



*W. Crooke, Edinburgh*

CAPTAIN JAMES SIMPSON

# The Dollar Magazine.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

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VOL. XIII., No. 52.

DECEMBER 1914.

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## Captain James Simpson, J.P., D.C.

WITH the view of having the place of honour filled with a portrait in keeping with the military spirit of the times, we have pleasure in presenting our readers with an excellent likeness of Captain James Simpson, of the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, who has given abundant proof of his soldierly instinct and his readiness to buckle on his armour.

Captain Simpson is the son of the late James Simpson, Esquire, of Mawcarse, Kinross-shire, where he was born in 1868. He was educated at Dollar Academy in the early eighties, and had a good record in his classes during successive sessions. Those who know Dollar Academy life well will understand that it must not be omitted, as a feature of his school course, that he was one of the keenest in athletic games of every kind. Indeed, it was now that he began to acquire that warm interest in athletics and outdoor pastimes which is characteristic of his manhood. In his last year at school he played for the 1st XV. at football, and also excelled at lawn tennis; nor must we forget the fact that at the Annual Sports of his last session he was first in the mile race as well as in the half-mile.

After finishing his curriculum at Dollar he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he attended special classes bearing upon his future work as a landowner and farmer.

On the death of his father—a gentleman who had been held in the highest esteem in the county for his affability, his fine public spirit, and his warm and generous benevolence—he succeeded to the property, and from that time to this he has taken a prominent part in the public life of his native county, encouraging every movement calculated to promote its prosperity. He is a Deputy-Lieutenant, an Honorary Sheriff-substitute, a Justice of Peace, Vice-Convener of the County, and Vice-Chairman of the Territorial Association. As a country gentleman he is very much respected; and, as he is a skilful, fluent, and able speaker, he has been more than once asked to come forward as the Unionist candidate for the combined counties of Clackmannan and Kinross.

In 1911 he married Nora Margaret, only daughter of the late John Hutcheson Kerr, of Harvieston and Castle Campbell.

It may be interesting to note here that Captain Simpson is representative of a very old county family, whose connection with the estate of Mawcarse carries us back fully three hundred years, for we learn that—"The Testament of Alexander Symesoun in Maw, within the parish of Orwell and Sherifffdom of Perth, was confirmed in the Commissariat of Edinburgh, 15th July, 1600"; and further, "That James Symeson, in Maw, acted as Bailie on behalf of the Earl of Morton in giving Seisin to George Henderson, portioner of Nethertoun, on the 20th September, 1647." These were the times when civil war called every man to arms, and it may be that from these ancestors Mr Simpson has inherited the martial spirit which he has ever chivalrously manifested. He was for fourteen years a member of the Fife Light Horse, latterly the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry; and a collection of many trophies testifies to his brilliant feats, on occasions when tent-pegging, lemon-cutting, and other sports gave opportunity for the display of expert horsemanship.

When the war broke out in South Africa, he was one of the young men who volunteered their services, and, after a year of strenuous action and not a little hardship, he was awarded a South African medal and three clasps. He is now a member of the Royal Company of Archers, who form the King's Bodyguard for Scotland.

When, at the beginning of August of this year, the spirit of patriotism, roused by the invasion of Belgium and the need for defenders of our own shores, became so strong throughout the Kingdom, that almost everyone who could bear arms was eager to be a soldier, Captain Simpson rejoined the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, and is now serving with the reserve regiment. He possesses in a high degree some of the best qualities of a soldier—coolness, decision, intrepidity.

Captain Simpson, as we have said, has a keen eye for all kinds of sport his favourites being hunting, shooting, curling, and tennis in their seasons. He had the honour of being a member of the first team of curlers that went to Canada, 1902-3, having been recommended to the committee by several well-known curlers in his district as a good lead or a second player. He justified this recommendation in every respect, while at the same time he enlivened the social gatherings by his excellent selection of songs.

Captain Simpson represents his county as one of the Governors of Dollar Academy, a position for which his filial reverence for his Alma Mater well fits him. More than one substantial proof of his loyalty to her might be given. He is ever ready to encourage and foster learning and manliness, and all that adds glory and pleasure to school life.



**Volkslied: O Strassburg!***(Translated from German.)*

O STRASSBURG! O Strassburg!

Thou city wondrous fair,  
 There's many a brave soldier  
 Lies dead and buried there.

Yea, many a handsome soldier  
 Lies dead and buried there,  
 Who wickedly abandoned  
 Both father and mother dear.

Abandoned! abandoned!  
 'Tis fated so to be;  
 At Strassburg, at Strassburg,  
 Must ever soldiers be.

The father, the mother,  
 Went to the captain's house.  
 "O, Captain, dear Captain,  
 Restore our son to us."

"Ev'n for an untold weight of gold  
 To you I cannot yield;  
 Your son must march along with me  
 Into the battlefield." S. F. BUTCHART.

**Experience in Egypt.**

HAVING been asked to say something of my experience in Egypt, I feel that I must try to write a slight sketch of that very charming country, though it is difficult in words to give any idea of it. Cairo is, of course, the most attractive spot, in Lower Egypt at any rate, though many of the quaint old palaces have vanished in late years to give place to high blocks of flats, and other Western innovations, anything but picturesque as a rule. Still, in the bazaars, and in the quaint native quarters, there is a great deal of genuine Eastern life to be seen—long, narrow, twisting streets and lanes, and passages so narrow that the overhanging houses almost touch, and to shake hands from one window to another is an easy feat.

Nothing is more fascinating than to walk or ride along these places. Every building is interesting—fine old mosques, some ruined, others in good repair; beautiful doorways in the most out-of-the-way corners; overhanging windows of old mushrabeyah work, used formerly, and even now, to screen hareems; fascinating ancient Arab houses hidden away behind modern buildings. The interest never fails.

The bazaars, of course, are great attractions to the tourist, but a great deal of the stuff sold is manufactured in England and Germany, and sent out as truly Oriental. One needs to know the places, and there genuine and beautiful Arab work can be found. The brass and copper workers are

always busy, and produce very fine articles ; it is most interesting to watch them at work, and they seem to appreciate the attention.

Thanks to Lord Kitchener's wise administration, Egypt, as a country, has been widely opened up, new roads being made in many directions, chiefly by convict labour. These will connect the many villages which have formerly been very isolated, reached only by canal, or by long rides on donkey-back from the nearest station on a light railway. It is very interesting to travel in the provinces, and to see the daily life of the people. Cotton is the great industry, and when the growing goes on the machinery is working night and day. The factories are mostly in the hands of rich men, English and Greek, and many efforts are being made to improve still further the quality grown. The irrigation system is wonderful, and splendidly regulated, and the fellaheen, or peasants, are, as a rule, very prosperous, and possess much money and land. They indeed have had everything to gain from the wise rule of the British occupation.

As to the marvellous antiquities, it is difficult to say too much, or to give any idea of them by word or pen. Many tourists complain of being disappointed at the first sight of the Pyramids, but the more one sees them, the more wonderful they appear to be, and one learns to appreciate them better and better by longer experience.

The Sphinx lies hidden from the Pyramid platform, and only the large round head rises up above the sand ; the majesty of it is best appreciated by moonlight, or at sunrise, when one forgets the mutilations, and sees only the wonderful eyes, looking ever to the East, beyond all the puny littlenesses of life, to the grand Eternity. It is inspiring and wonderful, and not to be described. Proceeding up the Nile, a fine, broad, deep stream, unique as the one source of being to the country, one comes upon many more remains of antiquity—the grand temples of Denderah and Abydos, and the unending glories at Luxon and Thebes, and beyond ; but so much is known of these that it is unnecessary to enlarge on them.

¶ The fascination of Egypt grows on one in spite of much that may be repulsive and trying, and I am sure that there is no one who has once visited the country who would not wish to repeat the experience.

HARRIET LASSELL (F.P.).

## An Ochil Eyrìe.

I SCLIMMED auld Seamab's rugged face,  
 Ae sunny morn in May,  
 An' sune my circlin' e'e beheld  
 Loch Leven's Castle grey.  
 Cleish an' the Lomons brack in view,  
 The Forth's broad waters gleamed,  
 While nearer still by wood an' hill  
 The silver Devon streamed.  
 Syne cam' in sicht the Roman Camp,  
 High up on Dunehill's broo.  
 A lonesome hare whiles crooches there,  
 Nae warrior guairds it noo.

Far to the north the glance could pierce  
Through wild Gleneagle's pass,  
To whaur the michty Grampians rear  
Their grim unconquered mass.  
A laverock filled the lift abune  
Wi' strong an' tireless throat,  
An' swoopit bye the peeweep's cry,  
Mixed wi' the whaup's sad note.  
Perchance on Seamab's staney crest  
I ne'er may stand again,  
Perchance my een may never mair  
Alicht on Devon Glen ;  
But aft in mony a dreary 'oor,  
Hemmed in by hoose an' wa',  
The memory born on that May morn  
I'll wistfully reca'.  
Whate'er the web o' years may haud,  
Man can but thole an' bide,  
But frae the urn I'll fain return  
Tae haunt fair Devon's side.

*By permission from "Chambers's Journal," Nov. 1914.*

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## Nature Notes.

### A BIRD SANCTUARY.

BY J. STRACHAN, M.D.

WHILE greenhouses and conservatories are very common in the country, and the growing of flowers in these is a favourite amusement with many, an aviary, as I have reason to know, is quite a rarity. I have every sympathy with the love of flowers, and those grown in conservatories are very beautiful, but, at the best, they are *still* life. Speaking generally it will, I think, be admitted that birds are no less beautiful in form and colouring than flowers, while some birds surpass, in these respects, any flower. In addition to this, birds possess very great beauty in motion and sound. Very much in the movements of birds on the ground and in the air, while serving the utilitarian purpose of progression, is of a distinctly æsthetic character, and is thus calculated to afford great pleasure to the appreciative eye ; while, as a rule, the voices of the birds, individually and collectively, are decidedly musical, and a source of delight to many. The tameness and friendliness of some, and, with kindness and attention, of nearly all birds, are also very enjoyable, and afford valuable opportunity for studying their habits and pretty ways.



In speaking thus of the bird, I exclude, to a very great extent, that which is shut up in a cage. The monotonous hopping to and fro from spar to spar, with occasional pathetic little flutter of the useless wings, is, by contrast, anything but pleasing. Even the singing of the few kept for that purpose, while lacking entirely the collective harmony of the bird concert, seems poor compared with that of the woods and hedgerows. While the bird may accommodate itself wonderfully to the narrow compass of the cage, and, so long as sufficiently supplied with food and water, seem contented and happy enough, it yet presents to our view but a very small portion of bird nature.

The aviary, as affording scope for flying and exhibiting the many pretty ways, including love-making and nesting, greatly extends the pleasure which may be derived from the beauty of bird life in captivity, and might very well be added to, or even, if need be, take the place of the conservatory as being much more cheaply made, and, if suitably provided, requiring less attention and no heating, besides being, as I think, more enjoyable.

To see and hear bird nature in anything like its full value it may be necessary to go out into the wild—to sit, perhaps, in some sheltered nook in view of a little burn coming down from the hills, with a stretch of grass sward between, and on the far side a copse of hazel, birch, and rowan, with a belt of spruce firs or other trees in the background. Here, with a little patience and perfect stillness, we might on a fine summer day see and hear many birds of various kinds in all the lavish beauty and wanton happiness of Nature.

It may be difficult to find, and far to go to reach such a spot ; but what very nearly approaches it, and might very easily be converted into a veritable sanctuary for birds, already exists in what remains of our old Academy Garden. There, in the north-east corner, we have a burn, many trees of sorts and laurel bushes, along with a considerable extent of ground, which, at present, is made no use of. All that is wanted is some modification of the burn and its banks ; the planting of a hundred or so of suitable trees, shrubs, and bushes, a privet and thorn hedge along the west side from the wall to near the pavilion, and a few plots laid out in which to grow some herbaceous plants, on the seeds of which the different kinds of birds feed ; and, finally, to put the schoolboys on their honour not to interfere with the birds or their nests and eggs. A rustic arbor as a shelter and post of observation would also be very desirable.

Such a sanctuary would very soon be found and taken full advantage of by the commoner birds of the district ; but some of the rarer non-migratory kinds, as the bullfinch, goldfinch, siskin, &c., might be let loose from time to time. If undisturbed and perhaps fed during severe winter weather, all would soon lose their fear and

shyness, and present many beautiful and interesting pictures of bird nature.

A bird sanctuary, besides being an attraction and source of pleasure to all lovers of Nature, would, I consider, be of great educational value as a means of cultivating in the pupils of the School a knowledge of and interest in the bird as the most beautiful object in Nature. Industrial or professional success, and the passing of examinations for such, are not the only objects to be kept in view in educating and training the young mind. Enjoyment must go along with success to produce a full and worthy life, and there is no higher and more available pleasure than that arising from a love and knowledge of Nature, and especially of the bird.

With all deference and respect, I beg to offer the above as a suggestion to the Head Master and the Governors of the Institution as a unique and valuable addition to the educational advantages of Dollar.

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### A Holiday in Savoy.

EARLY on a misty morning in the beginning of July we said *au revoir* to Geneva and began the first stage of our journey to Chamonix, that gem of a village in the lovely Haute Savoie. The scenery through which we passed at first was exactly the same as in the environs of Geneva, so we composed ourselves for a short nap, confident that we should lose nothing in so doing.

I won't say how long we slept, but I'll admit that the scenery had completely changed when we awoke, and you may draw your own conclusions.

"What's about the time?" I asked, as we were nearing a station.

"Ten to ten," I was told, but not being sure whether it was the truth or not, I kept a look-out for the clock in the approaching station.

Slightly to my annoyance I found I *had* been told the wrong time, exactly one hour of difference, for here it was merely ten to nine. Hinting that their timepieces were in need of a holiday, as were also their stale jokes, I pointed to the station clock and begged them to rectify their watches. Of course we had a short argument, the result of which was failure for both sides, for we were informed by a neutral person that the time in France is one hour behind the time of Central Europe, which is also the time at Geneva!

Not long after this we changed our stuffy train for a delightful electric tram, which would take us to our destination through the very loveliest scenery one could ever wish to see. About midday we arrived at a station called Servoz, and here we left the tram to visit the famous "Gorges de la Diosaz." As you enter the glen your glance rests on a huge, grey, weather-worn tablet, on which are written the names of those who have lost their lives while exploring these gorges. A little note at the foot of the stone informs you that a guide is an absolute necessity, and that those who set out without a guide have very little chance of ever returning.



However, this tablet dates from the fourteenth century, and since then there have been roads and bridges constructed which render it a thoroughly safe and easy matter to reach the goal of the excursionist who visits these gorges. This goal is a natural bridge which enables you to cross from the summit of one rock to the other. It was formed by a huge boulder which fell, away back in the sixteenth century, and stuck in the narrow opening between two rocks, thus forming a rough natural bridge.

Arriving again at the entrance to the gorges, we found that we had still about two hours before our train was due, so we set off to explore the neighbourhood of the little village. We visited the church, and disturbed some of the faithful who were kneeling before the Virgin. These few worshippers looked up curiously at the sound of steps, and they continued to criticise us until we turned to go, when they calmly resumed their interrupted worship.

A little distance away there stood a tiny chapel, which was reached by following a winding pathway. We decided to go to the little chapel, and find out as much about it as possible. The interior was sure to be lovely, and most interesting. When we arrived at the end of the path we found ourselves facing a solid little door which was locked. Thinking we might be able to enter by a door at the other end of the chapel, we made a short journey round the little building, and learned that there was only one door, and that door was locked! However, we wouldn't accept defeat so readily, and we asked a man who was working in a field near the chapel where we could get the key. At first he wasn't too anxious to tell us where to go, but in the end he allowed himself to be coaxed, and we were soon standing on the threshold of one of the neatest little chapels I've ever seen.

Not far from the gorges there is a lake which is called the "Lac vert,"—the green lake,—and this little chapel is called the chapel of "Notre Dame du Lac," and inside, instead of the statue of the Virgin, there was a tiny statue of "Our Lady of the Lake."

Our hotel was situated in a little village called "Les Bossons," about five minutes by train from Chamonix, and a good starting-point for the excursions we intended making.

It was too misty that first evening to see anything of Mont Blanc, so we just had to possess our souls in patience until the great King of the Alps should think fit to show himself.

Next morning, about six o'clock, I directed my steps to one of the many pine woods which form the base of the mountains. I climbed up and up, higher always higher, for I wanted to be the first to see Mont Blanc.

My zeal was rewarded, for there, just opposite, was his Alpine Majesty, glittering so much that I had to use my smoked glass spectacles to inspect him. I was thoroughly pleased with my morning's work, and returned to the hotel with an appetite that defies description.

Our first long excursion was to take place next day, so we remained quietly at the hotel that first day to preserve our energy. We got up at five o'clock, and by six we were well on our road, each person armed with a rucksack, an alpenstock, and a pair of coloured glass spectacles. Our goal was the chalet of the "Pyramids," which stands about 1,895 metres above sea-level, but on reaching the first chalet we decided to visit the grotto of Mont Blanc, and from there to cross the Glacier des Bossons,

which, although not so famous as the Mer de Glace, is much more dangerous to cross.

This grotto of Mont Blanc is artificial, but is very cleverly constructed, and one's first thoughts on entering are of the fairy tale of the Snow Queen, for her palace must have been just such another wonderful ice-structure as this grotto. In some places the ice was of a wonderful bluish phosphorescent colour, the colour of the ice in those deadly crevasses of which there are so many in this Glacier des Bossons.

The passages and rooms of the grotto were lighted by means of candles, which stood in little alcoves hewn out of the ice in the wall. There were no pictures, but at every few paces you were confronted by a placard bearing the legend :—

“ Prière de ne pas oublier le garçon (S. V. P.)  
Please don't forget the attendant !  
Bitte den kuaben nicht zu vergessen ! ”

From the grotto we went directly on to the glacier, taking care to pull socks over our boots to prevent us from slipping. Our guides were a jolly couple, and kept us laughing so much that we had the greatest difficulty to keep our balance on the treacherous ice. It took us no time to get to the middle of the glacier, and here one of the guides proposed to take a photograph of us. Just as we had stopped swaying and slipping, and our photographer was about to snap, there was a sort of whirring sound, and on looking round to see what had caused the interruption, we perceived the other guide and the portliest member of our party locked in a tight embrace and rolling down the slope they had so laboriously climbed to have a better position than the others for the photographing business.

Luckily there was no danger here, and what might have been a tragedy we turned into a joke, and the other guide declared that it was the first avalanche he had seen on the Glacier des Bossons.

On returning to the chalet we rested for about an hour, and then set off again on our long climb to the second chalet, which was our goal. We were informed that the route we were taking was the same as Saussure took on his famous ascent of Mont Blanc.

The day was fearfully hot, so on reaching the summit we were in a state of white heat, and we had no sooner got inside the chalet than we rushed for the cold water, thereby getting a thorough scolding from the proprietor of the chalet, and we weren't allowed to put a drop of water to our lips until we had cooled down a bit, and until our host had put some mixture in the water.

We had a glorious view of the valley, with all the little hamlets scattered here and there, looking like little toy villages when compared, from the great height of our chalet, with the opposite gigantic mountains.

There above us was Mont Blanc, but glittering so much that we could look at it only through coloured glass spectacles. There would be a lovely sunset this evening, so we hastened our departure that we might be back in the valley in time to see the evening glories on the chain of Mont Blanc.

It would be too much to describe each little excursion we made, as the big important ones are teeming with interest, and take up so much space.

