tribe. After retreating in this fashion for perhaps four or five yards, he slowly turned, still keeping his eyes on us, with the evident intention of bounding away; but the moment his shoulder was exposed my bullet sped on its mission. With a convulsive bound and blood-curdling roars the stricken beast rushed along for about eighty yards; but the bullet had done its deadly work and he fell, inert and lifeless, within a few feet of the spot where the cow had been done to death a few hours before.

The tigress had disappeared, and left her lord to pay the penalty for her misdeeds, but without doubt he too had been guilty of many a similar crime and deserved his fate.

He was a magnificently proportioned beast, and measured 9 ft. 8½ in. between pegs.

The Minister's Well:

WAS IT A SURVIVAL FROM THE DAYS OF THE CELTIC
CHURCH DEDICATED TO ST COLUMBA?

Rev. W. B. R. WILSON.

"THE Minister's Well" is now no more. Probably few of the present inhabitants of Dollar have ever heard of its existence. Nevertheless it was in its time an object of interest, especially to the younger members of the community, who used to tell one another, and perhaps half to believe, that there was an underground passage leading from it to Castle Campbell on Gloom Hill. There are, moreover, even to-day, a number of our older residents who can recall its aspect and even describe its appearance. One



J. M. Whitehead

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK"

(MONUMENT TO SIR JAMES WELLWOOD MONCRIEFF OF TULLIBOLE, BARONET, 1776-1851)

of these, Mr George Condie, tells me that, as a boy, he spent some time every day in the well working a force-pump, by means of which the manse was supplied with water. He was employed by Dr Milne to do this task and very toilsome and disagreeable he found it.

Mr A. J. Bisset, whose sister is the proprietrix of the house and garden in which the well was located, writes me concerning it, that "the well was removed and filled up when his mother built the house in which his sister now resides." It consisted, he says, of two rooms, one of which had an arched roof and door. This room was built of shaped sandstone blocks. The other, which still exists, but covered up, was constructed of rough whin stones. The former was no doubt the pump-room and was, of course, a modern erection, possibly the work of Dr Milne. The latter, which was reared over the mouth of the well, was, in all likelihood, of very much older formation. I myself incline to the opinion that the well, which is said to have been about twenty feet deep, may have been a survival from those early days when the first Celtic Church missionaries settled in the parish, and erected on the adjoining rising ground the little wooden church in which the Gospel was first proclaimed in this district. On this ground I rather regret the demolition of what, if my conjecture is correct, would have been one of the most interesting of our antiquities. As it is now impossible to obtain a photograph of this ancient well, Mr Bisset has supplied me with the accompanying draft plan, exhibiting the exact position it occupied, and representing in outline its general appearance.

But why, I may be asked, do I claim to connect this old well with these early, almost prehistoric, ages? In reply to that question, I remark that in order to appreciate the force of the arguments I shall advance on this subject, it is necessary to bear in mind how frequently, I had almost said how universally, a well, usually dedicated to the saint by whom the primitive church was founded, is discovered in the immediate neighbourhood of the site on which the pristine church stood. Now I have shown in previous essays that the Baptismal Church of Dollar, which in the eleventh century was granted by Alexander I. to the monastery he founded on Inch Colm, as part of the endowment of that religious community, was dedicated to St Columba. The natural inference from that fact is that Christianity, if not introduced among us by the great Irish missionary himself, was in all probability first preached here by one of his disciples, possibly in the sixth century. At that early date, of course, any ecclesiastical buildings erected for purposes of worship were composed merely of squared timbers or hewn oak, while the dwellings of the missionaries were mere huts of wattles thatched with reeds. It was not, we are told, until the end of the eighth century that here and there stone buildings began to be substituted for wooden, chiefly as a protection against the Danes. But long after, in point of fact as late as the thirteenth century, laws had to be passed prescribing that in every case the parish church should be built of stone. No doubt there were even then surviving some of the wooden structures which formed the churches of the early Celtic Christianity of the country. A learned writer on this subject says, "The favourite situation for such churches was on the bank of a river, and they were generally dedicated under the name of their original founders or of other native saints." The first church, therefore, which the Celtic missionaries raised on the banks of the Dollar Burn, as well as the homes of the

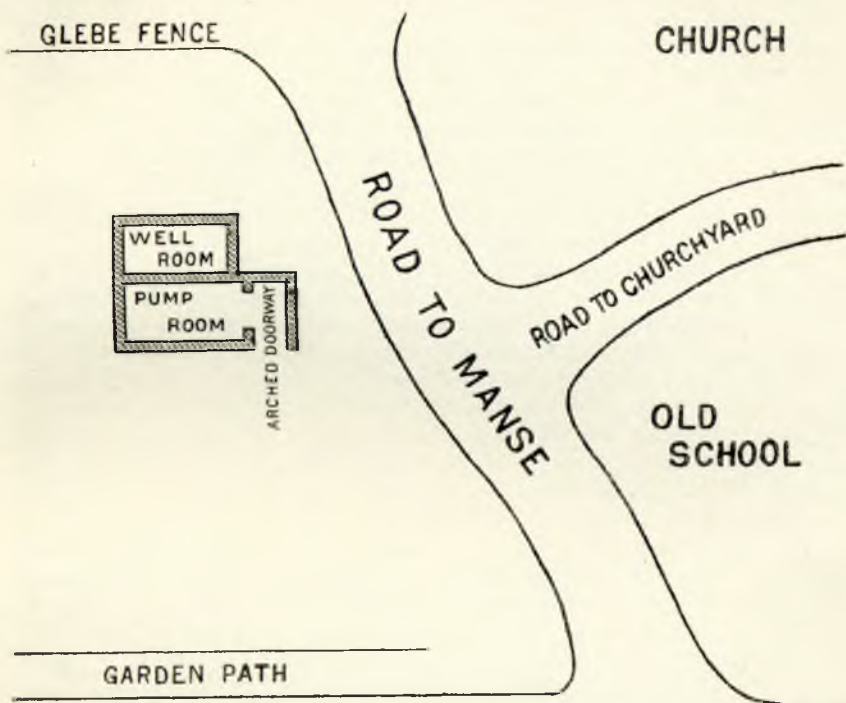
missionaries who itinerated through the district, would naturally pass away and leave no trace behind. But it would be otherwise with any artificial contrivance of a permanent kind, such as the digging of a well for the use of the missionaries would be. For that, it seems to me, was an enduring bit of work, likely to be little, if at all, affected by the destructive changes which have swept away so many other of man's early achievements without leaving a trace behind. It is a very interesting and suggestive thing to reflect on the number of these ancient wells that still survive. In my own native town, quite close to the old Celtic church dedicated to St Inan, and also, like our own well, situated by a river side, there is what was and is known as "the Chapel Well." To this well housewives used to send, when they wished to have a specially good cup of tea on the occasion of a tea-party, as no water, it was believed, could draw out the virtue of the Chinese leaf so effectually. Then in Alva, in our immediate neighbourhood, there is a well still dedicated to St Serf, one of the great missionary pioneers of this whole region from Tullibody to Kirkcaldy.

I have said that no traces remain to us anywhere of the early church edifices used by the first Celtic missionaries. There are, however, one or two exceptions found in the Hebrides, where, as timber seems not to have been readily available, uncemented stones were used in erecting the buildings required. A primitive church of this kind still exists on the island of Aileach, off Easdale, in Argyllshire. It was built by St Brendan, and is said to have become St Columba's favourite retreat, if, that is to say, they are correct who identify that island with Hinba. Speaking of this church and the monastery associated with it, the Rev. John Mackay, in a work just published on "The Church in the Highlands," makes the following suggestive remark, "The chief factor that led to the choice of that particular isle of the Garvelloch group for the establishment there of the new religious community, was the existence in it of a perennial spring of water, which is still known as 'Columba's well.'"

Possibly one of the reasons why the Scottish missionary teachers attached so much importance to the wells, which are so regularly found near the sites of the first sacred edifices reared by them both in Scotland and Ireland, and also in Cornwall and Wales, was due to the reverence felt by all Celtic peoples for water and water divinities. Mr Gomme, it is true, argues that Celtic water-worship was derived from the pre-Celtic aborigines; but Canon Macculloch, of Bridge of Allan, with whose views I entirely agree, replies that, "if so, the Celts must have had a peculiar aptitude for it, since they were so enthusiastic in its observance. What probably happened was that the Celts, already worshippers of the waters, freely adopted local cults of water, wherever they came." One suggestive illustration of this practice we have in our own neighbourhood, in the name by which we designate the river that flows through our own beautiful valley. For the name *Devon*, by which we still describe that river, and which is admittedly a very common Celtic river name, is neither more nor less, we are told by Canon Macculloch, than a variant of the appellative *Deuona*, divine. Certain it is that that name in different forms is found all over the Celtic area (*cf.* Ptolemy's *Δηονα* and *Δηοννα*, (ii. 3, 19, 11, 29); the Scots and English Dee, the Divy in Wales, the Deve, Dive, and Divette in France, and Devon in Scotland and England, as well as the Deva in Spain (Ptolemy's *Δηοννα*, ii. 68). Commenting on these facts,

Canon Macculloch affirms that "there is little doubt that the Celts, in their onward progress, named river after river by the same divinity, believing that each new river was a part of his or her kingdom. The name was probably first an appellation, then a personal name, the divine river becoming a divinity."

But whatever truth may be in these philological conjectures, certain at least it is that among the Celts wells and springs were sacred, and often objects of religious worship. Moreover, the spirits of wells were believed to



DOLLAR BURN

have a harmful aspect towards those who showed irreverence in approaching them. This is seen in legends about the danger of looking rashly into a well, or neglecting to cover it, or in the belief that one must not look back in visiting a well. There are also suggestive legends that tell of the danger of removing or altering a well, or of a well moving elsewhere because a woman washed her hands in it, which seems to point to old taboos as existing in connection with some, if not with all wells. Boand, *e.g.*, the wife of Nechtan, having gone to the fairy well, which no one but her husband or his cupbearer might lawfully approach, in revenge for the contempt she thus put on the taboo, the water, it is asserted, rose in a flood and destroyed

her, and now flows as the river Boyne. Moreover, Senend, it is alleged, met a similar fate for intruding on Counla's well, the pursuing water in this case becoming the Shannon. That such legends are based on the ritual of well-worship is suggested by Boand's walking three times widdershins round the well instead of the customary deiseil. The due ritual must be observed, and the stories are a warning against the neglect. How strong and persistent are the conservative instincts of mankind in connection with these ancient nature cults is shown by the fact that even to this day, in spite of twenty centuries of Christianity and the anathemas of saints and councils, and presbyteries and assemblies, there are wells in almost every Christian country, and some even in our own, which are still venerated and often visited by those who hope to obtain some benefit to themselves, either as regards health or other temporal blessings. Thus at the thermal springs of Vicarello offerings have been found which show that their cult has continued from the Stone Age through the Bronze Age to the days of Roman civilisation, and so on into modern times. Nor is this a solitary instance. But it serves to show how tenaciously all races, high and low, preserve the great outlines of primitive nature religion unchanged.

On this account the regularity with which so-called "holy wells" are found adjoining the sites of early Celtic churches seems fully explained. For the preachers of Christianity naturally availed themselves of every avenue that was not inconsistent with the purity of the Christian faith, by means of which they might reach and touch the hearts of those they sought to convert. It was for this reason, no doubt, that, as Adamnan records in his life of the Saint, the great missionary Columba himself once routed the spirits of a Scottish fountain which was worshipped as a god, so that thenceforth it became sacred to the saint himself, who blessed it and imparted to it the power to cure diseases.

I do not, indeed, claim for our old well, now a thing of the past, that it ever had any religious associations attaching to it. For of that there is no evidence whatever. But occupying the position it did in close juxtaposition to the spot in which for upwards of a thousand years the ordinances and rites of Christian worship have been observed, I regard it as a possible, if not a probable, thing that it may have been a survival from the time when every Christian shrine had a well connected with it; and for this reason I anew express my regret that a relic of the past so interesting was not preserved to our posterity.

The Rev. R. S. Hawker, the poet-priest of Morwenstow in Cornwall, and who had a somewhat similar well in proximity to his church and vicarage, was deeply and reverentially interested in it and has written some beautiful verses regarding it, with which I will bring this discursive essay to a close. The well beside Morwenstow Church was called "The Well of St John in the Wilderness." It stands and flows softly, the vicar says, by the eastern boundary of Morwenstow glebe; and that it goes back to the time when the Celtic Church was founded there, may be inferred from the fact that "in the old Latin Charter of Endowment still preserved in Bishop Branlingham's Register in the Archives of Exeter A.D. 1296, the church land is said to extend eastward *ad quendam fontem Johannis*." While that even to this day reverential feelings gather round the ancient well may be learned from the fact that the water wherewithal to fill the font for baptism is still drawn from this well by the sacristan in pitchers set apart for the purpose.

We Scotsmen do not prize as we might and should do the relics of the past, and so no word of criticism or condemnation was uttered, so far as I know, when our ancient well was demolished and its stones carried off for building purposes ; but I for one cannot but express my disappointment that an object of so much local interest was not more reverentially regarded and more loyally preserved, and I cannot but wish that there had been more of that pious spirit among us that inspired the sweetly appropriate lines with which the former vicar of Morwenstow celebrates the old church well he prized so fondly.

"THE WELL OF ST JOHN, MORWENSTOW.

