



Moffat

Photo

DR J. HAIG FERGUSON

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James Haig Ferguson,

M.D., F.R.C.P. & F.R.C.S. Edin., M.R.C.S. Eng., &c.

ALTHOUGH not a Dollar man, Dr Haig Ferguson is by birth and early years a near neighbour, and by relationship is closely connected with Dollar; and the whole district of the Devon Valley is deeply interested in and proud of the very eminent position to which he has attained in the medical profession. The only son of the late Rev. William Ferguson and Elizabeth, sister of the late W. J. Haig of Dollarfield, he was born at the Parish Church Manse of Crook of Devon in 1862, and spent the early part of his life in that, now, favourite summer resort. We are indebted to Rev. J. F. Cameron for some particulars regarding Rev. William Ferguson which, in their bearing upon the chance of the subject of this memoir ever having come into existence, seem not out of place at this stage, and, as matter of local history, will, we think, be of interest to our readers.

At the Disruption of the Established Church of Scotland in 1843 the Rev. Mr Noble, minister of the Quoad Sacra Parish Church of Blairingone, "came out," followed by his congregation. They thought to retain the use of the church, but this was successfully resisted, the building being held for the Established Church. The dissenting minister and congregation were thus to tramp, on Sundays, the five or six miles to the New Free Church at Crook of Devon. Then Major Montgomery, at that time proprietor of and resident at Arndean, petitioned the presbytery for permission to place on trial for six months at his expense a minister in Blairingone Church. This was granted, and the young man, William Ferguson, was chosen for the post, and lodged at The Broom farm. Before the six months were out Mr Ferguson had become so popular in the parish that practically the whole congregation returned to the church. An extension of the trial for other six months was granted, and at the end of that time very few, if any, of the Blairingone folks tramped of a Sunday to the Crook of Devon. When about this time a vacancy occurred in the Parish Church of Fossoway at Crook of Devon, the popular young minister of Blairingone was placed there, and thus brought into relation with the family at Dollarfield, with the happy result with which we are now concerned.

Dr J. Haig Ferguson received his general education at the Edinburgh Collegiate School, and that of his profession at the Edinburgh University and medical schools, where he passed M.B., C.M. in 1884, and took his M.D. with honours in 1890. He afterwards took up practice in Edinburgh,

specialising in midwifery and gynæcology, in which he soon attained to a very high position. He married in 1889 a daughter of the late Sir Patrick Heron Watson. He now holds the following very important appointments in his branch of the medical profession: Consulting Gynæcologist to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary; Physician to the Royal Maternity Hospital, Edinburgh; Examiner in Midwifery and Gynæcology to the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, and in Clinical Gynæcology to the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen. Along with Dr Haultain he is author of a "Handbook on Obstetric Nursing," which has reached a fifth edition. He is author of an important professional article in the British "Encyclopædia Britannica," and of many articles and contributions in the Edinburgh and other medical journals.

Little Green Bird.

LITTLE Green Bird so cold and
still!

Little Green Bird lying there,
Have I found you dead,
With your sweet soul fled,
A creature so bright and fair?

Little Green Bird I have felt your
heart,

And O! it is cold and still!
So the best of you's fled,
With the sunset red!

'Way over the far Blue Hill.

Dear Little Green Bird in my hand
that lies,

So tender and soft and frail!
But you've sung your lay,
And you've had your day,
And printed your tiny trail.

See! Little Green Bird I will lay
you now

Under the lilac tree,
With an ivy leaf,
For your shroud of grief,
And one little sigh from me.

ELISABETH SUTHERLAND.

Relics of the Past.

BY H. H. STEWART.

PART III.

THE second Grand Night was on 3rd January, but on this occasion an armed guard was set at each of the four gates of the Inn, so that none except the invited guests should enter, and those admitted were a most distinguished company. The Ambassador and Templarians had graciously accepted this second invitation of the Prince of Purpoole; Lord Burghley, and the Earls of Shrewsbury, Cumberland, Northumberland, Southampton, and Essex, nine lords, with many knights and gentlemen and ladies in proportion, were present. The entertainment began with the appointment of Knights of the Helmet, whose vows bound them to cultivate all the virtues of an ideal knight of the sixteenth century, and to redress all the grievances within the dominions of their Prince. One by one they took the vow, kissed the Helmet, and retired. Then followed an elegant masque in honour of friendship, including a succession of classical types thereof, such as Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, Orestes and Pylades, &c., and symbolising the threatened rupture, the complete reconciliation, and the future concord of Grayus and Templarius. A rich banquet followed, served by the resident Knights of the Helmet, after which the Prince

resumed his throne and six Lords of the Council tendered their advice to their sovereign, advising him to cultivate the virtues, respectively, of state-craft, learning, war, love, virtue, and lastly and more lightly, of sports and pastimes, which formed a suitable prelude for the Prince (after a graceful little speech) to descend from his throne and claim the hand of a fair lady with whom to lead the dance.