It so happened that we were in the Haute Savoie when the 14th of July arrived, and it also happened that all the other guests in our hotel

were French, so that they, as good citizens of the great French Republic, were obliged to celebrate this important fête in a fitting and patriotic manner.

We were, of course, invited to take part in their rejoicings, and accepted willingly. The fourteenth day of July dawned, and on coming downstairs for breakfast we found the dining and drawing rooms transformed with flags and decorations and flowers, and we felt so curious as to what the arrangements for the evening were that we could hardly take our food properly.

However, that evening arrived in exactly the same way as the other evenings did, only the similarity surely ended here, for never had we another evening or night quite so delightful as was this fourteenth night of July 1914. Immediately after dinner the fête was to begin.

We all assembled in the hall, with warm coats over our flimsy evening frocks, for the first item on the programme was a lantern parade. The oldest Frenchman in the hotel had been elected Master of Ceremonies, and he now was called upon to perform the difficult task of pairing the hotel visitors for this lantern parade. I raise my hat to that old Frenchman, for he was indeed the right man in the right place at the right moment. Every one was pleased with his or her escort, and the procession set off, ladies with green lanterns and gentlemen with red ones. We were to pass through the village, then return by some other circular pathway to the hotel. It was strictly forbidden to stop singing for even a moment, and on no pretence whatever were we to speak to our partner.

The lanterns were attached to long alpenstocks, and these stocks were resting on our shoulders in the manner of soldiers shouldering guns, so that viewed from a distance our procession had something mysterious about it, as also something very fascinating. As we passed through the village singing lustily the "Marseillaise," the people all came crowding to their doors and greeted us with cries of "Well done!" "Vive notre France!" "Vive notre République!" "Vive le quatorze Juillet!" Some of the gentlemen hurried on in front of the procession and lit different coloured fireworks, and set off rockets until the good people of the neighbourhood began to suspect us of being lunatics.

When we arrived again in front of the hotel we were invited to throw down our lanterns in a heap, which was set fire to, and while our lanterns were burning we all joined hands and danced round them until they had burned themselves out. A few more squibs and rockets were set off, and then we went inside to amuse ourselves and while away the time with music, dance and song until the clock began to strike the early hours of the morning of the fifteenth.

The biggest excursion of all that we made was the ascent of the "Brévent," the highest peak in the chain of the "Aiguilles Rouges," 2,525 metres in height.

We set off early in the morning, and though the weather couldn't have been called fine, it was a splendid day to make a long excursion on, with plenty of clouds to keep the sun's fierce rays off us, and now and again a soft shower to refresh us.

After a three hours' climb we reached the chalet of Plan-Lachat, where we had a rest and a most interesting talk with an old guide. It was such a pity that we had only a limited time to rest here, for this guide had had some queer adventures in the course of his career, having climbed Mont



Blanc at least seventy times, and scaled the most dangerous of the "Aiguilles" or needles, which he pointed out to us, and by means of a telescope he showed us the tricky bits, or "mauvais pas," as he called them.

We had no sooner left the guide than it began to rain, but, thinking it would soon go off, we paid no attention and climbed bravely on.

When we were half-way between Plan-Lachat and the next chalet, Bel-Achat, the mist began to rise from the valley, and to hide it from our view. Soon we were quite surrounded by mist, and could see nothing either above or below us, either to the left or to the right of us, so the safest thing to do was to stand still where we were and wait until the mist lifted. In a short time we were able to continue our route, and after what seemed hours and hours we reached the chalet of Bel-Achat, where the others of our party were awaiting us.

The mist had again come down, and everything was enveloped in a thick haze, which made people, huts, and cattle appear as if they belonged to a mysterious unknown world, in which you were unable to distinguish objects until they loomed up suddenly uncannily before you, out of the mist.

We weren't sorry to see the welcome interior of the chalet, and a boiling hot "café au lait" made us fit enough to brave all the mists in creation.

The others of our party got tired waiting on us, and set off again, leaving us two girls to climb the most difficult part of the mountain alone, and I must admit that the prospect wasn't too alluring.

As we were finishing lunch two tourists entered the chalet; their ages must have been between forty and fifty, and one could see at a glance that they were Frenchmen. We couldn't make out from their talk whether they were ascending or descending the mountain, so we just set out, our two lonesomes, to conquer the last and most difficult part of the Brévent.

There were several paths, but as each of them more than likely led to the summit of the mountain, we merely took the track nearest us, without bothering to ask if it were the right one. About a quarter of an hour later we came to an abrupt stop, the path we had been following having come to a similarly abrupt end, thus forcing us to turn back and look for a more likely road.

"Did *you* not notice that this path couldn't be the right one?" I asked irritably. "Now we'll have to spend time looking for the proper one."

"I was following you," my friend retorted; "besides, I wasn't thinking of the road we ought to take, I was thinking of the nasty trick the others played us in leaving us to lose our way and perhaps perish on this lonely mountain."

I saw she was getting sort of excited, so I just turned back the road we had come, and soon we came to a mule-track which seemed to be the path we ought to take. On we plodded for about five minutes, and then we came to another abrupt stop, for there in front of us was a huge bank of snow, underneath which the path disappeared.

"There's bound to be some reason, some hidden, dangerous reason, for all these impediments in our way," my friend remarked, "so I propose that we should sit here quietly until someone comes along who will show us the quickest route to Chamonix; and I don't care though I never see the top of the Brévent!"

I was silent for a moment, and then I said sadly, "You'll no doubt have

to wait long enough for someone who will show you the road to Chamonix, for, as far as I can see, this path is hardly ever trodden, and on the snow there's not one footprint to be seen. But there's one thing comforts me now."

"What's that?" she asked eagerly.

"That I made my will lately!" I answered cheerfully.

After this we sat in silence for a short time, gazing at each other and wondering what would happen next.

"Talking of impediments," I began dreamily, "I believe the gods planned all these delays for us, with a benevolent intention, and now we're to reap the benefit, for if I'm not mistaken help is at hand—I hear voices!"

"Do you think the others have turned back to look for us?" she asked.

"They wouldn't dream of doing so," I replied. "No, the voices seem quite unfamiliar, and it has just occurred to me that they may belong to those two tourists we left in the chalet. They're evidently following this track, so that there may be a continuation of it over the snow-bank."

Yes, right enough, our two fellow-tourists from the chalet appeared, and what was more natural than that we should continue our road together.

On climbing the snow-bank it was discovered that there was a mule-track not far off, which evidently led to the mountain top, so we continued our climb with a will, sometimes sinking into snow three feet deep, and sometimes walking between two snow walls through which a passage had been dug. There were poles stuck here and there along the route to keep the tourists from losing their way, and with the help of these poles we reached, at long last, the chalet on the summit of the Brévent. Here we rejoined our party, and pretended to be deeply moved at this reunion.

There were about thirty people assembled in the chalet on the summit of the Brévent, and I couldn't help thinking of Chaucer and his Canterbury pilgrims, although the people here weren't such a motley crowd as were Chaucer's fellow-pilgrims.

When the weather is fine one has a glorious view of Mont Blanc from the summit of the Brévent; indeed the King of the Alps seems so close that one thinks that on stretching the arm one will touch it. However, on the day that we ascended the Brévent the only view that we got from its summit was one of mist—mist here, there, everywhere.!

We were all comfortably seated in the chalet, talking, laughing, eating, in short, amusing and resting ourselves, when we heard something come pattering down on the roof and walls, and on going out to see what the matter was, we found that it was—rain!

Well, it poured and poured, and we waited and waited, hoping and praying that the rain would stop.

But it didn't stop, it got heavier rather, so we asked the keeper of the chalet how many beds he had.

"I have three beds, mesdames!" he told us, and we numbered thirty persons! Well, well, there was nothing else to be done but to set off on our homeward road in all the wind and rain.

Luckily I had strapped a heavy rainproof coat on my rucksack when leaving in the morning, and now I reaped the benefit, for instead of being soaked through to the skin in five minutes, as were those who had no coats with them, it was ten minutes before I felt as if I had been thrown fully dressed into a pond.

I don't know what kind of rain that was, but it was half frozen, and

little particles of ice seemed to be hurled with stinging force at our faces, until we became so accustomed to this bombardment that we stopped having any feeling in them at all.

But I mustn't forget to mention my hat. It was a big soft straw, splendid for keeping the sun's rays off my face, but it seemed to attract wind as a magnet attracts steel, so that, with a perfect hurricane blowing, I had a fine lively time to keep my balance. The hat was, of course, soaked through with rain, and just before leaving the chalet I had pulled my headgear well down to make sure I wouldn't lose it if the wind happened to be strong. When I found myself in the midst of the storm, and felt the wind getting too funny in his antics with my hat, I thought I'd be better to take it off and carry it, or better still, throw it away, but I might as well have glued that straw to my head, for in spite of herculean wrenches, it remained sticking firm and fast to me, and I was too touched by its fidelity to worry pulling any more at it.

I got on all right, if we except the occasional shrieks I let out of "My hat—the wind—Oh, I'm being blown away!" I didn't regret my soft-heartedness in leaving the faithful affair on my head, and then later on it became historical, for it came into all our anecdotes of our awful day on the Brévent.

We were half-way down the mountain, four girl friends and I, when one of the party sprained her ankle slightly. She was one of those who had run off and left my friend and me to climb the most difficult part of the mountain alone, so I didn't feel compelled to shed tears over her misfortune. While the others were examining the wounded member I walked on, and evidently I went more quickly than I thought, for I soon found myself quite alone, and not too delighted with my position either. I waited a long time, but the others didn't come, so I just plodded on again, wading through miniature waterfalls, and sliding down rocky slopes to shorten the interminable mule-track. More dead than alive I reached the base of the Brévent, but all the same I had strength enough to turn and shake my fist at the mountain, and to hope that all the evils imaginary that can happen to a mountain would happen to this treacherous low tyrant.

I had now to walk about a mile before I reached the hotel, and I only hoped and prayed that I wouldn't meet a single soul on the road, as I didn't relish the idea of being seen in the state I was in.

"Only turn this corner now, and then I'm in sight of the hotel," I murmured, and I had no sooner done murmuring than a gentleman accosted me.

"Mademoiselle will be safer to cross the railway, walk along the high embankment for a bit, and then descend on the other side!" he informed me.

I waited for more to come, to explain things a little, but as he seemed to have finished his harangue I said "Merci, monsieur," and passed on. He was evidently a lunatic, perhaps he had lost his reason on the Brévent; I felt a sort of sympathy for him, and turned round to have a better look at him. He was standing watching me, so I'd be better to continue my road, as I'd heard it doesn't do to anger these people.

I turned the corner.

But what on earth was the matter with the road?

Well might I ask, for there, pouring across the road, was a flood of tree roots, huge stones, water, and mud, mud, mud. It was an avalanche. Some-



thing had burst away up in the mountain, and the rains had melted the snow, thus causing the avalanche which was sweeping all before it, and had arrived at the road, which it was busily filling with mud, stones, and trees.

I must have lost count of the minutes while I was standing admiring this havoc, for the next thing I noticed was the "lunatic," who evidently thought I needed someone to explain matters. He repeated his instructions, and added a few words of explanation to them this time. I had no sooner climbed the railway embankment than I caught sight of our hotel proprietor, who hurried forward and showed me where to go. I walked along the railway for about five minutes before I could descend to that side of the road which had escaped the avalanche. I finished up this exciting day in rather a befitting manner, for I was just in the act of stepping on to the electric cable, and so getting killed as quickly as possible, and by the most modern means too, when the hotel proprietor cheated Death of one victim that day by hauling me unceremoniously away from the rail. "Mine host" piloted me safely to the hotel, insisting on holding his umbrella wholly over me, who couldn't have been soaked any worse if I had been ducked in a pond.

I was pretty well done out when at last I did arrive at my destination, but all the same I had strength enough left to be furious at one of the guests who started chanting when I arrived: "Say, w'ere did you get that 'at?"

Our last excursion was to the famous Mer de Glace. We made the ascent in the electric tram which takes you from Chamonix right up to the Mer de Glace.

While crossing this immense sea of ice, I remembered all at once that "Monsieur Perrichon" had also been here, and I tried to recall how he had expressed his admiration of this wonderful spectacle of Nature. But my memory never was good, and all I could remember of what Monsieur Perrichon wrote in the visitors' book was that he wrote *mer*, "mère," and that he got entangled in an affair of honour, much to his terror.

On our return journey we saw the ravages made by an avalanche in the early spring. Trees had been uprooted and big stones and rocks were scattered over the mountain side, and we saw where the electric railway had been reconstructed, for the avalanche had simply rushed down the mountain side, sweeping all before it.

The month of July was drawing quickly, too quickly, to a close, and with it our holidays. During the last few days we remained in the neighbourhood of the hotel, paying a visit several times a day to the scene of the avalanche. This had become one of the sights of the neighbourhood, and crowds of tourists flocked from Chamonix and the neighbouring villages to see the wonder. The road was, of course, in a terrible condition with the mud, &c., brought down by the avalanche, and it took an army of workmen days and days to put the road into a fit state for traffic, for when we left for Geneva the men were as busy as ever, and had work before them which would last well on into August.

Our short month in Savoy had been full of enjoyment, and I heard one of the girls say as the train arrived at Geneva: "Life has been so full of pleasure and happiness this last month, that something dreadful is sure to come now to balance things a bit." She was half in fun, of course, and she never got such a surprise in her life as when the newsboys in Geneva staggered us with their cries of "La guerre est déclarée!" "War is declared!"

HELEN W. CHRISTIE.

## Anemones.

ANEMONES ! that bloom beside the dying day,  
Your petals frail and white,  
Bound with a golden thread ;  
Fair children of the light,  
Know ye the hour has fled ?  
And yet you linger, smiling at the parting way.

Anemones ! in fairy legions proudly high,  
The garden captive waits  
Beneath your magic spell,  
And autumn's wind-blown gates  
Are closed because you tell  
Of all a summer's sweetness that yet waits to die.

Anemones ! in bridal garments dazzling fair,  
And have you captured then,  
In that same web of gold,  
The vanquished hearts of men,  
With magic learned of old ?  
Or, dreaming, do you wait a princely love to share ?

Anemones ! white daughters of the mist and dream,  
The prince will come for you  
In shining armour clad,  
With plume of azure hue,  
And grey eyes, smiling sad,  
Because of all that's past, athwart the shadow stream.

Anemones ! he comes ! Your Prince of Mists from far,  
All in the moonlight pale.  
And with cold, icy breath,  
He lifts your bridal veil  
To give the kiss of death,  
And yet through all the night has flashed a golden star !

Anemones ! you know that starry realms shall gleam.  
It is not death for you  
The kiss your lover brings ;  
Beneath his armour true  
The heart of youth yet sings,  
And so he bears you hence to summer lands of dream.

ELISABETH SUTHERLAND.

## Instinct and Reason.

(*Read to the Naturalists' Field Club.*)

THE distinction to be drawn between instinct, or the guiding principle of life and reason, by which some animals, and pre-eminently man, are able, by a mental process, to direct their conduct, being, as I think, of great interest from a naturalist point of view, as well as of importance in its bearing upon some questions in our social life, I have thought it a subject not unsuitable to be brought before this Society. I do not, of course, in this short paper, attempt to deal at any length with either the one or the other, but merely to put the two before you in a way which may help you to distinguish between them, and perhaps tend to a higher appreciation and better understanding of instinct than, I think, generally prevails.

The first point to be considered is that instinct, in some form, is, of necessity, a vital constituent of all animals, including man; and something very analogous, if not the same, in all plants, prompting them to such actions as are necessary to their continued existence and immediate well-being on the lines marked out for them by natural law; whereas reason is confined to comparatively few animals, and in its highest form is possessed by man alone. The question is, where are we to draw the line as to when actions may be said to be prompted only by instinct on the one hand, and when they are the outcome of reason and judgment, exercised by the animal displaying them, on the other. Much help in this respect will be obtained by comparing the organic conditions under which the relative degrees of mental power from man downwards are found to exist. The organic centre of mind is now universally admitted to be in the cerebral portion of the brain, and much has been done in recent times to locate in that organ the various mental powers. Without ascribing too much weight to these researches, or to the more elaborate pretensions of phrenology, we may accept it as an established fact that what we understand as intelligence in the lower animals, and the intellectual faculties in man, always bear a direct relation to the development and organic condition of the cerebral hemispheres of the brain. Other things being equal, the larger the cerebrum, the greater the mental capacity; and any injury or disease of this organ is accompanied by a corresponding modification of the mental powers; and likewise, as we descend in the scale of animal intelligence, we find a corresponding disparity downwards between the cerebrum and the rest of the brain.

In the insect and other invertebrate animals there is absolutely no brain, and we should infer, therefore, that there is no mind. In many there is a more or less complex nervous system, with nerve centres or ganglia which may correspond with sensory-motor parts of the brain, as the optic thalamus, which has to do only with the sense of sight; but of cerebrum there is not a trace. The inevitable deduction to be drawn from this surely is that insects, *per se*, are entirely destitute of reasoning power.

What then, it may be asked, are we to make of the wonderful exhibition of reason and intelligence shown in the actions and habits of bees and ants, so graphically described by Sir John Lubbock? We all know something of the ways of bees; how wonderfully they form their combs in which to rear their young, or store the honey as food to carry them through the flowerless winter season, the hexagonal cell being the exact geometrical figure giving the greatest amount of space with the smallest expenditure of wax. With what perfect method they order the internal economy of the





*A. D. K. Maughan*

AT BURNFOOT, GLENDEVON

hive, so that, with all its myriad occupants, there is no confusion and no strife; forming the ideal of constitutional government, loyal devotion of the subjects, and perfect subjection of the sovereign to the will of the people. In all this, and much more which might be mentioned in the ways of these busy little creatures, an amount of intelligence, wisdom, and forethought is displayed which, if attributed to them, must place them on a high level of intellectual attainment and civilisation.

The accounts given by various writers of the ways and doings of ants are even more surprising—the construction of their dwellings, with chambers and anti-chambers, vestibules and sanctuaries, galleries, stairways, and doorways; and with extended subways to protect them on the march to and from their foraging ground from the rays of a tropical sun; their keeping of aphides as domestic animals as we keep milk cows, and of slaves to attend to their personal wants, feed the babies, &c.; their cultivation of patches of ground; their military expeditions, and many other displays of intelligence and of a civilisation higher than some tribes of men. So nearly do the ways of some ants resemble those of cultured human beings, apparently indicating interchange of ideas, organised division of labour, and the drawing up and administering of definite laws and regulations, that some writers have held the opinion that at least some ants possess an intelligence little if at all inferior to ours. Indeed the question has been gravely discussed whether they may not even possess the faculty of language, and be able to converse with one another. There is the difficulty that they are not known to emit any sound, or to possess the sense of hearing. But deaf mutes amongst ourselves are in no better position in these respects, and yet are able to give expression to their thoughts and to receive mental impressions from others. Some years ago Mr Thomas Harrison, of Melbourne, writing in *Nature*, while admitting that “ordinary ants may be spoken of as destitute of articulate speech” (implying that extraordinary, very extraordinary, ants possess that power and talk together as we do), goes on to say: “This, however, does not preclude the possibility, or even the probability, of their (*i.e.*, ordinary ants) being in full power of a means by which they are able to converse. It will be remembered that the antennæ are divided into two separate portions, the scape and the flabellum. The latter is divided into about ten different segments. Now, in this arrangement, by adopting a preconceived system of signals, all the words of an English dictionary might be expressed.” He gives an illustration of such a system whereby, by touching one another’s flabellum in different ways, “the vocabulary of these little people may be extended *ad infinitum*.” When we consider that a slight injury to, or disease of, a certain part of the cerebrum immediately deprives a human being of all power of speech and of language, [and that, in the lower animals, it is only where there is a high development of that organ, as in the dog, that we find the slightest appreciation of language, possession of that faculty by the insect, which has no brain, is inconceivable. As well may we suppose an animal capable of seeing without eyes, as that it should have the power of thought without brain. I may add that there can be no language without thought, although there may be speech, or the imitation of word sounds, by certain birds which have no thinking powers.