"They dreamed not in old Hebron, when the sound
Went through the city, that the promised son
Was born to Zachary, and his name was John ;
They little thought that here in this far ground,
Beside the Severn sea, that Hebrew child
Would be a cherished memory of the wild ;
Here, where the pulses of the ocean bound
Whole centuries away, while one meek cell,
Built by the fathers o'er a lonely well,
Still breathes the Baptist's sweet remembrance round
A spring of silent waters with his name
That from the angel's voice in music came,
Here in the wilderness so faithful found
It freshens to this day the Levite's grassy mound."

Travelling Allowances.

(*Known to the Elect as T.A.*)

OF Private T. Atkins you've read,
For his praises by Kipling are sung ;
He's a hero (of sorts) when he's dead,
And a broth of a boy when he's young.
But although I'm a lowlier bard,
In my own very primitive way
I would like to express my regard
For another, and greater, T. A.

Old Sindbad the Sailor got loot,
Though a thriftless, improvident scamp ;
And Aladdin, a youth far from cute,
Collared no end of swag with his lamp.
But such methods as theirs, you'll admit,
Wouldn't pass through the audit to-day ;
So here's luck to the fellow who hit
On the substitute known as T. A.

In our childhood we often were told
 Of a very remarkable bird,
 Whose eggs (so they said) were of gold :
 (The tale is a little absurd).
 But now, when we do keep a hen,
 We can never persuade it to lay,
 And instead, all our cleverest men
 Will feather their nests with T. A.

T. A. cures the worst of our ills,
 T. A. is the balm of our lives,
 T. A. settles most of our bills—
 Not to mention the bills of our wives.
 And whenever we're sick of the load
 Of letters that cumber our tray,
 It is then that we take to the road
 For a rest, and a little T. A.

Yes, we all have our ups and our downs,
 For Dame Fortune is often unkind :
 She's a fickle old jade when she frowns,
 And the journey through life is a grind.
 But when called to our final account,
 We have hopes that Saint Peter will say,
 "Though your credit's a minus amount,
 We'll pass you by adding T. A."

A. S., Jun.

Writing about Nothing.

I HAVE often wondered just why it is that those who write are so rarely those with anything to say, and conversely why the real dealers in ideas seem unable or unwilling to "pass on their thought" to a waiting people.

The only conclusion I can reach is that many penmen of promise get no "forritter" simply through cherishing the popular fallacy that, in order to write, it is necessary to have a fixed subject.

This strange delusion is fostered by the modern raving for "Relevancy," whatever that may be, the attendant shibboleth of Classification and Statistics and similar horrors. A terrible, soul-destroying lust for exactitude has crept like a canker among us, usurped the rank of a primary canon of criticism, and stalks about in ever-increasing arrogance.

Now it is very well to be relevant and exact in certain lines of life and action, but is it not the acme of irrelevancy to apply such a criterion to literature as literature? Is not this, besides, to strike at the very marrow of all spontaneous writing, to close the very pores of the mind and hobble inspiration with a string of formulæ?

Small wonder, then, that we bemoan the lost arts of the Essay and the Letter, chased from our midst by the wintry breath that bids us dot our

every "i" like some unlettered office-boy, who fears his fate so much and so justly since his deserts are infinitesimally small.

To "cut the cackle" and come to business, I maintain that there is nothing so fatal to fresh original writing as the imposition of a Set Subject, never new, often not even good, but always there or thereabouts, gloating over our discomfiture as a broody hen over its alien eggs, hovering like some malignant harpy over our devoted heads.

It is unfair, I know, to instance the school-boy's essay—that ill-baked and undigested half loaf that is the sole alternative to the no bread of a blank page; but after all, why should not we write exactly how and what we please, instead of being securely nailed to some given topic, as the wretched youngster to the historic masts of "How I Spent my Holiday," or "Trade Follows the Flag"?

If there must be a subject, let it be our first care to forget it and the narrow bounds it imposes on us. Let us write something, something good if we can, but at least give us elbow-room, and let us *Not* stick to "The Point"!

Personally, as my title suggests, I prefer to do without a subject, and wait, like Micawber, for something to turn up, for something, in this case, invariably does.

To be candid, I never quite know what I'm going to say, and like to be spared the trouble of trying to find out in advance.

Besides, there is to me a peculiar fascination in the process of writing about nothing. It requires and results from a certain frame of mind which is not easy to reproduce. It amounts really to a subtle form of self-indulgence, corresponding largely to the blissful sense of physical well-being that steals over a man who has just taken the right amount of exercise, and settled himself in the largest chair with his feet up, his oldest pipe, and a long, long drink.

He is at peace with all the world, and gives vent at intervals to inward grunts of entire satisfaction with himself and the universe at large.

He thinks of anything and everything, but of nothing long, for the great barons of his mind, as Stevenson has it, refuse to be summoned to the conclave, but sit apart, each warming himself by his own fireside. Which suggests to me that the frame of mind I have in view is precisely that described by R.L.S. in his "Walking Tours." He says—"Once fallen into an equable stride, it requires no effort from you to keep it up, and yet prevents you from thinking earnestly. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly as a child thinks. We can dally as long as you like by the roadside."

Yes, when you write about nothing, your mind goes on a walking tour, while you, its lord and master, recline in indolence and ease and study the scenery at leisure. At such times writing is a sheer relief. The moving finger passes on from strength to strength, and from one generation to another of persons, thoughts, and things; words and ideas leap forth, skip and run riot in a medley as irresponsible as it is delightful. No question here of Ayes or Noes, Pros or Cons. We hear no "Thirdly, Brethren," and nothing brings us to our last "point." We begin in the middle and leave off Lord knows where or why: we follow no plot or plan, develop no single idea, far less a complex. We merely meander.

And yet when all is said and done, literally, the result is not the pure

chaos one would expect. Some sort of unity and continuity appears—that of a mind released from the bondage of relevancy, roaming at will in the field and the natural order of association, with here a pause and there a mighty leap, apparently through space. But not so. However disjointed and solvent our thought may be, the causes of our waking consciousness is ever with us, like some burly “Robert” on point-duty at a busy crossing, regulating in some degree the heterogeneous traffic in ideas.

I sometimes feel that this is the form that intimate letters should take. It is held that for purposes of intimacy letters are in vain, but where two persons have shared many experiences, the course of association must needs be somewhat similar. Apart from this, consider the sheer delight of writing without exactly knowing why or what, just whatever nonsense comes into one’s head, knowing that the reader will surely administer the necessary allowance of salt, and shake the head with that inimitable “I give you up” expression which is so superlatively complimentary.

Writing in this strain and in such a mood it is strange how ideas crop up, apparently from nowhere, and simply shout for expression. One leads on to another, and so the masquerade passes in mock procession, and the cinematographic picture of our ideas winds off before our all-astonished gaze, with the same stupendous transitions and the same variety of effects.

Perhaps the accepted metaphor of the “Train of Thought” affords a closer parallel. The slow train of consecutive thinking has perforce to stop at every station, every stage in the process. The fast train of “Go-as-you-please” thought stops only here and there, and arbitrarily, as it seems, *to one who does not know the line*. Between stops it dashes along at breakneck speed, and is “neither to haud nor to bind.” It is in that way that one thinks and writes about “nothing” and yet preserves continuity. Our train does not run off the line and land in the fields of irrelevancy. At most it may occasionally jump the points and side-track, for our Robert (for the nonce called Signalman) like Homer sometimes nods. And it is just these little side-slips which provide the romance and excitement of the journey. Personally, I never cared for slow trains, however sure, and I derive the utmost pleasure from wondering what idea is coming next, and how it will look on arrival.

The real trouble with ideas is that one never quite knows what they are, and what they are “at.” It is impossible to “tell them over, every one apart,” for they play “Hide and Seek” and “Beggar my Neighbour” from morn till dewy eve, and never seem to be still for a moment. There is always a feeling abroad that one ought to co-ordinate them, and this, of course, provides employment and to spare for my enemies of the relevant and precise order. These gentry, in their guileless way, somehow seize and tie up their unfortunate ideas in little bundles, bound with the red tape of orthodoxy and neatly labelled. The victims are duly pigeon-holed, marked “for reference,” and left to languish all forlorn in some forgotten corner, never seeing their neighbours or the light of day, and each in time forgetting the very existence of the rest, save when by some strange chance a new-comer is pushed in upon them with scant ceremony, timid and unprotected, a raw and shivering recruit amid a grimly hostile host of barren worn-out veterans.

These with one accord do all the tape-girt legions fall upon and devour, yea utterly annihilate the stripling. “So perish all traitors,” they drone in unison, and then back each to his den.

But what manner of things are these ideas of ours? Are they not, like plants or animals, in need of air and scope to aid their growth? Most certainly they are, and withal so few and far between that it is surely the least we can do to help them sprout. They grow up strangely, I know, even grotesquely. Peter Pan, on this side, surveys aghast the Beanstalk shooting up on that. They squabble continuously like any other proper family, and alas! not always the best man wins, for pride and prejudice in all their panoply step in to turn the issue. But all the time a healthy action and reaction is going on, and in due season they are heard clamouring for air and exercise. "Here we all are," they shout with one accord, "good and bad, sublime or ridiculous; only let us out and give us a chance."

And I, being young and foolish and of a tender heart, do even hearken unto their cry to the extent of seven foolscap pages, over which these quaint absurdities have roamed at large. And why? Simply because I sat down to write about nothing, and "let come what come may." What matter, indeed, if it be mad? I have had my say, and even though I have told no tale, what an excellent moral is here for those who forget that, ideas or no, the *Magazine* must have its pound of flesh as the mosquitoes are now having mine.

R. C. C.

Letter to the Editors.

To the Editors, "Dollar Magazine."

GONDA, U.P.,
25th November 1913.

SIRS,—For my third and final letter dealing with Dr Marshall's book on Perthshire I have made the following extracts dealing with some of the ministers who at one time or another held charge in the neighbouring parishes. Once again I begin with Glendevon, and in that parish with the Rev. William Spence, who was admitted to the charge in 1664, four years after the re-introduction of Prelacy, a form of Church government which he never admired. In spite of his opinions on this subject, however, he submitted to his bishop and attended the Church courts with comparative regularity till the year 1678, when he addressed to the Presbytery of Auchterarder a statement of his position, in the preamble whereof he asserted that "it was evidently manifest to any man who doth not wilfully shut his eyes, that this poor afflicted Church is at the present time labouring under gross corruptions, and a horrid defection from its first purity." The document went on to demand that the Presbytery should make a stand against the evils of the time, and for a reformation; and concluded with a list of the evils complained of—"1st. That the pernicious tenets of the Pelagian, Arminian, Latitudinarian, and Popish errors, and the dotage of the Quakers, and other enthusiasts . . . are broached afresh in the Church, and, without any notice or censure, are professed, preached, and propagated, to our great shame and reproach. 2nd. That the pure gospel way of spiritual worship was not kept pure and unadulterated from a mixture of human inventions, and that private essays were made to introduce or impose upon this Church an unwarrantable liturgy of unsound and useless form. 3rd. That there was a fearful neglect of Church discipline. 4th. That

Church government, and everything belonging to the outward policy of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, require to be reformed, according to the first mould and pattern thereof. 5th. That the loose spirit of Atheism, profaneness, and ungodliness reigning in all the corners of the kingdom required to be zealously curbed. 6th. That every hopeful means ought to be used for healing the dreadful differences that prevailed."

The submission of this document was the beginning of much trouble. Everything possible was done to make Spence withdraw his statements, and when he refused he was suspended from the exercise of his ministerial functions. He was next deposed from the ministry, having, besides insisting on his already expressed opinions, declared that he "did not think the present Church government agreeable to Scripture rules." He replied to his deposition by a "protestation against the sentence of the pretended Bishop and Synod of Dunblane passed against him," denied their authority, and was about to leave them when the bishop ordered his detention in the house of a bailie, who was directed to keep him in safe custody "until he should find caution to answer before any competent judicatory for the gross accusations contained in said paper" (the protestation). Spence, however, refused to abandon his principles, and was finally excommunicated.

He then became private secretary to Archibald, that ninth Earl of Argyll who, on the death of Charles II., endeavoured with the aid of Monmouth to set the country free from the tyranny which was destroying it. The rebels invaded Argyll unsuccessfully: the earl was taken prisoner, and executed under the sentence of death which had been passed on him in 1662. It was supposed that Spence, as chamberlain or private secretary, must be in possession of important information, and he was therefore cast into prison. To make him divulge his secrets he was put to the torture, but endured the "boot" with great courage and without revealing anything. Next day the Lords of the Privy Council "recommended to General Dalziel to cause such of His Majesty's forces, officers, and soldiers, as shall be found most trusty, to watch the said Mr William Spence by turns, and not to suffer him to sleep by night or by day; and for that end, to use all effectual means for keeping him still awake, for the effect foresaid: and ordain the persons so to be entrusted to take peculiar notice in writ of what the said Mr William Spence shall declare in the premises, to be reported by the General to the Council or Committee." This terrible treatment he suffered bravely for a time, still keeping silence. But at last the "thumbikins" (recently introduced by Dalziel and Drummond) were applied, and under the agony of their application Spence agreed to decipher certain letters—having previously learned through friends that the Government was already in possession of the information which these letters contained. Having done this, he was set free and removed to Dumbarton Castle, with liberty inside its walls.

Spence lived to see the Revolution, and in 1690 the General Assembly annulled his deposition and excommunication. He was returned to his old charge in Glendevon, and was translated thence in 1691 to Fossoway, where he died in 1715, at the age of eighty.

In connection with the parish of Muckart we find that the first minister there, after the Restoration, was James Paton, who later became one of Regent Morton's "tulchan bishops"—that is, a bishop who, while theoreti-

cally possessing all the revenues of his see, had in practice but a small share in them, the greater portion being, by private arrangement, surrendered to Morton and other nobles of his party. The name "tulchan bishop" comes from the word *tulchan*, meaning a calf's skin filled with straw, and placed beside a cow to induce her to give milk. It was said of these bishops that "they have the toil, but my Lords have the milk."