Thus ended what was probably the climax, though not the end, of this gorgeous masque. The entertainment was admitted by the distinguished guests to have been one of the most graceful that was ever presented to an audience of statesmen and courtiers. The six speeches have been handed down to us as among the works of Bacon, and are full, not only of the most exquisite rhetorical passages, but of noble ideals which could not fail to elevate as well as to entertain those who spoke them, and those who listened. This was a new feature in masques, as they had hitherto been mere spectacular shows designed only to dazzle and astonish, and, in some cases, to flatter.

Other interesting events of this memorable pageant followed, not the least brilliant being the visit by invitation to the Lord Mayor, when the Prince and the Ambassador with both their trains made their progress from the Court of Graya to Crosby Place in Bishopsgate. All were mounted on great horses, to the number of four score, with rich foot-cloths, feathers, white for Graya, ash-coloured for Templaria, waving from their caps. Thus they clattered out of Gray's Inn Courts by way of Chancery Lane, past the gates of the Temple Inns, and down Fleet Street to the bridge that spanned the Fleet River, then up the steep Ludgate Hill, across Paul's Churchyard by Cheapside and Cornhill to the hospitable mansion of the Lord Mayor, Sir John Spencer. There in the famous and beautiful Crosby Hall (now, alas, removed to Chelsea), they partook of a sumptuous and costly dinner, and enjoyed a variety of music and "all good entertainment." They returned by the same route, but now the streets were thronged with citizens eager to see the brilliant cavalcade, many believing that in very deed some great prince was passing through the city. So (to epitomise the comment of the chronicler) the Mayor and his commonalty were as much pleased with this popular show as the nobles and gentry had been "by our former proceedings."

The final event was a masque performed by command before the Queen at Whitehall. It had been specially prepared for the purpose, and contained graceful and loyal tributes to Her Majesty. There were feasts and games and dancing, in all of which the Prince of Purpoole excelled, and was much praised by the Queen, who presented him with a handsome gift, and said that it would have been handsomer had she herself provided it.

This unique simulation of a Royal Court could not have been carried out for so long with such success, and met with such flattering recognition from the highest quarters and from the dignified authorities of Gray's Inn themselves, unless each detail had been perfect, but, as we have seen, none could have been more capable of organising such a show than Francis Bacon, who is now universally admitted to have been the invisible "sorcerer" responsible for the whole pageant. His combined dignity and affability would ensure his influence over the most unruly spirits among the youthful members.

It is the custom to the present time in Gray's Inn on Grand Days to drink a toast to the "glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen

Elizabeth." Of the special circumstances originating this display of loyalty there is no record, we are told, but there can be little doubt who originated it, and the time may come when it shall be followed as regularly by a second toast to the memory of their greatest member, Francis Bacon.

Any vision of Gray's Inn in those halcyon days must be incomplete which does not include the hunting parties that issued from within its walls. One special occasion is recorded when Lord Berkeley, to celebrate the restitution of his rights, accompanied by a number of his retainers in tawny coloured liveries and "a crowd of Inns of Court men," hunted in Gray's Inn Fields (over the ground where the three great railway termini now stand) to the shady borders of St John's Wood and the broken heights of Hampstead.

Years later, King James, after a season of hunting at Theobald's, a few miles beyond the northern limit of modern London, returned with his party by Theobald's Road, all the way between green fields and hedges, into Gray's Inn Lane where an array of horsemen went forth from the Inn to meet him and escort him by the well-worn way of Chancery Lane and the Strand, through the little village of Charing Cross to his palace of Whitehall.

In 1617, "a large company of earls, barons, knights, and gentlemen" assembled at Gray's Inn to escort the newly-appointed Chancellor, Sir Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, by the self-same route to Westminster Hall. "All who were great and good," writes Aubrey, "loved and honoured him."