Still it cannot be denied that a great deal of intelligence of a very high order is displayed in the actions and habits of ants, bees, and other insects. Is this wonderful? Is it matter for surprise that an animal, having been

formed, let us say, by Nature, it should, at the same time and by the same power be directed in carrying out the scheme of life for which it is designed? A true conception of what instinct is must remove from the mind any such feeling.

The animal body, and we may say the same for the plant, is a structure of more or less complexity, but even in its simplest form infinitely beyond the highest conception of the human mind. We may, however, by way of illustration, compare it to a piece of human machinery, say a steam engine or a power-loom. In doing this we must regard the latter as not only complete in structure, but with its full staff of skilled workers to take charge of every part, to supply all requisites of action, to keep the whole in proper working order, and to carry out the design of the maker as to the kind of work to be done. A steam engine, however ingeniously contrived and elaborately constructed, would be but a useless piece of lumber unless provided with an intelligence apart from the mechanism, but fully capable of appreciating all requirements and capabilities of the machinery, well acquainted with the purposes to which it is to be applied, and with power and knowledge with which to direct its action to desired ends. So would the animal body, perfect in structure and fully endowed with the mysterious principle of life, be but a helpless mass, doomed almost immediately to death and corruption, were it not looked after and directed by superintending forces, acting with full knowledge and with sound reason and judgment regarding the many and complex conditions of animal life, and fully instructed as to, and in sympathy with, the objects and desires of The Master Mind of Nature to whom it belongs. In the animal, therefore, there is a complete equipment of such forces regulating the action of every part, of every cell and fibre, as well as every organ and every limb, in accordance with organic conditions, and with a definite purpose to carry on the particular kind of life designed by Nature. These are not the product of, nor do they bear any visible relation to, organic structure. No amount of anatomical or physiological investigation can demonstrate or throw any light upon the nature of these forces. They are a purely vital or spiritual endowment, and a necessary adjunct to creative design. Such as have to do with the external relations of animals are what we are to understand as instincts, and it is to them that I have now to direct attention.

The instinctive guides, and the actions resulting from them, are as essential to the continued existence and well-being of the animal and of the race as are the organs which immediately carry on the vital functions. An animal born without a stomach would not be a whit more unfit to live than one with all its bodily organs intact, but without the instinct showing it how, what, and when to eat. Without the instinct of self-preservation, the animal, with all its elaborate structure, would be doomed to very speedy destruction; and any species unprovided with the generative instinct, including the care of offspring, could not exist beyond the first generation. So it is with all other necessary conditions of life depending upon external relations; due instinctive provision in the constitution of the animal is an essential part of the plan upon which it is designed.

When we take into consideration the organic structure and vital action of the animal—how not only every muscle and every organ, but each in its minutest part of cell and fibre, is perfectly adapted to the purpose intended, and carries on its special function with an infinite wisdom, if I may so term



it, toward the life and well-being of the whole—we may cease to wonder at any wisdom, intelligence, and foresight displayed in the instinct-prompted actions by which external relations and requirements are provided for. As well, however, may we attribute to the animal the structure and vital endowment of its body as credit it with the reasoning powers displayed in such actions. In the one case, as in the other, the reasoning is not with the animal, but with its Maker; and surely there is no room for surprise if it be found to equal or to far surpass that which proceeds from the human brain.

Every action necessary to the continued existence and well-being of the individual and of the race under the conditions in which they are designed to live—however arbitrary these may appear to be—is and must be dictated in every detail by instinct; and the fact of such *necessity* may be taken as proof of the action being instinctive.

When we read of the rufescent ants carrying out a carefully planned and skilfully executed military expedition against a neighbouring colony of ash-coloured or black ants, and, having routed the defenders, carrying off their larvæ to be reared into slaves to wait upon themselves, we are tempted to ask, Can this very human, or at least German-like, proceeding be the result of mere animal instinct? The answer is readily forthcoming in the fact that, but for these slaves, the rufescent ants could not live, their organisation and their nature rendering them unfit to attend to themselves or to their young. It is suggested that their defective organisation is the result of the degrading influence of slavery, which assumes the adoption of slavery when there is no need for anything of the kind. I think it much more in accordance with natural law that slavery is the effect, or rather the concomitant, of the organisation which renders it necessary.

The conditions under which animals are designed to live are very arbitrary and sometimes very extraordinary; but, whatever they may be, the animal is entirely adapted to them both by organisation and by instinctive prompting. This is well illustrated by what is known as the metamorphosis of insects. As of course all are aware, the insect, when it leaves the egg, is a totally different creature, not only in appearance but in its whole nature, from the parent. It is as if a bird were to beget a frog. In depositing her eggs the female insect has to be guided, not by any tastes or liking of her own, but by the requirements of this apparent monster. The fairy-like butterfly flitting gaily in the sunshine and sipping nectar from the flowers has to make provision for a crawling caterpillar, which feeds voraciously on the coarse leaves, say of the nettle. The dragon-fly commits her eggs to the water in which she could not exist for half a minute, but in which her larvæ revel during that period of their existence. The bright and sprightly ichneumon-fly plunges her eggs into the body of some caterpillar, upon which the young, when hatched, feed, but carefully avoid any vital part till their larval stage is completed, when they kill their foster-parent, and, emerging from the carcass, spin the cocoon in which to change from the grub into the fly. The mason wasp of Victoria builds a nest of mud for her eggs, and supplies it with a well-filled larder for the food of the grubs when they are hatched. Mr Thomas Harrison thus describes the nest: "A layer of mud is first laid down and a certain number of eggs are laid; then follows a layer of mud; on this are deposited a number of young spiders, paralysed but not killed; another layer of mud, more eggs, then mud, then spiders

again, and so on until the nest is completed. The spiders are evidently stored up as food for the grubs as soon as they are hatched, an arrangement already known to naturalists." This seems to be an improvement on cold storage, but we have not yet learned to deal with Australian sheep as this poor ignorant wasp does with spiders. In all this we have accurate knowledge of and intelligent provision for the special requirements of each particular kind of grub, but we cannot credit the insect with this knowledge, intelligence, and forethought. One would think that this would go without saying, as being entirely self-evident, but M. Henri Fabre, in his recently published volume on "The Mason Bees," has gone to the trouble of proving it.

In regard to instinctive promptings to required action, man is not less carefully provided than the lower animals. Ill would it fare with him were it not so. If the taking of food and drink, the action and rest of the body and mind, the protection of the body from injury, and other necessary conditions of life and health, were left to be regulated by reason as taught by experience, man must have perished in taking his first lesson. The human machine, equally with that of any other animal, would be incomplete and useless for the purpose intended, were it not provided with a full staff of superintending forces prompting and regulating the external action, as well as automatic powers regulating the functions of internal organs and tissues.

There is, however, an essential difference in the operation of instinct in man from that in the lower animals. In all it is intended to provide necessary guidance. In the lower animals this entails arbitrary dictation even in minute detail of all designed action. Nothing is left to reason or intelligence. Thus what we understand as the habits of animals, that is their conduct under given circumstances, are as constant and distinctive as are the structure and configuration of the body. All requirements are adequately provided for by individual or collective action, but the animal acts only as a blind instrument in the hands, as it were, of an outside intelligence, guiding it to the attainment of purposes of which it knows nothing except in their attainment. Man, however, being endowed with reasoning powers, is dealt with differently by Nature, just as we deal differently with the older from the younger members of our families. The impelling motive only is provided, the particular action by which that is given effect to being left for the intellect to determine. For example, man, like all other animals, is directed by instinct when to take food, what to eat, and how much to eat at a time; but the manner of procuring food, of preparing and of eating it, instead of being dictated in detail, and thus being identical in all men of the same race, as it is in all individuals of the same kind in the lower animals, varies according to the customs of society, and individual taste and culture. In virtue of our carnivorous nature, we are prompted by instinct to kill animals for food; and, in common with other carnivora, experience pleasure in doing so; but instead of following one uniform method of capturing the prey as the cat does, and the dog and the hawk, the mind comes in and suggests different plans, as the trap, the bow and arrow, the gun, &c. Or take the maternal instinct, the human mother, like the bird, is prompted by instinctive love and solicitude to make provision such as food, clothing, &c., for her offspring; but, whereas the bird is directed minutely as to the kind of nest she is to build, which, while perfectly adapted to the requirements of the young, is almost identical

in all birds of the same kind, and as distinctive as are the colouring and shape of the egg, the crib or cradle, and the clothing provided for the child are as various as are the minds, and tastes, and fashions contriving them. So also, in the matter of food, the bird is prompted by instinct exactly what to provide for its young at all stages, till they are fully able to look after themselves; with us the anxious mother has the privilege of choosing among a host of "foods for the infants," each one more plausibly and persuasively advertised and recommended than another. Whether the advantage is altogether on our side may be questioned; but if it is not, the fault may be less that human reason is more fallible than natural law, than that reason is not sufficiently instructed in the matter, and is too apt to be biased by custom and fashion which have little of reason in their composition. We, too, often act as blindly as does the bird, but with a much less trustworthy guide to direct us.

In regard to all conditions necessary to life and health, instinctive promptings are present indicating organic states which are, otherwise, wholly beyond the ken of our intellectual powers. It is only on condition of strict regard being paid to these that reason and judgment can be safely intrusted with the task of regulating the activities to which they refer. Within the limits of appetite and the relish for food, much latitude is allowed to reason in providing and regulating suitable pabulum, but beyond them we are completely in the dark, and have no warrant in reason to move one step.

In the matter of muscular and mental activity we are in the same position, having no means of ascertaining what amount and kind of action is proper for the muscles and mental faculties at any given time, except the instinctive sensations of the parts concerned. Suitable action is always accompanied by more or less of pleasure, while excess produces uneasiness or pain, which, in connection with any activity, is the warning of Nature against what is injurious.

In our own person there is little fear of our offering much opposition to these guides, as their promptings are pretty sure to carry the will along with them; but in dealing with others, and more especially with the young, who are naturally submissive, there is danger of our overlooking their importance. We are apt to be carried away by a consciousness of our own superior wisdom into the belief that we know better what is good for children than they do themselves. So far as it is a question between our reason and that of the child, such an estimate is no doubt true; but it is not true as between our reason and the child's instinct. Instinctive prompting is the voice, not of the child, but of Nature speaking with full knowledge of the organism, the action of which it tries to regulate. Apart from such prompting, we have no means of obtaining the necessary knowledge; and, in opposing it, we set our ignorant will against the will of our Maker.

The child's nature is not opposed to activity, as we very well know. On the contrary it is constantly, within physiological limits, spurring him on to action of both body and mind, and accompanying this by a keen sense of enjoyment. This activity we may guide and direct into suitable channels; but we cannot, with any advantage or without danger, force it in opposition to natural law.

Of course\* I do not mean to suggest that we should leave the child to



follow blindly and wantonly the promptings of instinct, any more than we do in our own case; but we should recognise Nature's guiding influence in the child, and bring our reason and judgment into line with it. We do this pretty much in the matter of food; and there is every bit as much reason for doing so in regard to the other activities, which are no less efficiently provided for in the instinctive equipment of the young. To endeavour to push action beyond or in opposition to these promptings by the application of punishments and prizes is to drive the animal machine contrary to the advice of the Maker of it, or of the skilled operators whom He has put in charge; and is very liable to end in disaster, or at least in defeating our own end.

### Letter to the Editors.

WE are indebted to Mr William Carment for the following interesting letter which he had received from his brother, Dr Carment.

"UNION CASTLE LINE S.S. "GASCON,"  
13th Oct. 1914.

"DEAR SIRs,—You have no doubt all heard at home of the sinking of the 'Pegasus' in Zanzibar harbour by the German cruiser 'Königsberg.' The action commenced at about 5.20 A.M. on Sunday morning, 20th September, and was all over in about twenty minutes, the 'Pegasus' having to hoist the white flag as her guns were out-classed, and she had not a dog's chance. I witnessed the whole fight from my verandah on the seashore, and after it was over I went on board the 'Pegasus' to help the ship's surgeon to attend to the wounded. I was the only Britisher from the shore who went on board, and it was a ghastly sight. I was the only one available, as all the others had gone to the King's African Rifle camp for safety, thinking that the German warship was coming in to take the place, but for some unaccountable reason she left after disabling the 'Pegasus.' I did not go with the others, as it appeared to me that more good could be done by helping the wounded.

"Some twenty-five were killed and about sixty wounded out of two hundred and ten men. I did some operations, amputations, &c., which, I am glad to say, all did remarkably well.

"I volunteered to go on this ship, which was converted into a hospital ship, to take the wounded to Simonstown Naval Base Hospital. We had a fine voyage down, and by the time we arrived the men were practically all well, and were very cheery. The majority of the wounded were quite young, from seventeen to twenty-eight years of age. Unluckily most of the killed were married and experienced navy men. We did a few small operations on board, removing pieces of shell, and I amputated two toes. We are now on our way back to Durban, where I will tranship to a B.I. steamer for Zanzibar, and hope to get there in time for the Expedition in German East Africa. I obtained a pass from the Chief Naval Authority at Simonstown to cover all my expenses back to Zanzibar.—Yours, &c.

"R. CARMENT."

## A Flight from the War Area.

SUCH a sudden outbreak of war—and such a terrible war—was utterly unexpected, almost up to the last, by all foreigners, British or otherwise, travelling or residing in Germany at that time, the beginning of August. Though war had been declared by Austria against Serbia, and mobilisation had taken place throughout the Fatherland, all were told — ourselves included—that such a step was taken only for defence, not for attack. For days beforehand we had not received letters or papers, only open post cards, which surprised us not a little. Wondered why? On the Friday and Saturday we heard that all the troops were being mobilised and sent to the different frontiers; but only for defence, not for attack. We got “our things” together so far, and would have left Schwerin then, but were told it would be impossible to do so, as all the trains were being taken up for the troops, and that no one else would be allowed to go by them for some days. By this time we discovered that every available man was either going or had gone, and that men had been taken from the harvest-fields with the harvest half done (the grain lying cut, or in stacks); that men had been ordered from hotels, shops, &c.; that porters, cab-drivers, and chauffeurs had vanished, that hardly such a thing as a man could be got to do anything. We saw then that things looked most serious. The Germans, however, still kept telling us not to leave, that there was no need, as we should be safer with them than anywhere. We would not listen to them, however, and told them that we had quite decided to go, and intended to do so as soon as possible.

On Sunday afternoon, just as we were sitting down to tea, word was brought to say that if we did not get off at once we would be too late, as all the boats were being stopped (or had been stopped) crossing the Baltic; and that it was quite impossible to get by any other route, all being closed. Imagine our consternation! We never waited to take our tea, but went off at once for a man (if such could be found) to take our boxes to the station, and fortunately found one and brought him—he waiting till we fixed them up. He took what was ready, not being able to wait for more, and said that would be his last load. These he advised us to have sent in advance, which we did; and it was fortunate for us that we did so, otherwise we might have fared like many more, and never have seen them again. We then tried to get someone to help with our hand luggage (having discovered that no taxi or cab could be got at any price, there being no men to drive them), but could not get anyone, not even a boy. Some Germans in the house, whom we knew, seeing our anxiety and despair at the idea of being unable to get off, kindly said they would help us through, which they did by helping to carry our things, and by pushing a way through the crowds for us up to the station, and right on to the platform and into the train. Had it not been for their help we could never have got away, for the streets were thronged with “people, regiment after regiment of soldiers passing through, and crowds swarming everywhere to see them off.

We left Schwerin about 10-30 P.M., and after travelling an hour, had to change at Kleinen; and here we found we had to get over a wire fence, hand luggage, our little dog and all, with no help. Not an easy matter, still it had to be done somehow! We started again, the train filled with all sorts of people and nationalities, and all in darkness. Not a pleasant

experience! Reached Rostock—where we again had to change: and here we were told that the last German boat had gone and no more would be crossing—at which news we nearly dropped. Later, however, we heard that a Danish boat could be got in the early morning; but that would be the last—or second last—to cross the Baltic. On reaching Warnemünde we were all turned out, and then found we would have to wait till 3 A.M. ere the Danish boat came in. We then found it quite impossible to get into any of the waiting-rooms or into shelter of any kind, the crowds being so great in all of them and the tumult so terrible (all nationalities being together in them—friend and foe alike). We tried once, but got such a fright we simply fled. We therefore decided to do what many more had to do, and that was to sit outside on our boxes until dawn came, and with it our boat. While waiting a German came up to us, and said, "You are English, are you not? Well, as I have a great regard for the English, I would not like anything to happen you; take my advice, therefore, and be very careful in what you say, and in what language you speak, as we are all on the lookout for spies. One was caught last night, and was shot this morning; and you might be suspected, being English." He kindly stayed beside us, and talked and chatted to us as if an old friend until nearly time for us to go on board, which we did at 3.30 A.M., shortly after it came alongside the dock, trusting in this way to secure a quiet spot.

We sat down, and must have fallen asleep a little, being tired out, when suddenly we were roused and startled by what seemed an avalanche of people let loose, and in less than no time they came rushing on board like a river, and simply swarmed everywhere, even climbing up on to places where there was hardly a foothold, anywhere in fact, as long as they got on board. In a few seconds there was not an inch of space to be seen anywhere (hardly room to move), every spot—even the flooring—being occupied. These turned out to be some few thousands of Russian refugees who had been compelled to fly at a moment's notice from different parts of Germany and Austria, each and all of them—rich and poor alike—with only what they stood in, or had been able to pick up—or put together—when rushing off. Each had a bag or bundle of some kind, such as they could lay hands on, and yet not all, for many had nothing. Rich ladies were amongst them, clad only in evening dress and with hardly a wrap to cover them from the cold, wearing lovely necklaces and jewels; but that was all. Many had not had even time to gather their papers together, or their money—therefore were without a penny, they who had been spending thousands of roubles at the Baths and for treatment. It was very terrible—all ordered out at a moment's notice, whether invalid or not, in bed or not, and some really seemed as if they would die on the way. Some of the refugees had had no food or drink for several days, and no sleep: such things could not then be had anywhere *en route* for love or money. All had to fare alike in this way. There were a number of children amongst the crowd, all looking frightened, cowed, and ill; and there were also several young infants.

How we ever crossed the Baltic safely with such a mass of people on board is a mystery! We had also to face the mines on both shores. Bad enough! On arriving at Gjedser (Danish frontier), two broad gangways were laid down for the throng to pass out by; but even this did not help much, for the people rushed to get on neutral ground, pouring out by the hundreds—thousands—and in their panic knocking down one another,



many of them women and children ; and had it not been for the kindness of the Danish officials, who showed great patience, many must have been killed. We, like most of the better class refugees, waited until the mad rush was over, and then went on shore. We found the station crowded with refugees, mostly Russian, and all wildly anxious to get off by the trains then leaving for Copenhagen, pushing everyone and anything in front of them in their eagerness to do so. One long train was already going out, and though filled to overflowing the people inside were fighting for seats and crushing one another in their wild efforts to accomplish this. Another long train followed in less than no time ; the crowds again swarmed into it, and fought for room. Such scenes could never be forgotten !