John Knox was buried on 24th November 1572; on the same day Morton was made Regent; and very soon after James Paton was made Bishop of Dunkeld. There are two notices of him in Scott's "Apollogetical Narration," as follows:—"Mr James Paton, Bishop of Dunkelden, was delated in sundry Assemblies, for sundry things. In August 1575, he was suspended for not excommunicating the Earl of Atholl, a Papist, according to the ordinance of the Assembly. He confessed he had selt nineteine years of tack of thirtie chalder of victuall of teind for half a mark the boll to the Earl of Argyle, but was willing to have it reformed, either with his favour, or by processe of law. Further processe against him was continued till the next Assembly, at the Regent's request. In March preceding, he was delated for admitting one to be reader, who, within twenty days after, went with a dead corpse to the kirk, having his supercloth upon him, as was reported. He was commanded to try the report." Again:—"In that Assembly (July 1580) the Bishop of Dunkelden, who had been deposed before, for not repairing a tack made to the Earl of Argyle, was charged to dimit his Bishoprick, and repair the losse of dilapidation of the rents under the pain of excommunication."

Archibald Rennie was intruded to the charge of Muckart in 1734, to the almost complete dispersal of the congregation. His call was subscribed by two residents and one non-resident heritor only, the remainder of the parish being solid against him. The Presbytery of Auchterarder was in some doubt as to the wisdom of proceeding with the call; the case was carried from the Presbytery to the Synod, and from the Synod to the Assembly, who, after considering the question for two years, ordered the settlement to be carried through and appointed a committee to see it done. On the day of the ordination, a numerous body of parishioners waylaid and seized the presentee, took him back to Dollar, and kept him there until it was too late for the ceremony to be performed. Another day was therefore fixed, and greater precautions were taken. A band of soldiers guarded the Presbytery. But when the officials reached the church they found the doors so effectively closed that it was impossible to open them, and the clergy present had to climb in through a window. The ordination, however, was carried out, the only parishioners in attendance being two heritors and an Episcopalian non-resident. The result of this escapade was the arrest of several persons two of whom were confined in Castle Campbell but subsequently released on bail.

In 1736 a hundred heads of families applied for "supply of sermon" from the Associate Presbytery, and the parish church was practically abandoned. Rennie, however, continued to act as minister of the parish for fifty-two years—in fact, until his death in 1786. Only once did he preach in the parish church, and that was on the Sunday immediately following his ordination. He never had a session, he never had an elder. He never dispensed communion, he never had a collection for the poor.

He let his manse, retaining only the dining-room, in which he received his congregation, numbering at the most seven persons.

Apart from his official duties, Rennie seems to have been a very successful agriculturist. He farmed Boghall, in the west of the parish, and with such excellent results that when he left the farm it yielded twice as much rent as when he took it. On the profits of his farming, together with a stipend of £44. 8s. 10d., he was able to buy the estate of Ballilisk, which in 1838 was valued at £15,000.

One of those who took an active part in the opposition to Rennie was Adam Gib, first minister of the Secession Church in Edinburgh. Gib was born in 1714, at Castleton, in Muckart, his father being the proprietor of that estate. He was destined for the medical profession, and studied at Edinburgh University with this end in view. But his medical course was never completed, as Gib resolved, very much against his father's wish, to devote himself to the ministry. While he was yet a student in Edinburgh he began to be estranged from the Established Church, and in 1732 he decided to separate himself from it. The manner in which Rennie was forced upon Muckart served to confirm his opinions, and in 1735, when Rennie's name was inscribed in the roll of the Synod of Perth and Stirling as the minister of Muckart, Gib laid on the table a declaration of his secession from the Synod and from the Established Church generally. A body of Commissioners from Muckart supported him, and in December of the same year the whole of them appeared before the Associate Presbytery and announced their adhesion to the principles of that body. He was appointed minister of the Associate Congregation in Edinburgh in 1741, and played an important part in the history of his Church till his death in 1788.

Gib took a prominent part also in the Rebellion of 1745. "He was the means of raising several companies of volunteers among his own people for the defence of the capital, and, on its occupation by the Highland army, he assembled his congregation for public worship at Dreghorn, near Colinton, about three miles west of the city, on which occasion he preached for five successive Sabbaths in the open air, showing his loyalty to the Government, even in presence of some of the insurgents, by praying for the reigning sovereign. Shortly afterwards he accompanied part of his congregation, who had taken up arms in the defence of the Government, to Falkirk, where, a few hours before the battle of the 17th January (1746), he signalled himself by his zeal in seizing a rebel spy, and lodging him in prison, from whence in the evening he was liberated by the Pretender's army, on marching victoriously into Falkirk."

And this, sirs, brings me to the end of these extracts, which, I fear, have been rather scattered and unconnected. I can only hope that they will induce some one to make farther inquiries into the history of the district, and to send you the results of his investigation.—Yours, &c.,

D. Y. ANDERSON.



R. K. Holmes

THE LOWER MAINS

In a Reminiscent Mood.

DR STRACHAN AND HIS GREY HORSE.

DOLLAR has been giving heed to its liabilities of late. One of the biggest and most long-standing items on the debit side of the community's general balance-sheet has recently been tackled. So I read in a local newspaper which the post has brought me regularly each week for many years—a welcome breeze from the far-off but familiar Ochils. This act of appreciation, though unduly deferred, must give pleasure to a wide circle, especially, I think, to those who, like myself, spent the happiest years of their life in the place for which Dr Strachan has done so much, and who, thanks mainly to him, have never quite lost touch with early associations, albeit many, many years have passed since they stepped out into the current which carried them far from Dollar and the lovely Devon Valley. How varied and far-reaching and long-continued have been the unwearied and unselfish services which Dollarites have at last taken tangible notice of! Varied, in that they touch and colour every phase of local life; far-reaching, in that the fame of the Academy and the advantages and amenities of the town and the immediate neighbourhood are now known all over the world; long-continued, for they began half a century ago and have never ceased. And many could strike a more personal note in their gratitude to the doctor, as indeed I can. For did he not pull a father through more than one dangerous illness, and put forth all his skill during anxious and trying weeks in order to restore a mother to her loved and loving bairns?

When I heard of Dollar's becoming (if belated) behaviour to her respected citizen, I fell into a reminiscent mood. I tried to roll back the mists of time some forty years, and I saw again a little incident which forms my earliest recollection of Dr Strachan. I was then in the midst of boyhood's years, the time surely when memory's tablet is most susceptible and retentive. It was a trifling incident, but along with other similarly small happenings it went to make up the sum total of the village boy's irresponsible and happy life. Going along East Bridge Street one day, and when nearing a certain house at the top of Lovers' Loan (where, I remember, was an aviary formed by the enclosure of a shrubbery on the left, just inside the front gate), I came upon two men in the roadway discussing the "points" of a dark grey horse. The doctor was one; the other the owner of the horse, I presume. Before I had got abreast of them, I became aware of the fact that a "deal" was being attempted. It was soon apparent also that a decided difference of opinion existed concerning the worth of the animal as represented by £ s. d. If my memory serves me faithfully the doctor, who was the prospective buyer, thought the horse was worth *less* than did the other man. And it may be the owner had put an inflated price on its head; such a thing *has* been done—when selling. But to give the doctor his due, he did not imitate the buyer we read of who said, "It is naught, it is naught." He was not given to exaggerated statements then any more than he is now. Besides, his well-known love for animals and thoughtful consideration for their feelings would have restrained him, seeing that the patient beast of burden had perforce to listen to the dialogue concerning its merits and demerits. It probably was puzzled, too, over the reason for its disposal in view of the eulogisms of its master, and

wondered how he could find it in his heart to part with so exceptional and desirable a creature. The doctor seemed quite decided in the attitude he took up, and unlikely to change his opinion. Is not this a characteristic of him still? Whether he did yield in this instance, I am not in a position to say. What I do know is, ownership of the horse passed from the one to the other. And that, too, without the necessity of a visit to the Castle Campbell Hotel. Why this fact should come into the narrative I know not, unless it be to recall a prevailing custom of those days. It appeared to be the settled policy of the buyer on such occasions to invoke the aid of John Barleycorn in striking a bargain. Was it in the hope that the raising of the spirits would be followed by the lowering of the price? If that be so, it was not always successful.

The doctor's new grey horse, Charley the Second, entered upon his new duties straightway. He was soon seen carrying his master up the stiff brae from the Rack Mill and along the Dollarbeg Road at a brisk pace: away, doubtless, to some sick chamber in an outlying district: co-missioner with his rider in what is surely one of the noblest of callings. Suddenly, it was noticed, he stood stock still. What! is he a jibber? If so, how unlike his companion. The doctor at once dismounts, which is strange, for there is no human habitation just there. Yet there *is* a little "dwelling" close by, cunningly placed in the low mossy bank that slopes back from the ditch on the south side of the road, discovered so far only by the practised eye of Dollar's arch-birdnester. This is certain, for not only is there an absence of tell-tale footprints, but four tiny balls of fluff are within, gaping their welcome to this friendly intruder. Meanwhile Charley is standing looking on, thankful for the opportunity of getting his wind and shaking his stump of a tail, as if waving to others of his kind grazing in the meadow below, on the other side of the Devon. Dollarbeg looks different now to what it did then, thanks to the coming of its present affable proprietor. There was no high stone wall running past the spot where Charley is standing, and no picturesque castle within; only a very ordinary, plain-looking country house. It was the abode of the Murrays, as every Dollar Academy boy of that date well knew. For were not two of the sons cricket heroes? And did not "Nat" from the New Road end of the crease, with Jack Alexander from the other end, bowl with such deadly effect as to quickly uproot their opponents' wickets and make them somersault to the accompaniment of much youthful and therefore lusty cheering from the direction of the old pavilion? Few teams were able to lower the prestige of Dollar's 1st XI. in those days.

We now take leave of Charlie as we see him go round the bend in the road where stood two cottages long since removed, and some distance beyond the wicket gate of the old footpath leading to Dollarbeg House. After a brief pause—for fond as is the doctor of Nature, his suffering patients are for ever foremost in his thoughts—the two, rider and steed, are off to do battle with disease and death.

Charlie the Second was not so christened without a reason. It was to prevent confusion in the minds of the many readers of the *Dollar Magazine*, and to distinguish him from another grey horse, Charley the First, who, of course, reigned at a still earlier period. But to him of the Tait's Tomb episode we must recur again.

HAMISH M'DOLLAR.

Delikli-Kaia.**A LEGEND OF KOZ, CAUCASUS.***(Translated from the Russian.)*

By F. A. A. (F.P.).

Is there any other land where cherries grow sweeter than at Koz, and where can one find sari-armut * tenderer and more juicy? Among all people of the Caucasus, none can boast that their men have a finer physique, nor is there a place on earth where the girls are so fleet-footed and sure over rocks and on heights as those of Koz.

The white-capped Eltingen looks down upon the children of the valley, and delights in watching them when the sun's rays flood all over; and when, towards evening, a purple shadow runs from the hills to the villages, playing and changing, and gradually deepening into deep blue, then he listens to the voices of the old people, who assemble at the coffee-house to talk and to sip coffee, meditatively puffing at their pipes.

"Times were better when we were young," some one slowly draws.

"Yes, times were better then," adds the ninety-year-old Musliadin, squatting down beside the imam.† "When required, rain fell; when not, no rain fell. Then there were no worms to eat the leaves off the trees. Bees we had in plenty; goats also. Every one had a couple of pairs of buffaloes. Yes, the good old days have passed!"

The Tartars listen to Musliadin and sigh. The good old times have passed, passed for ever.

In the soft, falling twilight, small lights blaze up here and there among the smokers, as they light their tobacco; and the pipes glow for a moment with a dull, red flame, lighting up the serious, meditating faces, dimly seen through the mist of white, curling clouds of tobacco smoke.

"There used to be much more water formerly flowing down out of the crack in Delikli-Kaia," says someone. "And the maiden's spring burst out only when this crack appeared," adds another.

"Tell us," asks the kefedji,‡ addressing Musliadin and speaking in his ear, for the old man was nearly deaf; "tell us that story of Delikli-Kaia and of the Maiden's Well."

Below the village, on the high road running round Delikli-Kaia, the bell of a post coach is tinkling; it passes, and soon the silver sound only echoes far away among the hills, as if it were afraid of disturbing Musliadin at his tale.

"Well?" Many times have the villagers heard this tale, but still they would like to hear it once more, for it fascinates them, this tale of wonders and myth. Slowly, with many pauses, Musliadin tells what he heard from his father and his grandfather, puffing at his long pipe.

The listeners fall into a trance; for it is so lovely, so tranquil all round, on this quiet, summer's eve, when coolness has fallen on earth, when countless stars shine out in the deep, sapphire sky, to look into men's eyes, to take their thoughts away from life's cruel realities, and to reflect their souls in praise of Allah.

* A summer pear.

† A Mohammedan priest.

‡ A village head.

Musliadin seems to have led his listeners into another world, strange and fantastic. As hills emerge from the morning mist, silent and mystic, so the three grey rocks of Eltingen grew, and took shape in the minds of the listeners. It seems that Delikli-Kaia, the middle rock, has no crack in it, and, as formerly, three mystic spirits live inside it. And each of the three spirits sings his own song (but some people think that it is the wind howling around the crags, and not the spirits). However that may be, if the hills resound, rain is expected; if they moan, a storm is sure to rumble soon among the hills. The three spirits warn the children of the valley, because, as in ancient times, they love the village at their feet.