The last years of Bacon's life were spent in diligent and undisturbed study within the old familiar walls, and within reach of his beloved books. Of this period Ben Jonson bears the following testimony:—"In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."

Bacon's great work, "De Augmentis Scientiarum," was brought out in the same year (1623) and by the same publishers as the First Folio Edition of the Shakespeare Plays, and it may easily be imagined how both these volumes would be appreciated by the members of Gray's Inn, who had always shown themselves such ardent devotees of the Muses as well as of Themis and Minerva. It was from Gray's Inn that Bacon's coach set out one day in April 1626, *en route* for St Albans, but was stopped at Highgate to carry out that scientific experiment of preservation by freezing, which was the cause of his death. Within the last few years his monument has been erected in Gray's Inn, and now stands on the grass enclosure in South Square.

In this paper we have dealt chiefly with the *joie de vivre* displayed by the youthful Elizabethans, but we know that when they were called out to fight in defence of their country, or, later, of their principles, whether of loyalty or of independence, they showed themselves worthy ancestors of our heroes now at the front. London has changed, most of the old landmarks have gone, but the four Inns of Court, linked together by the quiet and winding Chancery Lane, still retain something of the old atmosphere, and when, last October, a body of recruits, consisting largely of members of those Inns, gathered in the Temple Gardens to listen to an address by Lord Roberts, that might be engraved on their walls in letters of gold, one is tempted to imagine that the spirits of their predecessors, unseen but influential, presided over that more solemn pageant, and breathed their inspiration into the hearts of the reverend speaker and his brave and self-sacrificing audience.

"That Little Contemptible Army!"

A BALLAD OF THE WAR.

Words and Melody by WM. CHRISTIE BENET.

Arranged by GODWIN FOSTER.

With martial spirit.

mf.



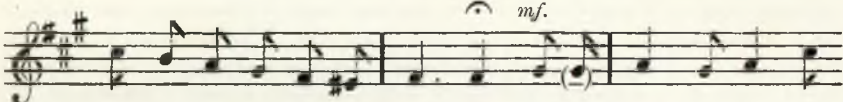
1. The Kai - ser or - der'd stout Von Kluck; "You must beat the British by

cresc.



hook or crook; Their cock - sure airs I can - not brook, That

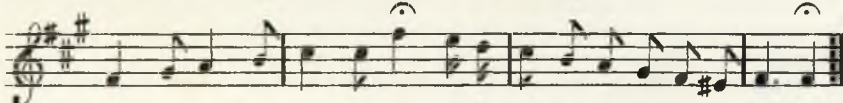
mf.



lit - tle con - temp - ti - ble ar - my! Al - though they're led by



Gene - ral French, Their mar - tial zeal you will quick - ly quench; In my



roy - al nos - trils they're a stench, That lit - tle con-temp-ti - ble ar - my!"

2.
Von Kluck is ev'ry inch a man;
"I'll do," says he, "the best I can."
With that a three weeks' fight began
With that little contemptible army.
To the Kaiser then he made report:
"Unpleasant, Sire, I'll make it short;
For, truth to tell, we had poor sport
With that little contemptible army."

3.
"We charged their line full three to one,
And all that man could dare was done,
But, donner und blitzen! they won't run,
That little contemptible army.
We fought by day, we fought by night,
We charged and fought with all our might,
And found to our cost that they can fight,
That little contemptible army."

4.
"We make light of them with tongue and pen,
But the 'Shopkeepers' are fighting men;
They'd back a bit, then to it again,
That little contemptible army.
We thought we whipp'd Field-Marshal French,
And trapp'd his army in their trench;
But Fortune is a fickle wench:
Ach! little contemptible army!"

5.
"Instead of being put to rout,
'Twas quite the other way about;
They charged with bay'net thrust and shout,
That little contemptible army.
They drove us back the way we came;
And well the Britishers play the game;
To be beat by them were no great shame,
That little contemptible army."

6.
"Your pardon, Kaiser," said Von Kluck,
"Just take at them one other look;
Like the army led by the Iron Duke,
Is that little contemptible army.
They are English, Scotch, and Irish too,
Like the men who fought at Waterloo,
And beat Napoleon black and blue;
Mein Gott! A contemptible army!"

The Diary of a "Rest."