While all this was going on we, along with many more, waited on the platform, sitting on our boxes, or anything else that could be found. At last, after waiting no end of time, we managed to get into a train ; and after two changes *en route*, by train and by ferry, we reached Copenhagen between seven and eight p.m., having been upwards of twenty-four hours on our way, and that without anything to eat or drink. On reaching our hotel we nearly collapsed. And no wonder ! Felt more than thankful to have reached "our Haven of Refuge," and "Place of Rest," or so we imagined. I need not describe our consternation next morning when we were told by the Danes that they were expecting any moment to be bombarded by the Germans ; that the Germans had ordered them to remove the mines they had laid in the Sound, which demand they had refused, and that the Germans had then declared that they would bombard Copenhagen.

As you may imagine, the people were panic-stricken—we likewise ; and doubly so when all heard that 40,000 German troops were already massed on the Danish frontiers. Some Danes advised us to leave the city and go into the country for safety ; and others advised us to remain. We then thought our best plan was to go and consult the British Consul, which we did : and his advice was to stay in Copenhagen. "You will be as safe here as anywhere," he said ; "it is very strongly fortified and entrenched ; but should you prefer to cross to England, boats are still running from Esbjerg to Harwich " (that is, from the other side of Denmark). While he was speaking the telephone bell rang, and this was a message from Esbjerg saying that the boats had all stopped running, and there were 500 people waiting to cross, and what was to be done ? He told them to remain where they were ; and to us he said, "You must now stay here ; you can do nothing else." We then found that no German money, or paper money of any kind, not even English cheques, would be accepted anywhere. A nice predicament to be in ! Hearing, however, that the cables were still available, and that gold could be cabled for to Britain, we cabled and had some sent us, much to our relief. We were then told that a siege was expected at any moment ; that we might be shut in for three months ; and that, therefore, it would be advisable to get in provisions of all kinds (things that would keep), which we did. We remained in Copenhagen for some weeks ; but during the whole time we were kept in a state of anxiety, as the Danes were themselves, never knowing from one day to another what to expect, or what might happen. No doubt what saved Denmark from the German invasion then was the heroic defence of Belgium by the Belgians, a totally unlooked-for obstacle in the tiger-spring of the Kaiser and "his hordes in following."

A. VAN T. H.

## Three Days in Rome.

It was to Civita Vecchia, the port for Rome, the modern Ostia, that the good ship "Pinegrove" carried us, outward bound from Glasgow. Here was our chance to tread the Via Appia, and "meditate upon the Sacred Way," without the help of Currie's notes, and so throwing aside the memory of "monkish graduses," and three-inch scraps of *Scriptores Romani*, we determined to see Rome.

A short train journey through pleasant undulating country took us to the Eternal City ; an obliging friend had previously directed us to a hotel, and so, arrangements made, we sallied down the "Via Cavour" till the Coliseum met us on the left. Imagine an immense area surrounded by a huge circular niched wall, with stone seats rising tier upon tier into the sky. The 160 entrances, the number of the columns, the measurements exact and fine—all the facts and figures reeled off by a machine-like guide—seem to die into silence, and we became "a part of what has been." We picture the echoing galleries seething with a clamouring multitude of 50,000 ; we see the brutal face of Nero leering from the "podium," the Vestal Virgins, on his right and left, giving to the victorious gladiator the signal of the down-turned thumb, "pollice verso"—to the death ! The scene changes. The lions creep out from the underground dens, pause for a breathless moment with heads upraised, and then launch themselves upon a group of kneeling Christians. The Coliseum stands to-day a gaunt spectre of its pristine grandeur. Modern palaces have been raised with stones torn from its side, but still it stands, as if defying time. On leaving, the guide points out a simple square slab of white marble set in the wall, and there we read that the Coliseum is dedicated under the Sign of the Cross by Pius IV., as a tribute to the multitude of martyrs who died within its walls for truth. A stone's throw from the Coliseum stands the remains of the "Meta Sudante," a conical fountain, at which the victorious gladiators laved their wounds before passing to the Capitol, to offer thanks to Jupiter. The way lies along the "Via Sacra," which still exhibits the large square flags, of which it was originally built—stones which a Cæsar, a Cato, and a Horace trod. The Via Sacra leads into the Forum, the exact centre of the ancient city, the hub of politics, business, law, and religion. What history is here ! In the centre stands the Rostrum, now grass-grown, from which Antony thundered forth his denunciation of Cæsar ; under the brow of the Capitoline Hill are a few pillars, the remains of the Temple of Saturn, where Cicero delivered his philippics. Here is the Lapis Sacer, the grave of Romulus and Remus, the founders of the city ; there the Temple of Concord, where Cicero sealed the doom of the arch-fiend Cataline, and earned the title of "Father of the State." The traveller is tantalised with a profusion of broken columns, shattered statues, gaping passages, ruined temples, all urging him to "clap his hands and cry, 'Eureka !'" This little area saw the history of Rome in the making ; her wars, her factions, her triumphs and defeats. What wonder then that the traveller is bewildered ! Overlooking it all stands, like a sentinel, the Capitoline Hill, itself guarded by two granite lions and colossal statues of Castor and Pollux. Tradition calls it the Tarpeian Hill, after the treacherous maiden, Tarpeia, who opened the city gates to the Sabine foe. Underneath is the Mamertine Prison, with its two cells, where

Christian and Pagan were immured. From the top cell a staircase leads to the summit of the Tarpeian Hill, over which were thrown the criminals condemned on capital charges. We descend to the bottom cell. Was it here that the slave sent in to slay Caius Marius, seven times a consul, recoiled from before the fierce gaze of the stern warrior, and hurling down the weapon of death, cried, "I cannot kill Caius Marius"?

Next morning we drove along the Appian Way, a broad dusty road, 350 miles long, built originally for military purposes, and leading to Brindisi. With recollections fresh on our minds of the journey made by Horace, we met a sudden disappointment. How unromantic! How dusty! It is lined on each side with more or less dilapidated tombs, dilapidated because stripped of their beautiful marble by iconoclastic popes. They are all alike tenantless, and excite only conjecture. But the time has come to plunge underground, into the catacombs of San Sebastian. Close by the altar in the church of San Sebastian the guide opens a door, and immediately a gust of cold air assails us. Armed with tapers, we follow the "holy friar" into the bowels of the earth, through endless intricate winding passages, extending for 18 miles under Rome, and we see some—yes! only some!—of the remains of 170,000 Christians. Here they lived, ate, slept, had their refuge from their enemies, and died. That then is the skull of St ———; the blood in the cup there with the wire lid is that of St ———; and so on we go, each niche, bone, and hair being duly assigned, until the learning and exactness of the guide seem uncanny; but we are saved from scepticism by remembering that if we ever go to the Holy Land, a guide will point out the exact place where the cock crew after Peter's denial. At last, with a final shiver, we reach daylight, and pocketing our partially burnt tapers "in memoriam," we find ourselves again in the open way. Close at hand is a hallowed and interesting spot, the "Quo Vadis" church, which marks the place where Christ confronted Peter in his flight from Rome. "Quo vadis domine? Whither goest Thou, Lord?" "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time," and Peter, ashamed, turns back to Rome and his fate. "That small circular stone on which you are standing" (it is the guide's voice) "marks the exact spot where Christ met Peter, and here" (he produces post cards with the quickness of a conjurer) "are post cards, six for half a lire. They cost double in Rome." So much for the association of ideas. From this point on the Appian Way we get an excellent panoramic view of the Eternal City, basking on its seven hills in a mellow Italian sunshine. Far away on the left is St Paul's, and on the right is the Claudian aqueduct (which supplied the city with water), the noble remains of a noble enterprise. Appian Way! We had always thrown a glamour, a halo of romance around you, before we trod your dusty surface, and perhaps that mystic feeling will return when we have cleared our eyes and throats of your dust and grime.

Our third day begins with a visit to St Peter's and the Vatican. The magnificence and grandeur of St Peter's are overwhelming, and what description could we hope to give after a few hours' survey! The Vatican has 11,000 rooms, surely the antithesis of the simplicity of the fisherman on whose remains the high altar of St Peter's is built. Our conductor soon left the highways of the ubiquitous guide-book and led us through more interesting by-paths. In that picture there in the right-hand nave,



representing Peter walking on the sea to Christ, Peter has practically no forehead in proportion to his other features. These two lions on either side of the tomb of Pope Clement, one sleeping and one watching by turns, typify the ceaseless vigil of the Church throughout all the world. The two angels standing behind them in front of the door of the tomb have their torches inverted; the light of life has departed, and the grisly skeleton, once the universal emblem of death, has been replaced by this more comforting symbol. Close by the high altar the pope confesses his sins every week to an old Franciscan—Infallible? The pope? Oh, no! But in a theological dispute his decision is final. We can speak of his "finality," but not of his "infallibility." See how the feet of that image of St Peter, standing in the central nave, are polished with the kisses of the devout. "Mere idolatry!" you say. No! If you take the photograph of a dear one and kiss it, you do so not for the mere sake of kissing it, but for the idea contained in the act, because you want to feel near the person. So it is with the kissing of Peter's toe. By the idea contained in the act the devout Roman Catholic is trying to get near to Christ, whose vicegerent on earth he considers Peter to be. In the four corners, above the high altar, are Veronica's veil, a piece of the cross, the spear which pierced Christ, and the head of St James. The traveller on entering St Peter's feels what a worm man is in comparison. But gradually the sense of its greatness lifts him beyond himself, till he thinks along the lines of another world. What a harvest could be gathered here by a quiet eye! Hundreds of objects tantalise the devout worshipper to drop a bead at every turn—but the Pantheon, the home of all the gods, awaits us. It starts up suddenly before the traveller in a network of side streets (surrounded by car rails) off the Via Della Scrofa, and even in its partial ruins is proof of the greatness of the century of Augustus. Its dome is reproduced in exact dimensions in St Peter's, but in the latter it looks like an eggshell, and well it may, for it is 600 feet above the floor. Not a pillar supports it, for it was built originally by means of baskets filled with lime and nicely balanced against each other. The Pantheon is known now chiefly as the burial place of famous men, such as Raphael, Nature's rival. Two tombs, striking in their simplicity, are those of Victor Emmanuel II. and his son, Umberto I., who was murdered in the Alps some fourteen years ago. No visit to Rome is complete if St John Lateran's, the first church of Christianity, is omitted. The six naves are adorned with colossal statues of the apostles, headed by St Peter holding the keys of heaven and hell. The pillars have a curious echo, like that of the whispering gallery in St Paul's, London. In the outer court is a stone slab set on four pillars, and representing the height of Christ, which must be a good six feet. What has Dean Farrar to say to this? There also is St Mary's well, brought from Jerusalem, the guide assures us. Witness the marks of the ropes! On our asking to see the table which served Christ for the last supper, and the heads of Paul and Peter, we were informed that they were built in behind the high altar. In a building to the right of the church is the Holy Staircase, of twenty-eight stairs, which believers ascended on bended knees. It was the staircase which Christ used in Pilate's house. The modern buildings of Rome, the Palace of Justice, the monument to Victor Emmanuel, make less appeal to the imagination than the ancient remains. So ended our "three crowded days of glorious life" in a city



*R. K. Holmes*

SALINE—THE ROAD TO BLAIRINGONE

whose ancient glory lives now only in the "pictured pages" of her national literature. "'Tis thus the mighty falls."

A certain type of philosophy says that man is happier when he leaves unprobed the glamour that surrounds places known but never seen. Certain it is that by years of study we form a subtle friendship with the mere names of rivers, mountains, and men, but when we see them face to face in material shape, we leave them with an undesirable "*je ne sais quoi*" feeling.

R. M. MACANDREW.

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## Peeps into the Past History of Dollar.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### GLIMPSES OF DOLLAR PRIOR TO AND DURING THE WARS ON BEHALF OF SCOTTISH NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE.

THE history of Dollar, in describing, as it must, the successive steps by which the tattooed savages who, in the first century of our era, fed their flocks and herds in the valleys and along the slopes of the Ochils, have been gradually changed into the cultured Christian community that to-day is running and supporting the interesting literary magazine in which these sketches are appearing, may, I think, be reasonably represented as gathering itself mainly round these three important civilising institutions—the Church, the Castle, and the School. For beyond all question, it is to the transforming influence which these three institutions, jointly and severally, have exerted on our national character, that we are primarily indebted for the advanced state of comfort and cultivation that distinguishes the social condition of our people in this twentieth Christian century.

But though the Church, the Castle, and the School have all played their part in the civilising movement that has made us the men and women we are to-day, yet it will not, I am sure, be doubted by any competent authority that it was the Church which was first in the field in this good work, and which, therefore, deserves to be regarded as the real originating cause of the immense advance in social well-being, of which we are all gratefully conscious, as having been effected during the two millenniums over which our gaze has been directed in the course of the investigations which I have been prosecuting in these pages.

Those who have done me the honour to peruse the earlier chapters of this series of studies will, I trust, readily recall the evidence which I have advanced in support of the statement that the Columban missionaries of the Celtic Church had been already at work among us in Dollar, and had, indeed, made a home for themselves as a spiritual organisation, by building a place of worship in the parish, and by establishing there a regular course of religious services at a date long anterior to the time when the square grey keep, so well known to us all, was first erected by Malcolm Canmore as a country residence, in which either he or any member of the royal family might find comfortable accommodation while enjoying, as they often did, the sport of hunting in the royal forest of Dollar.

But though the Church was undeniably beforehand with the Castle in initiating the uniting and elevating ideals that made an organised national life



for the first time possible in the case of the rude warring Scottish tribes who had hitherto occupied themselves chiefly in mutual bickerings and contentions, yet so soon as under Kenneth Macalpine a Scottish kingdom arose, with some pretensions to solidity and permanence, straightway the inspiring and restraining influence of the institution, which I have indicated under the generic name of the Castle, began to assert itself. It was not, however, till the time of Malcolm Canmore and the kings who followed him, when, as is well known, the feudal system began to be introduced into Scotland, and when Norman and other adventurous leaders from south of the Tweed, gaining favour at the Scottish court, introduced the practice of castle-building among us, that the organising ability possessed and exercised by the men who then became the military and political leaders of the people, and whom we have above specifically indicated under the symbolic and comprehensive name of the Castle, had for the first time an adequate opportunity of asserting itself. And it is, I think, an interesting and suggestive circumstance that it was precisely during this period—the period, that is to say, covered by the two centuries which preceded the Scottish War of Independence under Wallace and Bruce—that the advance of the Scottish people in wealth and civilisation became so marked and general that the late Cosmo Innes, one of the most trustworthy of our native historians, does not scruple to affirm that not again, until the eighteenth century dawned upon her, was Scotland, on the whole, so generally prosperous as she was during that early period in our national history. It is some indication of the general prosperity that Cosmo Innes thus claims for his native land, at this interesting epoch in our national life, that it was during this period that many of the great abbeys and monasteries, with which the Church of Rome in mediæval days overspread every one of our Scottish provinces, were first founded. This is pre-eminently true of those great ecclesiastical institutions that were erected in our own immediate neighbourhood. Thus Inchcolm, Dunfermline, and Cambuskenneth Abbeys, all situated within twelve miles of Dollar, were directly established either by Malcolm Canmore or his sons, and Lindores Abbey to the north of the Ochils, as well as St Serf's Monastery in Loch Leven, either originated or were more generously endowed at the same period and by the same persons. In this connection it may, perhaps, not be amiss to mention that when Alexander I., the son and successor of Canmore, erected in 1123 the monastery of Inchcolm on the island of that name in the Firth of Forth, among several other benefactions with which he permanently endowed the new spiritual community which he was establishing, he gave to its members in all time coming the right to appoint one of their own number to the charge of the baptismal church of Dollar. Now a grant of that kind seems to me to be a fact of some significance as illuminating the then social and spiritual condition of the specific locality whose history I am now investigating. For I can hardly imagine that the royal patron of Inchcolm Abbey, when he was arranging to provide a regular and permanent income for the monastic community which he was creating, would have dreamt of bestowing upon it the advowson of the Dollar benefice, unless he had believed that, as a source of ecclesiastical revenue, it was a possession by no means to be despised. Moreover, as a frequent visitor to Dollar and to his Castle of Gloom there, he must have known perfectly the value of the gift he was making. On these grounds, therefore, I cannot but think that at the

beginning of the twelfth century the baptismal church of Dollar had not only already a long history behind it, but that it was also an institution of some considerable local importance and even of economic value. Perhaps, also, the frequent presence of the court in the immediate vicinity of the church may have lent an attractiveness and an interest to the possession of this benefice which it would not otherwise have enjoyed.

Another inference which, I think, may fairly be made from the grant to which I am now calling attention, is this, that in all probability there existed, even in twelfth-century Dollar, a degree of spiritual and intellectual culture which rendered the particular oversight of such a community an object of desire on the part of the spiritual teachers of that age.

It is true that neither recorded history nor manuscript charters, so far as known to me, nor even local tradition, tell us anything of the influence that must have been exerted on our little local community by its early and frequent association with our Scottish sovereigns from Dunfermline in their lighter and more social hours. But for my part I cannot doubt that these sovereigns and their courts must have exerted a stimulating influence on the mental character of the people who came into contact with them. And so in addition to the prosperity diffused throughout the community by the regular expenditure necessitated by the maintenance in the royal Castle of Gloom of a sufficient staff of retainers and servants, it seems to me that the not infrequent visits of the king and his court to our neighbourhood in quest of sport, and for other reasons, must also have had an appreciable effect in improving the manners and raising the ideals of the people of the district.

As an illustration of the refining influences which, at the very outset of this period, under Queen Margaret, the saintly and cultivated wife of Canmore, began to take effect on the upper ranks of Scottish society, and which, doubtless from them, proceeded to spread to the lower as well, the following anecdote from a contemporary life of St Margaret is, I think, singularly suggestive.

It seems that the Scottish nobles of that age had an irreverent habit of rudely rising from the table before the court chaplain, the celebrated ecclesiastic afterwards Bishop Turgot, was able to pronounce the customary grace after meat. But Queen Margaret effectually cured them of this bad habit. For she rewarded such chiefs among them as waited till thanks had been returned with a cup of choice wine. The graceless peers took the hint, and became eager to gain each his grace cup, and this innovation spread till it became an established usage of the land. Probably, therefore, life in Dollar in these early mediæval days approximated as closely to life in ancient classical Arcadia as it has ever done anywhere.

“Arcady? Yes! Arcady! Ours the sacred name!  
 What if this grey river chine hath not Ludon’s fame?  
 In the chill vext morning, here goats and goatherds come.  
 In the still bright evenings, hence wend our cattle home.  
 Think ye that our threshing floors are of song forlorn?  
 Hark that music where our clubs bruise the yellow corn,  
 Beating till the rough grain heaps spill their treasures brown.  
 List, a lilt of robber men come to drive the cow!  
 List, a lilt of one that’s loth, will not marry now!  
 Boorish though the burden be, it is like thine own,  
 Thou homely old Theocritus!”