In those days the people paid attention to these voices, and worshipped their protectors. Then the spirits used to come down and show their love for the mortals. From this love the soul became beautified, and its purity flowed over the hearts of men, and they became better.

The silver sound of the post-bell again resounds somewhere in the dimness of Delikli-Kaia, and brings the listeners back into reality, but just for a minute, for soon only a far-away tinkle gently disturbs the stillness, and dies away somewhere in a wood. The listeners fall back into reverie.

When one feels happy, one wishes other people to be happy too; for thus has the soul been made. And in former times the people of Kos never let a beggar or a wanderer pass without feeding and sheltering him. And when they went to work in the gardens far below, they always left someone behind in case a stranger should pass. Once nearly all went away, only the kids and old women remained, and three girls who were hurrying to finish their wedding clothes before the month of marriages came on. As it was hot the three girls went into a neighbouring grove to find a cool place where to sit and sew. Eltingen was quiet; the three spirits had left their fastnesses, and, having turned themselves into beggars—the one blind, the second lame, and the third hunchbacked—came wandering past the three girls and salaamed.

"If you are hungry we will give you something to eat," they said, and, untying their bags, fed the beggars with baked scones, smoked fish, and garlic. The strangers ate in the shade of a big oak tree, which still stands, and when they had satisfied themselves, there was just as much food in the bags as before. "Eat more," the girls urged them, and offered them some juicy yellow sari-armuts, which they had intended to leave for themselves. The beggars thanked them, smiled and said, "Great is Allah in his creations; may he fill your hearts with joy." And then they asked the girls whether they had any secret longings. For that which is thought of at the right moment may come true. The girls whispered with each other and laughed; and then one of them said, "I would like to finish my wedding dress quickly."—"When you return home you will see your wish fulfilled," answered the hunchback. "And I," laughed the other, "want my grandmother to stop grumbling at me."—"And that wish will be fulfilled," smiled the lame beggar. "Well, and what do you want?" the blind man asked the third girl. She meditated. "All the same you won't be able to do it," she said. "Still, say what is it?" And the girl answered:—

"I wish for a spring to open out among the hills; that the cold water may flow past the village; that when a wanderer drinks of this water, he may forget his weariness; and our own people, refreshing themselves in it during the great heat, may glorify the grace of Allah."

"Well, and what would you like for yourself?" inquired the blind man.
 "For myself? I have all that I require."

The blind man's eyes opened, and the light of the blue sky was reflected therein. "What is your name?"

"Ferrach-Khanim," answered the girl.

"It will happen as you wish, and long will the people remember your name."

The beggar turned towards Delikli-Kaia, lifting up his staff, and struck the face of the cliff. A dull, heavy boom shook the surrounding hills, rumbling and reverberating from rock to rock; and then, with a crash as of thunder, Delikli-Kaia split in twain, and rocks fell like rain all round, whilst a dark cloud enveloped the cliff. When it dispersed, people saw a crack, deep and dark, and heard the rush of water falling down from Delikli-Kaia. The first waters reached Ferrach-Khanim and washed her feet. And the beggars disappeared, and the girls understood then who they were.

The word of the beggar came true; long did the people remember Ferrach-Khanim, and when she died, her grave was surrounded by a stone wall. About sixty years ago Musliadin still saw the ruins of it, and read the Arabic inscription on one of the slabs:—

"Do not adhere to this world—it is not eternal. Allah alone is living and eternal."

Musliadin had finished his tale long ago, but none stirred, no one wanted to disturb the dream of a life's tale. At last Musliadin got up, and the imam followed him.

"Delikli-Kaia is moaning. Perhaps we shall have rain."

"Yes, we want rain; there is no water left in the stream," added the kefedji. "Yes, we require rain," agreed all the Tartars. Only the young schoolmaster remarked sarcastically, "Again Ferrach-Khanim is needed!" But he was silenced by the looks of the old men.

"When Ferrach-Khanim lived, there was plenty of water; now there is little. People are worse, the girls are worse; when they become bad then the mountain spring of the Maid will dry up completely."

Incompatibility.

A DIVORCE-COURT BALLAD.

COME, all ye merry gentlemen,	For I've a doleful tale to tell,
And listen to my lay;	Surpassing credibility,
Your sympathy you'll give me when	Of all the woes that me befell
You hear what I've to say:	Through Incompatibility.*

* "Incompatibility of Temper" or "Temperament" is a ground for divorce in some of our States. Divorce courts in America have even permitted the wife to offer testimony against the husband—that she suffers from his cold feet, and from his snoring in his sleep. My own commonwealth of South Carolina has the proud distinction of being the only State in the Union that maintains the old doctrine of the indissolubility of the marriage bond, and forbids divorce.

Oh ! Incompatibility !
 'Twould take infallibility
 To comprehend the mysteries
 Of Incompatibility.

Ah, once I was a happy man
 And had a winsome wife :
 Had we gone on as we began
 We'd lived a happy life.
 A loving couple then we seemed,
 An indissolubility ;
 And neither of us ever dreamed
 Of Incompatibility.

Oh ! Incompatibility !
 What man has the ability
 To counteract the wicked wiles
 Of Incompatibility !

After five years of wedded bliss—
 How dear their memory still !—
 I felt that something was amiss,
 The wheels of life went ill.
 I wondered if it could be due
 To conjugal sterility,—
 For we were childless—naught I knew
 Of Incompatibility.

Oh ! Incompatibility !
 Not conjugal fertility
 Can stay the stealthy, sly approach
 Of Incompatibility.

There was a difference in her kiss,
 A difference in her tone.
 Was I in any way remiss ?
 Was she too much alone ?
 I then gave up my pleasant clubs
 For fireside sociability :
 But not the hubbiest of hubs
 Cures Incompatibility.

Oh ! Incompatibility !
 One soon sees the futility
 Of trying to arrest the growth
 Of Incompatibility.

Did she desire to go out more
 In gay society ?
 We went the rounds, then, o'er and o'er,
 To sad satiety.
 I took her to each ball and rout
 Of upper-crust gentility ;
 But never did I think about
 This Incompatibility.

Oh ! Incompatibility !
 A cold implacability
 Seems to possess the wife who's smit
 With Incompatibility.

Did she need exercise,—fresh air,—
 To drive off the megrims ?
 I motored with her everywhere ;
 I humoured all her whims ;
 Joined her in golf, and tennis too,
 And played with some agility :
 But, what can any mortal do
 'Gainst Incompatibility !

Oh ! Incompatibility !
 With startling versatility
 It can assume a thousand shapes,
 This Incompatibility.

There was mine own familiar friend
 Who often came to dine ;
 I was so glad she could unbend
 To that dear chum of mine.
 It cheered my inmost heart to see
 Her charming affability ;
 But when he'd said good-night,—ah me !
 Demned Incompatibility !

Oh ! Incompatibility !
 Saintly impeccability
 Could not avail to overcome
 This Incompatibility.

The trouble grew from bad to worse
 In spite of all I'd do :
 It seemed as if some blighting curse
 Had fallen upon us two.
 She treated me with marked neglect
 And very scant civility ;
 One never knows what to expect
 From Incompatibility.

Oh ! Incompatibility !
 Pray what is the utility
 Of fighting with a phantom foe
 Like Incompatibility ?

At last she carried me to court
 To sue out a decree,
 In fact—to make the matter short—
 To get divorced from me.
 And when the long complaint I read
 In sorrow and humility,
 Amazed I found the charge she made
 Was—Incompatibility !

Oh ! Incompatibility !
 With legal volubility
 The bill set forth a dreadful case
 Of Incompatibility.

Nothing was said about cold feet,
 Nor that I was a snorer ;
 Northat there was some fair young creat-
 Ure I preferred before her.

No charge of drunkenness was there,
 No hint of imbecility.
 The charge against me, bald and bare,
 Was Incompatibility.

This Incompatibility
 Has marvellous ductility :
 'Twas long-drawn-out, page after page,
 All Incompatibility.

I filed an answer, strong and true,
 With general denial.
 Directly—in a month or two—
 The case came on to trial.

The testimony *pro* and *con*
 Excited risibility,
 And lawyer wittings argued on
 Our Incompatibility.

Oh ! Incompatibility !
 With undisguised hostility
 The judge divorced me from my wife
 For Incompatibility.

Soon she grew tired of single life,
 And at the twelve-months' end
 Became the happy wedded wife
 Of—MY FAMILIAR FRIEND !

The reason then was plain to see
 For her sad mutability ;
 Ah, now I know that it was he !
 Not Incompatibility.

Oh ! Incompatibility.
 How great my gullibility !
 'Twas he had come between us two,
 Not Incompatibility.

So, now I live a joyless life
 Of single cussedness,
 Unblest by smile of child or wife
 To cheer my loneliness.

Then, gentlemen, the lesson learn
 With meekness and docility,
 Lest you be victimised in turn
 By Incompatibility.

Oh ! Incompatibility !
 Without dubitability
 The direst foe of married life
 Is Incompatibility.

W. C. BENET.

Proverbs.

PROVERB-WISDOM has in our day got rather to a discount. Men are becoming so superior in everything that they can afford to despise the wisdom of their ancestors. The precious fruits of reflection and experience preserved in the amber of a proverb by the witty and wise of past generations are matters of contempt in these more enlightened days. Proverbs, it is said, are only commonplaces told and retold ten thousand times and so made vulgar. We do not share in these sentiments ; we prefer the better known and more widely accepted definition : Proverbs are the wit of one adopted as the wisdom of many, and acknowledged by the general voice of the people to be true, as an exposition of some form or phase of life.

“Jewels five words long,
 That on the stretched forefinger of all time
 Sparkle for ever.”

Many authors are noted for their appropriate and instructive method of using proverbs. Shakespeare, for instance, is quite an adept at making a proverb fit in pat to the occasion, and is excellently well provided with

a store of them, of which he never hesitates to make use. Take up any one of his plays, "Hamlet," for example, and you light on such adages as "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," or "Brevity is the soul of wit," itself a justification of the use of proverbs. When Hotspur says to Lady Percy—

"No lady closer,—for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
 And so far I will trust thee, gentle Kate,"

he is but endorsing the Scottish saw, "Women and bairns lein (conceal) what they kenna." Lady Macbeth, when she would shame her husband out of his irresolution, calls up the adage, "The cat loves fish, but is loth to wet her feet"—

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
 Like the poor cat in the adage."

From the "Merchant of Venice" comes "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose," and in the same play, Shylock, quoting the proverb, "Fast bind, fast find," characterises it as "a proverb never stale to thrifty minds." But such as have been diligent conners of proverbial lore will constantly detect proverbs inlaid, so to speak, in the Shakespearian dialogue. One old and beautiful adage, "The grace of God is gear enough," peeps out in Launcelot Gobbo's words to Bassanio: "The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, and he has enough." Gonzago in "The Tempest" comforts himself that the ship will be saved because the boatswain's "complexion is perfect gallows," and runs on with a string of facetiæ based on the adage, "He who is born to be hanged will never be drowned," and we almost scruple to set on paper the truism that such titles of plays as "All's Well that Ends Well," "Love's Labour Lost," &c., are all proverbial expressions.

Among other English writers who have taken a hint from Plato and shown the value of proverbs, we have Holy George Herbert in his "Arrows of the Wise," Benjamin Franklin, Jeremy Taylor, Dean Swift, and many others. Pope is exceedingly happy in his employment of these "Short sentences enshrining long experience." Butler's "Hudibras" is quite a mine of these "compact treasures of thought." Lord Bacon not only collected them assiduously, but quoted them freely.

Every country has its proverbs, proverbs peculiar to itself, as the products of the soil are, and as the manners and customs of the people are; and it is a distinguishing feature of all proverbs that however accidental the form of the expression, they contain as their essence some moral truth or lesson of practical life. To illustrate how the same inner truth may be found in an outward layer of difference, let us take the following examples:—Don't count your chickens till they're hatched—English. Unlaid eggs are uncertain chickens—German. Don't cry your herrings till they're in the net—Dutch. Don't sell the bearskin before you have caught the bear—Italian. It's ill to eat the kernel before cracking the nut—American. Dinna gut your fish till ye get them—Scotch.

Each of these proverbs forewarns against treating mere speculations and dreams, hopes and expectations as if they were realities, and are meant as cautions against the too common tendency of men to expect to find, and calculate on getting, things as they wish.

If we wish to say it is useless, unprofitable, or unnecessary, if not absolutely foolish, to do anything, we say, you might as well carry coals to Newcastle; the French liken it to taking leaves to the wood; the Dutch, to sending fir to Norway; the Americans, to exporting ice to the North Pole; the Germans, to giving water to the sea; the Jews, to sending sword blades to Damascus; while the Scotch speak of taking salt to Dysart and puddings to Tranent.

This turning of an abstract truth into a concrete and definite form gives impressiveness, force, and attractiveness to the statement, and at once gives, illustrates, and exemplifies the idea designed to be conveyed.

The age of proverbs in Britain seems to have been in the time of Elizabeth and James I. Then it was the fashion to adorn articles of furniture with proverbs; thus a husband was reminded of his lordly duty by seeing presented to his gaze on his trencher, "The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives." At this period of the history of proverbs it was of frequent occurrence for statesmen to discourse in proverbs; and, as we know full well, the business of the country was not quite neglected though fewer words were spoken. A lesson in this respect would be worth learning in the present day, when the House is almost stifled by its own words and people are oft heard muttering, "Empty vessels make the greatest sound."

It must be admitted that some proverbs are diametrically opposed to each other, and in the verses below we have a humorous exemplification of their contradictory nature.

