



J. M. Whitehead

Photo

MR J. T. MUNRO

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John Taylor Munro, J.P.

FEW personalities in Dollar are better known or more highly respected than that of John T. Munro, whose portrait we give in this number, and none, perhaps, have given longer or more willing service on its behalf. On the death of his father in 1871, he succeeded to the long established licensed grocery business so well known under the name, and by close and conscientious attention, along with invariable politeness and affability of manner, he has not only upheld but considerably increased that business. It is not, however, with his self-interest that we are here concerned, although it no doubt serves the public, and tends to promote the prosperity of the town. While that must with all be a first consideration, the occupation of spare time and energy is of scarcely less importance as an essential condition of citizenship. With Mr Munro this has been almost entirely devoted to public matters. His quiet and unobtrusive nature has prevented him from seeking municipal honours. He has never been Provost, nor a Bailie, nor even a Councillor of the Burgh, but in the no less important field of parochial and educational concerns he has given much and valuable service. He succeeded the late Mr Haig of Dollarfield as Chairman of the Parish Council (in virtue of which he holds the honourable position, *ex officio*, of Justice of the Peace), and has always taken a deep interest in the welfare of the poor. No one knows their individual condition and requirements better, and he is always ready to help them in time of need. In this connection it may be mentioned that he is one of three who have undertaken the distribution of the munificent annual gift to the poor from Alexander Stewart of Milera, N.S.W., and the special gift last June from the same, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. He was elected, under the old régime, a "Trustee" of the Academy, along with the late Dr Lindsay, of whom he had been a favourite pupil. He refers to this with very special pride. He was also, for several terms, a member of the School Board, in which capacity he did good work.

A Hymn of Peace.

BY W. C. BENET.*

OUR Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Humbly before Thy throne we fall ;
For world at war, O hear our prayer—
Spare us, Good Lord, in mercy spare.

See countless graves of slaughtered dead,
Look on the tears by mourners shed ;
Stretch forth, O Lord, Thy mighty hand,
Make war to cease in every land.

Mothers and maidens cry to Thee,
Pleading for peace on land and sea ;
With broken heart and choking sigh
Widows and orphans join the cry.

O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace,
Thou mad'st the angry tempest cease ;
Now bend proud monarchs to Thy will,
Say to their armies, "Peace ! Be still."

Come, Holy Ghost, like Heavenly Dove,
'Turn strife and hate to peace and love ;
O'er the wide world Thine influence pour
Till hostile races rage no more.

Thou knowest, Lord, we are but dust ;
Our helper Thou ; in Thee we trust ;
For bleeding nations hear our prayer—
Spare them, good Lord, in pity spare.

Amen.

CASHIERS, N.C.

* *Note by Editor.*—This hymn was written for the use of congregations that assembled in the churches to hold peace services on Sunday, 4th October, in accordance with the President's proclamation. It is to be sung to the tune "Hursley," to which the hymn, "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," is usually sung. The hymn was used in several churches of Washington, D.C., on the Day of Prayer for Peace.

Field Botany as a Hobby.

Read to the Field Naturalists' Club.

NOTHING could be more appropriate with which to begin my paper to-night than a quotation from Dr Johnson : "Mankind must necessarily be diversified by various tastes, since life affords and requires such multiplicity of employments ; but he that enlarges his mind after the works of Nature greatly increases the inlets to happiness."

The love of Nature is the possession of a faculty of enjoyment that will remain after fortune, friends, health, and youth have departed. The power to throw one's self on a flower-covered bank by a lonely tarn or rippling stream and give one's self up to communion with the inhabitants of that

little world ; to let one's sympathy go out to them—every blade of grass, each leaf, each separate floret and petal breathes "Hope." Close your eyes and let your ears drink in the many voices of Nature—bird and insect, wind and tree.

Our wild flowers are everywhere, and are adapted to all conditions of physical existence. Children delight in them, older people study them, and they are continual objects of contemplation to the thinker and poet. Take them out of existence and we should lose some of the finest passages and references in the best writers of all ages and all countries. And now that we are forgetting the dark, cold days of winter, and soon will be saying—

"Now every field, now every tree is green ;
Now genial Nature's fairest face is seen,"

and to you who have never before made a special study of the flowers in our lanes, in our meadows, in the woods, and beside the clear winding Devon, begin now ; and we who know the joys have been wondering on which bank we shall see the first primrose, on which knoll the first violet, and if again this summer new visitors will be found in our districts.

The snow has scarcely disappeared before "the wee, modest crimson-tipped flow'r" is showing itself, and many a far-off emigrant feels his heart beat quicker and his thoughts turn homewards as he sees the "daisy" on the far-off shores of another continent.

Field botany as a hobby is a delight within the reach of all, and has not the difficulties of many other pastimes. By this I mean the enjoyment of finding the flowers, knowing their names and the other members of their family. "Good alone is good without a name," says Shakespeare, but even the best of things must have a name, that we may tell our friends what is good, and that we may know what other people have said about them. Of course the professional botanist is a different person altogether. He may well be called an analyst, a vivisectionist. To him to haul up a plant, to snatch a blossom, to tear it up and talk of ovaries, pistils, respiration, and discuss adaptation and fertilisation, then drop the poor mangled thing and trample it in the dust, would be but natural—to others such treatment is an act of cruelty.

Plants do not fill a life, but they furnish large corners which might otherwise have been occupied by cobwebs, and while studying them the thinker discovers how like they are to human beings. Both are made up of thorns, weeds, and flowers, and as some of the finest flowers are baneful, so are some of the handsomest men and women. If you are in the mood, the exceeding beauty of the earth in her splendour of life yields a new thought with every petal.

We find the most conspicuous flowers are protected by prickles, unpleasant odours, or poisonous juices ; while those which are edible have comparatively inconspicuous flowers, lie closely to the ground, and spread with a rapidity which assures them of survival at least from animals. It is from the would-be botanist that the danger arises of turning wild garden into wilderness by the indiscriminate uprooting of plants, and this is just why it would be well if many of us would, at least, know enough field botany to not only protect the species we already have, but that we might be able to introduce others, and in this way live up to the reputation Hugh

Haliburton gave Dollar when he said, "Are you a Botanist? The flora of the region is rich!"

By the aid of science it has been proved that brightly coloured or sweetly perfumed flowers are cross-fertilised by insects, especially butterflies, moths, and bees: and that after a long course of evolution these insects have been the means of giving us flowers. On the other hand, pale-coloured and scentless flowers, as a rule, are cross-fertilised by the wind, which needs no colour to attract it or honey to reward it.

Each district has its common flowers, but districts have some flowers peculiar to themselves, and lastly, strange flowers may be found in the district, and this is of special interest to the botanist. In many of your walks you must have noticed some boulder on the hill-side or a cleft of rock from which a saxifrage happens to be growing. The word saxifrage means rock-breaker.

At a mere glance it seems as if the plant had no means of supporting its existence, but look closely and you will see an almost invisible crack running through it which yet contains a certain amount of soil. What have those rocks, roots, and crevices to do with Jewish history, folklore, and the general literature of the world? Nothing whatever while we deal with facts, but they supply a germ of belief from which has sprung folk tales from every country and clime, and have been developed into tragedies, romances, operas, and love tales. From Trevena's writings the legend is carried back as far as the time of Moses, who was commanded to build an altar of stones, but was not permitted to lift up any iron tool upon them. Later we find it in the building of the Temple. Only unhewn stones were to be used, *i.e.*, rocks which had been broken and shaped by the roots of the saxifrage.

As to the origin of this myth, we have only to suppose that the men of the "stone age" observed this saxifrage or one of its representatives, such as grass, heather, or foxglove, growing from the rock and flourishing. They would also notice it did not cling to the solid surface, but had its roots well-grounded.

The plant had simply made use of a natural crevice to grow from, but they thought the root of the plant had caused the rock to split. While this may seem a strange mistake to some of you, there are still people who believe it. Is it surprising, then, that the idea of a plant sufficiently strong to break the hardest rock should have woven itself into many an allegory?

The veronica or "speedwell" owes to the German folklore its name of "luck-flower," bringing good fortune to its discoverer. It is an intensely blue flower, well-known to ploughboys, little children, and humble folk, as it holds up its face from the shadow of the grass, making it an intenser green, and yet in perfect harmony with it. One of the simplest German legends is that of a wayfarer finding the "luck-flower" and gathering it. Immediately the rocks open and he sees much treasure within. Hastily throwing aside the flower, and not listening to its urgent call of "forget-me-not," he loses all. Recent events in Germany might well lead us to inquire whether this little flower or the virtue attached to it still endures. The myosotis or "forget-me-not" is the favourite in Britain, although probably the veronica was the more popular at one time, as we have the Pilgrim Fathers naming the sister ship of the "May-Flower," "Speed-Well," and as an herb veronica was used amongst others as a cure for gout and cancer. When

we look at, or speak of common flowers, let us remember how much we owe them in medicine, literature, and art.

Then every one knows the foxgloves. Some writers in an obscure way allude to them as representing "tyranny," formerly the cruelty of the feudal lord, later the oppression of the squire. I like to think of them as "folks' gleow," *i.e.*, "Fairies' Music." The fairies have given their names to more than one of our common plants, just as in old Catholic times the Virgin did. The latter may be recognised in "Mary-buds," which we call marsh marigold, lady's smock, lady's mantle, and lady's bed-straw. A powerful medicine, "digitalis," is made from foxgloves. Shakespeare called them "long-purples," and country folk still name them as he said, "dead men's fingers."

Names are a great stumbling-block, not only to the beginner but to the advanced botanist. Some plants are richly endowed to their own confusion, while of others it is truly said, "They still await a decent christening."

All are familiar with what we Scotch folk claim as our favourite flower. It has two names both rich in association, and both have been immortalised in poetry, "hare-bell" and "blue-bell."

Fairy stories connect this graceful, delicate little plant with the antics of "the folk" who are said to have rung such soft music out of it in the moonlight.

Perhaps one of our most beautiful flowers is the orchis, a pinkish purple flower which is found plentifully near Vicar's Bridge. The tubers of the *Mascula* or early purple orchis contain such a degree of starch, that formerly it was much sought after, boiled in water, and sold at the street corners in London under the name of "saloop." One writer says that these tubers contain so much nutritious matter that 1 oz. a day is sufficient to sustain a man. From a marginal note in Hooker's "English Flora" in the Institution Library, this plant was found here on the 15th May 1852.

Another plant, and one which is dreadfully neglected, is the "thistle," and yet it squats on the ground spreading delightful foliage which surround a composite structure usually purple. Since ever the words in the third chapter of Genesis were uttered, "thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth," Trevena says the plant has been unpopular, and we know thistles are most unwelcome guests both in the harvest field and gardens; but as the same writer points out, possibly no commentator on this chapter has noticed that many of the thistles make excellent vegetables, and if those clever people who produce hybrids and practise enchantments with the fittest could forget the curse, which yet ended with a blessing, and would devote their attention to the thistle family, our kitchen gardens might benefit considerably. The seeds of the thistle are much eaten by birds.

At a first glance it might appear that plants in general follow a bad example set them by the human race, for although it may be argued that water is their only beverage, the respectability of certain plants has been pointed at as being not above suspicion—like some people plain water does not satisfy their taste.

I read that the marsh-marigold (*Caltha palustris*) used to be known in Devonshire by the name of "drunkard," and after all, would this glowing ranunculus flaunt his shining petals quite so freely were he supplied with nothing more stimulating than water from the village reservoirs? The

bog contains exhilarating if not intoxicating qualities, and thus we have the marsh-marigolds, buttercups, and the rest of their family breaking into open revelry each spring-time. One plant, and a great favourite of mine, is the "butter-wort" (*Pinguicula*). We found a few in our ramble to the Copper Mines. It is a carnivorous plant, growing in swampy places or upon the face of wet and slimy cliffs, and can be picked off easily. These little plants are wonderfully fascinating, although their morals are deplorable. They are called "the idle rich, the Dives of the plant world, spending day and night discussing fat flies and swallowing huge bumpers of water." It is quite easy to keep them alive in a saucer of moss and water as long as you remember to drop flies or a shred of raw beef on the voracious leaves occasionally.

As you wander the fields it is easy to tell the hour of the year is summer by the rushes, tall, thick, and sappy, rearing themselves above the ditch from which they have drawn their moisture, leaving it dry. Draw your fingers over them and you find they have a separate scent of "green," just as the ferns have a different scent of "green" to that of the grass or leaves. A plant which I should like to see in our own district is the "globe flower" (*Trollius europæus*). It grows plentifully by the side of the Devon, just where it comes out of the hills, two miles from the top of Gleneagles, and is also found on the other side of the hills in the Dunning Glen. It is a delicate golden yellow flower, and has a sweet perfume.

In all Nature, where there is life there is adaptation to meet its varied and changing conditions. Take the case of the yellow iris. (It grows in profusion at the Viaduct.) The roots have gradually adapted themselves so as to allow them to live permanently in water, and one of the most notable of its adaptations is the decided tendency of the leaves to become narrow and linear. The reason for this is, that when the Devon overflows its banks these narrow elongated leaves simply bend in the direction of the current, and when the water subsides they raise their heads none the worse; whereas, if the leaves had been broad and fixed they must have been injured and probably uprooted. Hooker writes that a piece of the root held between the teeth is said to cure the toothache. The plant also gives a black dye and makes ink. The seeds when roasted are recommended as a substitute for coffee. On the other hand, we have plants able to live in the dry and thirsty places of the earth.

Last summer this was specially noticeable on the sand dunes of St Andrews, where tussocks of marram grass were growing. They manage to keep fresh through their leaves being rolled up lengthwise, forming tubes with the breathing surfaces enclosed, thereby checking transpiration and waste through evaporation. Also being in tufts they retain moisture after other supplies fail. In the case of the whins the leaves have become spines, in this way adapting them to endure long periods of dry weather.

Our hedgebanks, lane sides, and grassy places supply us with a genuinely British plant "Self-heal." We found it by the side of the old hill road the day we went to Glen Devon. Its scientific name (*Prunella vulgaris*) is supposed to be a corruption of Brunella through its having been considered a certain cure for quinsy. In Cheshire it goes by the name of carpenter's grass, and in Gloucestershire by carpenter's herb. Both names allude to the belief that if a person cut himself, the applied leaves would



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CLEAR, WINDING DEVON

staunch the blood and heal the cut. The same belief led to it being called hooke-heal and sickle-wort in allusion to its curing the wounds caused by sickles and bill-hooks.

A most interesting plant and one with which all are familiar is the bed-straw (*Galium*). Gerard tells us that the milk of the best Cheshire cheese used to be coagulated with this plant (*Galium verum*). In the Highlands too it was used as a rennet to curdle milk combined with the leaves of the stinging nettle and a little salt.

Mr Jeffries, in one of his articles on Nature, points out that every known plant to him in the jungles of India, the swamps of Central Africa, and the backwoods of America, has a relative of the same species or genus growing wild in this country.

Apart altogether from the knowledge of flowers, field botany trains a sense that many people never realise they possess—"the gift of sight." Is it because Nature is so bountiful, so free, so lavish, that people go about unobservant, leaving a sense neglected, untrained, and uncultivated?

Have you ever analysed your feelings as you look at masses of our coloured flowers? Red sounds a note of gladness, while yellow, a mass of gorse or bank of primroses, gives an exhilarating effect, and the blue of the bells and hyacinths gives a feeling of tranquillity. And is it not true that nothing refreshes the eyes or calms the nerves like the greens in Nature? In this way, too, one finds beauty in the most ordinary objects of the countryside when once their infinite variety of colour has been discovered. In conclusion, let me quote what Dr Leith Adams says about the study of Nature—in particular, field work:—"It is a panacea for idleness and its train of evils, and when properly cultivated is assuredly adapted to invigorate, discipline, and develop the mental powers, and thus supply materials for the grandest ultimate truths. It robs the mind of contracted and pigmy ideas, and teaches one to take a close as well as a comprehensive view of objects, and to argue from ascertained facts and not from mere notions or fancies and nothing else."

MARY PATERSON, F.P.

Nature Notes.

THE BANK BURN.

I SING the story of a dear old friend ;
The one unchanging, ever constant, true,
That now as in bygone times can send
The pulses throbbing from my heart anew.

I sing the story of the Dollar Burn,
My dearly loved companion as a boy ;
The friend that ever welcomed my return,
And yields me pleasure now without alloy.

A noisy, brawling, splashing burn it is,
And runs a short but richly chequered course.
The offspring of our common mother earth,
It rises from the Ochils' highest slope,

Where Maddie Moss extends its wide expanse,
Drinking the rains of Heaven to feed the streams
Which issue from its sides. There, welling forth
From dark brown peat in infant purity,
Soft clothed by Nature in a swaddling garb
Of brightest green—the fair but treacherous bog—
And cradled in the arm that gave it birth ;
It rests awhile ere entering on its course
To join the waters of the winding Devon.
Then in a tiny rill it seeks its way,
Under the guidance of kind Nature's law,
'Mid grass and ferns and flowers whose beauty draws
Fresh verdure from its vivifying stream.
But soon, with growing strength, it digs a way
Through the soft peat, and there, on pebbly path,
O'erhung with the soft feathery hillberry,
It ripples onward like a wayward child,
Its tiny wavelets glancing in the sun,
And murmuring gently to the passing breeze.
Now larger grown, increased by many a spring
Which oozes from the rich maternal breast,
With greater boldness and keen merriment,
It prattles gaily over rough and smooth ;
Now bravely leaping o'er some moss-clad stone
Into a tiny clear and sparkling pool,
Spreading its surface to the summer's sun,
It bubbles o'er with happiness and glee.
Then lost to sight it quietly seeks its way
'Neath overhanging ferns and purple heath ;
Affording oft-times an unlooked-for bath,
Though cool and pleasing to th' uncautious foot.
Now, like a wearied child it reappears
Gliding in silence over moss-clad stones ;
As resting from the sport it late enjoyed,
And gathering strength for joys that are to come.
Anon it enters a more troublous path ;
Where meet the bases of two neighbouring hills,
King's Seat to right, Craiginnan to the left,
Which, rugged and steep, rise up on either side
Two thousand feet and more above the sea,
Holding the winter's snow when all below
Is brightening to the glad call of spring.
Great rocks and stones, torn from their native bed,
When rain and frost successive urge their power,
And rushing down, have checked their headlong course
And fixed them here. Some bedded in the soil,
And clothed by Nature in a mossy garb
Of green, and brown, olive and russet hues,
With specks of white where here and there a gowan .
Secures a root-hold in the scanty soil,
And braves the rigours of the keen hill winds ;

With others, loosely and at random thrown,
Rugged and bare, together form a path
Ill suited to the powers of such a burn.
But scarcely has it entered on the perilous way,
And turned from east and south its downward course,
When, laughing and dancing as in heedless glee,
With many a fall and merry sounding splash,
Another burn comes down Craiginnan's side,
Like romping maid in fearless, careless sport.
Now without introduction, word, or pause,
They simultaneous leap into a pool,
And mingle there their beings into one
In Nature's wedlock, without or church or law,
But which no power can e'er again untie.
With greater boldness and augmented power
It buffets now the foes which strew its path,
In shape of rocks and stones, o'erleaping some,
From others of more formidable size
Turning indignantly aside, to show
By splash and foam the power, not will, it lacks
To hurl them headlong to eternity.
And so it hurries on through regions wild
And rugged as a Highland glen. The hills
Rise high on either side ; and far or near
No human habitation meets the eye,
Nor aught that speaks the rule of man, except
The sheep which browse upon the scanty grass.
Even they, so rare an object is a man,
Uplift their scraggy necks and wildly stare
In fear and wonder should one there appear,
Intruding rudely on their solitudes.
Now many a little burn comes purling down
The rugged slopes (their sides with verdure clothed)
Like threads of silver cased in emerald,
To add their quota to the growing stream.
By such small tributes soon it gains in strength,
Grows large and larger as it downward flows,
And with increasing power comes dignity.
Now in a deep but rough and stone-strewn course,
With overhanging banks of tufted grass,
It rushes over every obstacle,
And grumbles in a deep sonorous tone.
This, with the low sough of the whispering winds,
The whaup's shrill cry, as high he wings his flight
From hill to hill, the plover's plaintive call,
The ouzel's merry chirp and warbling song,
All joining in the music of the hills.
Rocks now obtrude across its path and break
Its rushing torrent into waterfalls,
With shady pools overhung by shrubs and ferns,
Growing from each crevice of their craggy sides.