That I am not exaggerating the extent to which folk-songs existed at this period in Scotland, and played a large part in the culture of the people, may be inferred from the number of bards and minstrels that then formed a constituent element in Scottish society. Few of these songs survive, though Andrew Wyntoun, the Scottish chronicler, who, as the resident Prior of St Serf's Monastery at Loch Leven, was doubtless familiar with the anthology of the Ochil district in his time, tells us that a song long current in Scotland was made by a patriot bard on the tragic death of Alexander III. at Kinghorn. For he says specifically on that head:—

“This sang was made of him for thi”  
 “Quhen Alysander, oure kyng, was dede,  
 That Scotland led in luive and le (*i.e.*, love and loyalty).  
 Awai wes sons of ale and brede (*i.e.*, abundance),  
 Off wyne and wax, off gamyn and gle;  
 Oure gold wes changyd into lede.  
 Christ, borne into vergynyte,  
 Do succour Scotland and remede  
 That stad is in perplexitie.”

While Fabyan, an English chronicler, relates that at a later date, when Edward II. was overthrown at Bannockburn, “the Scottis in derysyon” of the English made this rhyme:—

“Maydens of Englande, sore may ye morne  
 For your lemans (lovers) ye have lost at Bannockbourne.  
 With heue a'lowe  
 What? Weneth the King of England  
 So soone to have won Scotlande?  
 With Rumby lowe.”

In picturing to myself, therefore, the social life of the Dollar countryside in the thirteenth century, I love to regard it as characterised by a rude plenty, not altogether devoid of certain traces of culture and refinement. Certainly, ballads and songs were heard in the farm kitchens there during the long winter forenichts, and were lited out of doors in the mild summer gloamings, so that it might truthfully have been said of the cheerful aspect of rustic life in that halcyon time, before the storm of the English War burst on the land, what a later poet said of the same life at a later and similarly prosperous period of national life:—

“All at her work the cottage maiden sings,  
 Nor as she pulls the giddy wheel about,  
 Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.”

And that there were not wanting among the promising youth of our parish at that time some who heard and responded to the call to a higher than a merely secular life, may, I think, be inferred from a fact mentioned by me in an earlier chapter, viz., that among the names of the priests who were connected with Dunfermline Abbey in the year 1316, there is mention made of a “Matheus de Doler,” an appellation which, in those days before surnames had become common, clearly implies that its bearer was a native of this district.

Before passing from this period of our parish history, I may remark that it is rather surprising to me, considering how near Dollar is to the great battlefields of Stirling, Bannockburn, and Falkirk, upon which, during the



War of Independence, the fate of Scotland was again and again decided, that I have not seen any reference anywhere to Castle Gloom as having been attacked or defended by either party. There can be no doubt that its possession would be a matter of some importance alike to the English invaders and their patriot opponents. But in all my reading I have not yet met any account of its either having been taken or defended. Why this should have been the case I cannot even conjecture. Nor can I account for the fact that subsequent to the period when the Scottish kings ceased to occupy or use the Keep as a hunting resort, I find no reference in history to Castle Gloom as having come into the light of common observation. The only references I have got to Dollar in the thirteenth century are two quotations from charters granted to the Abbey of Dunfermline by the Kings Alexander II. and Alexander III., bestowing upon the monks there certain proprietary rights to land in Dollar. The first, granted in 1237, reads as follows :—

“Alexander dei gratia Rex Scott. Omnibus probis hominibus tocus tre sui saltm. sciant. p-sentez futri nos in excambiam eleomosinarum q<sup>s</sup> monachi de Dunfermt preipe consueunt in dms nris de Kingorn de Karel. tam in frumento farina aveni braseo p benda q<sup>m</sup> in denariis. Simili in excambiam oium rectitudinu q<sup>s</sup> pcipe. consueunt in coquinis nris Regine spouse nre, caritatis intuitu dedisse, concessisse hoc carta nro confirmasse deo ecclesie S<sup>t</sup> Trinitatis de Dunfinel monachis ibidem deo servantibus hn perpetuam sequituris : totam terram nram de Doler infeudo de clacman. Tenendam hn dam eisdem monachis in liberam perpetuam elemosinam pro easdem rectas divisas rectitudines : pro quas firmarii nostri eundem terram die hujus collacionis tenuerunt de nobis libere quieti plenarie honorifici faciendo forinsecum sequicntem : quod pertinent ad dictam terram de Dolar. Testibus Waltero Cumin Comiti de Menteith : Waltero Olifard Justiciar, Laudoniae Alano hostiar. Waltero Byset, Bernardo Fraser, Apud Striuelin xxvii<sup>o</sup> die decembri, Anno Regni Domini Regist. xx<sup>d</sup> iiii<sup>o</sup>.”

It is not easy to read this crabbed, ungrammatical monkish Latin, but it seems to amount to a grant of a portion of the King's Dollar estate to the monks of Dunfermline in exchange for certain land enjoyed by these monks in Kinghorn.

The second charter, granted in 1277 by Alexander III., is perhaps a little easier to understand, and reads as follows :—

“Alexander dei gratia Rex Scott. Omnibus probis hominibus tocus terre sue saltm. Sciant. quod concessimus Abbati Conventui di Dunf-ne. vt terram suam de Doler in perpetuum habeat in liberum forestam. Quare firmiter prohibemus ne quis sine eorum licencia secet aut venetur super rostram plenarium foriffacturam decem-libra 4. Test Walter, son of Alan, Seneschal and justiciar of Scotland. Walter Cumin, Count of Menteith. Walter Olifard Justiciar of Lothian at Scone, 20th Oct. Anno Regni domini Regist, xx<sup>o</sup> iiii<sup>o</sup>.”

I have transferred these charters from the volume containing a record of all the charters issued under the Great Seal of Scotland, and as they are the earliest instances I have met with of any documentary allusion to Dollar, they will, I feel sure, interest all my readers.

*(To be continued.)*

## A Second Reading of "Robinson Crusoe."

THE most popular English work of fiction during the last century and a half has been "Robinson Crusoe." This work possesses such a unique and wonderful charm, that people of the most opposite temperaments and races alike gloat over its fascinating pages. It represents the ideal of the true life in its very simplest form, such as even the poorest and most ignorant could understand and sympathise with; for no individual could be more destitute, no sphere more narrow; and yet such a life is to be glorified and made noble by its truth to all its duties. The story possesses elements of peculiar and profound interest; it appeals purely to man as man, apart from the various conditions of life; it deals with the actual needs of humanity, and not with the fancied necessities or artificial difficulties of a particular class. Yet "Robinson Crusoe" is sometimes pooh-poohed as a mere boy's-own book, just as though it did not contain a mine of rich and varied wisdom, philosophy, morality, and religion, from which even the best and most intellectual of men may draw stores of instruction, consolation, and entertainment. We wish to say a word on the subject, and as a preliminary, let us briefly inquire what are the leading characteristics of the work.

The grand distinctive feature of "Robinson Crusoe" is the originality of its conception and execution. What romancist ever worked out a more intensely interesting idea than that of a civilised man living for many years alone on an isle in a remote sea—utterly cut off from all intercourse with his fellow-men? Some writers have endeavoured to detract from the just merits of De Foe by asserting that he entirely founded his work on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk in Juan Fernandez, and one has gone so far as to assert that Selkirk handed his papers to De Foe to arrange them for publication, and that the great author had thus an opportunity of founding on them his "Robinson Crusoe." The simple fact is that Commodore Woodes Rogers, who picked Selkirk up at Juan Fernandez in 1709, published a narrative of his voyage some years before the publication of "Robinson Crusoe" (which originally appeared in 1719), and whoever has read his account of Selkirk—as given by that remarkable man himself on being taken off the island—will at once see that although the solitary sojourn of Selkirk probably did suggest to De Foe the bare idea of his grand fiction, it did hardly anything more.

The second great peculiarity of the book consists of the amazingly minute and natural incidents with which it abounds, and the inimitable air of truth which pervades these incidents, and the language in which they are narrated. The mere literary style is not very elegant, but the hearty homeliness of expression tells with more effect than would the most polished and ornate diction. Moreover, the consistency of the whole chain of incidents is exceedingly admirable. No link seems out of joint—nothing is distorted nor strained, not one reflection is ascribed to the adventurer, but precisely what we might presume would naturally arise in the mind of one so situated; for De Foe had a consummate knowledge of human nature, nor do we believe that any author ever displayed greater. This power has been exerted in so masterly a manner in "Crusoe" that thousands of readers have supposed it to be a narrative of actual facts, and every word



*R. K. Holmes*

THE UPPER BRIDGE, GLENDEVON



true. And in one sense it *is* true, and we are not sure that we should read it with one whit greater delight and instruction even if it were really all literal matter of fact.

Thirdly, it is written with a purpose—that is, not merely to amuse, but to convey, in an unobtrusive manner, sound and striking lessons of morality and religion. This design is plainly indicated from the first page to the last, and there is no book we would sooner place in the hands of a youth of restless and dissatisfied disposition than “Robinson Crusoe”! The very first chapter contains what he himself calls the “serious and excellent counsel” of his father, “a wise and good man”; and we think that literature might be ransacked without producing any piece of special counsel from a father to a son that contains more wisdom and sterling good sense in the same compass. Yet it did not prevail with the headstrong young man, and although secretly conscious of his own folly and wicked disobedience, he fled from his home, he says, “without asking God’s blessing or my father’s, without any consideration of circumstances or consequences, and in an evil hour, God knows.” The result was as it ever is in such cases; but although he then longed to return to his father’s house, he tells us that a false and irrational shame prevented him, and adds that he has often observed that young men “are not ashamed to sin, and yet are ashamed to repent; not ashamed of the action for which they ought justly to be esteemed fools, but are ashamed of the returning, which only can make them to be esteemed wise men.” Alas! how true is this.

When a dangerous illness befell him after he had been a while on the island, he saw a vision in his delirium, and this brought him to reflect on his past course of life. He remarks that up to that period, “in all the varieties of miseries that had befallen him, he had never once recognised the hand of God in them,” and when he alone was saved from the shipwreck, he was merely “*glad he was alive*, without the least reflection upon the distinguishing goodness of the hand which had preserved him.” He continues: “Now,” said I aloud, “my dear father’s words have come to pass; God’s justice has overtaken me, and I have none to help or hear me. I rejected the voice of Providence which has mercifully put me in a station of life wherein I might have been happy and easy; but I would neither see it myself nor learn to know the blessing of it from my parents. I then left them to mourn over my folly, and now I am left to mourn under the consequences of it.” Opening his Bible the first words he read were: “Call on Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver; and thou shalt glorify Me.” “That night,” he says, “I did what I never had done in all my life; I kneeled down and prayed to God to fulfil the promise to me.” By degrees he became sincerely penitent and pious, and all he now cared for was deliverance from the thralldom of sin. He added: “As for my solitary life, it was nothing; I did not so much as pray to be delivered from it, or think of it; it was all of no consideration in comparison of this; and I add this part here, to hint to whoever shall read it, that whenever they come to a true sense of things, they will find *deliverance from sin a much greater blessing than deliverance from affliction.*” The last sentence enunciates a solemn and profound truth, and we might quote scores and hundreds of short aphorisms in the book equally instructive, enlightening, and soul-elevating. De Foe was a great preacher!

How pregnant with wisdom are the following observations: “In a word

the nature and experience of things dictated to me, upon just reflection, that all the good things of this world are no farther good to us than as they are for our use ; and that whatever we may heap up to give to others *we enjoy only so much as we can use*, and no more. . . . I learned to look upon the bright side of my condition, and less upon the dark side, and to consider what I enjoyed rather than what I wanted, and this gave me sometimes such secret comforts that I cannot express them, and which I take notice of here to put those discontented people in mind of it *who cannot enjoy comfortably what God hath given them* because they see and covet something that He hath not given them ; all our discontents about what we want appeared to me to spring from the want of thankfulness for what we have. . . . These reflections made me very sensible of the goodness of Providence to me, and very thankful for my present condition, with all its hardships and misfortunes ; and this part also I cannot but recommend to the reflection of those who are apt, in their misery, to say, 'Is any affliction like mine?' Let them consider how much worse the cases of some people are, and what their case might have been if Providence had thought fit."

When alarmed by the mysterious footprint on the sea-shore, he exclaims : "How strange a chequer-work of Providence is the life of man, and by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about as differing circumstances present ! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate ; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun ; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear — nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of. . . . To have seen one of our own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow ; I say that I should now tremble at the very apprehensions of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot on the island. . . . Thus fear of danger is ten thousand times more terrifying than danger itself when apparent to the eyes, and we find the burden of anxiety greater by much than the evil which we are anxious about."

One more extract and we have done. In the intercourse between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the complete oneness and brotherhood of the human race is shown, notwithstanding differences caused by climate and want of earlier culture. "The conversation which employed the hours between Friday and me was such as made the three years which we lived together perfectly and completely happy. This savage was now a good Christian, a much better than I, though I have reason to hope and bless God for it, that we were equally penitent, and comforted, restored penitents. The same plain instruction sufficiently served to the enlightening this savage creature, and bringing him to be such a Christian as I have known few equal to him in my life. As to all the disputes, wrangling, strife, and contention which have happened in the world about religion, whether niceties in doctrine or schemes of Church government, they were all perfectly useless to us, and for aught I can yet see, they have been so to the rest of the world. We had the sure guide to Heaven, namely, the Word of God, the spirit of God teaching and instructing us by His Word, leading us into all truth, and making us both willing and obedient to the instruction of His Word."

The entire book overflows with invaluable lessons, and almost every page contains a bit of sterling practical wisdom. To appreciate it thoroughly,

it must, like all truly great books, be read "with some of the pains with which it was written," and well, indeed, will it then repay the reader.

Sixty years ago we first read this world-renowned book, enjoying to the full its stirring incidents so realistically depicted, and now a second perusal has given us equal pleasure, as we have reflected on the prodigious stores of keen observation on human life contained in it.

## Old Gravel Lane Chapel.

*(Continued.)*

MRS NEWTON, mother of John Newton, the author of "Cardiphonia," "Olney Hymns," &c., was a member of Dr Jennings' church, and John Newton was baptized in the "table pews."

At the death of Dr Watts a strong desire was expressed that Dr Jennings should preach the funeral sermon. This he did, and the sermon, which was an eloquent tribute to his friend, was printed and circulated far and near, stored up, we may be sure, by many an admirer of the great hymnologist.

I linger a little over my references to Dr Jennings, as indeed he stood out among his fellows as a man of great gifts and rare piety. Dr Doddridge spoke of him and his work thus: "Methodical and serious, all that he hath written should be carefully read, especially his sermons to young people." His sermons on the whole were in accordance with the "Westminster Confession of Faith," but he was a zealous asserter of the right of private judgment. "I disallow," said he, "the right of popes, councils, or of any men in the world to make one article of a creed for me. Jesus Christ is my only law of faith and conscience."

After years of devoted service he felt that his health was failing, and he had to consider the necessity of curtailing his labours. He was, however, anxious to see the church settled with a pastor, though, from affection and not from any lucrative motives, he was desirous of retaining his relationship with his people as a co-pastor with the minister whom they might choose. Death, however, prevented this wish being carried out.

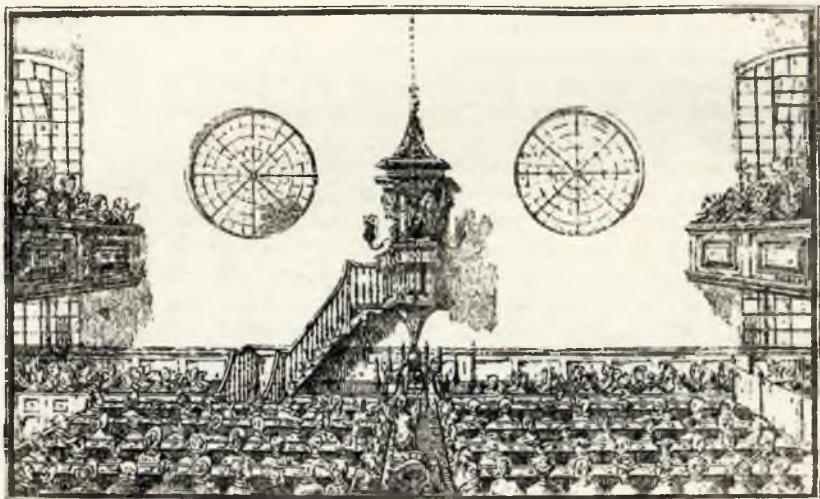
A mural tablet records that "he fell asleep in Jesus, Sept. 16, 1762, in the 72nd year of his age, receiving the reward of a celestial crown, and leaving to his family, his pupils, and his flock a deep sense of their loss and a grateful remembrance of his many virtues." During his ministry the lease of the old building expired, and the church determined on the erection of a new and more commodious one. This is the building which is still standing, and it is shown in the accompanying sketch. I have given some particulars in an earlier paragraph. It was within these walls that Captain M'Nabb used to worship, and under the chapel his remains lie buried.

Following Dr Jennings came Dr Gordon, who ministered to the church for a period of seven years, and then the pastoral charge was taken over by the Rev. Noah Hill who was a student under Dr Doddridge, whom he assisted for a short time in his theological academy at Northampton. It was during the ministry of this eminent pastor that Captain M'Nabb attended the church.



Mr Hill was chosen after the church had been without a settled pastor for about a year and a half. He had acted as assistant tutor for ten years under Dr Caleb Ashworth at the academy at Daventry in Northamptonshire, and, indeed, had spent much of his time in training others for the ministry. At length he himself decided on taking up the pastoral office, and upon this becoming known he received "calls" from many parts of the country. After serious deliberation he chose to accept the invitation from Wapping.

It will be surmised from the preceding notes that the Old Gravel Lane church was one of the most important in connection with the Protestant Dissenters—and indeed this was so. Families of wealth and influence, and eminent piety withal, were numerous among the regular worshippers. Those who came under the ministry of the godly men who discoursed here on holy things must indeed have been quite outside even the wide boundary allowed by Rowland Hill, if they were not influenced by them for good. Surely if any "came to scoff" they "remained to pray."



When I gaze on the old vestry chair now—worm-eaten and frail as it is, but eloquent—I picture to myself, seated therein, the saintly Doddridge, about to do duty for his reverend brother, and choosing his own immortal hymn for the opening act of devotion—

"O God of Bethel! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led."

Or I see another eminent divine sitting in the same hallowed chair, in the quaint vestry, looking through the well-worn hymn book for a song appropriate to the subject of his discourse, "Faith," and alighting on Newton's well-known lines—

"Begone, unbelief!  
My Saviour is near,  
And for my relief  
Will surely appear."

And when it is sung both the minister and the choir in the "table pews" are inspired by the knowledge that the words were penned by the eminent and godly John Newton, who, years before, was baptized in that "table pew."

Hallowed chair, thou hast served thy day, and the memories that cluster round thee are indeed blessed.

It would be easy also to let imagination have license in picturing the opening services of the meeting house, with Dr Watts as the preacher, and the building full to overflowing with sturdy dissenters from all parts—Stepney, Hackney, Richmond Fetter Lane, Old Broad Street, and many another Nonconformist stronghold. Can we not see the reverend man as he eloquently discourses on the "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," and the "Land of pure delight where saints immortal reign"?

The accompanying sketch drawn by my brother, Sir John Benn, in his early days, will give an idea of the scene. The handsome "toddy glass" pulpit with its imposing staircase and sounding board, the chandelier in the "table pew" and the sextoness about to snuff the candles; the eager listener in the left-hand gallery with his ear trumpet; the well-filled



pews, the preacher in his wig and gown and bands, all go to make up an interesting scene. Such was the interior in the days of John M'Nabb, and of Noah Hill, his minister. My brother's other sketches of the chained Bibles, the communion table and cup, and the vestry chair form a fit accompaniment. Bibles were scarce in those days, and people were eager to read them.