My good Aunt Bridget, spite of age,
 Versed in valerian, dock and sage,
 Well knew the virtues of herbs;
 But proverbs gained her chief applause;
 "Child," she exclaimed, "respect old saws,
 And pin your faith on proverbs."
 Thus taught, I dubbed my lot secure,
 And, playing long-rope, "slow and sure,"
 Conceived my movement clever,
 When lo! an urchin by my side
 Pushed me headforemost in, and cried
 "Keep moving," "Now or never."
 At Melton, next, I joined the hunt,
 Of bogs and bushes bore the brunt,
 Nor once my courser held in;
 But when I saw a yawning steep,
 I thought of "Look before you leap,"
 And curbed my eager gelding.
 While doubtful thus I reined my roan,
 Willing to save a fractured bone,
 Yet fearful of exposure;
 A sportsman thus my spirit stirred—
 "Delays are dangerous,"—I spurred
 My steed, and leaped the enclosure.
 I ogled Jane, who heard me say
 That "Rome was not built in a day."
 When lo! Sir Fleet O'Grady
 Put this, my saw, to sea again,
 And proved, by running off with Jane,
 "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Aware "New brooms sweep clean," I took

An untaught tyro for a cook

(The tale I tell a fact is),

She spoilt my soup ; but when I chid

She thus once more my word undid—

"Perfection comes from practice,"

Thus out of every adage hit,

And finding that ancestral wit

As changeful as the clime is,

From proverbs turning on my heel,

I now cull wisdom from my seal,

Whose motto's "Ne quid nimis."

(From Old Magazine.)

Archbishop Trench's admirable lectures on proverbs should be studied by those who wish for a full and appreciative consideration of the merits and worth of these "wise saws." His predecessor, Archbishop Whately, had a similar taste, and expended a good deal of pains on the production of a series of proverbs for the use of the Irish people. And here it strikes me that I could not better illustrate the worth of the study of proverbs than by quoting an amusing letter consisting of a string of these adages which though written as a sort of *jeu d'esprit* more than seventy years ago, is as applicable to our times as if it had been written in the twentieth century. It is a letter from the Archbishop of Dublin to a lady who requested his opinion on the present state of Ireland.

"May 1837.

"The occasion is now arrived when all who wish to deliver this country from its troubles, and ward off its impending dangers, ought to exert themselves, and, as the proverb says, 'Take time by the forelock.' We may regret that so many opportunities have already been lost, but as the proverb says, 'The miller cannot grind the corn with the water that is past.' If we would not be worse than the fools, whom, as the proverb says, 'experience teaches,' we should consider how to avoid losing another opportunity, which may be the last, and then we should repent it, since, as the proverb says, 'Bien perdu, bien connu.' Standing still and waiting never did any good, for, as the proverb says, 'Though the sun stood still time never did.' 'To-morrow' as the proverb says, 'comes never.' It is in vain to wish that things were in a different state from what they are. 'I never fared worse,' as the proverb says, 'than when I had a wish for my supper,' and it is no less vain to talk of what we would do if the case were different, for as the proverb says, 'If my aunt had been a man she would have been my uncle,' and 'If the sky should fall,' as the proverb says, 'we should catch larks.' It is idle to look for a change of ministers and hope great things from a different party in power, for, as the proverb says, 'To a leaky ship all winds are contrary'; and it is more idle to waste our spirits in anger against another's fault, for, as the proverb says, 'There are two things which a man should never get angry at : what he can't help and what he can.' A wise man will never be driven desperate, and, as the proverb says, 'Throw the horse away after the saddle.' But if we do exert ourselves to help the church and the nation, others who are now lost in apathy may follow the example, for, as the proverb says, 'Two dry sticks will kindle a green one.' This is much better than fretting ourselves with grief and indignation, since, as the proverb says, 'What is the use of patience if we cannot find it when

we want it?' 'He who gives way to anger punishes himself for the fault of another.' The state of things is now such as calls for a fundamental and permanent remedy that shall remove the cause of existing evils. To look merely for a palliation of each evil as it arrives is, as the proverb says, 'To work at the pump and leave the leak open.' If we leave things alone we shall find them indeed, as the proverb says, 'Like sour ale in summer,' and to grudge any sacrifice, inconvenience or trouble, for a greater and more lasting advantage is to be, as the proverb says, 'Penny wise and pound foolish.' 'No pains no gains,' as the proverb says; and again, as the proverb says, 'If you will not take pains, pains will take you.' We had better, as the proverb says, 'Wear out shoes than sheets.' We must not be merely satisfied with pleading rights which we cannot defend, when, as the proverb says, 'Might overcomes right.' 'No man can live on an income of which he gets,' as the proverb says, 'no pence in the pound.' Besides, we should remember that, as the proverb says, 'He buys honey too dear who licks it off thorns.' It is indeed not to be wondered at that those who have suffered much should easily be alarmed, and always, as the proverb says, "Misgive that they may not mistake." But they should guard against imaginary dangers, as 'The scalded cat,' says the proverb, 'fears cold water,' and 'He that is bitten by a serpent,' as the proverb says, 'is afraid of a rope.' But as the proverb says, 'to run away is to run a risk.' I do not mean to say that anything can be proposed which is not open to objection. 'A fool,' so the proverb says, 'can easily find faults which a wise man cannot easily mend.' But the question is to find out what course is open to the least objection, for we should remember, as the proverb says, 'Half a loaf is better than no bread,' and again, as the proverb says, 'A man with a wooden leg goes the better for it.' We must not seek for the best thing we could imagine, but for the best that is practicable, and, as the proverb says, 'Drive the nail that will go.' 'If we cannot alter the wind,' as the proverb says, 'we must turn the mill sails.' We have found by experience what can be expected of those who express great regard for us. Many of them are, as the proverb says, 'good friends at a sneeze'; one can get nothing but God bless you! and some of them have given us good reason to say, according to the proverb, 'Save me from my friends, I care not for mine enemies.' Some of them are, as the proverb says, 'As honest as any man in the cards when the kings are out.' It is time, therefore, that we look with less distrust towards those who do not make such high profession, for, as the proverb says, 'An ass that will carry me is better than a horse that will throw me,' and again, as the proverb says, 'Better an ass that speaks right than a prophet that speaks wrong.' And if we will not learn this in time we shall find, as the proverb says, 'As we brew so must we bake.' But though all this, to me, seems very much to the purpose, you will, perhaps, think it tedious and vapid, because, as the proverb says, 'Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them.' Remember, however, that, as the proverb says, 'Though fools learn nothing from wise men, wise men learn much from fools,'—"The Life of Archbishop Whately," Vol. I.

This characteristic letter shows how many-sided, pithy, facetious, shrewd, and wisely cautious the wisdom of proverbs is; how we have in them the largest quantity of sense in the fewest possible words, and in the most terse and telling form.

Our attention was called to this subject by an article in the *Scotsman* containing scores of our familiar proverbs culled from Cervantes's "Don Quixote."

Can any of our readers give the origin of "Like the dam o' Devon lang gathered and sune gane"?

Notes from Near and Far.

MESSAGE FROM QUEEN MARY.—We learn with the utmost pleasure, from the following letter, that Her Majesty Queen Mary has been graciously pleased to commend certain miniatures executed by Mr Arthur Strachan and sent by request for Her Majesty's inspection:—

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
29th March 1914.

"Lady Eva Dugdale presents her compliments to Mr Arthur Strachan and writes to say that the miniatures will be quite ready if he will kindly send for them to-morrow (Monday) morning. The Queen has seen and much admires them, and thinks the animals beautifully painted. She thanks Mr Strachan very much for letting her see them."

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PROMOTION.—Major G. St C. Thom, M.B., R.A.M.C., has been selected to succeed Major W. D. Erskine, R.A.M.C., as Deputy Assistant-Director of Medical Services, Lowland Division. Hearty congratulations from old friends.

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NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.—The Annual Meeting of this Club was held in the Athenæum Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, 17th March, when office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year.

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DOLLAR ASSOCIATION.—The only Musical Evening of the session was held on the evening of Tuesday, 3rd March, when an excellent programme, vocal and instrumental, was presented by the younger members of the Association, of whom there is a goodly number possessed of very promising talent. What gives this meeting special importance is the formation, on the suggestion of Dr Strachan, of a Glee Club, under the leadership and training of Mr Allsopp, who cheerfully expressed his willingness to take up the work. The closing meeting of the session was held in the Athenæum Hall on the evening of Tuesday, 17th March, when the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., parish minister, gave an interesting and instructive lecture.

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U.F. CHURCH SOIREE.—The Annual Social Meeting in connection with the Church was held on the evening of Monday, 9th March, when a large number of the members and adherents were present. The Rev. A. Easton Spence presided. In his opening address the rev. gentleman commended the congregation for their liberality, reminded them that they had reached the

A PREPARATORY SCHOOL GROUP
(WITH NAMES AND BIRTH-PLACES OF PUPILS)



A. Drysdale

Back Row—A. Thomson (Calcutta); B. M'Neil (Singapore); K. Dawson (Burmah); J. Spiers (Arran); J. Radford (India); G. Thakin (Burma); R. Cameron (London); A. Dobbie (Essex); R. Dinwiddie (Calcutta).

Second Row—F. Merry (Chili); A. Bowman (Fifeshire); R. White (India); D. Driver (India); R. Wilson (Spain); E. Ross (Singapore); A. Cruickshank (India).

Third Row—C. Spiers (Arran); J. Paterson (Madras); Ella Soga (Cape Colony); S. Currie (Tillicoultry); M. Anderson (Calcutta); A. Home (India).

Fourth Row—E. Reynolds (Chili); B. Johnston (Cheshire); C. Currie (Tillicoultry); C. Bowman (Fifeshire); K. Hamilton (India); D. Johnston (Cheshire); J. Johnston (Cheshire); F. Turton (Edinburgh); W. Henderson (Johannesburg); J. Gillespie (Berwickshire); J. Mallace (London).

Front Row—J. Anderson (Calcutta); N. Dinwiddie (Calcutta); E. Radford (India); A. Craig (Forfarshire); G. Radford (India); E. Wright (Greenock); W. Soga (South Africa).

third milestone in their congregational journey since he and they started together under Divine guidance. In the three years they had parted with old friends who had assisted in the work of Christ, and had welcomed new friends who had come amongst them.

The Congregational Treasurer, Mr J. A. Gibson, in submitting his report, referred to the fact that the debt on the manse had been considerably reduced; but that a good deal had been expended on painting and beautifying the church, leaving their indebtedness on church and manse at £171. Votes of thanks to the various workers brought a pleasant gathering to a close.

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EVENING CONTINUATION CLASSES.—The session of these classes was brought to a close on the evening of Thursday, 19th March, when the headmaster, Mr Begg, entertained the pupils and friends. The following members of the School Board were present: Mr M'Diarmid (Chairman), Provost Mrs Malcolm, the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, Colonel Haig, and Mr Stanhouse. After tea, a most enjoyable evening was spent. The proceedings opened with a pianoforte solo by Miss Walker, a song by Miss C. Howden, and a pianoforte duet by Mrs and Master Begg.

After addresses by the Chairman, by Mr Stanhouse and by the Rev. J. Taylor, songs were sung by Mrs Begg, Miss Bertram, and Miss Mitchell. Miss Fraser and Miss M'Gruther delighted the audience with a pianoforte duet, and Miss A. Simpson and Master Carmichael did well in their recitations. A short dance for the pupils brought to a close a delightful entertainment.

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MESSAGE FROM LADY GILL.—Lady Gill writes to say that for some time she is to be travelling abroad, and adds, "I was much touched by your beautiful paragraph relating to my dear husband, and remain yours gratefully."

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For a number of years we have been in the way of giving in the *Magazine* group-photographs of the senior pupils, as represented by the football and hockey teams, the cadet corps, &c. Not only do these groups give to P.P.'s the satisfaction of seeing themselves or their athletic champions "in a book," but to former and future pupils also, and to the world at large, we believe they are likely to be of interest as a record of the present-day generation in Dollar.

In this number we offer to our subscribers, as a new feature, a group of pupils at the other end of their school career, including we know not how many budding medallists and football or hockey captains. Following our usual practice we give the birthplaces of the members of the group. Even more than the other groups referred to does this one bring out Dollar's world-wide connection; for whereas amongst the senior pupils the "British" or home-born generally outnumber somewhat the so-called "Foreigners," here the "Foreigners" are in a majority. Of Dollar-born, not one! Born in the county, 2; in the rest of Scotland, 8; in England, 6; in Spain, 1; in India,

14; in the further East, 4; in Africa, 3; in South America, 2; whilst a number of absentees representing Japan and South America, with only one from Scotland, further increase the disparity.

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IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.—We have pleasure in congratulating Mr William J. D. Pinkerton (F.P.) on his appointment to the post of Assistant Engineer in the Public Works Department of the Federated Malay States. Mr Pinkerton believes that the fact that he had gained Certificate B. in the Officers' Training Corps was in his favour as a candidate for the appointment. He recommends all boys to join the Corps.

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"THE PRIESTS OF ETAL." By the Rev. George M'Guffie.—We would put it to almost any young lady or gentleman, whose education has just been "finished," whether they will assert and give it under their hand that they know exactly where Etal is? Etal, the author states, is so called from being situated on the river Till, in the district where the battles of Brunanburgh and Flodden were fought. We are relieved to learn that it is to the Presbyterian ministers that Mr M'Guffie's book refers, and in calling it "The Priests of Etal" he only uses the ordinary language of the countryside, so that those for whom he intends it may understand its purport. The little volume, which is an account of the Ministers of Etal since 1662 down to the present time, will appeal specially to Borderers and to ecclesiastical antiquarians. It is written in a very pleasant and attractive style, is full of useful information and is enlivened with anecdotes amusing and remarkably well told.