Here often have I plied the supple rod,
Tempting the wary trout to venture forth,
And, rising, seize the well pretended fly,
Which hid from view the barbed and treacherous steel,
Like envy clothed in friendship. Then cautiously
And filled with exultation on the bank
I'd draw my slippery prize, and calmly view
His struggling throes as in death's agony
He hung upon the hook ; his spotted sides
Heaving with each convulsive gasp which showed,
Quivering and red his fringed, distended gills,
Till with a blow I'd end his sufferings,
And drop him in the slowly filling creel,
To swell the dish I'd proudly show at home.
Here, too, the refuse, heaped on either side,
Shows where, in bygone days, a busy throng
Of workers plied the shovel and the pick ;
Wresting from mother earth her treasure trove
Of copper ore (and silver too, 'tis said),
Which had lain hid since first the hills were made.
Some rough remains of cottages suggest
That this, now lonely spot among the hills,
May then have echoed to the family life ;
Where wives have gossiped o'er the washing tub,
While children played and paddled in the burn,
Far out of reach of school and teacher's taws.

(To be continued.)

Relics of the Past.

BY H. H. STEWART.

PART II.

GRAY'S INN, the fourth and last of the Great Inns of Court, is situated on the north side of the busy thoroughfare of Holborn, opposite the end of Chancery Lane. It forms the northern limit of our Elizabethan strip of territory, and when, leaving the noisy street and passing under the four-storied Tudor gateway, still in good preservation though wedged between modern buildings, we enter its quiet courts, it is not difficult to let the mind slip back the necessary three hundred odd years and re-create, in thought, this romantic period of the past.

The four smaller courts, Chapel, Coney, Holborn, and Middle, into which Gray's Inn was divided, have been resolved into two large quadrangles named respectively South Square, which is first entered, and Gray's Inn Square beyond. The surrounding chambers are comparatively modern, but the early sixteenth-century hall and library, and the unpretending but much older chapel still exist, and, extending from west to east, divide the two squares from each other.

On the left of the hall a passage leads to Field Court, the northern

boundary of which is formed by the tall railing and handsome iron gateway of Gray's Inn Gardens. These are not referred to by Shakespeare; nevertheless, at that time they were even more famous than those of the Temple, for they were planned and laid out by his great fellow-genius, Bacon, round whom all the Elizabethan traditions of this Inn of Court seem to centre. A large enclosure, floored with turf and shaded by lofty trees, still remains to witness of past glory, but, as may be seen from old maps, the gardens must have extended much further both to the north and north-east. It may be taken for granted that when completed under Bacon's supervision, they approximated, as nearly as space permitted, to the ideal in his "Essay of Gardens." Arched hedges, covered alleys and flower-beds, however, if they ever existed, have long disappeared, and more recently the Mound, which commanded the view over the wall to Gray's Inn Fields and the heights of Hampstead and Highgate, and the arbour which he erected in memory of his friend and fellow-reader of Gray's Inn, Jeremy Bettenham, have both been removed. An old catalpa tree, said to have been planted by Bacon, lives still and grows near the site of the vanished arbour.

Every one of any importance in those days, from Queen Elizabeth downwards, came to see or to be shown round the new gardens. "I hold your walks," wrote James Howell from Venice to a friend in Gray's Inn, "to be the pleasantest place about London, and that you have the choicest society." "And do the Fields also belong to you?" asked a lady of Francis Bacon, presumably as they stood upon the Mound. "They are ours," was the reply, "as you are ours, to look on and no more." It was the answer of a true artist who recognises that the highest and purest form of possession consists in the power of enjoying what is beautiful.

The choice society that gathered round this poet-philosopher and wit was too numerous to be accommodated in chambers, and so we learn from his chaplain, Rawley, that "he erected that elegant pile, commonly known by the name of the Lord Bacon's Lodgings, which he inhabited by turns the most part of his life (some few years only excepted) unto his dying day, in which house he carried himself with such sweetness, comity, and generosity that he was much revered and beloved by the readers and gentlemen of the house."

This elegant pile stood on the present site of No. 1 Gray's Inn Square, in close proximity to the end of the Hall, with windows overlooking the gardens to the west, and the Hampstead Hills to the north. The choicest spirits of the age met there and drank deep draughts of the waters of Parnassus. Manuscripts of works now famous were read and discussed long before they were vulgarised by the Press; anonymous poems, afterwards collected into "England's Helicon" and other anthologies, passed from hand to hand; Bacon's earliest "Essays," which he was obliged to publish prematurely in 1597, lest they should be pirated; pamphlets containing satires and interludes, such as are mentioned in the "Return from Parnassus"; Shakespeare's sugared sonnets among his private friends; his poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," for Southampton, to whom they were dedicated, was a member of the Inn—all passed through the crucible of this literary coterie. The leading spirit was Francis Bacon, of whom Lloyd, his earliest biographer after Rawley, writes before 1670 that at thirty years of age, "such was his judgment that he was the student of Gray's Inn's oracle, so generous and affable his disposition that he was all

men's love and wonder." These pursuits seemed to be all-absorbing, and threatened to wreck Bacon's career as statesman. Referring rather impatiently to worldly affairs at this period, he writes: "For the waters of Parnassus are not as the Spa, which give a stomach, for they quench appetites and desires." Many years afterwards his old friend and mentor, Sir Thomas Bodley, congratulates him on having at last devoted his attention definitely to science, adding, "Would you had done so earlier when you gave yourself to such a study as was not worthy such a student." His mother, too, was restless and anxious, exclaiming in a letter to her elder son Antony, "What excess of Bucks at Gray's Inn!" expressing also a hope that they would not "mum nor mask nor sinfully revel," and that "he that was wont to be first might not become last."

Even while Lady Anne Bacon was giving utterance to her motherly fears, preparations were being made for a revel more ambitious than had hitherto been dreamt of by any Inn of Court, no less than to turn the whole Inn from a legal to a royal court, with the help of their "oracle," Francis Bacon. The latter had been made a bencher at twenty-six, and now, at thirty-four, he was treasurer for the year as well. "He was a courtier from his cradle to his grave," writes Lloyd. Before he was twenty he had spent nearly three years at the Court of France, and for the fifteen years since his return had enjoyed almost unbroken access to Queen Elizabeth's presence.

The novel and daring pageantry was carried on for more than a fortnight with complete success. The proceedings are written in full under the title of "*Gesta Grayorum*," and included in "*Nicholl's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*." They chose for their sovereign Mr Henry Helmes of Norwich, the handsomest man and best dancer of their company, and named him "The High and Mighty Prince Henry, Prince of Purpoole from the manor on which Gray's Inn was built], Archduke of Stapulia and Bernardia [from Staples and Barnard's Inns], Duke of High and Nether Holborn, &c., Knight of the most Heroical order of the Helmet and sovereign of the same, who reigned and died A.D. 1594."

This short-lived Prince Henry was provided with Privy Councillors, Officers of State, of Law and of the Household, Gentlemen Pensioners, Royal Guard, &c. A special set of chambers was assigned to him as Presence and Council Chamber. Costumes and armour were in keeping. The expense must have been great, but not only were the resources of the Inn stretched to the utmost by the genial treasurer, but benevolences were demanded from residents within and friends without, accompanied by the terrible threat that the names of defaulters "shall be proclaimed in our public assemblies to their great discredit."

The response was generous, Lord Burghley sending "undesired £10 and purse of fine rich needlework." Members of the Inner Temple were invited to take part in the revel and to send an Ambassador to the Court of Graya. To him a second set of chambers was assigned.

The Pageant began on the 20th December 1594 when the "Prince" with his following marched from his state apartments to the Great Hall, and took his place on the throne under a rich cloth of state; his councillors and great lords were gathered about him, below at the table sat his learned council and lawyers, the rest of the officers and attendants as belonged to their conditions. The King-at-Arms proclaimed his style

at full length, then the Prince's champion entered in complete armour on horseback, and challenged any who dared dispute the Prince's title, "riding round about the fire." The Prince gave an address, proclaimed a general pardon, and then read so long a list of exceptions that they might have cancelled the pardon, had not the latter applied merely to breeches of conventional law, while the inexorable exceptions safeguarded the eternal laws of chivalry!

"All who shall imagine, think, suppose or speak anything against the Prince.

"All who shall have any charge, occasion, chance, opportunity, or possible means of entertaining a fair lady and neglect it," &c.

The first Grand Night was on Innocent Day, 28th December, and on this occasion great preparations had been made. The Ambassador from the State of Templaria was seated next the Prince with his train round him; the other Templarians were guests, and the masque had been planned specially for them; but the fame of this novel, daring, and most brilliant entertainment had spread abroad, no check had been placed on admission, and such numbers flocked into the Hall from Court and city that the performers were seriously hampered. On the stage were gathered so many "worshipful persons who might not be displaced, and gentlewomen whose sex protected them from violence," that all efforts to relieve the pressure had to be given up, whereupon the Lord Ambassador of Templaria was offended and departed with his train. The evening closed with dancing and revelling, and finally a "Comedy of Errors," like to "Plautus his Menechmi," was played by the players. "So that night," states the "Gesta Grayorum," "was begun and continued in nothing but confusions and errors; wherefore it was ever afterwards called 'The Night of Errors.'" In this manner was Shakespeare's Plautian comedy introduced to the world.

Next day, by the ingenuity of the genius who had planned the whole scheme, the errors of the previous night were not only redeemed, but made a source of further amusement. The Prince again held his court in the Hall, this time in judgment. A jury was empanelled, and a nameless "sorcerer" accused of the untoward events of the previous evening, of having, among the rest, erected a stage reaching to the roof of the Hall, and foisted a company of base and common fellows to make up disorders with a play of errors and confusions. The invisible "sorcerer," who was represented as prisoner by one of the members of the Inn, was conducted before the Prince, and his petition read by the Master of Requests. In it the tables were so skilfully turned against the accusers that the prisoner was pardoned, and the Master of Requests, Attorney, and Solicitor-General ordered to be confined in the Tower!

(To be continued.)

"Wiring."

BY AN OFFICER AT THE FRONT.

From the "Manchester Guardian."

IN days of peace, like every other citizen, I have often "wired," but the verb has a new significance now. No longer does it mean the compression into twelve words of a message that Aunt Jane has arrived safely, but that the key of her trunk has been left on the parlour mantelpiece.

"Wiring," as we understand the term at the front, is really a sport—almost the only one we are allowed. It is quite as interesting as golf, and not nearly so expensive. All one needs are a few rolls of barbed wire and some posts; and these are supplied free by the War Office. A dark night is also to be desired, but is not always obtainable. After the war I should like to meet the man who first twisted barbs on wire. I shall have great pleasure in telling him what I think of his misdirected energy. Meantime I can only say that his invention has added a zest to life in the trenches.

The game is usually begun by the commanding officer remarking to the major that "We'd better have some more wire out in front." The major passes on this hint to one of his captains, who in turn whispers gently but firmly to the subaltern of No. 15 Platoon that any quantity of wire and posts will be at his disposal by midnight.

At midnight, accordingly, word is passed along the line of sentries that a working party is going out in front of their sections, and in a few minutes six muffled figures creep over the parapet of the trench. Half-an-hour is spent carrying forward the materials for the night's task—posts, large and small, a pick, and coils of wire slung on their sticks; lastly a heavy wooden mallet and some sandbags to deaden the sound of the blows. Silently, and as accurately as it can be done in the dark, the distances are paced out and the stakes laid down just where they are to be driven in. Then the ground is broken at each place with the pick, and the real fun begins—hammering in the posts. In spite of sandbags and every other precaution, a certain amount of noise is unavoidable. All at once the night has become dreadfully still; even the distant rifle-fire has died down; and, of course, the moon comes out from behind the clouds. Poor old moon, how we abuse you at these times!

Dump! dump! dump! Slowly the post sinks into the ground. Dump! dump! dump! till the officer says, "That one'll do"; so the work goes on. All the while we have two men listening and watching a few yards away. One post after another is fixed, and still the enemy shows no sign of having heard us. Then "Phizz!" a star rocket rises from their trenches, lighting up all the ground between them and us. Promptly we drop flat, and are thankful for our dark background. "Phizz!" another rocket bursts, and lands quite near us. Then a machine-gun starts "pa-pa-pa-pa-pa." But evidently we haven't been spotted, for the five rounds are far wide of us. For a few minutes we lie quite still; then, as nothing more happens, we go on with the wiring, leaving the completion of the post-driving till the next night.

Now, the one and only good point about the actual wiring operations is its comparative noiselessness. If anyone doubts me, let him try to draw a yard of barbed wire off the first roll he sees at his ironmonger's, and then

picture what the job is like when carried out in the dark. Either the barbs stick together, or three rounds of wire spring off the coil simultaneously and wind themselves round one's body like a boa-constrictor. Yet, strange as it may appear, there is a certain amount of pleasure in "wiring." The prevailing feeling seems to be, "This should give the Allemands something to think about." Hands are cut and clothes are torn, but nobody seems to mind.

A good night's work done, we creep back to our trench, and send along the message, "Working party in." Just before we drop behind the parapet we listen for a moment. Faintly across the fields from the enemy's trenches comes a sound we recognise: Dump! dump! dump! The beggars are at the same game as ourselves!

A. S., JUN.

"Ballads of Field and Billet."

It is with the greatest pleasure that we congratulate Mr W. K. Holmes most heartily on the very successful issue of his first venture in book form in the literary world. For some years past his verses have made frequent appearance in various daily papers, as well as, from the first, in our pages where, from their quiet but pointed humour and terse expression, they have always been highly appreciated; and we recognise old acquaintances in a number of those in this volume. We feel an almost parental interest in the advent of this little book, having watched and, as far as in our power, encouraged, the development of the literary genius from a very early stage; and it is with some degree of self-satisfaction that we now welcome, in its maturity, our predictions in regard to it. As in these circumstances any detailed critique of the verses might be open to the suspicion of prejudice, we prefer to give here the opinions of other and more impartial writers in the public Press which, so far as we have seen, have been entirely favourable. We can, however, with every confidence, strongly recommend the book to our readers, not only for personal enjoyment but also as an ideal present to send to friends who are bravely fighting for their country in this terrible war; and we take this opportunity to recall the connection of its author with the origin and progress of this *Magazine*.

In the year 1901 a small company of pupils of the Academy, consisting chiefly of the Misses Pauline W. Holmes and D. Y. Anderson, having previously conducted a very clever manuscript *Home Journal* impelled by an inner consciousness of budding literary genius, conceived the ambitious project of starting a *Dollar Academy Magazine*, and went the length of having printed and issued a first number. The extremely limited means at their command necessitated a very meagre and unattractive production, which altogether failed to meet with approval or encouragement at headquarters. Nothing daunted the youthful would-be journalists determined to try again, and consulted some of their adult friends. The idea was then suggested of having, apart from the School, a *Dollar Magazine* under adult management but with a School section with School editorship. Fortunately there was then resident in Dollar Mr Alfred Scott (F.P.) who had considerable experience as well as talent in literary work, and who entered heartily into the scheme. A large and influential committee

was formed and provided a sufficient guarantee fund; and arrangements were made with "The Darien Press," noted for the excellence of their work, which has contributed not a little to the success of the *Magazine*. The first number was issued in March 1902—under the general editorship of Mr Scott and Dr Strachan along with Miss Annie Pauline and W. K. Holmes as School Editors. The pictorial management was undertaken by R. K. Holmes, whose excellent photographs of local scenery, along with those of Mr A. Drysdale and others most kindly contributed, have formed such a prominent and attractive feature. Thus, with the very kind and able contributions of literary matter, which are always readily forthcoming, was *The Dollar Magazine* launched and continues to float gaily upon the widely spread Dollar world. Few numbers have appeared without something good from the pen of W. K. Holmes; and we like to think that the encouragement and opportunity thus afforded to his early efforts had some effect in developing the talent so conspicuously displayed in the book now under consideration. We have great expectations, and with reason, from his co-school editor, who also frequently contributed to our earlier numbers generally under the *nom de plume* of Jean Ford. We continue to make such encouragement of the young an object in editorial management.

REVIEW—THE HUMOUR OF IT.

"BALLADS OF FIELD AND BILLET." By W. Kersley Holmes. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

The verses, which are reprinted in this unostentatious little book, first appeared in the columns of the *Glasgow Herald* and the *Glasgow News*, and we find their simplicity and sincerity very refreshing—as refreshing as "cold water the day after"—as a change from the superheated, pumped-up patriotism of the average war poet. Mr Holmes is concerned with the plain, essential things which men, who always hated to be called a "line of thin red 'eroes" (as Mr Kipling said and sang so truly), let their thoughts run on in the intervals of pounding the Huns or learning how to do it. There is wholesome laughter in all his lighter stuff, whether he chortles over the arrival of a noble plum-pudding at its pre-ordained tent, or invites Lucasta to take tea in camp with six cheerful sons of gamboliers:—

"The viands that our country gives to nourish soldier sons
In honour shall augmented be by butter and by buns;
And we shall borrow for your lip some cup of happier mould,
For comely vessels lend allure to whatsoe'er they hold.

And you shall have a dais, whence to shine your smile around—
Six palliasses in a pile, while we sit on the ground;
We will forget the sergeant's voice, the drill-book, and the drum,
Remembering manners for your sake—Lucasta, say you'll come!"