For many years the scholars of the first Protestant Dissenters Charity School attended the services at the meeting house, the girls in their neat clean costumes being ranged on each side of the chapel walk at the close of the services, to make their obeisance to the benefactors who attended. Maybe the sight of these young people in the gallery of the chapel from Sabbath to Sabbath set the captain wondering as to what he might do for the youngsters of his Scottish birthplace far away.

Shall we presume that some eloquent discourse by the reverend minister, on the duty and pleasure of giving, settled the question once and for all, and led to the inclusion of some important clauses in the famous will?

It will be noticed that the various ministers of the church held their pastorates here for long periods, and Mr Hill was no exception to the rule. He presided over the church for more than forty years, and his record is

one long story of devoted service. He died in the year 1815 (ninety-nine years ago). He was a man of noble qualities, had seen much of men and things, and had treasured up a great store of useful knowledge pertaining to this life, and that which is to come. He was ever ready to give instruction, and impart advice to those who needed it. He had a keen sense of honour and an aversion to everything mean. Such was Captain M'Nabb's minister, a man beloved by all.

The next pastor was the Rev. John Hooper, M.A., who held the position for about ten years. He died in 1825. Several good men followed. My honoured father, the Rev. Julius Benn, was minister for nearly twenty years, a worthy successor to the sainted men who had gone before, and it was the pleasure and privilege of the members of his family to assist him in keeping unfurled the Banner of the Cross above the sacred walls.

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### Notes from Near and Far.

JOHN MARSTON, the dramatist and satirist, under the name of William Kinsayder, dedicated his "Pygmalion's Image" (1598), to the "World's Mightie Monarch, Good Opinion." To this same power, ripened and perfected as "public opinion," we venture to present our thirteenth volume, in the hope of approval. The aim of our labour has been to keep former and present pupils and residents in touch with one another, and to keep alive their interest in, and attachment to, Dollar and its beautiful surroundings.

During the past year the interest in our work has been well sustained; and now that the year draws to a close, the volume has risen like some goodly edifice before us, and all that remains for us to do is to construct the porch-like preface.

The year over which this portion of our labours has extended will not be deemed an unimportant one by the future historian of the twentieth century. After a period of peace, during which society has made unexampled advances in real civilisation and mental and moral elevation, we have in the present year been called to witness the fearful outbreak of another great European war. Although this event is, in itself, to be deeply deplored, there is in the circumstances under which it has been brought about much that we may regard as marking progress, and pointing still onward. We, as a nation, did not recklessly plunge into this war; nor did we embark upon it until unusual efforts had been made to obtain our object by other means, and that object, be it remembered, was not national aggrandisement nor mere military glory, but the protection of a weak and insulted people from the bold encroachments of German despotism. Satisfied that the cause is good, one on which the blessing of God may be invoked, we earnestly hope and trust that the outcome of the hostilities, which have assumed the dimensions of a death struggle between freedom and barbarism,



will be some advance towards that coming time when might shall be allied to right, when reason shall guide, and moral power govern mankind.

Many who will glance at these prefatory remarks are already familiar with much that makes up the substance of this annual tome. To such, no words of commendation are needed to secure for it a favourable reception. In fact, such a reception they have given it in its quarterly parts ; for many we know have perused with interest the various articles, and have now the consciousness that the perusal—

“ Has left  
Deposited upon the silent shore  
Of memory, images and precious thoughts  
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.”

To subscribers and contributors alike, the memory of our hearts keeps record of our thankfulness. The latter in particular, for their friendly co-operation in our purpose, and their help in our pleasant task, we, in the name of our readers, heartily thank and congratulate on the variousness, the vigour, and the value they have added to this volume. To the results of the past we look with the fondness which a loved labour claims ; to those of the future with the earnestness of hope—a hope that the efforts made hereafter may excel in usefulness and value those to which we now affix an *Imprimatur*.

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THE WAR.—In our last number we gave an account of the whole-hearted activity that is being displayed in Dollar for the purpose of aiding in various ways those who are suffering from this disastrous war. Nor is there now any slacking of our philanthropic exertions—

“ To-day in generous mood we strive  
To keep our honour bright ;  
And they who ‘ tarry by the stuff’  
Are keen as they who fight.”

The Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund, as we pointed out in our last number, was heartily supported, the Dollar subscription list showing the very creditable total of £154.

The “ Belgian Flag Day,” too—24th October—with its band of youthful collectors, and its gaily-decorated motor cars, was marked by much excitement, and perhaps some little rivalry between “ Town ” and “ Gown ” as to which would be able to send the larger sum to the suffering families of our brave Allies. The “ Gown ” gained the day by a narrow margin. The Provost and Procurator-Fiscal Haig were in charge at the Council Chambers, and, after summing up the contents of the collectors' boxes, they were able to announce that the gratifying sum of £77 had been received.

One call more on the generosity of the burgh was made on the 21st November by the members of the Red Cross Society. Arrayed in the attractive uniform of the nurse, the ladies went very quietly about their money gathering, and, aided by the drawings at a Cake and Candy Sale in the evening, realised the handsome total of £95.

**WOMEN'S WORK PARTY.**—So much for the marked success of the collectors of pounds, shillings, and pence. But our efforts towards mitigating the dreadful effects of the war, the incomputable amount of woe which it entails on those who share its dangers, do not end here. The Women's Work Party has won golden opinions for its enthusiastic practical service. Every member has been whole-hearted in her efforts to furnish comforts for the brave men who are fighting our battles; and it is gratifying to know that, both for the number and the quality of the articles forwarded, the workers receive unstinted praise. The Countess of Mar and Kellie, in a note to Mrs Dougall, Secretary, says :—

"I beg to acknowledge with most grateful thanks the splendid consignment of garments received yesterday from the Dollar Work Party. Please convey to them my best thanks as President of the Local Red Cross Branch, and tell your workers the garments are beautifully made and that they will be most deeply appreciated by their recipients."

In a subsequent letter, 23rd October, her ladyship adds :—

"I should like once more to tell you of the *excellence* of the work done by your Work Party in Dollar. It all seemed so beautifully and methodically organised."

Again, on 28th October, 18th November, and 24th November, we have similar encouraging comments :—

"I beg to acknowledge with most grateful thanks the parcels received yesterday, containing 75 garments, all, as usual, beautifully made."

"Will you tell your Work Party that the bed tables sent by Dollar were especially welcome at the Red Cross Headquarters, and all the clothes sent in were said to be *most* useful and most acceptable."

"I am writing by the same post to Miss Smith, Secretary, Y.W.C.A., thanking them for their splendid consignment of 111 garments for the widows and families of soldiers and sailors."

Her Majesty's lady-in-waiting writes :—

"I am commanded by the Queen to thank you for your *very* kind gift of socks and belts, for which I enclose a formal receipt.—Yours very truly,

"ISOBEL GATHORNE HARDY."

"Pairs of socks, 72; woollen belts, 34."

Lieutenant-Commander Legge of H.M.S. "Forester" says :—

"On behalf of the ship's company of H.M.S. "Forester," I write to thank you very much indeed for the kind gift of socks and mittens, which is very much appreciated, sent by the Dollar Work Party."

From Captain W. Leckie Ewing we have :—

"In the name of the Colonel and men of the 4th Highland Light Infantry, will you please thank the members of the Dollar Work Party for the parcel of comforts for the men? I can assure you they will be much appreciated, and it was most kind of you to send them."

Captain Elphinstone, commanding 3rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, writes :—

"On behalf of the men of the battalion I thank you very much for the gift, which is much appreciated. I will see that Sergeant Aitken and Privates M'Intyre and Mitchell all benefit by your kindness."

Private John Robertson, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who is wounded and in the Military Hospital, Shorncliffe, says :—

"I am this day in receipt of parcel, and I am afraid I can only feebly express my thanks to the Dollar Work Party for the splendid and *very* useful gifts contained therein. I am sure I will soon get convalescent, now that I have such a good wardrobe to wear . . . splendid specimens of the handiwork of the Ladies' Work Party."

From Panmure Barracks, Montrose, comes :—

"Mrs Burke wishes to thank all members of the Dollar Work Party for their kind contributions to the fund for the R.F.C. All the articles sent are most acceptable."

Mr J. Navaux, Secretary of the Belgian Relief Fund, acknowledging the fifth consignment, writes :—

"Please convey my thanks to the members of your Work Party for their kindness in helping to relieve my compatriots in their sufferings."

Lieutenant-Colonel James Craig, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, writes :—

"I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of the parcel of clothing dispatched by you for distribution among the members of this battalion from Tillicoultry, and would ask you to convey to the Dollar Work Party my thanks for this kindness to these men, which is very much appreciated."

The Hon. Secretary of the Canadian War Contingent Association writes :—

"I am directed by the Ladies' Committee of the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital to thank you most gratefully for your kind donation of handkerchiefs, mufflers and socks."

From the Navy League and Chief Ordnance Offices come formal receipts.

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For the foregoing extracts which, we believe, will be interesting to some of our readers, we are indebted to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs Dougall, who also favours us with the following more detailed report of the doings of the Work Party :—

"The Dollar Women's Work Party in connection with the Dollar Temporary Convalescent Home Committee has been doing good work since the middle of August. The Governors of Dollar Academy kindly granted the use of the Academy Sewing Rooms, and the workers meet there on Monday and Thursday, the premises being admirably suited for work of this kind. The funds for material (£83 up to date, 16th November) have been contributed by friends in Dollar, and many gifts of material have also been received. The response in money, in kind, and in willing service has been most gratifying. The work is being carried on admirably; the various sub-committees and their helpers deserve all praise for their business-like methods. The Committee make a note of garments required, the Work Committee get these orders executed with all possible dispatch. Many ladies come to sew at the meetings, others prefer to work at home, but the



sum total of garments dispatched shows the amount of work being done. All material given out is checked, and a record of garments received and of garments dispatched is kept. All work is voluntary, and two members generously defray the cost of packing and transit. On Monday afternoons the Distributing Committee is hard at work allocating garments, parcelling and dispatching the same to various depôts. They are endeavouring to keep in touch with Dollar men at the front in the Army or Navy, with the Territorial battalions on home defence, and with the dependants of combatants. The number of garments dispatched up to 16th November is 2,864. Of these 1,026 have been sent to Lady Mar and Kellie for distribution, and include 39 bed jackets, 33 sets pyjamas, 101 shirts, 29 nightingales, 29 night shirts, 6 dressing-gowns, 12 bracknell shirts, 12 hospital semmits, 168 mufflers, 85 helmets, 58 pairs mittens, 18 pillow-cases, splints, blankets, &c. The remainder, consisting chiefly of woollen garments and comforts for sailors and soldiers, have been sent direct to the following: 7th A. and S. Highlanders, per Captain Philip; 7th Reserve A. and S. Highlanders, per Captain Black, Alloa; 3rd Reserve A. and S. Highlanders, Woolwich; Tillicoultry men at Bedford; Mine Sweepers, Navy League, Devonshire House; Lady French; Flying Corps, per Mrs Burke, Montrose; Chief Ordnance Officer, Stirling, for Coast Defence men; Canadians; 2nd H.L.I., per Captain Leckie Ewing, Plymouth; Mr M'Neil, Rosyth, H.M.S. "Forester," H.M.S. "Faulkner"; Dollar men, Belgians, and Red Cross Society. In addition to the above, there is ready for distribution a parcel of 222 garments from the Dollar Y.W.C.A. The Dollar Parish Church Women's Guild has sent as a first instalment 80 knitted garments. The excellence of the work is testified by the letters of appreciation received from the recipients. It is intended to carry on the bi-weekly meetings of the Work Party throughout the winter, and workers and gifts will always be welcome. The Committee desire to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have so generously contributed. They will be most grateful for further contributions, as the appeals they receive for help are numerous."

How vast and invaluable has woman's work in war time become! When one sees and rejoices in seeing all this beneficent eagerness to bring comfort to our sailors and soldiers, and compares their condition with that of their forerunners in the Crimean War, who suffered from dearth of food, of clothes, of fire, of medicine, one is thankful to God that we are now more alive to our duty to our brave defenders. We remember that when the thought was expressed that nurses ought to be sent out to the Crimea, there was a fear lest a noble impulse should fail for want of a head, a hand, and a heart to direct it. Then it was that Florence Nightingale, with her heart full of sympathy, and her brain active with a hundred plans of improvement, said, "I will go! If a woman may be allowed to smooth the soldier's pillow, and moisten his parched lips, and bathe his scorched brow, I will be that woman." She saw her duty, and she went. And so it ever happens that amid all that is darkest and saddest in life, the Divine Spirit of goodness, which is indestructible, flashes out upon us, bidding us hope for humanity yet, and again and ever.

Miss Nightingale did not escape the fever. In the month of May 1855 she was attacked, and the malignant disease brought her very near to death. It was then that Lord Raglan—than whom a kinder-hearted soldier never lived—visited her sick bed, as she lay sheltered by the pine

hut called a hospital. Mr Bracebridge, who was there with her, and whose name well deserves to be coupled with hers, wrote the following lines to commemorate Lord Raglan's visit :—

“ Who is it in plain garb who asks to see  
Her whom he honours, fevered though she be ?  
Denied all entrance by the kindly nurse,  
‘ It may not be ’—‘ e’en for himself ’twere worse.’  
Whose is the armless sleeve ? Whose gallant hand extends  
To the ‘ first sister ’ ? There a father stands ;  
He begged for entrance who a host commands.  
Not Israel’s judge, nor Sparta’s hero king,  
Whom priests record, and classic poets sing,  
Breathed o’er the self-devoted such a prayer  
As rose to heaven from that brave chieftain there.  
’Twas heard, and Florence lives.”

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**TOWN COUNCIL.**—The Town Council and the ratepayers of Dollar are alike to be congratulated on the fact that, at this critical time in the affairs of the nation, the November election passed off without the excitement and expense of any contest. The retiring Councillors who sought re-election were returned unopposed, which indicates that the inhabitants of the burgh are well satisfied with the manner in which its affairs have been administered.

At the first statutory meeting the Provost was particularly happy in her opening remarks, giving a cordial welcome to her colleagues, and predicting a term of useful, pleasant work. We quote her own words :—

“ Gentlemen, I have a pleasant duty to perform to-night. I am sure we are all willing to accord a kind welcome to our new Councillor. Mr Annand is known to all of us. His kind and genial qualities certainly are known to us, and I think I may safely say regarding him that he will take a keen, earnest, and intelligent interest in the affairs of the burgh. I now in your name and in my own give Mr Annand a hearty welcome. I hope that he will have health to carry out his duties as a member of this Council.” Councillor Annand in reply said : “ Thank you very much, Provost and gentlemen, for your kind greetings. I shall do my little best to help in the management of the affairs of the burgh. I am afraid that to begin with I won’t know much about them, but I will be honest at all events in what I do know.”

The Provost, continuing, said : “ With regard to you gentlemen who have returned to the board, I know that some of you have come back at inconvenience to yourselves ; but in the greatly disturbed state of the country at present, you have done a very great kindness in doing so, and I tender you my warmest thanks, and, indeed, the thanks of the whole board. We had a very pleasant term of office last year, and I am sure the one we have entered on will be no less pleasant. One word more, and that is, we are all delighted to see Bailie Brown back among us in restored health.”

We are glad that Mr Annand has seen his way to enter the Council, and we hope that his example may be followed by other masters of the Institution. Much of the prosperity of the burgh is bound up with the success of their work, hence it behoves them to take a more active part in the public life of the community than they now do. Arnold of Rugby said that “ whatever

interest he felt in public questions and affairs reacted on his interest in the school, and invested it in his eyes with a new importance."

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CENTRAL ASIA.—The opening lecture of the winter session of the Dollar Field Naturalists' Club was delivered on Friday evening, 6th November, by the patroness, Miss Christie of Cowden, F.R.G.S., whose subject was "With our Russian Allies in Central Asia." Dr Strachan occupied the chair. Miss Christie described her visit to Merv, towards the frontier of Persia, formerly a capital but now completely fallen, Bokhara, surrounded by a wall of earth, about 20 feet high, pierced by twelve gates. This city is styled the "Treasury of Sciences," and contains upwards of one hundred large colleges besides small schools. The mosques are equally numerous. Immense commerce is carried on by merchants from surrounding states. Of Samarcand, once famous but now insignificant, the lecturer gave an interesting description with special reference to its three colleges noted for their architectural symmetry and beauty. The tomb of the Conqueror Tamerlane is here, an octagonal building paved with white marble. Miss Christie's descriptive account was made more vivid by a large number of beautiful lantern views from photographs taken by herself, and the lecture was eagerly listened to by a very large appreciative audience. The proceeds, amounting to £18, have been given to the Belgian Fund.

\* \* \* \* \*

DOLLAR has been amongst the first places in Scotland to offer a temporary home to some of our unfortunate Belgian Allies. Monsieur Edouard de Jongh, an engineer from Brussels, with his wife, his little son, and his mother-in-law, Madame Marcq, from Wellin near Rochefort, arrived about six weeks ago. They had to leave their respective homes at the beginning of August, and spent two months at Blankenberghe, but on the fall of Antwerp they had to seek another and safer refuge. They chose England in preference to Holland, and after spending a fortnight in London, they made the acquaintance of their present hosts and came to Dollar.

\* \* \* \* \*

DOLLAR ASSOCIATION.—The first meeting of the Dollar Association took the form of a Ballad Concert, and was held on 12th November in the Athenæum Hall before a large audience. Mr Allsopp, who arranged the concert, was supported entirely by local talent. Miss Webster sang two solos, "Land of Hope and Glory" (Elgar) and "Angus Macdonald," with fine tone and expression. Mr Thom, who possesses a rich baritone voice, appeared to advantage in "The Deathless Army" and "The Bandalero." As encore he gave "Boys of the Old Brigade." Miss Armitage gave "The Mill Wheel" with great dramatic intensity, and was very successful with her second number, "How They Brought the Good News to Ghent." Mr J. Calvert-Wilson was in fine voice, his numbers, "Thora" and "Down the Vale," being very acceptable. Mrs Dalziel gave a brilliant rendering of a Chopin Polonaise, and a dainty piece, "Pirrette," by Chaminade. Miss D. Cuthbert Brown's 'cello solos were much appreciated, and were delightfully rendered. She played "Allegro Appassionata" (Saint-Saëns) and an "Elégie" by Massenet. Mr Allsopp played two violin solos, "Prelude to the Deluge" (Saint-Saëns) and "Canzonetta D'Ambrosio." Miss D. Robertson, Mrs Dalziel, and Mr



Allsopp played the accompaniments. All the pieces on this programme were written by composers of the French, Russian, or British schools. Ex-Provost Green was in the chair, and the Rev. Mr Armstrong moved a hearty vote of thanks to all taking part. It may be mentioned that all the surplus funds of the Association are to be given to the Local Work Party. A Glee Choir has been formed under the baton of Mr Allsopp, and meets on Tuesday, at 8 P.M., in the Athenæum. It is open to members of Dollar Association free of charge.

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**IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.**—We are pleased to learn that Miss Greta MacGillivray, Tullibody (F.P.), who passed “first class” out of Atholl Crescent School of Domestic Science, Edinburgh, last Easter, received an appointment as Teacher of Domestic Science in Bonnybridge and Greenhill Schools under Falkirk (Landward) School Board, where she commenced duties at the beginning of this session.

We congratulate Miss MacGillivray on her appointment, and wish her every success in her profession.

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**LIFE IN THE TRENCHES—A DOLLAR SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCES.**—Private John Robertson, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was wounded on 9th November while advancing to a bayonet charge. He is now in hospital at Shorncliffe, and is progressing favourably. Writing from hospital, Private Robertson says he was hit on the left side, and it felt as if a train had knocked up against him. He lost all his kit.