SUNDAY.—At last our rest has come. It was rumoured in January, and looked upon as a certainty in February. In March it became seriously overdue, and in April it seemed to be lost for ever when we found ourselves in the midst of the Ypres mêlée. Now, however, the orders have actually been issued, and we move back to-night. Where we are going we neither know nor care. All that matters is that we shall be out of the sound of guns, and have nothing to do but watch the hops growing.

MONDAY, 3 A.M.—Here we are, "back," tired after a long night march, but who worries? We have seen many a dawn during the last six months, but the beauties of a sunrise never appealed much to us before. Mine hostess at the local estaminet has come to her door to watch us pass (and probably to calculate how many extra barrels of beer she will require). After we get the men into their billets she makes omelettes and coffee for us, without demur, at four o'clock in the morning. Note that, oh ye stiff-necked British inn-keepers. And her bill for four breakfasts is two francs! We *have* struck it lucky! Here is a place without shell-holes or burnt houses, where bread is cheap, and even the hens continue to lay at pre-war rates. Now for a good rest. No more leaky dug-outs and orders to "stand-to-arms" in the middle of the night. Ough! I'm sleepy.

1 P.M.—Chit from the adjutant: "Commanding officer will inspect your platoon at two o'clock to-morrow." O Lor'! Must hold a preliminary inspection of my own in the morning; meantime, warn all N.C.O.'s to see the men clean themselves and their kits.

THINGS LACKING.

TUESDAY.—Begin the day in an angelic frame of mind, but am soon grouching at everything and everybody. Half the platoon's hair needs cutting, and several villains are unshaved. Rifles are passably clean, but three men have no respirators; other four have lost (or eaten) their emergency rations. The culprits are told they might be shot; but I shall have to get round the quartermaster. One man has no puttees; says they have been "pinched," which is probable, but not very helpful. Platoon also requires five field-dressings, ten mess-tins, one bayonet, three entrenching tools, and two greatcoats. Indent for these articles under one comprehensive heading, "Lost in action," and hope for the best. Ammunition—only five bandoliers short; *that* is easily made up.

3 P.M.—Inspection over, thank goodness! Old man didn't say much, which is a good sign.

3.5 P.M.—Another of these beastly chits from the orderly room: "Render by return a note of any men who have only been inoculated once, and when." Parade platoon again, and examine all pay-books, on which the medical officer marks dates of inoculation.

7.30 P.M.—Dinner quite spoiled by arrival of orders for to-morrow.

WEDNESDAY, 7 A.M.—Turn out platoon for half an hour at Swedish drill before breakfast. Platoon grumpy: so am I. Forenoon spent forming fours and doing other elementary barrack-square movements. "Men mustn't get slack," says the C.O. Left-right, left-right; left, left, left . . . *ad lib.*

Afternoon.—More of the same, plus a lecture on map reading to the N.C.O.'s.

Later.—Am informed that guard supplied by my platoon has omitted to turn out to a passing general. Interview corporal, who deposes that the G.O.C. was disguised in a new soft cap devoid of gold braid. Lecture N.C.O. on "Compliments and when to pay them."

CHERRIES AND THE "ENTENTE."

Later still.—Company-sergeant-major suggests that men would like a little pay: haven't had anything for more than three weeks. Must arrange to draw money from the field-cashier.

THURSDAY.—More physical drill in the morning. Then a route march from 9.30 A.M. till 1 P.M. "Must keep the men fit," says the C.O. Pay out five francs per man in the afternoon; an hour's job signing books and balancing up. Estaminet busy thereafter, and later there is a certain amount of "pay-night exuberance" in the billet, but only one man in guard-room. Might have been worse.

FRIDAY.—Much the same as Thursday. Farmer alleges men are taking his cherries. Can quite believe it. My French hardly equal to the strain of explanations. Send the interpreter to suggest that between Allies a few cherries should be neither here nor there. Entente preserved at the cost of three francs.

SATURDAY.—March the men nearly off the map for hot baths and clean shirts—both badly needed. In the meantime unfavourable report on the state of the platoon's billet has been made by the Medical Officer, and is forwarded to me "for immediate attention." Inform platoon that in the Army cleanliness comes even before godliness, and postpone football match till the place is swept out, the old tins buried, and the rubbish burnt.

TO PEACE IN THE TRENCHES.

5 P.M.—Note from orderly room: "Render by return name of one man for leave." Crivens! How can I select one man out of twenty equally deserving cases? Bright idea, put all the names into a hat, and draw.