Or tells us how Private Watty MacIntosh got so used to rough resting on a waterproof and sack spread on the ground that the white, comfortable bed of his dreams proved a useless boon when he was granted two days' leave:—

"Private Watty MacIntosh, early turning in,
Courtied sleep in luxury, yet no wink could win,
Till, grown desperate at last, slumbered sound once more—
Stretched beneath his overcoat on the bedroom floor."

Or complains of the ordeal by inoculation :—

“ Whole hordes of Huns begirt with blades before our scorn would quail,
Who stepped towards one small, mild man, quite noticeably pale—
A jolly little doctor with a hypodermic squirt ;
We'd bargained for the bayonet, but, hang it, this might hurt ! ”

Or invokes the cheery presence of the regimental porridge boiler :—

“ A wisp of smoke is blowing
From out its sooty lum ;
Beneath, a fire is glowing,
And we grow cheerful, knowing
What comfort is to come.”

Or makes a catalogue of the social types among the last batch of recruits :—

“ There's cheeky Jimmy, the recruit, who does the shuffle dance,
He left his fifteen bob a week to capture Huns in France ;
There's Algy Somebody, Esquire, neglecting an estate,
And all the pheasant shooting, too, to learn 'deliberate.'

There's 'Whistlefield,' the farmer chiel—find soldiering hard? Not he !
Who'd dance sometimes till two a.m., and yoke his cart at three ;
There's poor old Bill, the banker's clerk, who started work at ten,
And thought he'd learn to ride a horse instead of drive a pen ! ”

Or otherwise conveys the soldier's sense of everyday things in workmanlike verse that scores a psychological bull's-eye in every other stanza, and never gets off the target in the rest. In “The Trench-digger's Dream,” which is the meditation of a dirt-encaked wielder of “patriot pick and soldier shovel,” he achieves a fantastical epic of the lust of cleanliness :—

“ Fill me a cauldron, shoreless and profound,
A cistern fathomless, thereunder light
Such furious furnaces as would confound
And rouse to ruddy envy Etna's might.

From this unsounded cistern then construct—
With such Gargantuan plumbers as must toil
At waterworks in Mars—an aqueduct
Along whose course torrential floods may boil.

* * * * *
You must not bid me hurry : many moons
You'll hear me thrashing in that steamy deep,
Steeped in its soapy billows. Then, eftsoons,
Parboiled to pink perfection, I shall sleep.”

And the true spirit of a true regiment comes out in “The Inspection,” which ends as follows :—

“ ‘Lights Out’ might sound and be obeyed : we toiled on in the dark,
For every buckle 'neath the moon appeared a silver spark,
Till, wearied 'midst our saddlery and polishes we lay,
And dreamed of buttons overlooked till bugles brought the day.

Now never mind the General's praise (our horn let others blow),
What said the Major, whom we strove to dazzle with the show ?
His fierce blue eye roved up and down, and then—what did he say ?
‘Was that your horse that coughed, MacTurk ? I heard him yesterday.’ ”

Precisely so ; what the Major thought counted for more with his men than what the many-ribboned outsider—a General, but outside—chose to

say by way of compliment. The former was the everyday, all-day umpire, the conscience incarnate of the undying corps. Finally, let it be said that Mr Holmes can make a picture with the best of the art-poets. Here is a fine impression of a cavalry camp on a wet night, which will surely recall to many veterans a fondly-familiar scene:—

“ Now evening creeps upon the camp,
 An early nightfall, dull and damp :
 Upon the canvas roofs the rain
 Whispers a ceaseless, low refrain ;
 The lines of horses picketed,
 Stand with sunk tail and drooping head,
 With beads of wet upon their coats,
 Sniffing the mud for scattered oats.
 Along the tents' fast-darkening rows,
 With shout and stir, an order goes :
 At once from every tent appear
 Cloaked figures in the gloaming drear
 That call and hasten to and fro,
 With rain above and mud below,
 And chaff and laughter in despite,
 To blanket horses for the night,
 Then to their tents return again,
 Leaving the darkness and the rain
 To such as, most unlucky starred,
 This dirty night finds doing guard.
 Along the line the tents begin
 To glow with candles lit within,
 Where talk and merriment abound,
 Until, anon, ' Lights Out ' will sound.
 At rest, or wavering down the line,
 Till dawn the horse-guards' lanterns shine,
 And through the night's wet watches glow
 The cook's kind fires we cherish so.”

Mr Holmes deserves all the encouragement that comes his way, for there is more of the high, humorous spirit of our New Army (which is child and heir of the old one) in his verse than in all the work of the professional practitioners.

“It may seem rather a doubtful compliment to the verses in this readable book to say that they are pedestrian; but they do not attempt to soar high, to celebrate martial glory by lines like ‘Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storms.’ They are about recruits and privates and Territorials, the troubles of whose state they take humorously; and they go well in homely rhythms that seem a proper metrical accompaniment to the tramp of infantrymen. They make good-natured fun over the stew with which the men are rationed; draw happy little sketches of odd characters and of the common incidents of the young soldier's life; and every now and then grow more serious and touch some deeper note of feeling in singing about the topics of the war. Light, gracefully turned, and musical as they are, they will evoke a quick and ready sympathy just now.”—*Scotsman*, 26th April.

“One of the brightest books of verses for which the war is responsible is that issued by Mr Gardner, Paisley, under the title of ‘Ballads of Field and Billet.’ The author is W. Kersley Holmes, and his ballads

appeared originally in the columns of two Glasgow papers. They are well worth reproduction. Mr Holmes does not paint large canvases nor sombre. He concentrates on types and experiences, and as he is himself serving, his clever lines have an intimate note that makes them ring true. 'Keep smiling' seems to be his motto, and his verses reflect the keen humour and unflagging spirit of our men on service. His sketches of life at the training camps are illumined by sparkling wit and undaunted optimism. The published price of the volume is 1s 6d."—*Edinburgh Evening News*.

"West of Scotland readers who have enjoyed the verses signed 'W. K. H.' in the *Glasgow Herald* and the *Glasgow News* will be glad to possess them in this tastefully bound volume. They range from the grave to the humorous, from the realistic to the romantic, but something of the brightness of youth is in them all, something of that gallant gaiety which makes a jest of the discomforts of life, yet never thinks of life itself as a jest. The book is a little mirror of the life in a yeomanry regiment, and so there is more play for the little humorous incidents of military existence than in the regular cavalry, and the process by which the patriotic civilian with a knowledge of horses is transformed into the real thing is sketched with equal skill and wit. For choice, where choice is particularly difficult, we would single out 'The Squadron Takes the Ford' as the daintiest picture in the volume, letting us catch a glimpse of the poet-artist in Mr Holmes. We will not spoil it by partial quotation. In another vein, with real humour in it and a touch of true psychology in its close, is 'Archie's Parting.' Probably the most striking feature of the book is that it will give as much joy to the civilian as to the enlisted. We have tried a score of the pieces with success on the former, and we should fancy it a godsend in the trenches."—*Glasgow Herald*.

The *Scots Pictorial* of 29th May has an excellent portrait of the author and a very favourable review of his book; but space forbids us giving further quotations.

The Old Temple.

CRIMEAN LEGEND.

(Translated from Russian by F. A. A. (F.P.).)

Now the old temple of Kersch has subsided and seems to be stooping like an old hunchback bowed down by the weight of years. In the midst of the old garden, surrounded by trees nearly as old as itself, it is quite lost, hardly to be seen and scarcely heard. Around the garden tall houses have risen, factories and works have been erected, with chimneys like giraffes' necks stretching up to the sky. But still the old temple lives on, and will perhaps outlive us, as it has outlived many more.

The Greeks of Kersch like to hear the melodious ringing of its bells in the quiet of the evening; they revere its ancient sanctity, and worship the holy image, which has come down from the days when the Bishop of Ponticopei (ancient name of Kersch) first conducted service in the newly built temple.

At that time there lived two different races in the land, as different as race and religion could make them. The hills belonged to a wild tribe of the Mongol stock, and the coast was inhabited by Christians, with the pure blood of the Caucasian race in their veins. And there was no love between the heathen and the Christian.

Those days are not forgotten, although many centuries have passed since then—they are not forgotten, because what happened then occurs even to-day.

On that day, when the cross was raised above the church, all the Christians assembled in the square, and at the far end of it stood a small group of heathens; but the priest's son was not among them—he had left the town for ever.

And in the evening, when the moon silvered the newly raised cross, a white mist floated up from the gulf, strove to touch the cross, but stopped, and was driven back, far over the distant sea. . . . Perhaps this was no mist at all, but a lost soul rising up out of the deep.

And when, on eve of Christmas, the bishop conducted the service there for the first time, it was she who hovered in the whirl of storm around the temple.

That night twelve brothers stood at the ambo, and a crowd of a thousand Christians could not decide which of them to prefer, so handsome and graceful were all twelve; their features were so valorous and manly, and their faces shone with the light of clear conscience, for a vow fulfilled gives this look to men, and the brothers had built this church of John the Baptist, as they had promised their mother.

"Lord God, remember her in thy Kingdom of Light." And the bishop, kneeling before the altar, mentioned the name of their mother, but left out two others—their father was not a Christian, and the name of their erring sister was not pronounced in the church. But this old servant of God was grieved about it, and he whispered the holy prayer thrice, every time a mournful moan came wailing from the window of the altar apse. This moan mingled with the voice of the December storm, and many there were who felt eerie, fear growing cold within them. The tempest screeched as if to deaden the wailing of the lost, repentant soul, and the brows of the brothers twitched with pain and rage. It seemed as though, together with the rush of the storm, the misty form of their sister penetrated into the church; floating amid the rings and streams of the perfumed incense, it wound round the colonnades and, ere it reached the altar, dispersed and melted in the dying flicker of the censer's flame. To lighten their spirits, the brothers thought of the pure soul of their mother, of the calm, holy hour of her death, of how she, dying, had bid her children raise a cross above Ponticopei in the name of John the Baptist. And they swore, by the love they bore her, that they would do this, and until the church was completed they would forget the happiness of their young lives, and the joy of youthful dreams.

It required years of labour and a strong faith to fulfil this vow. But with the name of Christ on their lips, the brothers erected the church, stone by stone, and their sister brought them food, healed their hurts, and in her tender care for them they saw reflected the soul of their mother.

Behind the town rose the hills in ridges, and away inland on the Mitridit hill, strewn with boulders and all overgrown with bushes and trees, lived an old heathen priest, who cherished a deadly hatred against the Christians, and his son, the chief of that highland clan, shared his father's animosity for them. He was dignified, brave, and handsome, as if Apollo himself had breathed into him part of his own beauty, and his steady eye stirred the women's hearts. And the twelve brothers were afraid lest he might see their sister, purer than any lily that flowered.

Their work was coming to an end, and their very souls seemed to share in the joy of their hearts ; but the sorrowful shadow on the girl's face lay like a sombre death shroud on the brightness of the brothers' spirits. They thought that she was still grieving for her mother, as they knew not what had happened. And the girl kept her secret, confiding in no one, and the shadow on her face deepened every day, perplexing her brothers.

She dared not tell them how, one warm summer night, she sat on the steps leading down to the sea ; the gulf was burning in adamant reflections, and she looked into the depths of the dark sky and spoke with a star : "Where are you, mother?" . . .

Suddenly she started with fright and confusion, as a hand touched her shoulder, and she beheld a youth with long dark hair, which fell over his shoulders in curls. And one of the dark silky tresses brushed against her face ; it was only wafted there by a slight stir of the breeze, but its touch sent a strange thrill through the girl, and she quivered at this burning feeling of a man's caress.

"Who are you? Why are you here?" she asked.

The youth did not answer, or else she heard him not. The whispers of passion, like a mountain mist, draw a veil over the eyes ; from it, as from some sweet poison, the heart flutters and sinks.

"Go away, I am a stranger to you," and the girl broke from his embrace. She said not a word to her brothers, only stopped going down to the steps by the sea on summer nights, for she wished to avoid another meeting with the daring youth. She hated him, but his words were ever burning in her mind, sinking down and impressing themselves ever deeper and deeper on her brain.

"You shall be mine," he had said, and her heart beat heavily at these words ; he was too strong for her.

"Leave your grief," her brothers comforted her. "Soon we will raise the cross, and the bright spirit of our mother is already rejoicing." But from these words only a heavier feeling took possession of the girl, as if a tender flower had been snapped, and people, all unsuspecting, went on speaking of life.

Often she fell into a trance, and when the pale moonbeams fell through the window, like ghostly, wandering souls, she felt drawn to him. Perhaps it was only a dream, but it seemed to her that the dark-haired youth again held her tightly in his embrace ; as with fire he burned her icy lips, and drew her ever closer to him, and her heart, in these moments, seemed hollow and strange.

And it was no longer her old self, but another spirit that lived in her now. She brooded and thought of nothing else, and forgot her brothers; hurried to them no more with their dinner, and had no more words of love nor caress for them, and one day she failed altogether to appear. The brothers were astonished.

"What could have detained her?"

And when twilight fell they hurried home. As the dawn of the morning of execution fills the soul of the condemned man with horror, so were their hearts filled with evil forebodings.

The lights of night had already lit up in the sky, when the brothers came up to their home.

"Why did you not bring our dinner?" asked the eldest, seeing their sister standing on the threshold. But the girl's lips remained closed, and her eyes wept without tears.

"Why did you not come?" She tried to answer, but her lips only moved in a dead whisper. . . . A sword clanged in the garden. They looked round. . . . There, a graceful youth, down whose shoulders black curls swept in rings, stood in the shadow of a maple tree.

"The priest's son!" . . .

The eldest brother turned fiercely upon the girl: "Is that he?" . . .

As discarded clothes fall, so, silently, the girl sank down before them.

"Anathema, yes, to see." And with his foot he threw her from the threshold of their house. A passing whirlwind caught her up and bore a grain of sand away to the deep gulf.

A short time after the first service had been held in the newly built church, a horde of nomadic savages fell upon the town. The Ponticopeians defended themselves gallantly, and many brave men perished at the town walls. Among them were the twelve brothers, the church builders. They were buried together close to their church, and their common grave was covered with a heavy slab.

"Koufe avtis ea e ee." (Peace be upon you and yours.)

But peace descended not into the grave. On the eve of Christmas the shadow of the sister comes floating there, surrounded by a white, waning light; she leans against the head of the grave, which by human eyes is no more to be seen, and then some one wails in the church enclosure, in a voice of perpetual yearning, repentant and awful.

But the people do not believe in an everlasting grief. They say that a youth, with rings of black curls, will return. Not the one who ruined the ill-starred girl, but another one, whose heart sings a bright canon. He will come to the grave on the eve of Christmas, lift up the heavy sepulchral slab, and the lost shadow will blend with the shadows of her brothers. Then, on that holy night, will the bells of the old church ring of their own accord, and spread over all the earth melodious hymns of peace and love. . . .



A. Drysdale

THE OLD PARISH CHURCH

Ecclesiastical Links with Dollar.

BY THE REV. R. S. ARMSTRONG, DOLLAR.

THERE are two divines to whom the Church at large owes an especial debt of gratitude—Thomas Forrest, commonly known as the Vicar of Dollar, and Andrew Mylne, who was for forty years minister of the parish. The memory of the former is kept fresh in the district by his having, among other good works, built a bridge over the river Devon, which is still known as the Vicar's Bridge. On the arch facing the west is an inscription, wonderfully legible notwithstanding the corroding hand of time, which bears testimony to the character and self-sacrifice of the man. In many ways Dean Forrest was a remarkable personality, for he ranks among the noble army of Christian martyrs. Tytler has the following interesting account of him:—"He was accused of preaching to his parishioners, a duty then invariably abandoned to the orders of friars; and of exposing the mysteries of scripture to the vulgar in their own tongue. It was on this occasion that Crichton, Bishop of Dunkeld, a prelate more celebrated for his generous style of living and magnificent hospitality than for any learned or theological endowments, undertook to remonstrate with the vicar, observing with much simplicity, that it was too much to preach every Sunday, as it might lead the people to think that the prelates ought to preach also: 'nevertheless,' continued he, 'when thou findest any good epistle or gospel which sets forth the liberty of the Holy Church, thou mayest read it to thy flock.' The vicar replied to this that he had carefully read through both the Old and New Testament, and in its whole compass had not found one evil epistle or gospel; but if his lordship would point them out, he would be sedulous in avoiding them. 'Nay, brother Thomas, my joy, that I cannot do,' said the bishop, smiling; 'for I am contented with my breviary and pontifical, and know neither the Old nor New Testament; and yet thou seest I have come on indifferently well: but take my advice, leave these fancies, else thou mayest repent when it is too late.' It was likewise objected to Forrest, upon his trial, that he had taught his parishioners the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Creed in the vulgar tongue; that he had questioned the rights of taking tithes, and had restored them to the poorer members of his flock. His defence, which he grounded on Scripture, was received with insult; his Bible plucked from his hand by Lauder, who denounced as heretical the conclusions he had drawn from it, and himself and his companions condemned to the stake." It is not surprising to read that this earnest man suffered martyrdom for his principles under the persecuting reign of Archbishop Beaton of St Andrews. Along with some others, Forrest was burned at the stake on the Castle Hill at Edinburgh on the 29th February 1538.

The other outstanding figure in the ecclesiastical history of Dollar is Andrew Mylne, who was parish minister from 1816 to 1856. The photograph shows the picturesque ruins of the old kirk where Dr Mylne preached, and within whose walls he lies buried. There is a mural tablet on the south side of the outer wall bearing the date 1775. The appointment of Mylne to be minister of Dollar was indeed providential; for it was to his insight and great administrative powers that Dollar owes its fame of having long been an academic centre.

To trace the history of the foundation of the School which has, since 1818, sent forth so many distinguished sons of *learning* the world over, would require more space than this paper will allow. The point we wish to emphasise is that Dollar and the educational world generally, must stand in an unrequitable debt to the wisdom and sagacity of this loyal son of the Church. It was mainly to his efforts and administrative ability that the parish of Dollar was rescued from the curse of a poorhouse, and blessed with the present Academy. But in saying so, it must not be forgotten that Mr Crawford Tait, then the principal heritor and patron of the parish, played an important part prior to Mr Mylne's appearance on the scene. Of him it might be said, he *laid* the egg which Mylne hatched. Being a man of enlightened views, especially on the subject of education, he was the means of selecting as minister of the parish, Andrew Mylne, whom he had known for some years as a distinguished teacher in Edinburgh. And we might with reasonableness go further and say that the Church of Scotland lies under a very great obligation to Andrew Mylne, who, as an instrument of Providence, so ably guided the destinies of this renowned institution throughout a strenuous career. In some ways Mylne reminds one of John Knox. He was bold and fearless. Had he been otherwise, of a mild and wavering disposition, he could not have accomplished the great work he had to do. Next to John M'Nab, to whose munificence the School owes its inception, Dr Mylne was its greatest benefactor. Nor were his natural gifts directed only to what concerned the welfare and prosperity of the School. Records tell us that Mylne was a gifted preacher: his delivery being "clear and forcible." It appears he had been in the teaching profession in Edinburgh before he entered the Church, and was much esteemed by his pupils. That he was somewhat of a disciplinarian is evident from his nickname of "the threshing-mill." Yet, beneath his somewhat rough exterior, the learned doctor possessed an honest and kindly heart. Visitors calling at the manse were sure of getting a cordial reception and genial entertainment. In a book called the "Annals of the Parish of Dollar," the author, Captain Porteous, to whom Mylne was by no means a *persona grata*, says of him, "it must be admitted that when his legs are under the mahogany, he is the best fellow on earth." This was high praise coming from that quarter. For some years the Rev. Andrew Mylne enjoyed what was known at one time in the history of the Church as a plurality: he was parish minister, and also the first appointed headmaster of the Academy. In itself, perhaps, this was not a practice to be universally commended, though the Church supplies at least two notable instances of it in George Hill who was Professor of Greek in the University of St Andrews, besides being minister of one of the churches in the same town, and also William Robertson who was both Principal of Edinburgh University and minister of Greyfriars Church. But in the case of Dollar the peculiar needs of the School at the time demanded the controlment and guidance of a man of Dr Mylne's acumen. When we look back and consider what his work has meant for Scotland our heart swells with a true pride that this *magnum opus* was so faithfully performed by a devoted minister of the Church.