Writing on Sunday, 1st November, Private Robertson says:—

“Have been having a rough time recently; our brigade has been in action since the 21st; there was heavy fighting to-day, and some of our companies lost pretty heavily. We set out early in the morning to occupy a village, which we did without opposition, but it proved to be a pretty hot corner we had got into. The enemy began shelling about 6 A.M., and kept it up the livelong day; there was a continuous bursting of shells the whole day, and along with the rattle of rifles and machine guns the din was terrific. We retired and took up a new position at night.

“Our company was told off to fill a gap between two regiments, and here we have been for nine days. We had to entrench ourselves during the night, as we were only 700 yards from the German lines. It is very nerve-racking work this; hardly any sleep, always on the alert against any attack that may be made. Sometimes there are false alarms, and there you are; as far as you can hear the rifles are rattling and the shells whistle through the air, and the enemy may never be out of trenches. The other night they did come out, however, and tried to get through our lines. The regiment on our right got them and forced them to hop back minus a goodly number left lying. I think we get on their nerves by our grim silence, for not a sound can you hear along our line—just a silent, alert line till the alarm sounds. It was a scene that would have made a grand picture, that night attack. Rifles were flashing, shells were bursting overhead, star shells were showing up the positions, and above all the noise was deafening. After it all, too, our casualties were two, and a night's sleep lost.

“The same goes on nightly, and when we are not in the trenches we are in the rear in support. Here we had turned ditches into little huts and burrowed in like rabbits to save us from shells. The Germans hold the

artillery, but their rifle fire is nothing deadly. At the present moment I am sitting in a trench, and there has been plenty of lead flying about. At first it is rather terrifying, but one gets accustomed to it, and also we know that our lives are in God's hands, and if it is His will for us to go, we know we shall be reunited to all our loved ones some day.

"It is very cold at nights, and we have just what we stand in—kilt, great-coat, and waterproof sheet—we have been in the Highland garb since leaving home. I don't think you would know me; have not had a wash for a fortnight, and am clay from head to foot; will manage to get a spell some time for a clean up. But one hears little or no grumbling, which shows the stuff that the 'Contemptible Little Army' is made of."

In a P.S. Private Robertson adds: "Have been relieved from the trenches, and John is himself again. Thanks for splendid parcel received; that will do me for a long time now; have plenty tobacco. Toorooloo."

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DEATH AT THE FRONT.—Very early in the war a message from the front brought the distressing news that Private William Laidlaw, of the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, had fallen in action at the battle of the Aisne. Much deep and heartfelt sympathy at once went forth to his wife, now widowed, and to his other relatives and friends.

Private Laidlaw served three years in the regular army and nine years as a reservist. He was active in the battles of Mons and Marne, and came out of them unhurt. The deceased, who was a postman, served in Dollar for several years, and displayed those sterling qualities of perseverance, diligence, kind-heartedness, and a thorough sense of duty that secured him the esteem of all who knew him. He also served in Killin, Arbroath, and Perth, and from the last-mentioned he was called to the front. His time of service expired on the 11th September, and his death took place on the 14th, three days later on. The fatal stroke fell about noon of that day, he died in the evening, and along with his colonel and seven comrades was placed in a soldier's grave; and they were left alone in their glory. No, not alone: for the hopes and tears and affections of many human hearts lie buried with them. We tender to the young widow our sincere sympathy on the death of her gallant husband.

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PRIVATE ROBERT SYME, of the Scots Guards, who was wounded in the head by a bit of shrapnel, is home at present. His brother, Private John Syme, of the Black Watch, who had also been wounded, is on duty again.

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THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND.—A most successful concert in aid of the Belgian Relief Fund was given in the Parish Church Hall by the Church Choir, under the leadership of Mr M'Gruther, on Thursday evening, 26th November. The Rev. R. S. Armstrong occupied the chair. The programme consisted of patriotic pieces, part songs, and solos, and every item was rendered in a manner worthy of the best traditions of the choir. Both in the subdued numbers of "How Sleep the Brave," and in the rousing notes of that old favourite, "The Comrades' Song of Hope," the choir gave evidence of undoubted musical ability, as well as of careful and enlightened training. Not unnaturally one of the most popular solos was "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," which Mr A. Ritchie sang excellently, and in the chorus of which the younger members of the audience joined



*A. Drysdale*

IN THE ACADEMY GROUNDS



enthusiastically. The National Anthems of the allied nations—Belgium, Russia, France, and Britain—were sung at the close of the performance, the audience standing respectfully while each was rendered, and of course joining heartily in our own National Anthem. The soloists were Miss Ferguson, Mr A. Ritchie, Mrs Stoddart, Mr Mitchell, Miss M'Gruther, Mr Beveridge, and Mr M'Gruther. Miss M'Gruther presided at the piano, and played the accompaniments with her usual taste and skill. Mr M'Arthur Moir, in a characteristically racy speech, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr M'Gruther and his choir, and aptly described the meeting as a recruiting one, the effect of which he was sure would be to send every eligible man in the audience to take his part in upholding the freedom of our country, which had been the subject of all the delightful songs to which they had listened. Financially the concert was a complete success, a sum of £20 being realised for the Belgian Relief Fund.

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GIFT TO THE LIBRARY.—William A. Craigie, LL.D., joint editor with Sir James Murray of the "New English Dictionary" now being issued by the Oxford University Press, having ascertained during a visit he paid to Dollar in September that Mr Dougall, the Head of the Dollar School, was desirous of having as complete a collection as possible in the library of all books published by former teachers or pupils connected with the School, has just presented to the library a copy of a very rare volume by Professor William Tenant, author of "Anster Fair." The volume is in splendid order, and is entitled "Papisty Stormed." It is a metrical account of the overthrow of popery in St Andrews in the sixteenth century, and is full of interest from a philological as well as historical point of view, as it is crammed with rare and archaic Scottish terms. The thanks of the community are due for his interesting present.

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THROUGH the kindness of Mr James Adamson we received the usual annual volume of the *Proceedings of the Institute of Marine Engineers*, which has been handed over to the Academy library, where there is now a considerable number of such volumes. They are of much interest and value to those going in for that most important line of business, and are calculated to encourage such among the pupils of the School. In the name of these and the community generally we return hearty thanks to Mr Adamson for his kindness, and the interest he continues to take in his Alma Mater.

## Marriages.

FROST—MURRAY.—At 2 Charlotte Place, Dollar, on 24th September, by the Rev. A Easton Spence, U.F. Church, Dollar, Thomas John Frost, Wexford, son of J. W. Frost, M.A., Glenbrook, Bandon, Ireland, to Elizabeth Agnes (F.P.), younger daughter of the late Dr R. N. W. Murray, Kinross.

HALL—SLATTER.—On 22nd September, at St Andrew's, Wells Street, London, W., George Hall, M.D. (F.P.), Wyndham Lodge, Milford, Surrey, to Bessie, youngest daughter of the late John Slatter of Adelaide, South Australia, and niece of the late Thomas Harvey Hill, M.R.C.S., Stanhope Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

## Obituary.

**EADIE.**—On the 20th September, at Barrow Hall, Derby, William Stewart Eadie (F.P.), aged 49 years, youngest son of the late James Eadie, of Barrow Hall, Derby, and Glenrinnies, Banffshire.

**FORRESTER.**—At a Nursing Home on the 20th November, Annie Roxburgh (F.P.), wife of the Rev. D. M. Forrester, Wellfield United Free Church, Springburn, Glasgow.

**GEORGE.**—At Crieff, suddenly, on 17th October, the Rev. James George (F.P.), Senior Minister, Park United Free Church, Dundee.

**HUNTER.**—On 29th September, in Melbourne Hospital, Charles Hope Douglas Hunter (F.P.), son of the late 1st Class Staff-Surgeon R. H. A. Hunter, H.M. Forces, 2nd Queen's Royals and 57th Regiment, formerly of Birrie Brae, Moffat, and Sobraon, Dollar.

**LYON.**—At Castle View, Dollar, on 9th October, Isabella Anderson, wife of Robert Lyon.

**M'INTOSH.**—At Boulogne, 22nd November, the result of wounds received in action, Alexander Henry M'Intosh (F.P.), of "The London Scottish," aged 21 years, eldest son of Thomas Wishart M'Intosh, London (of A. H. M'Intosh & Co. Ltd., furniture manufacturers, Kirkcaldy).

**M'LEISH.**—At Old Town, Dollar, on the 21st October, Sarah Donaldson, widow of the late James M'Leish, aged 76 years.

**ROBERTSON.**—At Castle Campbell Hotel, Dollar, on 14th November, David Robertson, late of Portland Arms Hotel, Troon, aged 57 years.

## School Notes.

OWING to the large number of F.P.'s at present serving with the colours, it was found necessary to put off the usual opening game of the football season. Although this was a disappointment to the fifteen, they nevertheless felt extremely proud that they filled the shoes of so many worthy former pupils, who had gone to show that what they had learned on the football field had made them to be feared in time of danger.

The play at the usual week-day sides was extremely keen, and foreshadowed a good year's play on the part of the teams.

The first match was played at home against Glasgow Academy. The Academy opened the game, and play remained at mid-field for some time. Quick and neat work by the home threes gave Watson the ball to register the first try. Watson played a vigorous tackling game, and kept several promising runs by the Glasgow threes from coming to anything serious.

The School soon settled down to scoring, and with Chuan playing a most skilful game, the tries mounted rapidly through Hope (twice), Muir, Hogben, and M'Laren.

Only for a short time at the beginning of the second half did the Glasgow side show any fight at all. Afterwards the home fifteen simply played all over their opponents—scoring through Muir, Shaw, Hogben, Watson and Hope.

The final score was—Dollar, 6 goals 5 tries (45 points); Glasgow Academy, 0.

Against Glenalmond the fifteen played one of the most inexplicable games we have yet seen. They had the game won easily at the close of the first half, but on resuming everything possible seemed to get out of joint. Mispassing—slipping—miskicking all brought about the loss of the game. The College XV. were by no means value for their win, and were fortunate in the award of a try after the ball had been declared dead.

The next game was against the officers and men of the 5th K.O.S.B. stationed at Tillicoultry. Their team consisted of several of the Langholm team, as well as members of other senior 1st XV.'s.

The School opened with a forward rush, and from the loose scrum Tuckwell scored.

Give and take play resulted in the School working into the Borderers' territory, and after a fine three-quarter run Watson passed to Macfarlane, who scored. Watson converted with a fine kick. From the kick-off R. Marshall (F.P.), getting the ball, made an excellent opening for Clark, who had no difficulty in adding another try to the School's score. Shortly afterwards Marshall scored, for Hope to bring out full points.

At the beginning of the second half the Borderers pressed for a time, but the School threes got possession and romped home for another score by Marshall.

The kick failed, but from the drop out Hope cleverly burst through the Borderers and scored between the posts. The Borderers now came into their stride, and hemmed the School into their 25 for a considerable time. From a five yards scrum Lieut. Turner scored, and Sergt. Beatie brought out full points with a splendid kick from far out towards the touch line.

After this the Borderers had most of the game, and Lieut. Penman registered another try for them, but the kick failed. The score was—Dollar, 3 goals 3 tries; Borderers, 1 goal 1 try.

Against Royal High School the Academy XV. had the game all their own way. Nothing of interest took place, and on the whole the game was the duller we have watched for many years. But for the heavy going and the slippery ball the High School would have been absolutely overwhelmed. As it was, they never had a look in, and the Academy finished with a score of 5 goals and 9 tries to *nil*.

The Watson's game was as keenly contested as the High School one was feebly contested. Both sides were all out to win, and feeling ran high, giving rise to small displays of temper on both sides. The College were very fortunate in their scores, and only the worst of luck prevented the School team scoring several times. The School threes played a fine game, and Macfarlane excelled at all times, and to him the winning of the game falls to a great extent. The School were full value for the win, and are to be congratulated on their fine combined play. The game ended with Dollar 1 goal and 1 try to Watson's 2 tries.

The second XV. have been playing exceptionally well also, and have



disposed of Glasgow Academy and Glenalmond and Morrison's Academy successfully. Against a very heavy combination of masters and boys at Dunblane, and also against 2nd Watson's, they had to retire defeated.

The 3rd had a surprising victory over 3rd Glasgow Academy, but were badly beaten by 3rd Watson's. Below is a table of the games played and the scores:—

## 1ST XV.

Date.	Team.	Ground.	Points.		
			For.	Against.	Result.
Oct. 3.	Glasgow Academy	Dollar	45	0	Win
" 10.	Glenalmond	Glenalmond	16	17	Loss
" 24.	K.O.S.B.	Dollar	24	8	Win
" 31.	Royal High School	Dollar	52	0	Win
Nov. 14.	George Watson's College	Dollar	8	6	Win

## 2ND XV.

Date.	Team.	Ground.	Points.		
			For.	Against.	Result.
Oct. 3.	Glasgow Academy	Glasgow	6	0	Win
" 10.	Glenalmond	Dollar	12	8	Win
" 17.	Morrison's Academy	Crieff	24	0	Win
Nov. 7.	Queen Victoria School	Dunblane	3	31	Loss
" 14.	George Watson's College	Edinburgh	3	28	Loss

## 3RD XV.

Date.	Team.	Ground.	Points.		
			For.	Against.	Result.
Oct. 3.	Glasgow Academy	Dollar	6	3	Win
Nov. 14.	George Watson's College	Dollar	0	25	Loss

We give the customary photograph of the three match-playing football teams, with the names and birthplaces of the members. In each team the forwards are standing and the backs sitting, except where otherwise noted on the margin.

The so-called "Foreigners" and the Scottish-born each, as usual, number about two-fifths of the whole—twenty out of forty-five in each case this year. The usual proportion is also maintained, in that India and the Straits Settlements account for about one-half of the former, the other half representing the ends of the earth, from the Argentine to Alaska, and from China to the Cape. Dollar's two form about the usual proportion of the Scottish-born.

Twenty-five survivors of last year's three-team group are still with us (nearly half as many survivors again as last year): and as seven wore the 1st

(SECOND XV.)

THE FIRST THREE FIFTEENS (WITH BIRTH-PLACES OF MEMBERS)

THE FIRST FIFTEEN ARE NAMED IN *Italics*

(THIRD XV.)



*Photo by P. D. Lauder*

*Back Row*—N. Wright (London); R. Gordon (Dorset); T. Bush (China); *D. Ferguson (Hebrides)*; *G. Murray (China)*; *G. Dewar (Shanghai)*; H. Dinwiddie (Nagpur); H. Borthwick (Peebles); W. M'Creery (Mauritius).

*Second Row*—R. Flett (Orkney); J. Neil (Glasgow); M. Sarel (British Columbia); I. Cruickshank (Dollar); G. Miller (India); *J. MacLaren (Stirlingshire)*; *J. Bennie (Spain)*; *I. Clark (Perth)*; *D. Gordon (Dorset)*; D. Miller (Dumbarton); W. Barr (Falkirk); K. Waterston (Glasgow); J. M'Clelland (Argentina); W. Morrison (Falkirk).

*Sitting*—E. Davidson (India); C. Dougall, Captain (Glasgow); P. Wong (Shanghai); *W. Hope (Calcutta)*; *J. Hogben (Edinburgh)*; *J. Watson, Captain (Lanarkshire)*; *J. Tuckwell, Forward (Argyllshire)*; *R. Macfarlane (New York)*; D. Ralston (Glasgow); H. Walker, Captain (Gorakhpur); H. Foston (India).

*On Ground*—I. Mackay (Ayr); I. Sarel (Alaska); A. M'Donnell (Bombay); *J. Shaw (Dollar)*; *L. Chuan (Penang)*; *J. Leach (Yorks.)*; W. Muckersie (Fife); R. Soga (S. Africa); A. Farmer (Yorks.); L. Teng (Straits Settlements).

*Absent*—J. Muir, Three-quarter (Glasgow), from 2nd XV.

XV. stripes in last year's photograph, while two or three others played more or less regularly for that XV., we have this year a more than usually good foundation for our premier team.

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

1ST XV.

	Age.		Height.		Weight.		Backs.		Forwards.	
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft.	In.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.
Average * -	16	7½	5	7½	9	10	9	5	10	0
Last year -	16	6	5	7¼	9	12	9	2	10	7
This year -	16	3½	5	7½	10	3	9	11½	10	9

\* Age = average of fifteen previous years. Height and weight = average of ten previous years.

2ND XV.

	Age.		Height.		Weight.		Backs.		Forwards.	
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft.	In.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.
Average * -	15	9	5	6	8	13	8	2½	9	4
Last year -	15	9	5	6½	9	0	8	8	9	5
This year -	16	7	5	6½	8	13	8	13	8	13

\* Average of seven previous years.

3RD XV.

	Age.		Height.		Weight.		Backs.		Forwards.	
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft.	In.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.
Average * -	15	4	5	3½	7	10½	7	3½	8	2½
Last year -	15	8½	5	3½	7	13	7	6½	8	5
This year -	15	7	5	4½	7	12½	7	7	8	3½

\* Average of four previous years.

The ages of the first team varied in September from 17 years 8 months to 15 years 0 months. Four members were about the latter age. Only three, Murray, Watson, and Ferguson, are 6 ft. or within an inch thereof: all the others except two are within 1½ in. of the average.

Ferguson, the heaviest, weighs 12 st. 2 lbs., whilst the two others just named, and D. Gordon, are round about 11 st. Five weigh about 10 st., five slightly under 10 st., while one is only 8½ st. The team as a whole seems to be the heaviest we have had in at least eleven years. The forwards are especially heavy, but the backs have been at least once exceeded.

For the first time the 2nd XV. is older than the 1st: this is owing chiefly to its oldest member, Wong, being youngest at the game; otherwise there is little difference in age between the members of the two teams.



### OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Since our last issue Mr Walton, senior subaltern of the Corps, has been transferred to the 5th Battalion Gordon Highlanders, with which are also Mr M'Culloch, classical master, and Mr W. Watson, F.P.

Dr Butchart, late Officer Commanding the contingent, has been gazetted Lieutenant of the Reserve Battalion of the 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Mr K. Allsopp, music master, will fill the vacancy caused by Mr Walton's transfer, and we look to him to keep up the traditions of the Corps, and feel sure that in him the Corps will have an excellent officer.

J. L. C. Watson and C. R. Dougall, both holders of the "A" certificate for proficiency, have been appointed Cadet Officers. Both young men have proved themselves thoroughly efficient and worthy of the honour given them. In the two field days engaged in during the term they have shown a grip of things military much beyond the usual for their years.

Corporals Muir and Chuan have been promoted Sergeants, both being extremely capable N.C.O.s, as shown by their skill in leading their sections during the field days alluded to above.

Drill is still being carried on twice a week, and all cadets have now got over the recruit's course, and have commenced shooting by sections in the Gymnasium. There have been two large field days during the term, and the work done and spirit displayed at them has been very gratifying. The cadets have shown an eagerness to develop initiative to a remarkable degree, and the O.C. informs us that such excellent work has not been seen in field days for many years. It is encouraging to learn that the Corps has given so many of its old members to the service of King and Country at the present time, and we feel assured that all of them will uphold the honour and fame of their old Corps and School.

The O.C. understands that Second Lieutenant Cameron, late Company Col.-Sergt., now of the 9th Royal Highlanders, has been praised by his C.O. for the excellent manner in which he has carried out his duties, and we congratulate our young townsman and former pupil on his well-merited success.