Mr M'Guffie's father belonged to Whithorn and his mother to Dollar. Of the latter the following facts are recorded:—"Eastertown, in the immediate vicinity of Harvieston Castle, long the home of the youth of Dr Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, and situated near the banks of the Devon, of which Burns sang, belonged to John Paton, Mrs M'Guffie's maternal uncle, but was ultimately acquired by Dr Tait's father. Mr Paton subsequently rented a large farm on the south side of the Forth, while his sister Ann married John Archibald, who became tenant of the Haugh of Sheardale, where the mother of our author was born. She entered as a pupil of Dollar Academy, shortly after it was built, and while there made the acquaintance of William Tennant, afterwards Professor of Oriental Languages, St Andrews, and author of 'Anster Fair.'"

The Rev. Mr M'Guffie was born at Dollar and christened by the Rev. Dr Andrew Mylne. He never lost his affection for his birthplace, and of the Academy he writes, "There is not a school like it in all Scotland; and the view from any of the neighbouring heights is extensive and beautiful."

"I have stood upon Sheardale's grassy braes,
I have watched the clear Devon carousing
Past shadowy woods, among verdant ways,
Where the meek-eyed cattle were browsing.

I have seen Castle Campbell towering high
 Amid rocks studded over with fountains,
 While the sun crept into the rain-dimmed sky,
 Till the mist flew away from the mountains.

Tho' sorrow and suffering came in the way,
 Yet to live amid scenes of such beauty,
 Should lighten the toil and heat of the day,
 And give unsullied pleasure in duty."

Many clergymen who knew Mr M'Guffie well bear testimony to the energy and ability with which he discharged his duty as a pastor and preacher, and on several occasions the people of the district did not fail to show their appreciation of his character and work. In June 1885 he was presented with a pulpit robe, an address, and a purse with sovereigns from friends outside the congregation, and his reply on the occasion shows us that he possessed a quiet humour.

"I content myself with thanking you for this magnificent pulpit robe, given to me by the ladies (and if any of them should ever require a gown I shall be glad to help them to get one), and of which I would say as Cowper of his cap presented to him by Lady Hesketh, adapting his words to this occasion:—

" ' This gown to the ladies I owe,
 They gave it, and gave me beside,
 Wreathed into a beautiful bow,
 The ribbon with which it is tied.' "

The address will be preserved by me as a memorial of other days and of work done; while the sovereigns will be employed in advancing the work of our common Master:—

" ' Gold pays the worth of all things here;
 But not of love; that gem's too dear
 For richest rogues to win it;
 I, therefore, as a proof of love
 Esteem thy kindness far above
 The purse and what's within it.' "

Mr M'Guffie, we are told, has throughout life taken an interest in the poor, and the truth of this is borne out by his Last Will and Testament which bequeaths £1,000 to each of three parishes in which he was interested—Whithorn, to which his father belonged; Dollar, the home of his mother and his own birthplace; and Tillicoultry, where he spent the most of his boyhood's days. (See Obituary Notice.)

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A MUSICAL MONTESSORI.—In our last number we mentioned that Miss Marion P. Gibb had adapted for English readers the "Guide to the Chassevant Method," published by Heinemann, London. We have now been favoured with a copy of the "Guide," and we have pleasure in commending it to the notice of parents and of teachers of very young pupils. Some idea of the attractive style of the work may be gathered from the chapter on the study of *Time*, which is considered more accessible to the child mind than *Pitch*, as a trainer of the ear.

First Ideas on the Study of Time.

"Lady Measure lived in a fine old castle surrounded by avenues of stately trees, and gardens gay with flowers. A large lawn and a quaint fountain, with tiny red fish swimming about in the basin, added to the attractions of this charming abode. Yet, strange to say, there was an air of depression about it all. One did not at first realise the cause; but undoubtedly the edge seemed to be taken off one's pleasure. What was amiss? *There were no birds*, and therefore *no sweet warblings to be heard*.

"Can you imagine such a garden? You children all love music. The earliest thing you can remember is being lulled by some cradle song, whose sleepy rhythm still gives you a pleasant sensation of being rocked. What a thrill of delight it gives you to hear the music of a regimental band as it passes along the street, or plays in the park.

"Think what the world would be without music, the country without the songs of birds! You will understand why Lady Measure, who also loved music, was not perfectly happy in her beautiful grounds. One day she had an inspiration. She would try to coax some birds to come and live with her. First of all she had a pavilion made, artistic in shape, covered with thatch, and cunningly fitted up with four perches. Then she ordered her carriage, and set out in search of her guests.

"In the evening she returned in triumph with birds of four different kinds: First, a big round bird called a *semibreve*; next, two white birds, each having a stem, called *minims*; then four just like these, but with a black centre, called *crotchets*; lastly, eight with an additional hook-shaped wing, called *quavers*."

The difference in the speed of the flight of the birds is next gone into. Surely we have here "Music without Tears."

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"A MASTER BUILDER ON THE NILE."—Still another book by a F.P. is announced with the foregoing title. It is a record of the Life and Aims of John Hogg, D.D., Christian Missionary, written by his daughter, Rena L. Hogg. The authoress is sister of the late Professor Hope Hogg, whose portrait, with a sketch of his career, appears in Volume XI. of the *Magazine*. "The book," says Dr S. M. Zwemer, author of "Arabia, the Cradle of Islam," and other standard works, "deserves a large field of readers. It is the story of a big missionary whose life has been hidden only because it has not been written. . . . The writer has style, humour, power of condensation, and carries the reader along with the story of a rare life."

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BRYN MAWR PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.—In the March number of *Our Church Messenger*, published monthly in connection with this church, of which the Rev. Andrew Mutch, M.A. (F.P.), is pastor, occurs the following pleasing news:—

"We can look back on a busy and an interesting season of church life. The congregations on Sunday morning have been large. Even on the stormy

days—of which we have had quite a few this winter—there was always a good congregation. The only complaint that could be offered is that *so few* give the mid-week service a place in their interest and church life.

"A very gratifying communication was received by the Session a few weeks ago from our Trustees, to the effect that an appropriation had been made sufficient to provide for an assistant to the pastor. The Session received this letter with great satisfaction. They feel that such assistance is a pressing and increasing need, and they have left it to me to look out and recommend a suitable young minister."

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DOLLAR YEARLY PROVIDENT SOCIETY.—We observe that the above society has had another successful year. This is one of the societies that deserves encouragement especially from working people. It was started over forty years ago by a number of gentlemen who took a friendly interest in the welfare of the community, and who thought that by giving them an opportunity to lay by a small sum every week, it would help to encourage the habit of thrift and frugality. The payments are made in the Old Parish School every Monday night from eight to nine o'clock, and it is very gratifying to see the Secretary, Mr Chas. Robertson, being kept so busy with the members coming with their small deposits, and getting them marked in their passbooks.

The weekly payment ranges from 6d. to 4s., and also 2d. per week for funeral money, which is designed to assist members in a time of bereavement and distress. £20 was paid away last year under that head.

The society "breaks" up in the first week of May, and this year £1,425 was divided amongst the members, and, as it is not far from rent time, if so required, the money comes in fine and handy.

Mr R. Stanhouse is the present chairman, and has been so for a number of years. Under his guidance the society has been steadily progressive, and we trust that it will continue to prosper.

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EDINBURGH DOLLAR ACADEMY CLUB SEMI-JUBILEE DINNER.

THE Twenty-fifth Annual General Meeting and Dinner of the above Club was held on Friday, 20th March, in the North British Station Hotel. Although the attendance was not so large as might have been looked for, when the importance of the occasion is taken into account, nevertheless a goodly company of thirty-five sat down under the chairmanship of the President, Mr J. B. Hamilton, and spent a most enjoyable evening. Apologies for absence were intimated from Professor Scott Lang, Mr C. S. Dougall, Dr James Huskie, Professor J. A. C. Kynock, Messrs H. S. Vaughan (Newcastle), A. J. Ramsay (Dundee), and N. B. Constable, the President for the ensuing year.

Prior to the dinner, the Annual General Meeting was held, when the following were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mr N. B. Constable; Committee, Messrs J. B. Peden, J. A. S. Carment, Dr J. M. Simpson, Messrs T. G. Thomson, J. D. Rutherford, R. T. Norfor, J. S. Mackay, and A. W. Ross; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr W. M. Carment.

The loyal and patriotic toasts were given in a brief manner from the chair and accompanied with the usual musical honours. On the chairman also devolved the duty of proposing "The Memory of John M'Nabb," and this he did in graphic and pleasing language. The quiet unostentatious dignity with which their noble founder had indicated his wishes to benefit his native parish, how narrowly his munificent bequest was averted from being used for an ignoble purpose, and the wisdom displayed by those in whom was vested the power to establish and direct the School in those far-off days can never be over-estimated. Living as we do (he went on to say) in an age replete with every educational advantage, it was in a right and proper spirit that old Dollar boys met once a year to show their gratitude for the benefits conferred upon them by their far-seeing and noble founder. The toast was pledged in solemn silence.

Mr A. H. Briggs Constable, K.C., who proposed the toast of "Dollar Academy," referred to the prominent positions held in the world of Science by old Dollar boys, notably Professor Sir James Dewar, Mr D. B. Mair, one of the foremost mathematicians in England, and the late Professor Hope Hogg, one of the most profound Oriental scholars in his day. That this eminence in science was being maintained to the present day was amply demonstrated by a perusal of the prize-lists of the various universities. In the playing fields as well had Dollar got their share of honours. Referring briefly to some of those who had gained international honours in the past, he thought it was eminently gratifying that an "old boy" would be playing for their country on the morrow against England. The School XV. had an almost uninterrupted run of success in their matches this season, which was also extremely gratifying. In lighter vein he described some of the boyish escapades in his day, participated in by some of those he saw around him, which provoked much laughter. In conclusion Mr Constable spoke highly of the *Dollar Magazine*, the ability with which it was conducted, and the eagerness with which each issue was welcomed.

Mr Malcolm replied to this toast. He began by contrasting the numbers, which reached high-water mark in session 1876-7, with those of the present session, and showed that, in spite of the numerous schools in existence, the falling off was but one-sixth over a period of thirty-six years. That, he contended, spoke volumes for the excellent manner in which the School was conducted amid all the keen competition. A letter which had been received from one of the Professors of the Glasgow Technical College spoke in glowing terms of the work done by "old boys" attending thereat. To him it was an unalloyed pleasure to attend gatherings such as these, as it brought him into contact with former pupils who had most generously contributed to very permanent additions to the School, viz., the new laboratory, the pavilion, and tennis courts. He specially thanked Mr Constable for his encouraging reference to the *Dollar Magazine*.

Other toasts were "Kindred Clubs," by Mr J. A. S. Carment, and replied to by Dr Cram (Glasgow) in a very humorous speech. The manner in which he interlarded his remarks with scientific terms, to indicate what were the outstanding features of the various "old boy" Clubs, evoked roars of laughter. The "clannishness" of Dollar boys was notorious, and this was evidenced by

the fact that they had Dollar Clubs in Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Hong Kong, India, Buenos Aires, and Canada. The "Chairman" was proposed in a very felicitous manner by Mr R. G. Norfor, who adverted in glowing terms to Mr Hamilton's scholastic abilities "in the days of auld lang syne."

Mr Malcolm, on receiving the Chairman's permission, proposed the health of the Secretary. He spoke warmly of the great interest that Bill Carment—to use his schoolboy name—had always taken in the Old School, especially in connection with Athletics. The Club owed much to him, its prosperity was due in great measure to the ability with which he administered its affairs.

In reply, Mr Carment gave an instructive history of the initiation and growth of the Club.

"Auld Lang Syne" was sung amid much enthusiasm.

The following is a list of those who were present, the figures in brackets indicating when they were at the Academy:—

J. B. Hamilton (1875-1878); Dr Cram (1865-1874); Dr S. F. Butchart; James Alexander (1877-1880); F. B. Allan (1879-1885); J. B. Andrews (1902-1908); James Auld (1895-1896); H. H. Browning (1858-1860); J. A. S. Carment (1877-1885); W. M. Carment (1877-1885); A. H. B. Constable (1878-1881); Major R. M. Dalziel (1882-1893); T. W. Dewar (1877-1878); A. N. Duncan (1872-1878); Alex. Drysdale (1874-1882); John Ewing (1890-1896); R. Malcolm; John MacDonald (1904-1907); Rev. S. G. M'Lennan (1876-1880); J. S. MacKay (1891-1896); Jas. Morrison (1902-1908); R. T. Norfor (1873-1878); William Norfor (1873-1878); J. B. Peden (1894-1899); A. Riddell (1902-1904); Dr W. Robertson (1879-1886); Dr Donald Ross (1900-1903); A. W. Ross (1889-1890); J. D. Rutherford (1896-1900); Dr J. W. Simpson (1879-1890); H. C. Sloan (1895-1900); P. Stevenson (1904-1906); James Todd (of Alva); T. G. Thomson (and friend) (1891-1893).

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GLASGOW DOLLAR ACADEMY CLUB.

The Annual Dinner of the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club was held on the evening of Friday, the 13th March, in the Grosvenor Restaurant. Dr John Cram presided over an attendance of between forty and fifty, and Mr J. C. Christie was Croupier. Apologies were intimated from Mr Dougall, Mr Dempster, Mr Young, and others. Among those present from outside the Club or from a distance were Professor Scott Lang, Rev. Dr Watson, St Clement's, Glasgow; Mr John Lindsay, Town Clerk, Glasgow; Mr J. B. Hamilton, B.D., Melrose; Mr Malcolm, and Mr M'Culloch, Dollar; and Mr Fleming, Cumnock.