6 P.M.—Another note: "Render to this office . . ."

6.30 P.M.—Yet another: "Render to this office . . ."

7 P.M.—Orders for to-morrow. Thank goodness! We are going back to the firing-line, where we sometimes get a little peace. A. S., Jun.

Tea in the N.C.O.'s Mess.

THE hideous reality of the war has come home to us in divers ways by this time, as it has to most folks, yet we have found that it is well, when people everywhere are living at an abnormal pressure, to be able to look on the bright side of things, and to extract a little pleasure out of existing circumstances.

Since our knowledge of things military went little beyond what could be gathered from watching the drill and route marches of the School O.T.C., we eagerly accepted a friendly invitation to partake of tea in the N.C.O.'s Mess, and to see "things as they are" on nearer view.

An invitation down to the N.C.O.'s Mess was certainly something to be taken advantage of, especially as the other members of this particular "billet" were off on a big scheme, and our two friends had the place to themselves.

The "billets" are in a big disused mill, which in olden days of peace was a woollen factory. The mill has been utilised as a barracks ever since the outbreak of war, and each successive batch of men has done something to improve the conditions of the place, until, at the present time, it forms very comfortable quarters for the "Tommies" billeted there.

On Friday afternoon, about five o'clock, two young ladies were to be seen walking sedately towards the "billets." At the same time a dark head was withdrawn from one of the second storey windows, and a manly voice sang out: "They're coming, George, get the kettle on!" One of the sergeants met us at the entrance to the "billets"; the other was "getting the kettle on," I expect.

Climbing two flights of stairs, which looked as if they were washed daily—by a man—we arrived at a door, which bore a little ticket informing you that this was the N.C.O.'s Mess, and that it was strictly private. On entering, we found ourselves in a long room, which stretched the whole breadth of the building, and resembled a big barn more than anything else. In the centre of the place was a long table, the top half of which boasted a piece of oil-cloth, and here tea had been set, as tastefully and neatly as army crockery and conditions would allow. Down one side of the room lay the neatly rolled up beds of the inmates of the mess, while each man had his own window corner to hold the many small belongings one cannot do without, even in the army. A few picture post cards, some photos, and perhaps a calendar, put the finishing touch to the collection, and made the corner more home-like.

"We call these windows our 'Lucky Middens,'" explained the sergeants, "and you wouldn't believe us if we told you how attached to them we are. Come over to the other side of the room, now, and we'll introduce you to our collection of musical instruments."

That was a collection worth talking about! First of all there was a piano, the top of which was laden with a miscellaneous collection of music and song-books. A notice—they seemed to believe in notices in this mess—informed the men that no lighted cigarettes were to be laid on the keys of the piano, by request! Our attention was now drawn to another instrument of music. Being gifted with a vivid imagination, they succeeded in transforming a frying pan, which was unfit for further service, either military or civil, into a banjo! The N.C.O.'s were proud of their musical instruments and talents, and had, by this same imaginative process, transformed themselves into a troupe of nigger minstrels; and what are nigger minstrels without a banjo!

The other musical instruments possessed by this up-to-date crew consisted of a fiddle, a cornet, a concertina, and a gramophone. The sergeants were sorry the other artists were absent, as it would have given them much pleasure to favour us with their repertoire. We turned unwillingly away from the musical instruments, and were now asked to inspect a neat little book-case which had been nailed up on the wall, and from the interesting collection of books one could deduce what manner of men inhabited the Mess.

We moved on towards a table which stood in a corner of the room, on which were the field telephone apparatus, or "buzzers," as they are affectionately called by the operators, on account of the buzzing noise they make when in use. Here and there stood big hampers with cable, and stacked in a corner were the white and blue signalling flags.

But the most interesting corner to us was that in which the crockery, cooking utensils, and food were stored. Perhaps the less said about this corner will be soonest mended; only, I'd like to have given the genius who presided over this part a few lessons in elementary house-keeping! This brings us to the genius or "Lightning Waiter," as the N.C.O.'s had ironically dubbed him, and though he was a sore trial to them in his house-keeping methods, they freely forgave him his shortcomings for the amount of fun they extracted from him.