A. W. Strachan

THE PARISH CHURCH
FROM THE OLD BOWLING GREEN

Peeps into the Past History of Dollar.

CHAPTER XV.

JOAN BEAUFORT, THE WIDOWED QUEEN OF JAMES I., AND HER POSSIBLE CONNECTION WITH DOLLAR.

FULL as are the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of stirring and tragic incidents, all illustrating the singularly romantic character of our national history, as related alike to the religious, the political, and even the family life of our people, I have often felt it to be a somewhat disappointing thing that few or no such incidents have been recorded in connection with our own local parish history during that period. In this chapter it will be my aim, if not to supply such an incident, at least to provide some reasons for conjecturing that a member of the family at that time owning and residing in Castle Gloom may have played a somewhat romantic part in connection with the family history of the royal Stewart family.

It is a fact well known that, at all events in the fifteenth century and probably also in the fourteenth, the castle and lands of Gloom in the parish of Dollar were in the hands of the family of Stewart of Lorne and Innermeath. Thus the late Mr Paul has pointed out in this *Magazine* that it was by his marriage with Isobel, one of the daughters of the third Lord of Lorne, that Colin Campbell, first Earl of Argyll, came into possession of the estate of Gloom. It is true that in the first instance only a third of that estate fell to that fortunate nobleman. For Isobel Stewart's two sisters, Margaret, married to Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, and Marion, married to Arthur Campbell of Otter, being co-heiresses with the Countess of Argyll, had of course claims to two-thirds of the property which they inherited from their father. But as the Earl of Argyll, no doubt for political reasons, seems to have been anxious to possess a residence nearer the seat of political power than he occupied in his native Argyllshire, steps were promptly taken by that ambitious and enterprising nobleman to come to terms with his sisters-in-law with the view of arranging a transfer of their right to him. As a result, the third part of the estate belonging to Lady Campbell of Glenorchy was ceded to the Argyll family by her son Duncan, in a deed of renunciation still extant. While, though there seems to be no documentary evidence attesting the transference of the remaining third to the Argyll family, yet as it too is included in a charter of Confirmation by James IV. of a charter granted to the then earl by the Bishop of Dunkeld, as the feudal superior of the whole estate, and which is dated 11th May 1497, it cannot be doubted that before that time some satisfactory arrangement must have been come to in regard to the remaining third portion also.

At the time when the Castle of Gloom thus came into the hands of the first Earl of Argyll, the late Mr Paul, in his valuable article on this subject (*Dollar Magazine*, III. 157), tells us that in all probability it consisted only of the square keep at the north-east corner of the present structure, and he believes that it was during that nobleman's tenure of the castle that the first additions to the original keep were made, though he recognises at the same time that these must have been greatly extended and improved by his successors.

In regard to the date of the erection of the keep itself, Mr Paul, founding on a statement of Cosmo Innes to the effect that no castellated

structures are now extant in Scotland earlier than the thirteenth century, concludes that the castle to which the name of Gloom was attached was probably erected towards the close of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century. Personally I think this date considerably too late. For as I have mentioned in Chapter XIV. of this series, I concur with Mr J. Logie Robertson, in his essay on this subject, in the belief that the keep, as we know it, is in all likelihood the work either of Malcolm Canmore or of one of his sons, and was probably erected in the twelfth century. It is of course possible, as Mr Paul suggests, that an earlier building of that date, or even earlier, may have been superseded in the fourteenth century by the structure that has survived to this day. In that case it would seem a fair inference that the new erection was most likely the work of the Stewart who was the founder of the Lorne and Innermeath branch of the remarkable family that at a later date became famous as the royal Stewart House.

The Stewarts, we are told, are the scions of a Norman baron named Alan, who came over with William the Conqueror, and settled in Shropshire. Two of his younger sons having migrated to Scotland, Walter, the elder, was appointed by David I. the dapifer or steward of the royal household. The duties of high steward, we are told, comprised the management of the royal household as well as the collection of the national revenue and the command of the king's armies. This office, which seems to have been made hereditary by King David in the line of this Norman family, led to the name of Stewart being adopted by them as their distinctive surname. Certain it is that the Stewart family played a large part in the public life of Scotland in the twelfth and thirteenth, as well as in the following centuries.

This Walter, the first of the Scottish line, who was a favourite of David I., and who became a great Renfrewshire proprietor, was the founder of the abbey of Paisley, in which, at his death in 1177, he was buried, and which became the mausoleum of the family before their accession to the throne. In these early centuries this capable Norman family intermarried with all the chief nobility of Scotland, and, as a result, were prominent alike in the conduct of the military and political affairs of their time. Thus Walter, the grandson of the first Scottish Stewart, in addition to his hereditary office of High Steward, was by Alexander II. appointed Justiciary of Scotland, while his son Alexander was not only one of the regents of Scotland during the nonage of Alexander III., but is remembered as having distinguished himself at the battle of Largs in 1263, when he commanded the right wing of the Scottish army, and inflicted a crushing defeat on King Haco of Norway and his invading army.

This distinguished nobleman had two equally patriotic sons. First, James his successor, who, on the death of Alexander III. in 1286, was one of the six magnates of Scotland who were chosen to act as regents of the kingdom. He fought bravely under Wallace in his memorable attempt to retrieve the national independence, and died in the service of Bruce in 1309. Second, his brother, Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, was no less gallant and devoted to the service of his fatherland. He also joined Wallace, and, fighting bravely under that hero's banner, fell at the battle of Falkirk in 1298. Under him in this battle were the men of Bute, known at that time by the name of the Lord High Steward's Brandanes. Brave men they were, and they perished in the struggle almost to a man along with their valiant leader. This

Sir John Stewart, we are told, had seven sons, from one or other of whom have sprung the Stewarts ennobled as Earls of Angus, Earls and Dukes of Lennox, Earls of Galloway, Earls of Athol, Buchan, and Traquair, and finally the Lords of Lorne and Innermeath. This last-named family was descended from a Sir James Stewart, who was the fourth son of the gallant patriot soldier, Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, who fought and fell at Falkirk. What part, this scion of a gallant stock took in the great struggle of which Robert Bruce was the heroic leader, I have not yet ascertained; but as the entire Stewart family were loyal supporters of the Bruce in his claim on the Scottish crown, I cannot doubt that this Sir James Stewart played his part bravely along with the rest in that memorable conflict. Certain at least it is that his cousin Walter, the sixth Lord High Stewart, when only twenty-one years old, commanded with Douglas the left wing of the Scots army at Bannockburn, and that King Robert rewarded him for his services on that occasion by bestowing upon him in 1316 the hand of his only daughter, Marjory. It is perhaps worth mentioning here that it is from that union, which led before the end of the fourteenth century to the succession of the Stewart dynasty to the Scottish crown, that our present sovereign, King George V., occupies the throne of Britain as the direct lineal descendant of Scotland's hero-king, Robert the Bruce.

It seems clear, therefore, that with such influential kindred to back him, there would be no difficulty in the way of an aristocratic patriot of the importance of Sir James Stewart, who was a cousin of the king's son-in-law, obtaining large grants of land at the close of Bruce's successful struggle with England, and it may have been then, therefore, that the connection between Dollar and the family of Stewart of Innermeath first originated. But at all events we know, as I have said, that they were firmly seated here in the fifteenth century, when, as I have already mentioned, a daughter of the house brought to her husband as a marriage portion the castle and estate of Gloom.

In this connection I think it an interesting fact that, as Sir James Stewart, of the Innermeath family, known as "the Black Knight of Lorne," married Joan Beaufort, the widowed queen of James I., soon after her husband's death in 1436, and as in all likelihood Castle Gloom was then a favourite residence of the family of which he was a member, it is by no means impossible that the English lady, whose romantic association with our Scottish royal poet James I. during his confinement in the Tower, was the theme of that poet's muse in his delightful poem, "The King's Quair," may on more than one occasion have accompanied her lover or her husband on a visit to the family seat in the Castle of Gloom, which may even, who knows, have been the scene of the love passages leading up to the lady's second nuptials.

Certain at least it is, according to Tytler ("History of Scotland," II., iii. 126-7), that during the stormy years that followed the assassination of James I., the youthful monarch, subsequently James II., and his mother were confined in Stirling Castle, only twelve miles distant from Dollar. And it was just then, as Tytler tells us, that the second marriage took place. His account is as follows:—"It was at this dark period that the queen-mother, who was in the prime of life, and still a beautiful woman, finding that she was little else than a prisoner in the hands of Livingston, determined to procure protection for herself by marriage. Whether it was an alliance of love or of

ambition is not apparent ; but it is certain that Joanna, unknown to the faction by whom she was guarded, espoused Sir James Stewart, third son of John Stewart, Lord of Lorne, and commonly known by the name of the Black Knight of Lorne."

Now, of course, as husband of the queen-mother, to whom in the first instance the Parliament had committed the custody of the king's person, Sir James might plausibly insist upon a principal share in the education of the youthful prince, as well as in the administration of the government, and a coalition between the party of the queen-mother and the Earl of Douglas might, if managed with prudence, have put a speedy end to the tyranny of Livingston.

But, says Tytler, that able and crafty baron, who ruled all things around the Court at his pleasure, had earlier information of these intrigues than the queen and her husband imagined, and whilst they, confiding in his pretended approval of their marriage, imprudently remained within his power, Sir James was suddenly arrested with his brother, Sir William Stewart, and both were cast into a dungeon in Stirling Castle with every circumstance of cruelty and ignominy.

About the same time the apartments of the queen herself, who then resided in the castle, were invaded by Livingston ; and although the servants of her Court, headed by Napier, one of her household, made a violent resistance, in which this gentleman was wounded, his royal mistress was torn from her chamber, and committed to an apartment, where she was placed under a guard and cut off from all communication with her husband and his party.

The result of this *coup d'état* was that the queen-mother was forced not only to consent to deliver the custody of the king into the hands of Livingston until he reached his majority, but to declare at the same time that she had remitted to Sir Alexander Livingston and his accomplices "all rancour of mind which she had erroneously conceived against them for the imprisonment of her person, being convinced that their conduct had been animated by no other motives than those of truth, loyalty, and a zealous anxiety for the safety of their Sovereign."

This whole transaction exhibits an extraordinary picture of the country at this period, of the despotic power which, in a few weeks, might be lodged in the hands of an unprincipled faction, of the pitiable weakness of the party of the queen, and the corruption and venality of the great officers of the Crown.

"It must have been evident to the queen-mother," says Tytler, "that Livingston and Crichton divided between them the supreme power ; and, in terror for the life of her husband, and dreading her own perpetual imprisonment, she purchased security and freedom at the price of the liberty and independence of the king, her son, then a boy in his ninth year. He was accordingly delivered up to Livingston, who kept him in a state of honourable captivity in Stirling."

Buchanan's account of these transactions is as follows :—"William Stuart had an ample inheritance in Lorne. His brother James, after the death of the king, having married the queen, and had several children by her, indignant at not being admitted to any part of the administrations, in order to obtain his object and revenge the supposed affront, seemed inclined to join the Douglas faction ; nor was the queen supposed ignorant

of his design, for she also was greatly enraged at being overlooked by the regent.

"On account of these suspicious appearances, the queen, her husband, and her husband's brother were thrown into confinement on the 2nd August 1439. The queen was shut up by herself in a small guarded room, while the others were put in irons and committed to prison, nor were they released till the 31st August, when the queen had cleared herself in Parliament from any knowledge of these plots, James and his brother also having given security that they would not attempt anything against the regent, nor accept of any public employment without his permission."

It is impossible, of course, for me without the evidence of contemporary correspondence or documented history to affirm that the close and tender connection which undoubtedly existed between a member of the family which occupied Castle Gloom in the fifteenth century, and so interesting and romantic a personality as Lady Joan Beaufort undoubtedly was, ever brought that lady to reside for a longer or shorter period within the confines of our picturesque ancestral keep. But it seems to me that, as such a temporary residence on her part is very far indeed from unlikely, I would not be doing my duty as a historian of the more memorable episodes in our social and parish life if I did not allude at least to the possibility of such an event. Few who have read the stirring lines in which her royal lover records the first glimpse he had of the lady who was by and by to become his queen, but would be proud to think that the lady so affectionately and graphically delineated could be claimed as having adorned, for however short a period, the neighbourhood in which their own home and lot are cast. Let me quote here the lines to which I refer :—

" And therewith kest I doun myn eye ageyne,
 Quhareas I saw walkyng under the Toure,
 Full secretly, new comyn hir to pleyn,
 The fairest or the freschest young floure
 That ever I sawe, methought, before that houre,
 For quwhich, sodayne abate, anon astert,
 The blude of all my body to my herte.

" And though I stood abaisit there a lyte,
 No wonder was ; for quhy? my wittis all
 Were so ouercome with plesance and delyte,
 Only through lattynge of myn eyen fall,
 That sudaynly my hert become hir thrall
 For ever of free wyll : for of menace
 There was no takyn in hir suete face,
 And, above all this, there was, well I wote,
 Beautee enouch to make a world to dote."

These lines, along with many more of similar tenor in the same poem, which I have not space to quote, show clearly that this English princess in the first flush of her virgin youth must have been possessed of remarkable personal attractions. And doubtless, as a young widow of high station and great prospects, she would not be without wooers. But whether wooers were many or few, it was to the dark-haired scion of the Stewart family, whose southern country seat was the Dollar Castle of Gloom, that this royal beauty gave her heart and hand, and that, too, very soon after her husband's

death. And so I am fain to believe that our somewhat austere and forbidding ancient keep, which, as I have shown, in its early history enshrined the Scottish princess whose romantic experience and poetic gift gave to our local scenery the picturesque names which they bear to this day, may have temporarily harboured also at a later date a similarly gifted English princess, whose fate was no less romantic and even more tragic. In any case, I trust my readers will be grateful to me for the attempt I have made in this chapter to connect our parish history with one of the most romantic personalities in our national history, whether they may regard my case as having been fully established or not.

(To be continued.)

A Christmas Day Visit to Craigleith Hospital.

It seems to me that one of the most wonderful things, in a year of wonderful things, has been the practical expression throughout the country of a great spirit of sympathy with suffering of all kinds, and surely never before have the hands and heart of the nation been so constantly and ungrudgingly occupied in alleviating distress.

This spirit of sympathy, naturally enough, found perhaps its fullest expression at the Christmas season. Then not only the poor (who, alas! are always with us) felt its kindly results, but particularly in every hospital in the land where our sick and wounded soldiers were lying, special efforts towards good cheer and entertainment were made on their behalf. As I happened to be present on Christmas Day at one such entertainment at Craigleith Hospital, a short account of the proceedings may possibly interest some of your readers.

As to Tipperary, so to Craigleith, "it's a long way to go," and it was therefore somewhat discouraging to find the entrance guarded by Cerberus in the shape of three youthful "Terriers." They evidently took their sentry duties very seriously indeed, for each of them in turn examined our "credentials" with the greatest care, and with the same air of dignified suspicion usually assumed by the junior bank clerk as he scrutinises cheques over the counter. However, we were finally allowed to pass on into the hospital, and a brisk orderly, after leading us through apparently endless passages at a high rate of speed, deposited us in a breathless condition in the ward we wished to reach.

But indeed it was difficult to associate with that bright room the pain and weakness and weariness of a hospital ward. The patients, enticed by the promise of good things for all sufficiently well to partake, had evidently made such a successful effort towards convalescence that practically all the beds had been removed, and the floor space was now occupied by a long table fairly laden with enticing dainties. Only one man had been unable to rise to the occasion; so his bed was placed in a cosy corner near the fire—but he was as cheerful as his more fortunate comrades, and always explained conscientiously to inquirers that his ailment was "naethin' but rheumatism," and that the captain had said he was to have "a very good tea," an injunction he carried out with strict military obedience. The room had been gaily decorated by the men themselves with the flags of

the Allies and with photographs of the naval and military heroes of the war, while the inevitable question, "Are we down-hearted?" was artistically picked out in evergreens on the wall—a question sufficiently answered by a glance at the bright faces round the tea-table. At first the men were as shy as children taking tea with their Sunday School teacher, but soon the good things were attacked with the thoroughness so characteristic of the British soldier, and joking and merriment was heard on all sides. "Crackers," containing all kinds of military headdress, were next distributed, and much fun resulted from the donning of these. One private suddenly thus found himself promoted to be "a bloomin' colonel, sir," while the most intense disgust was depicted on the face of another, whose cap consigned him to the "58th Prussian Regiment," and his language on the occasion, I may add, would certainly not have passed the Censor. Attacks with paper bullets, &c., were at once made on this "alien enemy," and desires were loudly expressed to have him interned; but the fortunate arrival of cigarettes prevented further hostilities. One resourceful man, too, had meantime turned on a gramophone, which soon, as the hymn says, drowned "all music but its own"!

An adjournment was soon made to a larger room, where for the next two hours, songs, recitations, &c., were rendered with great spirit by a party of ladies and gentlemen giving their services as amateur artistes. All the items were received with much appreciation by the audience, who joined lustily in the popular refrains of "Tipperary," "Soldiers of the King," "Rule Britannia," and other patriotic airs. But the entertainment was not all on one side, as one of the patients (?) (somewhat to his medical man's astonishment) volunteered to give the company the "Highland Fling"—and never have I seen it "flung" with more vigour and heartiness. An enthusiastic "encore" being demanded, he proposed to give the "Sword Dance"—no swords, however, seemed to be immediately forthcoming, and the situation was only saved by an obliging comrade of the appropriate name of Wagg promptly handing over his crutches—his sole visible means of support—to the artiste, and the Sword Dance was successfully performed. Were ever crutches so used—or misused—before?