After "The King" had been duly honoured, Mr Raeburn submitted "The Corporation of the City of Glasgow," coupled with the name of Mr Lindsay. In view of the keen interest excited in Glasgow at present by the "Bridge" and other matters in dispute between the Corporation and the Clyde Trust, much attention was paid to the respective utterances of the Deputy-Chairman of the Clyde Trust and the Town Clerk.

In submitting "The Memory of John M'Nabb," the Chairman asked his hearers to imagine the effect on the founder's mind of a description of the

career of some of the more successful of the "old Dollar boys." "Dollar Academy" drew from the Croupier a happy and vivid description of some of the teachers of a bygone day; while, in reply, Professor Scott Lang (who at much inconvenience was present at the dinner for the second year in succession) gave some interesting information supplied by Mr Dougall, and discussed the disabilities imposed on the Governors by the Education Department.

The Rev. Dr Watson, in proposing "The Glasgow Dollar Academy," showed an intimate and accurate acquaintance with local conditions; while the Chairman, in acknowledging, alluded to the position and prospects of the Club. "Our Guests," aptly welcomed by Mr Willison, were responded for by Mr Hamilton with some humorous reminiscences. "The Ladies" were in the hands of Messrs Neilson and Lindsay Hardie. Mr Malcolm, who, in a genial speech, proposed "The Chairman," was himself the recipient of the usual effusive welcome; and thereafter a specially successful evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

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INSTITUTE OF BANKERS.—We note with much pleasure that Mr W. J. Ogilvie Taylor, Clydesdale Bank, has passed the Associate's examination in connection with the Institute of Bankers.

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PROMOTION.—The Rev. G. A. F. Knight (F.P.), of St Leonard's U.F. Church, Perth, has accepted a unanimous call from the College and Kelvin-grove U.F. Church, Glasgow. The members of the Perth congregation parted with their minister with great regret. On his leaving they presented him with a handsome testimonial. Mr Knight is son of the Rev. W. Knight, for some years minister of the U.F. Church, Dollar.

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HONOURING A F.P.—A complimentary smoke social was tendered to Mr David Fell, at the Friendly Societies' Hall, Lane Cove Road, Sydney, Australia, on the occasion of his setting out with Mrs Fell and family on a trip to England and the Continent. For nine years Mr Fell represented the electorate of Lane Cove in the Legislative Assembly. On 19th March, thirty-five years ago, Mr Fell landed at Neutral Bay, a boy in knickers, and was known as Scotchie Wee-wee.

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RECITAL OF MUSIC.—The Parish Church Choir, under the direction of Mr M'Gruther, gave an admirable recital of sacred music in the Church on the evening of Thursday, 20th April. The audience, a fairly large one, listened with rapt attention to the various items on the programme, as, one by one, they were rendered with ability, taste, and feeling. The first part consisted of the well-known chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," followed by the anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (both by Handel, and arranged by Dr Edwards). The second part was the cantata, "Darkness and Dawn," composed by Fred. W. Peace. We heartily congratulate Mr and Miss M'Gruther on the success of the evening's performance.

EMPIRE DAY.—Empire Day was celebrated by the pupils of the Public School on the morning of Monday, 25th May. The pupils assembled in the playground, and after the flag had been unfurled and duly saluted, Mr Malcolm gave a most interesting and instructive address to the pupils on the Patron Saints of Scotland, England, and Ireland, and on the history and significance of the Union Jack. He concluded by commending the girls and boys for listening so attentively to him, and for their orderly conduct, which bore testimony to the excellent discipline of the School. The School Board was represented by Provost Mrs Malcolm, Bailie M'Diarmid, Chairman, and Mr Stanhouse.

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U.F. CHURCH MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—Mr Baillie still continues to be successful in his efforts to keep up a taste for classical music in our midst. The U.F. Church Association under his guidance gave a very successful rehearsal of Hadyn's oratorio, "The Creation," in the Institution Hall on the evening of Thursday, 26th March. The soloists were Miss Webster, Dollar, and Baillie Dunn, and Mr Robert Finlayson, Alloa. The chorus numbered between forty and fifty voices. The orchestra consisted of the following ladies and gentlemen :—First violin, Mrs Dalziel, Miss Steel, Mr R. Logan; Second violin, Miss Jackson, Miss Gibson, Miss C. Howden; 'Cello, Miss Hemming; Flute, Mr Gibson; Double Bass, Mr Dickson; Piano, Miss Robertson; Organ, Miss F. Fraser.

On the motion of Mr Cruickshank a hearty vote of thanks was given to Mr Baillie.

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"ONE of the guests" sends the following :—

EDINBURGH DOLLAR ACADEMY LADIES' CLUB.

On the evening of 5th March the members of the Edinburgh Dollar Academy Ladies' Club held their Annual Reunion in the Edinburgh Café.

Unfortunately many who had looked forward to being present were, from various causes, prevented at the last moment; we can, however, assure them that the disappointment was not all on their side, as was evidenced by many expressions of regret at their absence. In spite of the small number present, a very pleasant evening was spent in social intercourse with old friends and acquaintances; the smallness of numbers was partly compensated for by the greater opportunity for everyone to talk over the "good old times" with everyone else. These times (when *we* were at school!) were found on comparison to be so much better than modern days and ways in education! "Talking-time" over, an enjoyable programme of progressive whist was carried through with much vigour and heartiness, and prizes were handed to the successful players by Mrs Somerville. After hearty thanks to our energetic Secretary and reluctant "Good-byes" for another year, one member at least, on the homeward way, reflected that the saying, "The old is better," is certainly true, at least of *old days* and *old friends*.

APPOINTMENT.—It will give pleasure to many of our former pupils, as it does to us, to learn that J. W. Simpson, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., 19 Lansdowne Crescent, Edinburgh, has been appointed full physician on the staff of the Royal Hospital for Sick Children.

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CONCERT AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.—We have before now commented on the readiness with which our friends who are possessed of musical talent come forward to give a public entertainment in aid of objects deserving the support of the community, and we record with great pleasure an instance of this helpful spirit which produced a most successful and enjoyable Concert and Dramatic Entertainment in the Institution Hall, on the evening of Friday, 8th May, under the auspices of the Dollar Association and the Dollar Boy Scouts' Association. Colonel Haig of Dollarfield presided. The programme was arranged by Mr Allsopp, music master of the Institution. The first part consisted of vocal solos by Miss Webster and Mr M'Culloch; piano solos by Miss C. Wilson; violin solos by Miss B. Murray; and instrumental selections by a carefully trained orchestra.

The second part comprised two clever dramatic sketches, in which the "get-up" of the actors was admirable. The first was entitled, "The Man in the Street," by Louis N. Parker, and was ably carried out by Miss K. Rutherford, Mr Allsopp, and Mr P. Walton. The second was, "Ici on Parle Français," the various characters in which were ably represented by Miss Leitch, Miss Steel, Miss D. Rutherford, Miss K. Rutherford, Mons. Casse, J. M'Culloch, and P. Walton. Both pieces were very amusing, and were thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience:—

"The slope of faces from the floor to the roof
Relaxed into a universal smile."

At the close the performers and Mr Allsopp were awarded the hearty thanks of the audience, on the motion of Mr Malcolm.

Marriages.

HETHERINGTON—REID.—At Bertrohill, Shettleston, on the 26th March, by the Rev. Alex. MacLean, B.D., Hector J. W. Hetherington, to Mary Ethel Alison, eldest daughter of William Reid.

HUGHES—DOBIE.—At Dollar Parish Church, on the 2nd April, by the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., assisted by the Rev. J. Fawns Cameron, Blairingone, Lieutenant Herbert Masterman Hughes, Royal Navy, H.M.S. "Forester," eldest son of the Rev. C. R. W. Hughes, rector of Bunton, Hants, to Eleanor Welsh, younger daughter of William Henry Dobie of Dollarbeg, Dollar.

LECKIE-EWING—LAURIE.—In the Parish Church, Dollar, on the 11th April, by the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., Parish Minister, assisted by the Rev. A. Easton Spence, U.F. Church, Captain Walter Leckie Ewing, of the

Highland Light Infantry, youngest son of Robert Leckie Ewing, Esq., Devongrove, Dollar, to Annie Laurie, youngest daughter of the late Mr George D. Laurie, Birchfield, Dollar.

SCOTT—CULBARD.—At Christ Church, Colombo, on the 14th April, by the Rev. A. E. Dibbon, M.A., John Elliot Scott of Sholayer Tea Estate, S. India, son of the late William Scott, solicitor, to Janet Chisholm (F.P.), daughter of the late Wallace Culbard, and of Mrs Culbard, Neston, Cheshire.

Obituary.

M'GUFFIE.—At Ochildene, Bridge of Earn, on the 21st April, the Rev. George M'Guffie, F.S.A. Scotland, for twenty-eight years minister of Etal, Northumberland.

JACK.—At Gowanbank, Dollar, suddenly, on 27th April, Robert Jack, eldest son of Matthew Jack, builder. Mr Jack, who was highly respected by the community and whose death is deeply mourned, was accorded a Masonic funeral. He was an enthusiastic Freemason.

GRAY.—At Brighton, on 28th April, at the age of sixty-two, Robert Kaye Gray (F.P.), a member of the Royal Society of Arts. Mr Gray trained as an electrical engineer, and he assisted in, or superintended, the laying of submarine cables in all parts of the world. A man of singularly modest and retiring disposition, he always shrank from publicity; but his kindly nature and genial qualities endeared him to a large circle of friends, who also appreciated his sterling worth, his unfailing courtesy and his business and scientific capacity.

DARBY.—At Carnoustie, on 20th March, Alice Whyte (F.P.), relict of Mr George Darby, Darjeeling, India.

School News.

THE SCHOOL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER brings the sun-browned faces,
Healthy frames—for work the basis—
And high resolves to match!

October brings the football matches,
Hockey too, and Dollar snatches
Of victories a batch!

November brings the first exams.,
Divides the workers from the shams;
The masters know no leisure:

December brings the Christmas "Vac.;"
Dead waters now and sledging-track
(With luck) afford much pleasure!

January brings fresh high resolves
That, as the year its course revolves,
No boy will shirk his lessons !

February brings the second exams.,
Which weed the goats well from the lambs ;
The concert claims your presence !

March sees the end of winter's play ;
With tasselled caps the streets are gay ;
Good pupils sit their " Leaving " !

April brings Easter holidays,—
The sports-day too, when hundreds gaze
At " Foreign " and " British " heaving !

May—the month of summer hours,
Cricket and tennis, hawthorn flowers,
Ah, life is well worth living !

June brings the Exhibition day,
The workshop, art, and gym. display,
Prize-winning and prize-giving !

July and August ! Who shall say
How swift these blest months pass away
At camp and summer places ?

Then once again comes round September,
Companions gone we well remember,
And welcome fresh young faces !

O happy we ! O happy they
Whom kindly Fate shall send to stay,
Where Dollar dowers its scholars gay
With all the arts and graces !
For such, in truth, in life's card-play
Fortune is rich in aces !

A. DRYSDALE.

It is difficult to realise that we are within a few weeks of the close of the session. With so much to engage our attention, the days speed past all too quickly. There probably has never been such a variety of competitions in the School during the summer term. Following on the Leaving Certificate Examinations there have been such frequent visits from inspectors that we have lost count of the number. The girls had an interesting competition for prizes presented by the Edinburgh Dollar Academy Ladies' Club, for an examination in General Knowledge. Some eighty competitors took part in the contest. The cadets have in hand both the annual struggle for the Leckie Ewing Cup, and also a series of competitions in miniature shooting for a beautiful cup presented by Mrs Scott Lang. On the tennis courts excitement runs high, and the rivalry is keen for the honour of being the first to have one's name inscribed on the handsome cups presented by Mr James Simpson of Mawcarse. The competition for

the Headmaster's Medal for Golf has been made a scratch one this year, but that has not in any way diminished the interest in this competition.

The football season was brought to a close with games against George Heriot's School and the F.P.'s. In the former game the School ran out winners by three points. The first half of the game was played in a blinding rain, but the School, even with the advantage of the wind, made little headway, and several times Heriot's pressed hard. Good defence, however, kept them out, and Hope relieved the tension by a pretty drop at goal, giving the School a lead. In the second half against the wind and rain the School did most of the pressing and only the hardest of luck kept the score so low. A break-away gave Heriot's equal points, but a fine movement begun by Chuan and carried cleverly out by Walker let Hope romp over for the winning points.

Against the F.P.'s the School opened out and a very fast game ensued. Macnaught easily put the F.P.'s in front with a dropped goal, and shortly afterwards Chuan led out and Muir ran over for the School. Towards the close of the first half Harris sent out to Hope, who scored, and Macfarlane converted. The second half was rather scrappy, and both sides let many chances pass. Bonthron, and shortly afterwards Dr Ross, scored for the F.P.'s and put the game against the School.

The second eleven had only one match to play and came out easy winners. Stanley House again proved too weak. Muir and M'Intosh had two tries each, and the former converted one try.

So far cricket has not been as successful as footer. Against Alloa XI. the 1st XI. came down, and this was repeated at Titwood against Glasgow High School.

However, the Perth Academy match turned the tide, and the 1st took fresh heart. Against Alloa XI. Walker had 13, and the same player had 11 against High School. In the Perth game things looked very dark for a time, but good steady play by Dougall carried the 1st through. His 34 was a fine effort indeed.