When finished making our tour of the Mess, we turned our attention to the tea-table, for it was past tea-time, and the claims of the inner man were becoming insistent. I may mention that it was not an army tea that we sat down to, which was, in a sense, rather disappointing. I would go through a list of the many and varied eatables that were provided, but that would be telling! Only I mustn't forget to say that one of the absent sergeants had left a chunk of his birthday cake for us, with strict injunctions that every crumb of it was to be eaten before we left the N.C.O. Mess that night.

We girls, of course, made the tea, and when we were all seated at table the sergeants began to unfold the story of their mess orderly's shortcomings.

"His name is Samuel, but we just call him Sammy; it's shorter, and doesn't sound so much like profanity as does Samuel. He really ought to have been waiting at table this afternoon," they explained, "and to tell the truth we've been planning all day how we could best have his services, and yet dispense with his decidedly unattractive exterior. We once thought of making him put on nice clean white dongarees, and covering his face with a bag, but there are drawbacks to that idea too."

"Why, what's wrong with the poor chap's face?" we inquired.

They explained that the "Lightning Waiter," which sobriquet was just one of their little jokes, was one of the laziest men they had ever had to suffer.

"He's related to the nobility, you know, or if he isn't he ought to be, for his face looks as if he had as much blue blood in it as any nobleman has in his whole body. In short, Sammy often takes a little more than is good for him, and his face is beginning to tell the tale of a youth spent in riotous living. The one and only Sammy spent a short period, lately, in the cook-house, where he improved the shining hour by becoming pally with the cook, and in making himself thoroughly familiar with the keys of the store-room; and one of the 'Lightning Waiter's' greatest joys in life is to pilfer something for his N.C.O.'s, for the mere pleasure of 'doing' the quartermaster and the prospect of winning a bottle of beer!"

Many other things did they recount of their orderly, but these must not be divulged.

Of course, we expressed our regret at missing Mr Samuel, and inquired anxiously what they had done with him.

"Well," said one of the sergeants, "I told him, now, Sammy, we're having two ladies to tea this afternoon, so if you sweep up the place and

make things look nice and tidy, we'll give you a half holiday. Just make things look clean, give the oil-cloth a scrub, and things like that, you know, and then you're finished for the day. You can 'buzz off'!"

"Ay, ay, a' richt!" says Sammy, blinking his watery eyes. "And so the bargain was made," concluded the sergeant.

After tea we had music, and tested all the musical instruments of the "Nigger Minstrels," except the banjo; we took its excellency of tone for granted!

It soon wore round to 8 P.M., and time for us to be leaving the billets. We now visited the other men's quarters, and had a peep at the sick ward, and lastly we went down to the stables, where we made friends with the sergeants' horses.

Thus ended one of the most enjoyable afternoons we had spent for a long time.

HELEN W. CHRISTIE (F.P.).

Nature Notes.

By J. STRACHAN.

THE BANK BURN.

(Continued.)

MORE pleasing now the hills although less grand,
Kingseat, with gentler slope and smoother sides,
Descends from his high eminence and seeks,
In milder clime and many a shady nook,
A richer and more variegated garb.
Deep grassy turf now clothes the igneous rocks
Which form the mighty skeleton beneath,
Giving good grazing to the blackfaced sheep
And pleasant footing to the mountaineer;
Except where, on the eastern slope, The Kames
Break up the even surface of the hill
With deep escarpment, like the rugged beds
Of ancient torrents now long since dried up.
Wide beds of bracken and hay-scented fern
Give varied surface to the verdant slope,
Provide good shelter for the mountain hare,
And nesting place for grouse, the curlew, and the lark.
Where breaks a spring from out the living rock
A brighter green adorns the rough hillside,
And moisture-loving flowers luxuriate.
There butterwort and sundew set their traps
To catch the flies that think to sip their sweets;
And deck the sphagnum moss with dainty flowers
Of blue and white; there, too, parnassus grass
Spreads wide its milk-white petals to the sun,
Spangling the turf like stars in verdant sky.
Red lousewort and the blue forget-me-not
Join in to deck the garden of the hills.