The hour had now arrived, however, for "bairns and sick folk" to be in bed, while those who did not fall into either category betook themselves homeward with the happy consciousness that they had been able to contribute in some small way to the happiness of the brave men who were offering their all in the sacred cause of King and Country.

JEANIE A. SIMPSON.

The De'il's Cradle.

WHEN we go back a century or more, we learn that the peasantry in and around Dollar were very superstitious, and that the long moonlight nights of Christmas time, which are so fascinating to most people, brought their special terrors to the lone farmhouse or the cottage by the wood. In the outskirts of the town on several wintry mornings, mysterious footprints over the virgin snow, having great likeness (so the natives affirmed) to the cloven hoofs popularly assigned to a certain nameless personage, attracted inquisitive attention. These tracks could be traced steadily, without any apparent

divarication, from the Shelterhall Kirk to the Kelly Burn. The story quickly spread to the papers, and all kinds of guesses were made respecting the footprints. Some ascribed them to natural causes, such as the visit of a large wild fowl; but with the people of the countryside this explanation found small favour. At length a Nestor came on the scene, who was able to confirm the natives in their opinion that the marks were none other than the impress of the cloven hoof, and, to strengthen this conviction, he further stated that they could be followed to a large stone in Burnsgren, through which flows the Kelly Burn. It was then, so tradition tells, that this boulder stone, which remains to this day, became known as the "De'il's Cradle."

Now, we knew of his satanic majesty's mill on the Devon near Rumbling Bridge, of his claim that "Bonnie Saline was a' his ain," as he viewed it from the adjacent hill—girling the while at Ralph Erskine in Dunfermline on the east, and Ebenezer in Stirling on the west—but that the wee de'il was cradled so near ourselves we had neither known nor dreamt of. A desire to satisfy our curiosity, to see for ourselves the forgotten crib, led to a resolve to explore the glen in search thereof, which we recently did in the company of a young friend. It was a beautiful day in the beginning of autumn; the yellow grain was falling under the reaper, and all Nature seemed smiling around in the abundance of a plentiful harvest. The fern on the sloping sides of the path was tinged with brown, and, but for the green leaves of bushes by the side of the stream, which, over its shelving channel and tiny waterfalls, winds down the bottom of the glen, the scene would have been dull and unpleasant. On the western bank there is, distinctly marked, abundance of strata for the hammer of the geologist, and at one of the bends there projects a seam of coal nearly three feet thick, indicating the presence of a plentiful store of this mineral. Beds of colts-foot—Tussilago or cough-allayer—spotted over with patches of the pretty cluster-cup, sufficient, we should say, if smoked or infused, to prove a remedy for the coughs and asthma of the whole community, line the banks on both sides.

"More med'cinal than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave."

A short walk on a level grassy path brought us to the object of our search, the cradle-shaped stone, which lies embedded in a triangular glade a few steps from the east bank of the burn. It is sheltered by trees of considerable growth, spruce, Scots fir, beech, and larch closely intermingled. The cradle itself was rather disappointing, as we had looked for something vast and imposing in the crib of him who, in after years, "lay floating many a rood." It measures but 5 ft. 6 in. in length, and 3 ft. in breadth. At the top, or pillow end, it is 1 ft. 6 in. in height, while the lower end falls to 6 in. It forms quite a comfortable resting-place, for we dared to put it to the test, and we felt, for the nonce, that elf-land opened around us.

We have said that the peasantry in these parts were formerly very superstitious; and one of their beliefs was, that the cradle was on every Hallowe'en night raised from its place and suspended in the air by the witches, who swung his majesty, seated thereon, backwards and forwards until daylight bade them disappear. To prove the falsity of this, so goes the old story, a youth, inspired perhaps by John Barleycorn, boasted that he would pass the night on the stone. To keep his courage up he took



R. K. Holmes

ALBIE CASTLE

with him a bottle of Glenlivet, so that he might have a pull from time to time. Once in possession of the stone he determined to hold it against Auld Nick should he appear to claim it. Every rustle of the wind among the trees seemed to him to announce the owner's approach, and called for a fresh draught of usquebaugh, which ultimately overpowered him, and he fell asleep.

Now was the turn of his companions who had followed him and were in hiding. With shouting and yelling they rushed forward, and seizing him, the one by the head, the other by the feet, they soused him in the burn, and at every plunge sent forth unearthly sounds. Thinking that a whole legion of devils was surrounding him, the fellow pleaded most piteously for mercy, and being set free, rushed up the glen, and once home, resolved not to touch strong drink again, or boast of daring deeds.

We should have mentioned that we found the cradle overgrown with moss and ivy, a clear proof that some length of time had elapsed since the de'il had been rocked in it. So it is. One may walk with safety in Burnsgren now, for we know from the old proverb that

"The de'il's deid, the de'il's deid,
And buried in Kirkcaldy."

The whole of Burnsgren has the appearance of being very much left to Nature; and imagination can fancy that the fairies, those gentle folks of a bygone age, here hold nightly rambles still, in spite of the faith which denies their being. It may, perhaps, be wrong to disturb their innocent revels, but we have to confess to a desire to see a path cut through the woods, and seats placed for resting old men like ourselves, thus connecting the Muckhart and Hillfoot roads, and opening a shaded walk for peace-loving pedestrians.

Letter to the Editors.

"SS. 'SANTHIA,'
HONG KONG, 26th April 1915.

"MY DEAR DR STRACHAN,—A little incident has just happened that I almost think merits recording in the *Dollar Magazine*.

"I often wonder how many there are now who will remember 'Cocky Robertson' who used to live with you at Craigninnan Lodge and Seberham Cottage between 1869 and 1873. Well, this same Cocky Robertson did in the *winter of 1871* make an unprovoked assault on an unoffending pupil, Wei Ah Yuk, who was turning from the Burnside into Teacher's Row, on his way to the Academy, throwing snowballs at him.

"Wei said nothing, but quietly walked up to his assailant, and there was a meeting between shoemaker and tailor, which rendered 'Cocky's' sitting down an uncomfortable business for some time.

"Years passed, and be it recorded that Captain J. W. Robertson, SS. 'Santhia,' British India Steam Navigation Company, did on 21st April 1915, duly tender his apologies to the Hon. Wei Yuk, C.M.G., who in turn tendered his for his part of the performance—after which followed the most enjoyable half-hour I've had for many a day.

"But it didn't end there, for he had me up at his house yesterday, 25th, to meet his family and have afternoon tea!!! and if I'd been royalty he couldn't have 'done me better'—what with shark fins, pigeons' eggs, bird

nest soup, quails fried in batter, and many other delicacies, I just had the time of my life.

"By the way, Mrs Wei, a dear happy little woman (with small feet), is sister of Wong Yung Ching who was at Dollar the same time as we.

"Wong and Ah See are both dead.

"Mr Wei Yuk has dozens of old photos, boys and girls, that woke up very pleasant memories of those days. He and his good lady have made it very clear to me that if I come back to Hong Kong, it will be advisable for me to starve for two or three days previous.

"This awful war has knocked all our leave on the head, or I would have been home long ago.

"I do hope yourself and Mrs Strachan are well, also the family. I forget Edie's name now.

"With very kindest remembrances.—Believe me, yours in sincerity,

"J. W. ROBERTSON."

Notes from Near and Far.

SINCE our last issue the topic at our clubs and assemblies, our soirees and conversaciones—in our newspapers and periodicals, on the platform and in the pulpit—has been the war with its long-drawn-out series of atrocious organised barbarities by the armies of Germany, an ostensibly Christian nation.

War is at all times to be deplored. Whether it be undertaken to maintain inviolable the immunities of a people, rendered sacred by a long hereditary possession; whether it be to settle the balance of power, and to restore the jarring elements of the political sky to their proper spheres, as in the case of the Balkans; whether it be to check the onward course of a proud and imperious potentate, whose lust for power and intolerable ambition lead him to violate treaties, and repudiate laws; whether it be to protect the weak against the mighty, or the lone one against a combination of foes; whether it be to restore peace to "troubled waters," or to set at rest a long agitated question of political and social emancipation; whether it be undertaken for one or all of these, *war fills the mind with instinctive horror.*

To reflect upon the work of destruction that necessarily ensues—upon the hopes blighted, and prospects blasted; upon the homes darkened by death, and hearts rent in twain, and, like that of Rachel's, refusing "to be comforted"; upon the happy hearths rendered desolate, and the bright future prematurely bereft of its glory and its hope—is saddening and sickening to hearts full of sympathy. But notwithstanding its long catalogue of untold miseries, we are not amongst those who deny the right and expediency of unsheathing the sword. The experience of the past, the policy of the present, the prospect of the future, alike demanded our interference. The weak was overawed, but not dismayed, by the strong; the former found practical sympathy in honest Britain, whose people are ever ready to err rather on the side of pity than on that of severity. Our country in the step she took in August only followed a course which was dictated by wise policy, suggested by careful forethought, and prompted by a generous, noble sympathy, combined with a sincere desire to assist a weaker State assailed by a powerful and ambitious foe. In doing so, she has tended to perpetuate her *prestige*. Individually she had nothing to gain;

there was no territory to fall beneath her sway, no conquest to commence or complete, no unlawful ambition to satisfy, no shallow pretence for drawing the sword. Justice, right, the blessings of free institutions at home, the value of civil immunities abroad, and every principle which sheds a lustre across the path of the upright and the just impelled her onwards.

We may deplore war, and yet, as Christians, wage it with every energy as for life and honour. Our business now is to strike hard and strike home without reference to any result beyond that of overcoming the foe. It is with us as a nation in this war, as with each of us in the business of life, we must do our *devoir* with all our might.

We cannot but express our satisfaction with the ready response which Dollar has given to the call to arms. The Roll of Honour, which we give, shows that a large percentage of our young men qualified for service are in the field against the would-be military dictator of Europe and the fiends in human shape who follow him and who have been guilty, contrary to the recognised laws of warfare, of using every cruelty which human ingenuity could devise, to gain their ends. Our men who have been brought up in the pure air of freedom, purchased by the blood of the brave, the patriotic and the pious, could not calmly and dispassionately view, or remain unconcerned spectators of, the destruction of the lives and property of the Belgians, and the dishonourable disregard of treaties intended to safeguard the liberties of the smaller European nationalities. Their ranks, alas! have been thinned since they entered the field; and, in another column, will be found some notices of our brave fellows who have died for their country.

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AN undiminished interest in the eventful crisis has been felt and shown by the whole community, high and low; and neither time nor talent has been spared in efforts for the alleviation of suffering, and the encouragement of our gallant defenders at the front. First and foremost, we place the report of the "Women's Work Party," which the Secretary, Mrs Dougall, has favoured us with.

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THE Committee of the Dollar Work Party have decided to continue their meetings on Monday afternoons and Thursday evenings until further notice. As winter again approaches, the need for comforts for the troops will be greater than ever. Thanks to the generosity of friends in Dollar, the Committee are in a position to supply material, and urge those who have so kindly helped them in the past to keep on working. The many letters received show how greatly the men appreciate the kindness of those at home. Not only for the gifts sent are they grateful—the thoughtfulness and sympathy of which these gifts are the evidences, are deeply appreciated by those who are braving the horrors of war for our sakes.

Articles sent up till 24th May:—

To Lady Mar and Kellie for Red Cross Work, and				
Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders	-	-	1,360	
To Belgian Refugee Committee	-	-	871	
To Various Battalions -	-	-	2,429	
Books and Magazines -	-	-	794	
			5,454	

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THE following extracts from letters from the front may interest our readers:—

The following is by Edward Radford (F.P.), A. and S. Highlanders.

" *Thursday, 6th May 1915.*

" . . . This is the twelfth day in the trenches, and twice we have been in action. But the shelling has been about as bad as the fighting. The German artillery is very strong, and their gas bombs quite an ingenious patent, but we have a remedy for it. That's about all I can tell you of our doings, but I can tell you my feelings as regards what we have gone through. It has brought me closer to God than ever I was before; how little our lives seemed to count. He held them in the hollow of His hand, and at His will certain ones dropped, perhaps never to rise again, whilst others were shattered by shells. The first action was bigger than the second, the Germans were expecting us, and the bullets literally rained past us. It must have been God's will that more of us were not killed. The papers will only call it a slight skirmish, but our ranks were badly thinned.

" But it was whilst the big shells and shrapnel burst round the trenches playing havoc with them, and we were sitting still with nothing to do but think and wonder when the next one would drop, that my feelings and thoughts were as already described. I forgot to mention we also repulsed an attack, but we gave the Germans no chance, and altogether it was a miserable attempt on their part. Our blood was up on account of our previous heavy shelling, and other things, and we were only too eager to get a chance of paying them out."

From Private Charles J. Gordon, 4th Gordons:—

" *BELGIUM, 31st March.*

" DEAR MR MALCOLM,— . . . The whole *Magazine*, and especially the lovely views of Dollar and district, make me regret that I was unfortunate enough *not* to be a Dollar boy!

" The article that appealed to me most was, I think, 'Arms and the Man.'

" 'Acquisitiveness' is by no means peculiar to the regiment of the brilliant writer! Everybody sooner or later becomes a past master in the art as, in the army more than anywhere else, 'necessity is the mother of invention.'

" We have been a good deal in the trenches lately. I am sure you would have known poor W. D. H. Scott—a dux of Dollar, I believe—who belonged to our company and was killed in the trenches here about a fortnight ago. He transferred to the 4th Gordons from the Lothians and Border Horse in September, and was a great favourite in 'U' Company.

" I am writing this in some ruined farm-buildings about 900 yards from the firing line, where we are at present 'in support.' The 'Fritzes' are beginning to get the range of the place now, but up till now, all their shells have been landing wide. . . ."

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VICTORIA DAY AT DOLLAR PUBLIC SCHOOL.—On Monday, 24th May, the annual Hoisting and Saluting of the Flag in the presence of the scholars, the staff, some members of the School Board, and of the general public, was observed under magnificent weather conditions. After the singing of the hundredth Psalm, Mr Begg unfurled our national ensign, whereupon the children sang the National Anthem, after which the Rev. Mr Wilson, in addressing the audience, said:—"Rather more than a hundred years ago, in the midst of the Napoleonic struggle, Thomas Campbell, a young Scottish poet, in appealing to the men of our battle fleet to guard well their native shores, cheered them to their arduous and perilous task by charging them to think that the flag beneath which they were fighting had 'braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.' A strange anachronism this; for not only is there no national flag in the world that has had so long a life—the oldest of all, the flag of Denmark, dating only from 1219—but also, in point of fact, the Union Jack, of which

Campbell was writing, the flag under which Nelson and Wellington fought and won their glorious victories, was a creation of Campbell's own day, having come into being, indeed, so late as 1800, on the incorporation of the Parliament of Ireland with that of the United Kingdom. The Union Jack before that date had consisted of a combination of the battle flag of England, represented by a red cross on a white ground, the Cross of St George, which cannot be traced as a national flag farther back than the days of Richard Cœur de Lion and the crusaders, with the battle flag of Scotland, consisting of a St Andrew's Cross, which was a white cross on a blue ground. This first of Union Jacks was produced in 1603 at the Union of the Scottish and English Crowns in the person of King James VI., and at the instigation of that monarch, to commemorate that auspicious event. Our national flag, therefore, represents union; but as it is entirely composed of crosses, for the Cross of St Patrick was added in 1800 to represent the Irish element in the United Kingdom, and as the cross is everywhere the emblem of sacrifice, *i.e.*, of service prompted by love that reckons not the price that has to be paid in rendering the service, but is ready to yield everything that is exacted of it, even to the surrender of the precious gift of life itself, it spoke to us all of the spirit that had built up the glorious British Empire in the past, and that would be needed from us and from our children if that Empire was to be maintained and transmitted to succeeding generations."

Mr Wilson then went on to say that, though not literally true, Campbell's claim on behalf of our British flag to a larger than millennial life, was ideally true, inasmuch as the flag really represents the nation in its past, as well as in its present activities and achievements. And, of course, as we all know, the roots of our British life stretch much further back than one thousand years; and as we are to-day only what our forefathers have made us: for

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we had been makes us what we are."

The poet was absolutely right, when he called on his countrymen to reflect on their long and honourable history, and on the appeal that history made to them to display in their own day the brave and honourable, the loyal and generous virtues which had shone so brightly in the lives and deeds of their ancestors. And standing as he did on the most historic spot in the parish, from which, to one acquainted with its history, all the mystic memories of the past unrolled themselves to the imagination, from the prehistoric days, when on the battlefield commemorated still by the significant name of Cairnpark Street, that street along which so many of them came every day to school, our barbarous ancestors wrestled with each other for the victory in bloody tribal warfare, down to our own peaceful and prosperous days, where around them on every side the halls of learning were erected where so many of them were being prepared for honourable careers in the public service, he felt that that flag which was now floating overhead might well summon every one who inherited the great national privileges that were theirs by birth in this glorious land to set themselves to live lives worthy of that flag, and of its august and inspiring memories.

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MR JAMES STRACHAN writes from Brisbane, Queensland:—

"I suppose you remember Mr Snowdowne who owned Tillicoultry

Colliery, and lived at Beechwood. Mr and Mrs, Robert, Paul, Eliza (Mrs Hogg), Marion (Mrs Reid), and John Snowdowne came to Brisbane many years ago, and have been my intimate friends. They are all dead now, except Paul and Marion. . . . There are a number of Dollar folk in Brisbane, viz., Mr, Mrs, and Miss Fairweather, Dan Mactaggart, James Blair, Rev. Mr Cosh, and Messrs M'Intyre, Flemming, and Mathieson from Tillicoultry."

He also sends the following cutting from a Brisbane paper giving a bit of local information which may be new to many. Some of our oldest residents have a distinct recollection of volumes of smoke coming from the old pit.

"*Whisky made in a mine.*—Perhaps the most remarkable beginning and ending to a colliery fire was in the case of a mine near Stirling belonging to the Sauchie Colliery Company. The first shaft they sank was abandoned in favour of another in a better position. The disused shaft became the secret headquarters of a gang of illicit whisky distillers. In the abandoned mine works they set up their still, and turned out thousands of 'drops of Scotch' that had never paid duty.

"One day, however, the fire from their furnace set the coal seam ablaze, and they had to fly for their lives. In a very short time flames were pouring from the shaft and cracks in the ground, lighting up the whole countryside. The fire was walled in with mud. It took five years to build this wall at a cost of £16,000, and then it was useless. Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, the inventor of the steam jet, was called in. He sealed up the mine as far as possible, and then pumped into it 8,000,000 cubic feet of carbonic acid and nitrogen. In three weeks the fire that had been burning day and night for forty years was put out."