The Glasgow Dollar Academy Club played their usual game against the 1st XI. on the 19th of May and easily carried off the honours. Batting for the Old Boys, W. G. Falconer quite overwhelmed the School himself—he retired after contributing a fine 70, including several boundaries and one clean over. Marshall was next with 16. For the School Morgan had 24, Walker 13, and Dougall 14.

The 2nd XI. have been more fortunate, and can boast of two wins and one loss. Against Morrison's Academy they proved too weak, but in the game against Glasgow High School, and also against George Watson's College, they proved the superior team. In the latter game Tuckwell and G. Miller added 21 and 26 respectively to the score.

The scores so far have been :—

1ST XI.

Team.	For.	Against.
Alloa XI.	35	63
Glasgow High School	53	97
Glasgow Dollar Club	85	151
Perth Academy	83	80

Team.	2ND XI.	
	For.	Against.
Morrison's Academy	{ 21 (1st innings) 68 (2nd „)	72 (1st innings)
Glasgow High School	57	40
George Watson's College	102	55

The quint games have just commenced. Devon were beaten by Glen by 32 runs, and against MacNabb, Hill retired with a very severe gruelling. They had very hard luck, however, and we are certain they will prove, before the games are all played out, that it was a huge mistake.

TENNIS.

Never can we remember such an amount of competition during the summer term as there is this year. Quint games, golf tourneys, and tennis tourneys are all in full swing, and not the least interesting of the three is the tennis. The boys have worked well through half of their rounds for the Simpson Cup, and some very keen games have been played.

Several are showing promise of developing into first-class players after a year or two. The last three rounds will bring out the very best of their skill, and those who are fortunate to witness the games will have something to remember long after school days are over.

Matches have to be played with the Dollar Club and also with the staff.

The courts are in excellent condition, and seem none the worse of the enormous amount of playing on them.

The girls' competition for the Simpson Cup has also begun; and we understand that several players have so considerably improved on last year's form that the contests will be very keen, and startling results may be expected.

THE SPORTS.

Graced by the most glorious burst of sunshine, the sports proved more successful than had ever been anticipated. The gathering around the ropes was the largest for many years back, and the improbability of rain falling gave the necessary condition for converting the field into a glorious fashion-plate of beauty and dress.

Commencing promptly, the final of the cricket ball throw was carried through, and Macfarlane carried off first place with 80 yards.

Excitement was at its height as the Open 100 Yards competitors lined up, and this race proved one of the most keenly contested events of the day. Wong ran in first, with MacColl practically breasting the tape at the same time. MacColl's second was excellent when one remembers that he had the misfortune to be spiked during the running of the heat on the previous Thursday.

The 220 Yards' School Handicap was another stirring race, Crichton, Bonthron, and Purdon coming in first, second, and third; the first two breasting the tape almost at the same time.

The High Jump and Long Jump were both won by Hogben.

Bonthron proved his merit as a sprinter in the Quarter Mile by beating MacColl in the last 50 yards of the race, after the latter had led all the rest of the way.



*P. L. Wong
D. Millar*

AT THE SPORTS

*R. Heyworth
P. L. Wong*

In the Hurdles open, Watson easily carried off first place, and Bonthronne just beat Dougall for second place.

As in previous years the Mile Race proved one of the most interesting of the events. The pace was good, and the style of the majority was quite praiseworthy. Smith came in first, with Purdon second, and Dougall third, with only about two yards between each pair. Smith's win was enthusiastically received, and Dougall's fine determination in sticking out a race new to him had its due meed of applause too.

The Junior events were closely watched, and we saw several coming athletes among the many competitors. Young Cruichshank, the Watts, Alan Young, Devenish, and A. MacDonald are only a few taken from this promising bevy.

As usual the Obstacle Race caused much amusement—the elephantine efforts of a big boy trying to get through the small gap in a ladder, and the poor little fellow half up the rope and unable to get any further, aroused the annual spirit of mirth and laughter to its highest pitch. Neil and Brydie ran in first and second respectively.

The F.P.'s events were well contested as usual. R. B. W. Matthewson (Dundee) and C. Paterson (Glasgow University) ran each other close in the Quarter Mile, the former breaking the tape first. In the 120 Yards the same two ran neck for neck until almost at the tape when Matthewson again put in the extra ounce and came out winner. In the Half Mile Laing had a fairly easy task before him, as none of his opponents had any claim to honours as sprinters. His time was good, however, being 2 min. 22½ sec.

The Tug of War was easily won by Smith's team of sturdy Britishers. We had looked forward to a stoutly-contested tug, but the fates willed otherwise, and MacColl and his hefty men had to go under. So the Britishers have come in again after the foreigners have had a good long spell of being top dog. On totalling up the points for the Edina Challenge Cup it was found that the winner was J. Hogben with fifteen points to his credit. G. Bonthronne came next with eleven points.

Hogben has the honour of being the first Britisher to win the championship and have his name inscribed on the cup, and he also has the honour of winning the cup in the year of its majority. Along with the cup Hogben received a special gold badge, the gift of Mrs Armstrong, the Manse, Dollar.

Immediately after the conclusion of the sports the spectators and competitors assembled in front of the pavilion where the prizes were laid out on a table.

The Headmaster said: "Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of the Athletic Club, I thank you very heartily for your attendance here this afternoon. I am, to-day, in a more fortunate position than last year. I have to offer no apology on behalf of the weather, and I hope you do not expect me to offer an apology on behalf of the sports. It is my very pleasant duty to introduce to you (if, indeed, she needs any introduction) Mrs Armstrong, who is to present the prizes to the successful competitors to-day. (Applause.) Mrs Armstrong has a triple qualification for the position she occupies. She is a former pupil of the School; she is the wife of the parish minister of Dollar; and also the wife of a Governor of the School. (Applause.) Above all that, I am sure those who are receiving prizes could receive them from no more charming hands than those of

Mrs Armstrong. I have now much pleasure in calling upon Mrs Armstrong to present the prizes." (Applause.)

Mrs Armstrong, before handing over the prizes, said: "Mr Dougall, ladies and gentlemen, I should like to thank Mr Dougall for his kind words of introduction, and to tell you all how delighted I am to have the pleasure of presenting the prizes to-day. As Mr Dougall has said, I am a former pupil. I was not a distinguished pupil, as you all know—(laughter)—nevertheless I am very much interested in the School and all that pertains to it, and I hope that the Athletic Club will be as prosperous in the future as it has been in the past." (Applause.)

Mrs Armstrong then gracefully presented the prizes to the various winners.

On the call of Mr Dougall hearty cheers were given for Mrs Armstrong and her husband, and the proceedings terminated.

Mr Masterton, Mr Lauder, and their committees are to be congratulated on the success which attended their efforts. The smooth working of such an eventful day reflects great credit on their painstaking and careful organisation.

The ladies of the staff have also to be congratulated on their part in the day's enjoyment. Tea in the pavilion is quite an institution now on Sports' Day, and we would consider the Sports incomplete without it.

We understand that the Athletic Club funds will have quite a record lift from the Sports this year, and we can only say, as in former years, that much of the credit for this goes to the worthy treasurer, who, with his usual whole-hearted energy, devotes much of his precious time to the welfare of the Club.

The times for the principal events were:—

100 Yards, School, $12\frac{1}{5}$ sec.	Half Mile, F.P., 2 min. $22\frac{3}{8}$ sec.
220 Yards, " $26\frac{1}{3}$ "	Mile, School, 5 min. 24 sec.
Quarter Mile, " $58\frac{1}{3}$ "	Long Jump, School, 17 ft. 9 in.
Hurdle Race, " $20\frac{1}{8}$ "	High Jump, " 4 ft. $11\frac{1}{2}$ in.
120 Yards, F.P., $13\frac{1}{3}$ "	Putting the Weight, School, 28 ft. 11 in.
Quarter Mile, F.P., $56\frac{1}{5}$ "	

Through the kindness of W. M. Carment, Esq., we are enabled to give the following table of times, &c., for the open events at the School Sports for the last eight years:—

	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914
Cricket Ball	yds. ft. in. 80 1 1	yds. ft. in. 85 0 1	yds. ft. in. 87 2 0	yds. ft. in. 89 2 2½	yds. ft. in. 87 2 10	yds. ft. in. 77 1 8½	yds. ft. in. 85 2 10	yds. ft. in. 75 0 10	yds. ft. in. 75 0 0
Drop Kick	yds. ft. in. 51 1 8½	yds. ft. in. 48 2 9	yds. ft. in. 57 1 6	yds. ft. in. 45 1 0	yds. ft. in. 53 1 10	yds. ft. in. 48 2 9	yds. ft. in. 53 2 7½	yds. ft. in. 50 1 3	yds. ft. in. 46 0 6
100 yds.	sec. $11\frac{1}{8}$	sec. $11\frac{1}{8}$	sec. $11\frac{1}{8}$	sec. $11\frac{1}{8}$	sec. 11	sec. $12\frac{1}{8}$	sec. $11\frac{1}{8}$	sec. $11\frac{1}{8}$	sec. $12\frac{1}{8}$
440 yds.	60	$56\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{1}{2}$	$59\frac{3}{8}$	$58\frac{1}{4}$	$57\frac{1}{2}$	$57\frac{1}{2}$	$57\frac{1}{2}$	$58\frac{3}{8}$
Hurdles	...	$19\frac{1}{8}$	$19\frac{1}{8}$	$19\frac{1}{8}$	$17\frac{1}{8}$	$20\frac{1}{8}$	$18\frac{1}{8}$	$19\frac{1}{8}$	$20\frac{1}{8}$
Mile	min. sec. 6 30	min. sec. 5 20	min. sec. 6 45	min. sec. 5 22½	min. sec. 5 20½	min. sec. 5 39	min. sec. 5 7½	min. sec. 5 31½	min. sec. 5 24½
High Jump	ft. in. 4 8½	ft. in. 5 1½	ft. in. 5 2½	ft. in. 4 9½	ft. in. 4 11	ft. in. 4 8½	ft. in. 4 11½	ft. in. 5 0½	ft. in. 4 11½
Long Jump	17 5½	19 2	18 9½	18 7	18 5	17 4½	19 2	18 4½	17 9
Putting Weight	28 9	27 11	29 4½	26 10	29 6	30 11½	29 3½	28 6	28 11

The High Jump for 1908, 5 ft. $2\frac{1}{4}$ in., was the extra jump after event was won.
In 1911 and 1913 the ground was wet and heavy.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

The usual drills have been carried out each week, and several small manœuvres have been conducted since the last report.

The corps is in quite an efficient condition as far as drill, shooting and stamina is concerned, but there are still too many of the older and bigger boys remaining outside.

It is a pity that such should be the case, for it is the finest opportunity they can have to make themselves useful members of such an Empire as ours, and also prove themselves worthy to be citizens of our tight little island.

Col.-Sergt. Cameron has left the corps since last report, and his place has been filled by Sergt. MacColl.

We wish Col.-Sergt. Cameron all success at Edinburgh, and hope he may do as well in the Senior Division as he did in the Junior Division.

The following promotions have been made. To be Col.-Sergt., Sergt. H. MacColl. To be Corporals, Cadet J. R. G. Muir and Cadet D. S. Smith. To be Lance-Corporals, Cadets L. K. Chuan, R. Macfarlane, W. L. Hope, and H. Walker.

The following cadets have been successful in Certificate "A" examination in March and have been awarded the certificate:—Col.-Sergt. H. C. MacColl, Sergt. J. L. C. Watson, Sergt. C. R. Dougall, Corp. J. R. G. Muir.

We congratulate them on their success in what has become an extremely stiff examination for schoolboys to tackle, in fact much stiffer than the examination for promotion to Lieutenant in the Territorial Force. Mr Walton was on company march with the Rifle Brigade during Easter, and we are certain the corps will reap the benefit of his experiences in due season. We understand that a large contingent will go to camp this year, and we are pleased that Dollar shows up well in this respect.

The corps has always been first at camp in physique, manœuvre, and sport, and we look to it keeping up this tradition.

Shooting is in full swing, both at the open range and in the Gymnasium. At the former one group of cadets have already passed Table A, and in the latter the Competition for the Cup, so kindly presented by Mrs Scott Lang, is being carried out.

Some good scores have been made by D. Smith, J. Watson, G. Miller, and D. Leonard, so far.

The band has been out almost every Wednesday since Easter, and has caused quite a stir. Although still in its infancy, it promises to become a most useful adjunct to the corps.

A most successful field day was engaged in with the Senior O.T.C. of Glasgow University, and the School corps came out with full honours.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

CORSAR, J. K., Engineer-Lieut., H.M.S. "Southampton," c/o G.P.O., London.

WHYTE, Mr F. F., Dhanbaid P.O., E.I.R., Mambhum, India.

YAP, Mr F. F., Canton-Hankow Railway, No. 1 District Engineers' Office, Hankow.

BLACKLAW, Mr H. LAURIE, Watawella, Rozelle, Ceylon.

SOMMERVILLE, ROBT. G., 9 Elliot Street, Glasgow.

BELL, ROLLAND, c/o Audit Co. of Hawaii, Honolulu.

MELVIN, JAMES G., B.Sc., 21 Westbourne Road, Winstan, Manchester.

HARRIS, Mrs G. W. (*née* Nellie Adie, 38 Summit Avenue, Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada.

SCOTT, Dr JAMES, M.D., Simmer and Jack Hospital, P.O. Box 222, Germiston, Transvaal.

MONK, A. V. (of Butterfield & Swire, Shanghai), c/o John Swire & Sons, Ltd., London (on leave).