A. Drysdale

IN THE GLEN

But not for the Bank Burn this gentle slope,
Which ends in a sharp-cut horizontal ridge
Extending from above the Copper Mines
A full mile and more, and at its lower end
More than a hundred feet above the burn.
From this descends ; rugged and steep, a scaur
Cut up by little burns in winter spate
Into deep gullies. Still the ridge is there,
Suggesting that, in far back, ancient days
It may have been the margin of a lake.
Along the bottom of the scaur the burn
Now cuts its way 'mong boulders large and small
And in some parts 'tween riven rocks which rise
In craggie, fern-clad mass on either side,
Affording to the ouzel safe retreat
In which to build her mossy, dome-shaped nest,
To lay her milk-white eggs, and rear her young.
But, further down, the bank recedes to west
For many yards of almost level turf,
With the high ridge surrounding on three sides
Like amphitheatre of ancient Rome.
This may, in bygone days, have been produced
By heavy landslip from the ridge above.
Here many memories rise of happy days
Of boyhood and of youth ; for here it was,
In those now far-off times, we had our picnics ;
I see them now, as vividly as then,
Thrown as a living picture on the screen
Of memory of " The days o' auld langsyne."
That party trooping downward from the hill
Along the rocky path above the burn,
With baskets, satchels, kettles, and the like
Impedimenta of the coming feast.
How many bright young faces there I know !
Brothers and sisters, boy and girl friends,
All eager for the day among the hills.
Father, mother, and other staid grown ups,
More leisurely picking their way with care,
Bring up the rear. Now all are gathered here,
We set to preparation of the tea.
Some boys build up a fireplace of rough stones ;
While some, with glee, race off to yonder glen
To gather sticks with which to make the fire.
Soon a bright blaze shoots up between the stones
And the kettle now is singing cheerily.
Here, on this grassy knoll, is quickly spread,
By many dainty hands, a snowy cloth,
With great array of cups and home-baked scones,
And finer fare to finish off the feast ;
For feast it is amid such scenes
Of happy life and pure fresh mountain air.

Presiding over all my mother sits,
And doles the tea with many a kindly word
And hospitable care that all are served.
Beside her is my father, stretched at ease ;
The soul of all our mirth ; himself a child
Once more that he may join our childish sports.
His hale and hearty face is beaming o'er
With sly, good-humoured drollery and fun.
The many cares and troubles of the world
For our sakes he has thrown aside, and is
The gayest of the gay. The tea is o'er,
And starting from the ground in eager haste,
We call out for a game of "blind man's buff."
Who shall be "it" ? is asked, and one and all
Cry out "the doctor." Soon my father's caught ;
And, spite of all resistance, threats, and prayers,
We bind his eyes and turn him round and round ;
And then exert our ingenuity,
While keeping out of reach, to tease him so
That, in the end, he's fain to have a peep
And pounce on his tormentors, seizing one,
And so escaping for a little time.
Yet no one is so hunted down as he,
All are so anxious that he should be "it."
I almost pity him ; though all the time,
While begging pity and a little rest,
He enters with such spirit in the game.
We tire of that ; a race is now proposed.
My father's stick is made the winning post ;
From out his pocket comes the winner's prize ;
By his voice we are started ; he decides
Who wins, and gives the ever-welcome praise
To those who run the best, soothing those who fail.
But even young limbs will grow tired in time ;
So all we youngsters gladly settle down
To listen to the beautiful duet,
Sung with deep feeling on the lone hillside,
"How beautiful upon the mountains are
The feet of those that bring glad tidings."

The picture fades. My eyes grow dim with tears,
In gazing sadly at those phantom scenes
Of long ago. The burn and hills remain ;
But all the flowers are gone that then did bloom ;
And all but *one* those loved ones, too, are gone.

Peeps into the Past History of Dollar.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORE ABOUT THE STEWARTS OF INNERMEATH AND LORNE, AND THEIR CONNECTION WITH DOLLAR.

IN my last chapter of this series I ventured to suggest that, inasmuch as the Stewarts of Innermeath and Lorne were settled in the estate of Dollar or Gloum, apparently with a considerable family history behind them, in the early part of the fifteenth century, it was a quite reasonable conjecture, to say the least of it, that the entrance of that family as landed proprietors into Clackmannanshire most probably dated from the final triumph of the Scottish patriots under Robert the Bruce, at the ever-memorable Battle of Bannockburn in 1315. Knowing, indeed, as I did, that so soon as Bruce was firmly fixed on his ancestral throne, he began liberally to distribute among his supporters those rewards of loyalty and valour that were their due, and well aware, at the same time, that all the members of the noble family of Stewart had done yeoman service on behalf of the patriot cause, I naturally concluded that their royal leader could not possibly have forgotten the seven stalwart sons of the brave Scottish knight who fell at Falkirk in 1298, every one of whom moreover had fought with equal gallantry under his own banner. I therefore inferred that it was at or about that period that one of them obtained the Dollar estate.