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SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD (F.P.), a notable Anglo-Indian, tells us in the quite remarkable preface to "Sva," a volume of collected essays which equally illustrate India, Indian History, and the evolving outlook of the author, "Were I responsible for the government of India, I would at once place the Educational Department wholly in the hands of duly qualified Hindus, Muslims, and Parsis; the Judicial Department three-fourths in their hands; and I would freely admit the Rajputs, and members of the other ruling classes and warrior castes into the higher commissions of the number of officers required; and, above all else, I would insist on developing, without let or stint, the illimitable reproductive resources of the country *pari passu* with the European's education of its people. This beneficent policy, *inter alia*, would indefinitely postpone any inclination on the part of the latter to emigrate to our hostile democratic colonies."

It is impossible not to realise the great possibilities of these proposals, and there is much to be said for the admission of the Rajputs into the regular British Army. The essays are of great interest.

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MISSION WORK.—A very successful mission work among our soldiers is being carried on in Scotland at present under the auspices of the "Pocket Testament League." One of the most prominent leaders in this good work, we are glad to see, is Mr J. Barnett Gow (F.P.), who tells us that he is greatly encouraged, because many of the men are obeying the call to become good "soldiers of Jesus Christ."

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SALE OF WORK.—On Thursday afternoon, 6th May, a Sale of Work was held in the Hall of the United Free Church in aid of the Church Funds. In formally opening the sale, Mrs Spence, in the absence of Mr W. A. Allan, of Newcastle, who was expected to perform this function, said: "The object for which the Sale was being held, as they knew, was to provide funds for the repair of the manse. No one could appreciate better the necessity for these repairs, and therefore she could appeal all the more strongly to them that day. There had been a great many appeals made recently for money and work for objects connected with the war, and they could thoroughly appreciate and respond heartily to these objects. At the same time there never was a period when it was more necessary that the spiritual life of the nation should be kept at the highest possible level. This could best be done when the material needs of the Church were so well supplied, that those in charge of her affairs had no need of anxiety. No one could appreciate more than she did the amount of time, labour, skill, and interest that had gone to the manufacture of all the things they saw on the stalls. She could only express the gratitude of her husband and herself to Mrs Marshall and Miss Webster, and those who had wrought along with them for their interest and labours on their behalf. She had great pleasure in declaring the Sale open."

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NURSING ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Dollar Nursing Association was held on the afternoon of Thursday, 29th April, in the Masonic Hall. The Rev. Mr Armstrong presided over a rather small gathering. The president, Miss Haig, read the annual report of the work done by the Association during the year, which was most satisfactory, as it showed that Nurse Bell had faithfully performed her duties and had made nearly 3,000 visits to sick and infirm persons in the parish. The expenditure had slightly exceeded the income; but this was due to an exceptional case which the Association had had to deal with. Mrs Macbeth, who had acted as secretary for many years, gave in her resignation, which was accepted with regret; and Miss Jessie MacLaverity was appointed in her room. On the motion of the Provost a hearty vote of thanks was given to the chairman.

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PARISH CHURCH CHOIR.—This choir, under the leadership of Mr M'Gruther, gave an able rendering of the sacred cantata, "The Great Light," in the church hall on the evening of the 18th March. Mr M'Arthur Moir presided over an appreciative audience. The ladies who took part in the solos and quartettes were Misses Anderson, Miss Christie, Miss Fraser, Miss G. M'Gruther, Mrs Mutch, and Mrs Stoddart, while the men singers were Mr M'Gruther, Mr Fraser, Mr Mitchell, Mr Mutch, Mr Kilpatrick, Mr Thom, and Mr Wylie. The performance from beginning to end was splendid, and reflected much credit on the choir. Miss M'Gruther, as usual, played the accompaniments with great taste and skill.

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FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB.—This club has been very active and has had several pleasant and instructive outings, notably to Hillfoot and to Muckhart Mill.

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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.—A most successful musical and dramatic entertainment, organised by a Committee consisting of Mrs Beveridge, Holmlea (convener); Miss Wright, Ochilton; Mrs Heyworth, Parkfield; Mrs Archibald, Beechwood; and Mr Arthur Strachan, Netherlea, in aid of the Red Cross Fund for the Relief of Distress in Serbia, was held in the Institution Hall on the evening of Saturday, 24th April. The programme was a long and varied one—a pianoforte solo by Mademoiselle Franco; violin solos by Miss Stewart, Kellysyde; songs by Miss Gifford Moir, Alloa, Sapper Lamond, R.E., and Corporal M'Clure, R.E., Tillicoultry, the last-mentioned delighting the audience by his humorous songs at the piano. Then came the dramatic sketch, entitled "Our Toys," which had been got up by Miss Wright, Ochilton. The various characters were represented as follows:—The Fairy Thora, Miss Spence (a charming impersonation); Lady Doll, Miss Beveridge; Red Riding Hood, Miss N. Hume Henderson; Bo Peep, Miss Katherine Kaye; Gentleman Doll, Master Alan Young; Noah, Master Alan Farmer; Dancers, Miss M. Walker and Master P. MacNeil. The dancing was particularly well done. The whole performance was well received by the audience. The drawings amounted to over £50.

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DOLLAR ASSOCIATION.—The funds of the Work Party have been benefited by the generous aid of the Dollar Association, which has handed over to it the proceeds of its several meetings, and, in particular, the handsome sum drawn at a concert given, under its auspices, in the Institution Hall on the evening of 30th March. The Countess of Mar and Kellie presided, and the programme of the evening was sustained by the Association's Glee Choir and the Institution Orchestra, both under the leadership of Mr Allsopp. We need hardly say that the several selections were given with much taste and skill, and were listened to by a large audience with the keenest pleasure. Special mention might be made of the playing of Miss Cuthbert Brown ('cello), and the singing of Miss Dougall, the soloist for the evening, whose parts were well received and heartily applauded. Miss Daisy Robertson was perfection as accompanist.

At an interval in the programme Lady Mar gave a short address on the object of the concert. It was, she said, a great pleasure for her to come to Dollar, and each time she came she was impressed with the thoroughness and the splendid way in which they carried through everything they took in hand. That was the first time she had heard their Choir and Orchestra, and she congratulated Dollar and the Dollar Association on the high state of musical efficiency to which they had risen. It must have given those present very great pleasure to hear the beautiful music which had been provided that evening. (Applause.) She understood that the Association had been meeting fortnightly, and the proceeds of the concert that evening were to be given to the local War Work Party. Speaking of the work of the Red Cross Society, Lady Mar said this not only included the supervision of work parties, but also the training of nurses and making them efficient in order that they might give their services to the wounded in the various districts and centres where they were required. With regard to the local work of the Red Cross Society no fewer than 13,000 garments had passed through her own hands from the various work parties in the district. She thought that was a wonderful record for a small county

like Clackmannan, and she did not think another area of the same size had done so much for the Red Cross Work. (Applause.) The Work Party of Dollar had sent in nearly a thousand garments of all sorts, and with regard to these she would like to say that they were all most beautifully made, the material being of the best, the cut and shape excellent, and the workmanship could not have been better. (Applause.) They had also received a great many clothes for the sick and wounded, and a quantity of these had been reserved for use in the Auxiliary Red Cross Hospital, which was about to be opened at Arnsbrae, Alloa, and where they were to receive their first batch of wounded on Monday first. The ladies of the various Voluntary Aid Detachments in the district would take turn about doing duty at this hospital. They would then be able to show how valuable the training they had received in the classes had been, and she was perfectly certain that they would be able to put the knowledge they had acquired to some use. There would be fifty wounded men there, and each detachment in the county would take its turn in nursing these wounded back to health and strength. In concluding her remarks, Lady Mar congratulated Miss Dougall on her singing. She understood that was Miss Dougall's first public appearance since she came back from Germany, and she was sure they were all glad to see her amongst them again. Lady Mar also returned thanks for the invitation to be present on that occasion, and hoped that as a result of the concert the Work Party would have ample funds to continue its good work in the future. (Loud Applause.)

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SALE OF WORK.—The Annual Sale of Work in connection with the Women's Guild of the Parish Church was held in the Church Hall on the afternoon of Saturday, 17th April, and realised, together with an entertainment in the evening, the handsome sum of £40. A large amount of work, useful and ornamental, was displayed on the neatly arranged stalls, comprising flowers, plants, cakes, confectionery, in addition to the exquisite needlework and knitting which the members had prepared during the session. We understand that the proceeds will be used in carrying out improvements on the Church Hall.

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A HANDSOME GIFT.—The genial laird of Hillfoot, Mr M'Arthur Moir, has generously presented a very handsome pulpit Bible to the Rev. Mr Armstrong, minister of the Parish. This is only one of many gifts by which Mr Moir has given proof of the deep interest which he takes in the various religious and benevolent schemes of the congregation, and in everything connected with its efficiency and prosperity.

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The *Magazine* Committee sent several copies to the wounded soldiers in hospital at Arnsbrae, and received the following acknowledgment:—

"I beg to thank your Committee in name of the Red Cross Hospital Committee for your most interesting magazines you have so kindly sent.

E. S. L'ESTRANGE,
Matron."

Dollar Yearly Provident Society.

THE annual meeting of the above Society was held in the Old Parish Church School on the evening of Wednesday, the 5th May—Mr Stanhouse, chairman, presiding. It was agreed to continue the work of the Society, and after the appointment of office-bearers for the ensuing year, the sum of £1,400 was divided among the members who now number almost 300. The thanks of the community are due to Mr Chas. Robertson (the secretary) and the committee who carry on this excellent work from year to year in such a thorough and successful manner.

Marriage.

MACQUARIE—THOMSON.—At the Douglas Temperance Hotel, Bath Street, Glasgow, on 11th March, by the Rev. John M'Lean, Victoria Place Baptist Church, Charles Macquarie, jun. (F.P.), Bunessan, Argyllshire, to Agnes M. (Cissie), elder daughter of Mr and Mrs W. B. Thomson, 1 Gersland Terrace, Hillhead.

Obituary.

ANDERSON.—At Upper Mains, Dollar, on 9th March, Margaret Elliot, beloved wife of John Anderson, quarryman.

EWING.—At 14 James Row, Kirkcaldy, on the 9th March, Jane M. Whyte (F.P.), wife of Lance-Corporal Ewing, of the G.P.O., Glasgow, and second daughter of the late Captain A. C. Whyte and of Mrs Whyte, Highfield, Dollar.

HENDERSON.—On 17th March, Gordon Ducat Henderson (F.P.), Buenos Ayres, fifth son of the late William Henderson, of Lawton, Perthshire, and beloved husband of Maria L. S. Henderson, Buenos Ayres.

CARMICHAEL.—At 13 Rutland Crescent, Glasgow, on 6th May, Janet M'Ivor, widow of the late Thomas Carmichael, and elder daughter of the late John M'Ivor, Lawhill, Dollar.

IAN C. HUTTON, KILLED IN ACTION, 16TH MAY 1915.

Somewhere in French or Belgian Flanders, in sacred, blood-anointed foreign soil, lies all that is mortal of one of Britain's best and bravest sons. A rough white wooden cross, than which the costliest marble headstone could not make a nobler show, marks his last long resting-place. It is a monument to splendid love of country, and great and lofty courage. The thunderous booming of the guns, the wild shrieking of the shells, the shrill whistling of the bullets—all the many and diversified sounds of martial combat, disturb him not; for he hears them not. He has gone where peace and love and joy reign triumphant and eternal; where enmity and bitterness, and all the paltry, useless strivings of this sinful world are never known. He is not lost to us, not dead, but only gone before.

“ . . . He does not sleep ;
 He hath awakened from the dream of life.
 'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings.”

The present writer desires to add his personal word of appreciation of one whom he always regarded with feelings of true and deep affection. He deplores the passing, at the early age of nineteen, of a loyal comrade, a blithe and merry heart, and a splendid, upright fellow ; and he declares, with feelings the more sincere, because he recognises his own dependence on the duteousness of others at this time of danger, that no one had a stronger sense of duty, a nobler love of country, than his good young friend.

“ He does deplore the passing of a friend,
 Yet envies him the glory of his end.”

I. H. B.

School Notes.

THE weekly collections for the war funds continue to be well supported, and altogether a sum of £41. 8s. has been realised by them. A part of the money was expended in sending a gramophone and records to the General Hospital at Rouen at which the Rev. John Campbell, former pupil, was acting as Chaplain. Mr Campbell has written to thank the pupils for their gift, and to tell them of the pleasure the gramophone has given to the wounded soldiers.

The girls of the Academy have succeeded in realising their aim to raise sufficient money to name and equip “A Dollar Academy Girls' Bed” in the Red Cross Hospital at Rouen. On Sports Day a sale of flowers and sweets realised over £20, and the remainder of the money necessary was secured by two entertainments given in the Institution Hall on Thursday, 20th, and Saturday, 22nd May. The first part of the programme consisted of a comedy entitled “Biddy from Cork,” in which the leading part was admirably sustained by Miss Maeve Brereton, whose successful portrayal of the unsophisticated Irish maid secured rounds of applause. The other parts were well filled by Miss O. Eddie, Miss Helen Bonnar, Miss Margaret Taylor, Miss Bessie Robertson, and Miss Doris Kirk. The second part of the programme was occupied by dances and tableaux. Miss Lottie Scott and Miss Peggy Wallace well deserved the encore for their Russian dance, and all the other ladies who took part in the Japanese dance won the plaudits of the audience. The principal tableaux were of a patriotic nature. Miss Agnes Dowdeswell made an excellent Britannia in each, and the Colonies and Allies were admirably represented by school girls arrayed in the costumes of the various countries. In the third part of the programme there was given “A Masque of Marys” in which the leading part, that of History, was taken by Miss Margaret Taylor, whose clear enunciation of the lines in which she introduced the various members of the masque made it easy for the audience to interpret the many characters represented. During the masque Miss Agnes Dowdeswell sang “Highland Mary” and “The Sands o' Dee.” At intervals the School Orchestra, under the

leadership of Mr C. E. Allsopp, rendered very acceptable music. At the close, on the motion of Mr Armstrong, a hearty vote of thanks was given to Miss Fraser who had taken the principal part in arranging the entertainment, Mr Allsopp, and all the other performers.

The football season finished most successfully for the 1st XV. The remaining games against George Heriot's College and the Officers of the 4th Lowland Brigade R.F.A. were keenly contested and resulted in a win in each case for the School.

The 2nd XV. lost to a strong XV. at Stanley House but easily carried off the honours at Crieff against Morrison's Academy.

During the season the School XV. have shown excellent form, with the exception of the game at Glenalmond. Out of 12 matches they have won 10 and lost the other 2 by a single point in each case. The total number of points they have scored is 245 against 48 scored against them. All over, this season has been one of the best for some time and the XV. have had their abilities well spoken of by the Press.

THE SCHOOL SPORTS.

At all times dull and inclement weather goes far to mar the attendance at open air functions, and this year a drizzling rain set in about midday and continued most of the afternoon. This along with the absence of the F.P.'s, owing to their presence elsewhere at a more momentous game, brought the attendance below the normal.

Owing to the war there were no events for former pupils, but the other events were keenly contested and some good work was done in spite of the sodden ground. The competition for the Edina Cup proved to be as keen as was expected, and for a time it was impossible to say whether Hogben or Macfarlane was to be the holder this year. Towards the end, however, Hogben took the lead and finally carried off the trophy with a total of 27 points, Macfarlane coming out next with a well won total of 21 points.

Presentation of Prizes.

Instead of the usual array of prizes, the table in front of the pavilion held only the challenge cups and the silver and bronze medals which were to be given in place of prizes.

The Headmaster introduced Provost Mrs Malcolm, who had kindly consented to present the awards, and in a few words he stated that she had a triple qualification to discharge the duties, as she was not only the Provost of Dollar, but also the wife of one of the Governors of the Institution who had been a Master in the School for forty-four years. Provost Mrs Malcolm, before handing over the medals and cups to the successful competitors, made a most appropriate little speech in which she referred to the true value of sport in bringing out the manly qualities. She urged the boys to keep up the tradition that to be a Dollar Boy was to be a "decent chap," and reminded them that if they desired to bring glory to the Old School and success and happiness to themselves, then they must be like the old Danish hero, whose determination was "To dare nobly, to will strongly, and never falter in the path of duty."



A. Drysdale

THE ACADEMY GARDENS

On the call of Mr Dougall, three rousing cheers were given for Mrs Malcolm and Mr Malcolm.

During the day the O.T.C. pipe band under Sergt. J. B. Clark provided the music. In the pavilion tea was served on the upper floor by a number of the young ladies of the School under the supervision of the lady teachers, to whom the Athletic Club owe a debt of gratitude for all the pains they took to make the visitors comfortable.

The summer hours have commenced, and cricket and tennis are in full swing, the former under the captaincy of Morgan, and the latter under Chuan.

So far the cricket has been uneventful, low scoring being a prominent feature. Against Glasgow High School the XI., though winners, only totalled 24. Against West's XI., however, tall scoring suddenly appeared, and Macfarlane earned a 50 bat, whilst Muir had hard luck in only reaching 44 not out.

The fixture card is not so pleasing in the number of games as it usually is, but the fact is that several games were impossible to fix up owing to war arrangements or other complications.

In the quint matches competition is extremely keen, and already four games have been played. The results are given below.

The competitions for the tennis cup commence immediately, and will doubtless provide as much excitement as last year's competition.

Results of Quint Matches.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Points.	Captain.
Castle - - - -	2	1	1	2	A. Morgan.
Devon - - - -	1	---	1	0	R. Macfarlane.
Glen - - - -	2	1	1	2	E. Davidson.
Hill - - - -	1	---	1	0	C. Dougall.
MacNabb - - - -	2	2	---	4	L. K. Chuan.

Lists of the Times, &c., for the Open Events at the Sports, along with the Averages for the Same Events for the Last Nine Years.

	1915.	Average.
Cricket ball - - -	79 yds. 2 ft. 10 in.	74 yds. 2 ft. 10 in.
Drop kick - - -	47 yds. 2 ft. 10 in.	50 yds. 1 ft. 3½ in.
100 yds. - - -	11½ sec.	11½ sec.
440 yds. - - -	1 min. 1½ sec.	58½ sec.
Mile - - -	5 min. 22½ sec.	5 min. 44½ sec.
120 yds. hurdles - -	19½ sec.	19½ sec.
High jump - - -	4 ft. 11¼ in.	4 ft. 11 in.
Long jump - - -	19 ft. 2 in.	18 ft. 5 in.
Putting weight - -	29 ft. 10 in.	28 ft. 3¼ in.
220 yds. - - -	27½ sec.	---

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Since our last report the usual work has proceeded. Company and platoon drill as well as extended order work have been carried out as often as the weather permitted, whilst shooting in the Gymnasium has taken place each drill day.

The good weather has enabled the Corps to carry out manœuvres over the rougher ground behind the School, and the cadets have attained quite a high standard of proficiency at this type of work. The absence of a full equipment of carbines has prevented rifle exercises to be carried out to the usual extent, but a judicious interchange between sections and platoons has given each cadet an opportunity of keeping in his hand at those exercises. Mr Frew has been promoted Lieutenant since the last report, and Mr Walton is now in the fighting line on the Continent.