A list of ex-cadets now serving in H.M. forces is given elsewhere, and well merits the attention of all interested in the School and its welfare.

### FRIDAY'S ENGAGEMENT—NARRATIVE OF EVENTS.

The western force were in position by 3.20 P.M., and disposed thus. A line of scouts along ridge west of burn (*b*) overlooking road from Brooklyn and ground from there. Two and a half sections along dyke at quarry, and behind belt of trees north of dyke over high back road. The remainder in reserve further back.

At 3.30 advanced guard east force debouched from cover of Brooklyn, and marched along high back road for some distance. Whilst in column the west scouts opened fire upon it.

The advanced guard then extended to north and to south of high back road, and advanced very slowly, preceded by scouts. About five minutes afterwards the main body of east force appeared on high back road at Brooklyn, and came under the fire of scouts of west force on ridge. They remained thus for quite a long time, and then extended.

The south part of advanced guard advanced well under cover, and forced scouts of west force to retire on dyke, but north part of advanced guard failed to carry out their movements with the same rapidity, thus breaking down the advantage gained, and giving west force plenty of time to retire to ridge in field between burn (c) and (d), from which the belt of trees running north and south along dyke was completely covered by west force's fire.

At this stage the advanced guard wasted much valuable time before sending scouts over dyke to discover the whereabouts of enemy.

Later this was done, and "cease fire" was sounded in order to have the main plan of attack formulated by O.C. eastern force.

The time taken for this was much longer than would have been at disposal in actual fighting. "Continue" was then sounded, and the advance became general.

To the south of the high back road the retreat of the west force was carried out excellently, as also was the advance of east force with one exception. One section tried to go on in face of an overwhelming fire across a field without any cover.

This section, however, was reinforced, and was enabled to push on to ridge and gully (k).

The northern attack was carried out vigorously, and one division made a smart flanking movement, capturing part of the western force, about half a section.

There was a lack of communication between all parts of attack, which led to the south attack getting too far in advance, and exposing its flank.

The western force, however, made no attempt to take advantage of this.

At this stage a flank attack by one section of east force along a drain at the north side of high back road was completely foiled, and the whole section would have been lost.

The western force now retreated to its defensive position from low back road, along belt of trees (m n), and then along edge of small wood behind Dollar Bank farm.

The north attacking forces were able to enter this wood, but coming to a wall running north and south through it, and covered by enemy's fire, a condition of stalemate ensued. An attempt by attackers to flank defence round north end of this wall would have been impossible in actual fighting.

In southern part of area the attackers had reached wood belt at burn (e), but between them and defensive position was an open field affording no cover whatever, so that there also stalemate was the result.

The O.C. defence, at umpire's desire, made a counter attack, but this was carried out in far too extended order, and fared badly. Reserves sent to south part of attacking force never arrived.

"Cease fire" sounded at 5 P.M., with stalemate all along the line.

### HOCKEY.

The membership of the Hockey Club is much the same as last season, namely, about forty, which is quite creditable, since so many of last season's players have left School. There are a good number of young beginners, and these are always welcome if they keep up their hockey, so that they

can represent their School in one or other of the teams in a year or so. Five members of last year's 1st were available this season, but the services of one of these was dispensed with, so that only four girls with last year's dates are now in the team, the rest all being promoted from the 2nd XI. At the beginning of the season the practices were very poor, and it seemed as though the 1st XI. would be vastly inferior to last year's. However, a desire on the part of most of the girls to improve and to put into practice what they were told, combined with an enthusiastic and capable captain and vice-captain, have vastly improved matters.

The first match was played on 21st November, at Dollar, against the Dunfermline Physical Training College 2nd XI., which last year beat the School 1-0 at Dunfermline.

The girls did not expect to win this match—probably their hardest—but they went on to the field with a determination to put up a good fight, and this they certainly did, and to a good purpose, since the result was a win for the School, 4-3.

The game was fast and keen, and very even; where the School gained in superior combination in the forward line, the P.T.C. gained in harder hitting and superior stick work.

Some faults were noticeable in the School team, but if the girls will try to overcome these, and put into practice any hints given to them, then the 1st XI. should win every match this season.

A special word of congratulation is due to those members of last season's 2nd XI. who have now got their 1st badge, on the way they played against the P.T.C. All did extremely well. It is to be hoped that the members of this year's 2nd will work hard, so that they may not only win all their matches, but also be able to fill vacant places in next year's 1st team.

Every girl in the D.I.H.C. should remember that practice games *are important*; without them ~~not~~ a single match could be won. Anyone who slacks at a practice not only shows herself most unsporting, but is also a most undesirable and useless member of any club.

#### GIRLS' LIBRARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

This Society resumed its meetings on 9th October, when Miss Hutchison delivered the opening lecture to a large and appreciative audience. Her subject was, "A Holiday in the West Indies," illustrated by a series of beautiful lantern slides. These added interest and conveyed information, no doubt, but there are things that no photograph can portray, and these things—effect of air, and sky, and sea—Miss Hutchison brought home to us in word-pictures of rare subtlety and charm. The Hat Night on 23rd October produced a number of original subjects that led to some very lively discussion. On 6th November Miss Brereton, this year's President, gave her paper entitled "Gleams of Emerald," being a discussion of Irish character, marked by much common sense and real sympathy, and enlivened by flashes of real humour. On 20th November the Society addressed itself to the subject, "That Emigration on a large scale from the Country to the Colonies is beneficial to the Mother Country," and an animated debate took place. The membership this session is very good, but it may not be out of place in the School Magazine to point out to former members, now F.P.'s, that they are eligible as honorary members, and will receive copies of the syllabus on application to Miss Eddie, the Secretary.



## School Roll of Honour.

THE following list of the names of former pupils who are serving with the colours in any capacity is necessarily incomplete, and may be inaccurate in some details. Additions and corrections will be welcomed by the Headmaster.

### OFFICERS.

Name.	Left School.	Rank.	Unit.
ANDERSON, JOHN	...	Captain	I.M.S.
ARCHIBALD, R.	...	"	I.M.S.
BRUCE, JOHN	...	Lieutenant	4th Royal Scots.
BUTCHART, S. F.	Master	"	A. and S. Highlanders.
CAMERON, D. R.	1912	"	Temporary Commission, Regular Army.
CAMERON, J. H.	1914	"	9th Black Watch.
CAMPBELL, REV. J.	...	Chaplain	Expeditionary Force.
CARMENT, A. C.	...	Surgeon	Expeditionary Force.
CHRISTIE, W. MELVILLE	1909	Dresser	Expeditionary Force.
CLARK, J. F. C.	1911	Lieutenant	5th H.L.I. (City of Glasgow).
CORSAR, J. K.	...	"	Royal Navy.
COUTTS, M.	...	Captain	
CROSS, EVAN C.	1908	Lieutenant	King's Own Liverpools.
CROW, H. P.	1909	"	R.A.M.C.
DALZIEL, R. M.	...	Major	I.M.S.
EWING, W. LECKIE	...	Captain	2nd H.L.I.
FARISH, S.	1912	Lieutenant	9th K.O.S.B.
FERGUSON, JAMES	...	"	6th Batt. H.L.I.
FERGUSON, JOHN	...	Surgeon	H.M. Forces.
FINLAY, REV. W.	...	Chaplain	Expeditionary Force.
GIBSON, J. GRAY	...	Captain	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
HAIG, P. B.	...	Lieut.-Col.	I.M.S.
HARVEY, WILFRID	...	Captain	I.M.S.
INNES, JOHN H.	1910	Lieutenant	11th A. and S. Highlanders.
IZAT, ALAN	1902	"	Royal Engineers.
IZAT, WM. RENNIE	...	Captain	Royal Engineers.
KINGHORN, J. B.	...	Lieutenant	R.N.V.R.
LAMMIE, D.	1913	"	Gordon Highlanders.
M'CULLOCH, JOHN	Master	"	5th Gordon Highlanders.
M'DONALD, JOHN	1907	"	New Edinburgh Battalion.
MACFARLANE, A. J.	1904	"	7th H.L.I. (Blythswood).
MACFARLANE, R. S.	1902	"	H.L.I., 1st Glasgow Battalion.
M'INTOSH, R. RAE	1905	"	Cameron Highlanders.
M'KECHNIE, DUGALD	1910	"	7th Gordon Highlanders.
M'KINLAY, JOHN	1911	"	
M'LAREN, THOMAS J.	...	"	Forth R.G.A.
MACKENZIE, JAS.	...	District Supt.	Indian Police.
MACKENZIE, MALCOLM	...	"	Indian Police.
MERCER, MALCOLM	...	Lieutenant	4th K.O.S.B.
MORRISON, JAMES	1908	"	4th Gordon Highlanders.
MYERS, EDWARD	1913	"	West Riding Regiment.
PAULIN, CHARLES	...	"	Indian Police.
PENDER, IAN	1911	"	London Scottish.
REID, G. URE	1905	"	"Cyclops," R.N.V.R.

RUSSELL, ALEXANDER	-	...	...	I. M. S.
SAVI, GERALD B.	-	1908	...	Indian Police.
SAVI, VICTOR	-	1903	...	Indian Police.
SCOTT, A., JR.	-	...	Lieutenant	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
SCOTT, J.	-	...	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
SIBOLD, F. M.	-	1909	"	10th H. L. I.
SIMPSON, J.	-	...	"	Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
THOM, MAURICE	-	1904	"	British East Africa.
THOMSON, A.	-	...	"	A. and S. Highlanders.
WAINWRIGHT, PHILIP	-	1907	"	R. N. V. R.
WALTON, PERCY	-	Master	"	5th Gordon Highlanders.
WATSON, WM.	-	1902	Captain	5th Gordon Highlanders.
WHITTAKER, R.	-	Master	Lieutenant	4th Berkshires.
WILSON, GAVIN	-	1911	"	11th A. and S. Highlanders.
WOODMAN, GORDON S.	-	1908	"	6th East Surrey Regiment.

### NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.

Name.	Left School.	Rank.	Unit.
ALEXANDER, WM. S.	- 1904	Private	R. A. M. C., 9th London Regiment.
ANDERSON, DAVID	- 1912	"	9th Royal Scots.
ANDERSON, JAMES	- 1909	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
ANDERSON, ROBERT	- 1908	"	Lowland (C. of E.) Heavy Battery.
ANDERSON, DAVID	- ...	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
ANDREWS, J. B.	- 1908	"	4th Royal Scots.
BAILLIE, ROBERT	- 1909	"	Royal Scots Fusiliers.
BAIN, HUGH	- 1911	"	Scottish Rifles.
BAXTER, ALEX. C.	- 1906	"	Glasgow Com. Battalion.
BEVERIDGE, DAVID	- 1908	"	10th A. and S. Highlanders.
BONTHRONE, A. L.	- 1910	"	5th Royal Scots Cavalry Reserve.
BREINGAN, J.	- ...	"	A. and S. Highlanders.
BROWNLIE, J. R.	- 1913	"	Lochiel's Camerons.
BELL, J. A.	- ...	Sergeant	London Scottish (wounded).
BRUCE, ROBERT	- 1905	Senior	Lothians and Border Horse.
		Q.-M.-S.	
BRYCE, T.	- 1913	Private	Technical College Battalion.
BURR, ERIC	- 1912	"	London Elect. Eng.
CAIRNS, ROBERT	- ...	"	F. and F. Yeomanry.
CAMPBELL, JAMES	- 1912	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
CAMPBELL, PRYCE	- ...	"	Glasgow H. L. I.
CHAPMAN, CHARLES	- 1909	"	Royal Engineers.
CHRISTIAN, W. D. D.	- ...	"	Public Schools Corps.
CLINK, C.	- 1911	"	5th Gordons.
CLINK, JOHN D.	- 1909	"	5th Gordons.
COCHRAN, R. M.	- 1909	"	1st Lowland Brigade, R. F. A.
COLLYER, ARTHUR	- 1909	"	R. A. M. C.
COLLYER, J.	- ...	"	R. A. M. C.
CRAWFORD, ANDREW	- 1903	Corporal	H. L. I.
CRAWFORD, IAN	- 1913	Private	H. M. Navy.
CONDIE, WM.	- ...	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
COUTTIE, S.	- 1908	"	Army Service Corps.
COWLEY, VICTOR	- 1911	"	6th Royal Scots Fusiliers.
CURRIE, W. STEWART	- ...	"	Canadian Rifles (Moose Jaw Contg.).
CURRIE, D.	- 1905	Corporal	Royal Engineers.
ENGLAND, A. W.	- Janitor	Drum-Major	8th Black Watch.
EWING, WILLIAM	- 1913	Private	Household Cavalry.

FALCONER, WILLIAM	-	...	Private	9th Royal Scots.
FINLINSON, A.	-	1914	"	3rd H.L.I.
FOSTER, WILLIAM B.	-	...	"	Canadian Contingent.
FOX, JOHN B.	-	1911	"	Canadian Contingent.
FRASER, A.	-	1914	"	K.O.S.B.
GORDON, GILBERT	-	1911	"	Assam Valley Light Horse.
HAIR, HUGH	-	1910	"	R.N.V.R.
HENDERSON, R. L. J.	-	1912	"	5th Cameron Highlanders.
HEYWORTH, J. L.	-	1910	"	6th Liverpools.
HOLMES, W. K.	-	...	"	Yeomanry.
HOWDEN, JAMES	-	1902	"	Royal Engineers.
HUNTER, HUGH	-	...	"	Sir George M'Crae's Battalion.
HUNTER, JAMES	-	1912	Lance-Corpl.	Black Watch.
HUNTER, JAMES A.	-	1912	Private	Royal Highlanders.
HUTTON, GORDON	-	1911	"	9th Royal Scots.
HUTTON, IAN	-	1912	"	9th Royal Scots.
JACK, MATTHEW	-	1912	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
JOHNSTONE, EDWARD J.	-	...	"	Sir George M'Crae's Battalion.
KENNEDY, JOHN	-	...	"	Royal Scots Fusiliers.
KIERNANDER, CHARLES	-	1912	"	
KINLOCH, CHARLES	-	1912	"	Scottish Horse.
LAMBERTON, JOHN	-	1903	"	Lochiel's Camerons.
LAMBERTON, N. C.	-	1906	"	Lochiel's Camerons.
LAUDER, GEORGE	-	1902	"	Black Watch.
LAUDER, IAN	-	1913	Lance-Corpl.	H.L.I.
LAWRIE, JAMES R.	-	...	Colour-Sergt.	7th Seaforth Highlanders.
LEACH, ERNEST	-	1913	Private	Duke of Wellington's Own.
LEONARD, D. I.	-	1903	"	
LUCAS, LESLIE	-	1912	"	Seaforth Highlanders.
MACCOLL, D.	-	1912	"	
M'CLELLAND, ALEX. A.	-	1911	"	Royal Engineers.
M'CLELLAND, GEORGE S.	-	...	"	R.N.V.R.
MACDONALD, NORMAN	-	1911	"	Canadian Mounted Rifles.
MACDONALD, ROY	-	1912	"	Royal Artillery.
M'DOWALL, VICTOR	-	1907	"	A.S.C.
M'GILL, J.	-	...	"	A. and S. Highlanders.
M'INTYRE, W. B. R.	-	1913	"	A. and S. Highlanders.
M'LEISH, A. D.	-	1909	"	Dispatch Rider.
M'NAUGHT, ERIC	-	1912	"	British Columbian Horse.
M'NIVEN, JOHN	-	1913	"	Army Service Corps.
M'INTOSH, A. HENRY	-	1910	"	London Scottish (killed).
MARSHALL, WILLIAM	-	1912	"	Lochiel's Camerons.
MARLEY, R.	-	1909	"	Gordon Highlanders.
MATTHEWSON, R. W.	-	1911	"	A.S.C.
MAXWELL, JAMES	-	1909	"	5th Gordons.
MILLER, ALEX. D.	-	1912	"	Assam Valley Light Horse.
MILLER, JAMES	-	...	"	Cameron Highlanders.
MITCHELL, MURRAY	-	1911	Lance-Corpl.	A. and S. Highlanders.
MONK, VICTOR	-	...	Private	
MORRISON, JOHN	-	1912	"	
MORRISON, PERCY	-	1904	"	Indian Army.
MORTIMER, L.	-	...	"	H.L.I.
OLIVER, ROBERT	-	1911	"	A. and S. Highlanders.
OVENS, WILLIAM	-	1913	"	Loval's Scouts.
PAULIN, GEORGE	-	...	"	Lothians and Border Horse.
PENDER, R.	-	1908	"	Army Service Corps.
PHILIP, ROBERT	-	1913	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.



PURDON, RICHARD	1914	Private	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
PURVIS, WM.	1913	"	F. and F. Yeomanry.
RADFORD, EDWARD	1912	"	A. and S. Highlanders.
REID, ALAN	...	"	Royal Scots Greys.
ROBIESON, W. D.	1907	"	Lochiel's Camerons.
ROBERTSON, DAVID	1905	"	9th Royal Scots.
ROBERTSON, HENRY	...	"	9th Royal Scots.
ROBERTSON, JOHN	...	"	Yeomanry.
ROBERTSON, JOHN	1912	"	7th (Reserve) A. and S. Highlanders.
SAREL, CHARLES	1912	"	Canadian Force (Seaforths).
SAUNDERS, JOHN	1909	"	Naval Brigade.
SAUNDERS, PETER	1909	"	Scots Guards.
SCOTT, J.	...	"	(Wounded).
SCOTT, W. D. H.	1909	"	Lothians and Border Horse.
SIBBOLD, GERALD	1911	"	Rhodesian M. P.
SIME, JOHN	1906	"	Black Watch (wounded).
SIME, ROBERT	1907	"	Scots Guards (wounded).
SOUTER, JAMES	1913	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
STEELE, D.	...	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
STEELE, ROBERT	1909	"	9th Batt., Canadian Contingent.
STEELE, WALTER F. B.	1911	"	9th H.L.I.
STEWART, CHARLES	...	"	R.A.M.C., Canadian Contingent.
STUART, CHARLES M.	1910	"	
SUTHERLAND, FORBES	1905	"	Canadian Contingent.
TAIT, RALPH	...	"	Cavalry Regiment.
THOM, MAURICE	1903	"	East Africa Mounted Police.
THOMPSON, J. ERIC	1909	"	Scots Greys.
WALDIE, DAVID	...	"	Canadian Contingent.
WALKER, A. I.	1911	"	9th Royal Scots.
WEIR, J. G.	1903	"	Royal Flying Corps.
WESTWATER, G. P.	1912	"	4th Royal Scots.
WILLIAMSON, J.	1913	"	
WISEMAN, JACK	1913	"	A. and S. Highlanders.
WHYTE, ALEX.	...	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
WHYTE, ANDREW	1905	Lance-Corpl.	6th A. and S. Highlanders.
WHYTE, JAMES	...	Private	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
WHYTE, JAMES	...	"	Hon. Artillery Company (London).
WHYTE, ROBERT	1910	"	5th H.L.I.
WHYTE, WM.	...	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
YOUNGER, R.	...	"	10th A. and S. Highlanders.

## The Greater Dollar Directory.

### CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

CHAPMAN, Pioneer CHARLES BROOKES, No. 44,717, 17th Signal Co., 17th Division, Royal Engineers, Wareham, Dorset.

FINDLAY, Rev. J. L., c/o Col. Gifford, Oaklands, Chard, Somerset.

FOSTER, JOHN B., c/o Hudson Bay Co., Norway House, Manitoba, Canada.

TURNBULL, JOHN J., Junior Inspector of Mines in India, Dhanbaid, E.I.R., Manbhumi, India.