Our late O.C., Capt. Butchart, has been with us for some time—home bearing the honourable scars of war. We all feel proud of him, and the Corps particularly feels it a great honour indeed to know that its old O.C. has braved the horrors of war for King and Country.

Whilst rejoicing at Capt. Butchart's escape we are deeply bowed in sorrow at the sad fate of our well-loved Pipe-Corporal Ian Sarel. Little did we think, as we watched him march proudly with the band, that soon, too soon indeed, would he be gone across the bourne.

A kindly, cheerful, and unselfish comrade, he endeared himself to all, and it is a personal loss we feel. Our sincere sympathy goes out to his people in their bereavement.

In another portion of School Notes reference is made to other late members of the O.T.C. who have laid down their lives for the Old Flag, and we are certain that those in the making, at present cadets of the O.T.C., will show their readiness to respond to the call when their time comes.

The inspection will be carried out by Col. Sir P. Trotter on 18th June.

All the officers of the Corps have been asked, and have offered their services during the whole of the summer vacation.

School Roll of Honour.

OFFICERS.

Black Type indicates those killed in action.

Name.	Left School.	Rank.	Unit.
ANDERSON, ARCHIBALD -	1901	Lieutenant	Upper Burma Volunteer Rifles.
ANDERSON, JOHN -	1894	Captain	I.M.S.
ANDREWS, J. B. -	1908	2nd Lieutenant	2/4th Royal Scots.
ARCHIBALD, R. G. -	1897	Captain (Bey Egyptian Army)	R.A.M.C.
BAIGRIE, ALEX. -	1910	2nd Lieutenant	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
BAIGRIE, ROBERT J. -	1899	Captain	Cape Rifles.
BAIN, ANDREW R. -	1910	2nd Lieutenant	2/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
BAIN, HUGH J. B. -	1911	"	2/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
BLACK, F. G. H. R. -	1902	Surgeon	R.N.
BOSTOCK, FRANCIS E. H. -	...	2nd Lieutenant	R.F.A.
BRIGGS, HUGH F. -	1901	Surgeon	R.N. (H.M.S. "Glory").
BROWNLIE, JOHN R. -	1913	2nd Lieutenant	11th Scottish Rifles.
BRUCE, JOHN -	1901	Captain	6th Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Name.	Left School.	Rank.	Unit.
BURR, ERIC T.	1912	2nd Lieutenant	13th Gloucesters (Forest of Dean Pioneers).
BUTCHART, S. F.	Master	Lieutenant	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
CAMERON, D. R.	1912	"	Temporary Commission.
CAMERON, J. H.	1914	"	9th Black Watch.
CAMPBELL, REV. JOHN	1888	Chaplain	Expeditionary Force.
CAMPBELL, PRYCE M.	1901	2nd Lieutenant	Lovat's Scouts.
Campbell, R. C. C.	1893	Captain	3rd K.O.S.B.
CARNEGIE, P. M., C.B.	...	Major-General	Indian Army.
CHRISTIAN, WILLIAM D. D.	1903	2nd Lieutenant	South Staffs.
CHRISTIE, W. O.	1907	"	South Notts Hussars.
CLARK, J. F. C.	1911	Lieutenant	5th H. L. I.
CLARK, W. S.	1910	"	12th York and Lancaster Regiment.
COLLYER, JOHN A. M.	1900	2nd Lieutenant	10th Northumberland Fusiliers.
CORSAR, J. K.	1890	Engineer Lieut.	H. M. T. B. D. "Racer."
COWLEY, VICTOR	1911	2nd Lieutenant	8th Royal Scots Fusiliers.
CRANSTON, SIR ROBERT, K.C.V.O., C.B., D.L.	...	Colonel	City of Edinburgh T.F.A.
CRAIGIE, KENNETH B.	1910	2nd Lieutenant	8th Scottish Rifles.
CROSS, EVAN C.	1908	Lieutenant	2nd King's Liverpool Regiment.
CROW, HENRY P.	1909	"	R.A.M.C.
DALZIEL, R. M.	1893	Major	I.M.S., Indian Expeditionary Force.
DARBY, ALEX. W.	1901	Capt. and Adjutant	11th Scottish Rifles (Cameronians).
DARBY, B. G.	1907	Lieutenant	Cossipore Artillery.
DARBY, D.	1908	2nd Lieutenant	11th Scottish Rifles (Cameronians).
DARBY, RALPH	1907	"	Scottish Rifles.
EWING, W. LECKIE	1894	Capt. and Adjutant	4th H. L. I.
FARISH, SAMUEL	1912	2nd Lieutenant	9th K.O.S.B.
FERGUSON, JAMES	1901	Lieutenant	6th Batt. H. L. I.
FERGUSON, JOHN	1899	Surgeon (Lieut.)	Expeditionary Force (46th Brigade).
FINDLAY, d'AUVERGNE	1882	Major	Canadian A.S.C.
FINDLAY, REV. J. L. O. B.	1884	Chaplain	Expeditionary Force.
FINDLAY, W. FRED	1906	2nd Lieutenant	9th Royal Scots Fusiliers.
GARLICK, JOHN, B.D.	1908	"	4th A. and S. Highlanders.
GIBSON, J. GRAY	...	Captain	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
GRIEVE, R. W.	1885	Lieutenant	Lanarkshire Yeomanry.
GRIEVE, W. R.	1901	Captain	2/7 H. L. I.
HAIG, P. B.	1881	Lieut.-Col.	I.M.S. (H.M.S. "Goorkha").
HAMILTON, JAMES	1912	Midshipman	R.N.R.
HARVEY, WILFRID F.	1890	Major	I.M.S.
HEBDEN, DOUGLAS	1908	2nd Lieutenant	11th Royal Scots Fusiliers.
HENDERSON, THOMAS	1878	Major	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
INNES, JOHN H.	1910	2nd Lieutenant	11th A. and S. Highlanders.
IZAT, ALAN	1902	Captain	Royal Engineers.
IZAT, J. WM. RENNIE	1903	Major	Royal Engineers.
JOHNSTON, H. HALCRO, C.B.	1873	Colonel	R.A.M.C.
KINGHORN, J. B.	1899	Lieutenant	R.N.V.R.
KEARNS, CYRIL V. S.	1908	...	Indian Police.
LAING, ROBERT M.	1910	2nd Lieutenant	4th Scottish Rifles.
LAMMIE, J. DEWAR	1913	"	10th Gordon Highlanders.
LEACH, R. ERNEST	1913	"	7th King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.
LECKIE, R. W.	1898	"	Scottish Horse.
LOVELOCK, REX	1904	"	8th Queen's Own Cameron High- landers.

Name.	Left School.	Rank.	Unit.
LUCAS, LESLIE - -	1912	2nd Lieutenant	4th Seaforth Highlanders.
LUNDY, F. G. C. - -	1876	Captain	Assistant Recruiting Staff Officer (Glasgow).
M'CLELLAND, GEORGE -	1913	2nd Lieutenant	8th K.O.S.B.
M'CULLOCH, JOHN - -	Master	"	5th Gordon Highlanders.
M'DONALD, JOHN - -	1907	Lieutenant	15th Royal Scots.
M'LAREN, THOMAS J. -	1913	2nd Lieutenant	R.F.A. (Special Reserve).
MACFARLANE, A. J. -	1904	"	7th H.L.I.
MACFARLANE, ROBERT S.	1902	"	1st H.L.I.
MACGILL, J. - - -	1900	"	9th H.L.I.
MACGREGOR, IVOR G. -	1907	Midshipman	R.N.R., H.M.S. "Diamond."
M'Intosh, R. Rae - -	1905	2nd Lieutenant	1st Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.
MACKAY, A. L. - - -	1897	Captain	A.S.C. (Territorial Reserve).
M'KECHNIE, DUGALD -	1910	2nd Lieutenant	7th Gordon Highlanders.
MACKENZIE, JAMES - -	1904	District Supt.	Indian Police.
MACKENZIE, MALCOLM -	1909	...	Indian Police.
M'KINLAY, JOHN A. -	1911	...	Royal Engineers.
M'LACHLAN, R. - - -	1902	2nd Lieutenant	1st H.L.I.
M'LAREN, THOMAS J. -	1903	Lieutenant	Forth R.G.A.
MAUGHAN, G. KEITH K. -	1906	2nd Lieutenant	2/6th Sherwood Foresters.
MOODIE, P. T. - - -	...	Captain	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
MORGAN, WALTER B. -	1909	2nd Lieutenant	10th Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
MORRISON, JAMES - -	1908	"	4th Gordon Highlanders.
MUNRO, JAMES C. - -	1910	"	4th Scottish Rifles (Cameronians).
MYERS, EDWARD - - -	1913	"	West Yorkshire Regiment.
NOBLE, J. WILSON - -	1905	"	10th Northumberland Fusiliers.
PAULIN, CHARLES R. -	1906	...	Indian Police.
PENDER, IAN - - - -	1911	2nd Lieutenant	4th Seaforth Highlanders.
ROBERTSON, CHARLES -	1906	"	5th Gordon Highlanders.
ROBERTSON, IAN S. - -	1912	Lieutenant	6th Seaforth Highlanders.
ROBERTSON, W. T. GRAY -	1912	2nd Lieutenant	13th A. and S. Highlanders.
RUSSELL, ALEXANDER -	1899	...	I.M.S.
RUTHERFORD, J. D. - -	1899	Lieutenant	A.S.C.
RYLES, CHARLES - - -	1899	Captain	R.A.M.C.
SAVI, GERALD B. - - -	1908	A.D.C.	Burmah Police.
SAVI, VICTOR G. - - -	1903	A.S.P.	Straits Settlements Police.
SCOTT, A., Junr. - - -	1898	2nd Lieutenant	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
SCOTT, CHARLES - - -	1900	"	2/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
SCOTT, JAMES M. - - -	1900	Captain	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
SCOTT, J. M. DUNCAN -	1905	Surgeon (Captain)	R.A.M.C.
SHAW, L. D. H. - - -	1895	Lieutenant	R.A.M.C.
SIBOLD, F. M. - - - -	1909	2nd Lieutenant	10th H.L.I.
SIMPSON, A. J. - - -	1889	Lieutenant	17th Royal Scots.
SIMPSON, JAMES - - -	1885	Major	Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
SIMPSON, J. W. - - -	1890	Captain	R.A.M.C.
SNADDEN, WILLIAM - -	1912	2nd Lieutenant	8th A. and S. Highlanders.
SWANSTON, J. D. - - -	1885	Captain	7th Black Watch.
SWANSTON, J. WHYTE -	...	"	Troopship "Clan Macfarlane."
THOM, GEORGE ST C. -	1887	Lieut.-Colonel	R.A.M.C.
THOM, MAURICE ST C. -	1903	Captain	British East African Police.
THOMSON, A. G. - - -	1911	2nd Lieutenant	A. and S. Highlanders.
WAINWRIGHT, PHILIP -	1907	Pay Master	R.N.V.R.
WATSON, JOHN L. C. -	1915	2nd Lieutenant	5th Gordon Highlanders.
WEIR, JAMES G. - - -	1903	Captain	Royal Flying Corps.

Name.	Left School.	Rank.	Unit.
WALTON, PERCY	-	Master 2nd Lieutenant	5th Gordon Highlanders.
WALKER, ALEX. I.	- 1911	„	Royal Engineers.
WATSON, WM. J.	- 1902	Captain	5th Gordon Highlanders.
WHITTAKER, R.	-	Master 2nd Lieutenant	4th Berkshires.
WHYTE, ANDREW	- 1905	„	3rd Royal Scots Fusiliers.
WHYTE, ROBERT	- 1910	„	14th Royal Scots.
WILSON, GAVIN	- 1911	Lieutenant	11th A. and S. Highlanders.
WILSON, NORMAN M.	- 1897	Captain	I. M. S.
WOODMAN, GORDON S.	- 1908	2nd Lieutenant	R. A. M. C. (6th E. Surrey Regiment).

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.

Name.	Left School.	Rank.	Unit.
ABBEY, FRANK	- 1913	Private	5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
ANDERSON, ANDREW	- 1905	„	9th Royal Scots.
ANDERSON, DAVID	- 1912	Private	9th Royal Scots.
ANDERSON, DAVID	- 1911	„	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
ANDERSON, JAMES	- 1909	„	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
ANDERSON, JAMES	- 1914	Bugler	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
ANDERSON, ROBERT	- 1908	Driver	Lowland (C. of E.) Heavy Battery.
ANDERSON, WM. S.	- 1904	Private	R. A. M. C., 9th London Regiment.
BAILLIE, ROBERT	- 1909	„	3rd Royal Scots Fusiliers.
BAXTER, ALEX. C.	- 1906	„	Glasgow Com. Battalion.
BEATTIE, GEORGE	- 1902	Corporal	A. S. C.
BENNETT, JAMES A. G.	- 1910	„	R. N. R.
BERNARD, JOHN	- 1912	Private	Queen's Own Royal Glasgow Yeomanry.
BELL, J. A.	- 1896	Sergeant	1st London Scottish.
BEVERIDGE, CHARLES C.	- 1909	Lance-Corpl.	8th Scottish Rifles.
BEVERIDGE, DAVID	- 1901	1st A. M.	Royal Naval Air Service.
BEVERIDGE, DAVID	- 1908	Private	10th A. and S. Highlanders.
BEVERIDGE, WILLIAM	- 1908	Bugler	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
BLACK, DAVID C.	- 1906	Lance-Corpl.	A. S. C. (1st Canadian Contingent).
BLACK, HARRY	- 1908	Private	London Rifles.
BLACK, JOHN	- 1902	„	2nd Canadian Contingent.
BLACK, WILLIAM	-	Sergt.-Major (Warrant Officer)	8th Service Black Watch.
BLELOCH, WM. M.	- 1909	Sergeant	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
BRUNTON, JOHN	- 1905	Private	R. G. A.
BONTHRONE, A. L.	- 1910	Trooper	Scots Greys (5th Cavalry Reserve).
BONTHRONE, GEORGE	- 1914	Private	Motor Machine Gun Section.
BOOOCK, L.	- 1910	Staff Clerk	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
Brand, James	- 1910	Private	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
BREINGAN, JAMES	-	„	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
BRUCE, ALEX. I.	- 1911	Trooper	Lothians and Border Horse.
BRUCE, J. A.	- 1907	„	Lothians and Border Horse.
BRUCE, ROBERT	- 1905	Senior Q.-M.-S.	Lothians and Border Horse.
BROWN, EGERTON, G. S.	- 1905	Private	Calcutta Scottish.
BRYCE, TOM	- 1913	„	Technical College Battalion.
BUCHAN, JAMES M.	- 1909	„	16th Royal Scots.
CAIRNS, ROBERT D.	- 1911	„	Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
CAMPBELL, JAMES	- 1912	„	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
CAMPBELL, IAN	- 1911	„	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
CASSÉ, M. NOEL	-	Master Corporal	Peloton des élèves—Caporaux, 38 ^e de ligne.

Name.	Left School.	Rank.	Unit.
CASSIDY, ROBERT -	1898	Private	Gordon Highlanders.
CHAPMAN, CHARLES B. -	1909	Pioneer	Royal Engineers.
CHAPMAN, JAMES -	1906	Private	8th A. and S. Highlanders.
CHRISTIE, WM. M. -	1910	Dresser	Expeditionary Force.
CLELAND, ROY -	1900	Private	Canadian Contingent.
CLINK, CHARLES W. -	1911	"	10th Royal Scots Fusiliers.
CLINK, JOHN D. -	1909	"	5th Gordon Highlanders.
COCHRAN, ROBERT M. -	1909	Gunner	1st Lowland Brigade, R.F.A.
COLLYER, ARTHUR H. -	1909	Private	5th Gordon Highlanders.
CONDIE, WILLIAM -	1911	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
CONDIE, WILLIAM -	...	"	A.S.C.
CONNELL, CONNELL -	1895	"	2/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
COUTTIE, S. -	1908	"	Legion of Frontiersmen, British East Africa.
CRAIG, C. W. -	1905	"	5th Cameron Highlanders.
CRAWFORD, ANDREW -	1903	Sergeant	10th H.L.I.
CRAWFORD, IAN -	1913	Cadet	R.N.
CURRIE, W. STEWART -	1901	Private	Canadian Rifles (Moose Jaw Contg.)
CURRIE, DUNCAN D. -	1905	Sergeant	Royal Engineers.
DOBBIE, A. J. -	1908	Lance-Corpl.	19th Royal Scots Fusiliers.
DOBBIE, THOS. -	1903	Private	2nd Rhodesian Regiment.
DRYSDALE, ALEXANDER -	...	"	Gordon Highlanders.
DRYSDALE, WILLIAM -	1913	Bugler	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
ELLIOT, THOMAS -	1905	Trooper	Lothians and Border Horse.
ELLIOT, WALTER -	1907	Private	Sportsman's Battalion.
ENGLAND, A. W. -	Janitor	Drum-Major	8th Black Watch.
EWING, WILLIAM -	1913	Private	Household Cavalry.
FERGUSON, ALEX. -	...	Trooper	Scottish Horse.
FIDLER, CARREL W. -	1903	Private	Canadian Contingent.
FINLINSON, ARTHUR -	1914	"	3rd H.L.I.
FLEMING, THOMAS -	1911	"	R.F.A.
FOSTER, WM. B. -	1904	"	Canadian Contingent.
FOX, JOHN B. -	1911	"	Canadian Contingent (3rd Batt.).
FRASER, ARCHIBALD -	1914	"	8th K.O.S.B.
GORDON, GILBERT -	1911	"	Assam Valley Light Horse.
GRANT, W. R. -	1907	"	5th Scottish Rifles.
HAIR, HUGH -	1910	"	R.N.V.R.
HALL, PETER -	1914	"	12th A. and S. Highlanders.
HALLIFAX, GERALD O. -	1912	"	London Scottish.
HANBURY, A. W. -	1912	"	Canadian Contingent.
HARRIS, JOHN -	1914	"	Chamber of Com. Batt., Glasgow.
HENDERSON, R. L. J. -	1912	"	5th Cameron Highlanders.
HEYWORTH, J. L. -	1910	Sergeant	6th Liverpools.
HOLMES, W. K. -	1901	Lance-Corpl.	Lothians and Border Horse.
HOSACK, J. C. -	...	Sergeant	Natal Carabineers (German S.W. Africa).
HOWDEN, JAMES -	1902	Sapper	Royal Engineers.
HUNTER, HUGH B. H. -	1911	Private	15th Royal Scots.
HUNTER, JAMES -	1912	Corporal	10th Black Watch.
HUNTER, JAMES A. -	1912	Private	Motor Machine Gun Section.
HUTCHISON, JOHN -	1906	"	2nd Lovat's Scouts.
HUTTON, GORDON -	1911	"	9th Royal Scots.
Hutton, Ian -	1912	"	9th Royal Scots.
JACK, MATTHEW -	1912	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
JOHNSTONE, EDWARD J. -	1914	"	15th Royal Scots.

Name.	Left School.	Rank.	Unit.
JOHNSTONE, WILLIAM C.	1912	Private	R. A. M. C.
KENNEDY, JOHN	1909	"	3rd Royal Scots Fusiliers.
KENNEDY, JAMES T.	1909	"	Canadian Contingent.
KINLOCH, CHARLES	1912	Trooper	3rd Scottish Horse (Reserve).
LAMBERTON, JOHN	1903	Private	5th Cameron Highlanders.
LAMBERTON, N. C.	1906	"	5th Cameron Highlanders.
LAMONT, LYNUS	1912	"	1/5th Scottish Rifles.
LAUDER, GEORGE S.	1902	Lance-Corpl.	5th Black Watch.
LAUDER, IAN	1913	Lance-Sergt.	10th H. L. I.
LAURIE, JAMES R.	1886	Colour-Sergt.	7th Seaforths.
LAWRIE, A.	1912	Private	Queen's Own Royal Glasgow Yeomanry.
LINDSAY, ROBERT	1904	"	Royal Naval Division.
LINDSAY, DAVID	1911	Private	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
LYALL, HORACE	1884	Trooper	Assam Valley Light Horse.
M'CALL, CHARLES	1902	Private	13th Royal Scots.
M'CLELLAND, ALEX. A.	1911	Sapper	Royal Engineers.
M'CORQUODALE, DAVID	1902	Trooper	9th Lancers.
M'DONALD, JOHN	1909	Lance-Corpl.	8th Scottish Rifles.
M'DONALD, JAMES	1903	Sergeant	Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
MACDONALD, NORMAN J.	1911	Private	Canadian Mounted Rifles.
MACDONALD, ROY	1912	"	Royal Field Artillery.
M'Intosh, A. Henry	1910	"	London Scottish.
M'INTYRE, W. B. R.	1913	Lance-Corpl.	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
M'INTYRE, ARCHIE	1903	Private	Scots Guards.
M'INTYRE, DUNCAN	1900	Sergeant	Australian Light Horse.
M'KENZIE, THOMAS	1904	Sapper	Royal Engineers.
M'LACHLAN, DOUGLAS	1907	Private	5th Scottish Rifles.
M'LEISH, A. D.	1909	Lance-Corpl.	Highland Cyclists' Battalion.
M'NAIR, DONALD	1909	Private	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
M'NAUGHT, ERIC N.	1912	"	British Columbian Horse.
M'NIVEN, JOHN	1913	"	A. S. C.
MACKAY, IAN M.	1915	"	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
MacPherson, Hector I.	1905	Trooper	9th Lancers.
MACPHERSON, ROD. N. M.	1904	Private	Canadian Contingent.
MARLEY, ROY GEORGE	1909	"	Gordon Highlanders.
MARSHALL, REG. R.	1906	"	7th Cameron Highlanders.
MATTHEWSON, ROBERT B.	1911	"	A. S. C.
MAXWELL, JAMES	1909	"	5th Gordon Highlanders.
MENARD, P. D.	1906	"	New Zealand Exped. Force.
MERCER, MALCOLM	1904	"	4th K. O. S. B.
MILLINGEN, RALPH VAN	1905	"	2nd London Scottish.
MILLER, ALEX. D.	1912	"	Assam Valley Light Horse.
MILLER, JAMES	1909	"	8th Cameron Highlanders.
MILLER, ROBERT G.	1905	Lance-Corpl.	10th Royal Fusiliers.
MITCHELL, A. MURRAY	1911	"	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
MONK, ALBERT VICTOR	1900	Sergeant	2nd King Edward's Horse.
MORRICE, ALEX.	1910	Corpl.	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
MORRISON, JOHN B.	1912	Private	14th A. and S. Highlanders.
MORTIMER, L.	1904	"	10th H. L. I.
MUNRO, FRED. J.	1901	Gunner	R. G. A.
OLIVER, ROBERT, Junr.	1911	Private	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
OLIVER, ROBERT	...	"	7th (R.) A. and S. Highlanders.
OVENS, WILLIAM	1913	"	Lovat's Scouts.
PATERSON, GILBERT	1904	Lance-Corpl.	7th (R.) A. and S. Highlanders.

Name.	Left School.	Rank.	Unit.
PENDER, A. B. RANDOLPH	1908	Private	Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
PETTY, ROBERT	1913	"	Public Schools' Battalion.
PHILP, ROBERT	1913	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
PURDON, RICHARD	1914	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
PURVES, WILLIAM	1913	"	Motor Machine Gun Section.
QUARTON, FRANK	1904	"	Black Watch.
RADFORD, EDWARD H.	1912	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
RADFORD, W. COOPER	1913	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
RAMSAY, ALEX. K.	1906	"	9th H.L.I.
RAMSAY, GEORGE	...	"	7th (R.) A. and S. Highlanders.
REID, JAMES	...	Trooper	Scots Greys.
REID, GEORGE URE	1905	E.R.A.	H.M.S. "Neptune."
RIDDELL, ANDREW	1906	Private	16th (Service Batt.) Royal Scots.
RITCHIE, ALEX.	1908	Sapper	Royal Engineers.
ROBERTSON, DAVID	1905	Private	9th Royal Scots.
ROBERTSON, GAVIN F.	1907	Trooper	Queen's Own Royal Glasgow Yeomanry.
ROBERTSON, HENRY J.	1913	Private	9th Royal Scots.
ROBERTSON, JOHN	1911	"	Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
ROBERTSON, JOHN	1912	"	7th (R.) A. and S. Highlanders.
ROBIESON, WILLIAM D.	1907	"	6th Cameron Highlanders.
Sarel, Charles W.	1912	"	Canadian Contingent (Seaforths).
Sarel, Ian W.	1915	"	Canadian Contingent (Seaforths).
SAUNDERS, JOHN	1909	"	R.N. Brigade.
SAUNDERS, PETER	1909	Private	Scots Guards.
SCOTT, ALFRED	...	"	1st Cameron Highlanders.
Scott, W. D. H.	1909	Lance-Corpl.	4th Gordon Highlanders.
Shaw, Wm. Vaughan	1906	Private	8th Royal Scots.
SIBOLD, GERALD M.	1911	...	Rhodesian M. P.
SIME, JOHN	1906	Private	Black Watch.
SIME, ROBERT	1907	"	Scots Guards.
SISSON, GIRVIN	1908	"	R.A.M.C.
SYME, JACK	1912	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
SYME, WILLIAM	1909	"	Gordon Highlanders.
SIMPSON, PETER	...	"	7th (R.) A. and S. Highlanders.
SMITH, SAMUEL	1904	Trooper	Scottish Horse.
SNOWDOWNE, BRUCE	1911	Bugler	2/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
SOMERVILLE, ROBERT G.	1904	Private	2/9th H.L.I.
SOMERVILLE, WILLIAM	1902	"	2/9th H.L.I.
SOUTER, JAMES S.	1913	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
STEEL, ROBERT	1909	"	2nd Canadian Contingent.
STEEL, WALTER F. B.	1911	"	2/9th H.L.I.
STEELE, D.	1911	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
STEWART, CHARLES	1903	"	R.A.M.C., Canadian Contingent.
STUART, CHARLES M.	1910	"	Glasgow Chamber of Com. Batt.
SUTHERLAND, J. FORBES	1905	"	Canadian Contingent.
THOMSON, J. ERIC	1909	Trooper	Scots Greys.
WALDIE, DAVID	...	Private	Canadian Contingent.
WARDLAW, ADAM L.	1908	Lance-Corpl.	Lovat's Scouts.
WATSON, ROBERT	...	Private	21st Royal Scots Fusiliers.
WEARING, GEORGE	...	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
WESTWATER, G. P.	1912	"	4th Royal Scots.
WILLIAMSON, J.	1913	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
WILSON, HOPE	1910	Sapper	Royal Engineers.
WISEMAN, JACK F. S.	1913	Private	12th A. and S. Highlanders.

	Left School.	Rank.	Unit.
WILKIE, GEORGE	1911	Private	2/7th (R.) A. and S. Highlanders.
WOLFFSOHN, A. N.	1902	Trooper	3rd (R.) Scottish Horse.
WHITE, ALEX.	1901	Sergeant	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
WHITE, JAMES	1899	Corpl.	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
WHITE, WILLIAM	1892	„	4th A. and S. Highlanders.
WHYTE, JAMES	„	Private	Hon. Artillery Company (London).
YOUNG, JOHN E.	1902	Sergeant	5th H.L.I.
YOUNGER, ROBERT A.	1910	Private	10th A. and S. Highlanders.

NOTES.

J. A. BELL, who was wounded early in the war, was Football Captain in 1895-96, and played in all three International Matches in 1901-2.

JAMES BRAND, son of the late Mr Robert Brand, railway carter, Dollar, was killed in the severe fighting in which the 7th A. and S. H. took part on 25th April and the following days.

DR BUTCHART, Modern Language Master, was wounded in the head while leading his men against the German trenches on the morning of 25th April. He had a miraculous escape. A bullet grazed his right eyelid and cut its way through the bridge of his nose without inflicting any permanent injury. Dr Butchart has been at home for some weeks and is rapidly recovering.

R. C. C. CAMPBELL, who was killed in May, left Dollar in 1893 to go to Edinburgh Academy. He afterwards proceeded to Cambridge University, where he got his footer "blue."

IAN HUTTON, son of Mr W. Hutton, Madras, and Mrs Hutton, 26 Nile Grove, Edinburgh, was killed instantaneously in action on 15th May. He was only 18 years of age. His brother Gordon took part in the action in which Ian fell.

ALEXANDER McCLELLAND, son of Mr and Mrs McClelland, Buenos Aires, was sent with one of the early expeditions to the Dardanelles. He received a bullet wound in the foot, but is making a good recovery.

A. HENRY MCINTOSH, son of Mr T. W. McIntosh, Kirkcaldy, died of wounds received in the trenches at Ypres in November. His body was conveyed home from France and interred in Kirkcaldy.

ROBERT RAE MCINTOSH, killed in action, 24th April, was the son of the Rev. Dr McIntosh, Alva, and nephew of Lord Strathclyde. He was a distinguished student of Edinburgh University, and for a term acted as Editor of the University Magazine.

HECTOR I. MCPHERSON, son of the late Dr McPherson, Cambuslang, came home from Malacca on the outbreak of the war and joined the 9th Lancers. He was about to receive a commission, when he was struck down by pneumonia, and died after a very short illness.

ALEXANDER MORRICE, son of Mr Morrice, Schoolmaster, Blairingone, was severely wounded in the action on 25th April. He has been for some time in hospital in this country and is making a good recovery.

IAN M. PENDER, son of Mr and Mrs Pender, London, wounded in the foot, is a well-known Rugby Footballer. He played in the Scottish Team against England last year.

CHARLES RYLES had the honour of being mentioned in Sir John French's Despatches on 18th February. He is now in charge of one of the Hospitals at Rouen.

CHARLES SAREL, son of Mr and Mrs Wentworth Sarel, Vancouver, came over from British Columbia with the 1st Canadian Contingent, and his brother Ian left school to join the same Contingent. Both took part in the terrible action in which the Canadians were engaged from 22nd to 24th April. Charles is believed to have been instantaneously killed on the 22nd, and Ian was severely wounded on the following day. He was taken to hospital in Bristol, where he died.

ALFRED SCOTT, a native of Dollar, was severely wounded early in the war, and has been discharged from further service.

W. D. H. SCOTT, son of Mrs Duncan Scott, North Berwick, formerly of Dollar, was killed in action on 17th March. He had completed his Arts Course in Edinburgh University, and was in the Divinity Hall when he joined the army. At school he was Colour-Sergeant of the O.T.C., and was awarded the William Wilson Memorial Prize which is given to the best all-round pupil of each year.

W. VAUGHAN SHAW, son of the late Mr John Shaw and Mrs Shaw, 7 Summerside Place, Edinburgh, was killed on the 18th December in the attack made by the Scots Guards on the German trenches. He was keenly interested in the Boy Scout movement, and in Social Work, and acted as Scout Master of the Newhaven Boy Scouts.

MR P. WALTON, Assistant Modern Language Master, has been slightly wounded in the hand, and is at present in hospital.

ALEXANDER WHITE, son of Mr Alexander White, Rosehead, Dollar, was killed on 8th May by the explosion of a shell which burst among a Company of the 7th A. and S. H. who were in rest billets after the severe fighting in which they had been engaged for some time previously. He was leader of praise in the Dollar Parish Church Young Men's Guild, and a valued member of every Musical Association in Dollar.

FOOTBALL CAPTAINS IN ABOVE LIST.

George St C. Thom	-	-	-	1886-87	E. C. Cross	-	-	-	1907-08
John W. Simpson	-	-	-	1889-90	J. B. Fox	-	-	-	1910-11
J. A. Bell	-	-	-	1895-96	Edward Myers	-	-	-	1912-13
V. G. Savi	-	-	-	1903-04	J. L. C. Watson	-	-	-	1914-15
G. U. Reid	-	-	-	1904-05					

CRICKET CAPTAINS.

J. A. Bell	-	-	-	1896	Chas. Robertson	-	-	-	1906
R. G. Archibald	-	-	-	1897	E. C. Cross	-	-	-	1907-08
J. MacGill	-	-	-	1900	R. M. Laing	-	-	-	1910
A. W. Darby	-	-	-	1901	E. N. McNaught	-	-	-	1911-12
G. U. Reid	-	-	-	1905	Edward Myers	-	-	-	1913

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

H. Halcro Johnston—England, 1877; Ireland, 1877.

John W. Simpson—England, 1893-94-95-97-99; Ireland, 1893-94-95-96; Wales, 1894-95-96-99.

J. A. Bell—England, 1901-02; Ireland, 1901-02; Wales, 1901-02.

Ian Pender—England, 1913-14.

Edward Myers—Reserve for England against Scotland, Wales, Ireland, France, 1913-14.

MILNE MEDALLISTS.

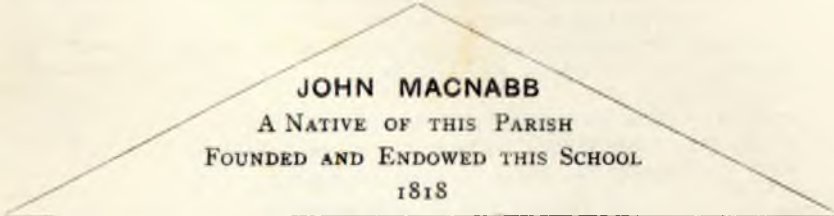
James R. Laurie	} equal	-	1886-87	James D. Scott	-	-	-	1904-05
George St C. Thom		-		William D. Robieson	-	-	-	1906-07
John Anderson	-	-	1893-94	Malcolm Mackenzie	-	-	-	1907-08
Robert Archibald	-	-	1898-99	John B. Fox	-	-	-	1910-11
John Bruce (com.)	-	-	1900-01	John Morrison	-	-	-	1911-12

WILSON MEMORIAL PRIZE-WINNERS.

William D. Robieson	-	-	1906-07	John B. Fox	-	-	-	1910-11
E. C. Cross	-	-	1907-08	Edward Myers	-	-	-	1912-13
William D. H. Scott	-	-	1908-09					

COLOUR-SERGEANTS OF CADET CORPS OR O.T.C.

Victor G. Savi	-	-	-	1902	John W. Innes	-	-	-	1909
George Ure Reid	-	-	-	1905	J. F. C. Clark	-	-	-	1910
Evan C. Cross	-	-	-	1906-07	Edward Myers	-	-	-	1912
Gerald B. Savi	}	-	-	1908	James H. Cameron	-	-	-	1913
William D. H. Scott		-	-						

John Macnabb.

JOHN MACNABB
A NATIVE OF THIS PARISH
FOUNDED AND ENDOWED THIS SCHOOL
1818

Inscription on School.

IN the bield of the Ochils our grey school uprears
Its front to the westering sun,
With the name we have honoured a hundred years,
MACNABB—engraven thereon.

Chorus—

Of Fettes and Watson let other schools sing,
Of Heriot, Stewart, and Glen ;
But in Dollar MacNabb's are the praises that ring
Till the Ochils re-echo again.

Let us sing of his birth, of but lowly degree,
And his boyhood by Devon's clear stream ;
Of his venturous launch on the beckoning sea,
To win youth's glorious dream.

Let us tell how by merit he rose to command ;
How he gathered a princely estate ;
Of the school he endowed ; and the scheme that was planned
By the wisdom of Mylne and Tait.

Of the days we have laboured, the deeds we have done,
The might of his school to proclaim ;
Of the deeds we will do e'er our race be run,
To swell his undying fame.

Of the men gone before, and the men who will yet
Succeed us in play-field and lab.
In class-room and hall, and will boast of their debt
To CAPTAIN JOHN MACNABB.

A. DRYSDALE.

Britons, Be Men!

BRITONS, be brave, come show your worth!
 Do all within your power to save
 The land to whom you owe your birth.
 And write your name among her brave—
 Come quit yourselves like men!

You have not all got strength to fight,
 Let those who have make sure they go—
 Off to the Front, to fight for Right,
 For Honour and for Truth, and so
 To quit yourselves like men.

How can you dare to think and plan
 Horse-racing, or, as crowds do now,
 Watch football, when the bravest man
 Is facing death, to show you how
 To quit yourselves like men.

If every man would make his choice
 To save his land! defend his King!
 On his return would every voice
 Shout, till the echoes wide would ring,
 You have quit yourselves like men!

ROSEMOUNT, DOLLAR.

MARGARET CAMERON.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

NEW ADDRESSES.

PATERSON, ALFRED, 107 Kingsley Avenue, West Ealing, London, W.
 STRACHAN, J. W., 31 Charlotte Street, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

DARBY, BAILEY G., 12 Harrington Mansions, Calcutta.
 DAVIE, CHAS. J. F., 66 San Martin, Buenos Ayres.
 EDDIE, JOHN T. C., Aldershaw, Lichfield.
 GIBB, MARIAN P., 25 Duke Street, Edinburgh.
 GIBB, MARGARET S. M., 25 Duke Street, Edinburgh.
 IZAT, JOHN, Esq., Assistant Secretary, Railway Board, Simla.
 IZAT, NORMAN, Ceylon Civil Service, c/o Colonial Secretary's Office,
 Colombo, Ceylon.
 IZAT, RENNIE, Bhavnagar State Railway, Bhavnagar, Para, Kathiawar.
 MILBURN, GEO. (F.P. 1866-70), 17 Dewey Place, Brooklyn, New York.
 STRACHAN, H. CRICHTON, Traffic Manager, R.K. Railway, Izat Nagar,
 Bareilly, India.
 STRACHAN, GEORGE R., Netticudi Estate, Mattupat P.O., *via* Periakolam,
 South India.
 WARDLAW, ALEXANDER, 7 West Castle Road, Edinburgh.
 WESTWOOD, LUCIE, Tombuie Lodge, Kenmore, Aberfeldy.