But, though the view above indicated, as expressed in my last chapter, was wholly conjectural, and I, therefore, abstained from claiming it as an established fact, I am glad to say now, that during the interval since my last chapter was written, I have obtained what I consider satisfactory proof that my surmise was correct. Thus in an extremely interesting quarto volume, entitled "The Stewarts of Appin," compiled by an enthusiastic member of that ancient Highland family, I find that its author, who proudly boasts of his descent from the Stewarts of Innermeath and Lorne, states categorically that before the Clackmannan estates appertaining to that distinguished family passed with an heiress into the possession of the Campbells of Argyll, they had been enjoyed by the Stewart family for four generations.

Let me quote here the author's own language on the subject. When referring, as he does, to a deed drawn up by the then Lord of Innermeath and Lorne, who is described in the deed aforesaid as the Sir John Stewart who was father to the lady who, through her marriage, came subsequently to be the Countess of Argyll, I find that the antiquary on whom I am relying declares specifically that "in addition to the five and a half merk lands out of the estate of Lorne, conveyed to his eldest daughter and her husband, Sir Colin Campbell, she and each of her sisters were to receive on their father's death one-third of his patrimonial estates in Clackmannanshire." Mr Stewart, the author whom I am quoting, then goes on to remark that "these Clackmannan estates had now been in the family for four generations; but with the object of keeping the more important lordship of Lorne and barony of Innermeath intact for his male heirs, Sir John determined to divide his Clackmannan property among his three daughters. With this view these lands were accordingly excluded from

the new grant of Lorne and Innermeath that was made by him in 1452, and consequently they were equally divided after Sir John's death among his daughters as heirs portioners."

The natural result of the arrangement above outlined was that "on 9th April 1465 Duncan Campbell, son of Sir Colin Campbell, Knight, Dame Isobel Campbell, and Marion Stewart were each seized in all and hail the third part of the lands of Dollar and Gloum." And it was due to this circumstance that the Earl of Argyll, by coming to terms with his sisters-in-law and their husbands on the question of becoming absolute possessor of the undivided Clackmannan property, was enabled to become the sole proprietor of Castle Gloum and its adjoining estates, and so to make it, for several centuries, one of the favourite residences of his family.

I have not yet ascertained whether the Sir John Stewart, known as Lord of Lorne, who drew up the above quoted deed, actually had a son of his own to inherit his title and estates, as well as the three daughters, whom, as we see, he portioned out of his patrimonial estates in Clackmannanshire, though I rather incline to think he had not. But that a male heir to the estates did exist at Lord Lorne's death, and did succeed to the dignity and property enjoyed by that nobleman, is brought out clearly in an elaborate work on the Stewart family, entitled "The Genealogical History of the Stewarts," by Andrew Stewart, published in 1798. For in that learned and careful compilation, I find the following statement: "Upon the decease of John, Lord Lorn, in the reign of James III., Walter Stewart of Innermeath laid claim to his estate and dignity, and was seised in the Lordship of Lorn." He then adds, "For further illustration of this I have seen by favour of Alexander Campbell, advocate, brother to the laird of Craignish, an Indenture, dated 30th November 1469, wherein Walter, Lord Lorn, obliges himself, 'to resign the Lordship of Lorn into the King's hands in favour of Colin, Earl of Argyll.' Moreover, in exchange for this pledge, Argyll undertakes to resign the lands of Kildoning, Baldoning and Innerdoning in Perthshire, the lands of Coldrain in Fife, the lands of Culkerny in Kinross-shire. Further he obliges himself to procure for Lord Lorn the title of Lord Innermeath with the precedency of Lorn."

There are rather peculiar features in this legal document, which, to my mind, suggest that this Walter Stewart here claiming to be of Innermeath, though the legal heir to the previous Lord Lorne, was not his son. For had he been the lawful son of that nobleman, I hardly believe that he would have condescended to enter into any such compact as that which this deed discloses. To surrender the title, and I presume the estates of Lorne as well, even to so influential a noble as the then Earl of Argyll undoubtedly was, must, one would think, have seemed an insufferable humiliation to such a person. No doubt there may have been some inducement to enter into the bargain above sketched, in the fact that the properties offered in exchange, being all situated in the neighbourhood of Mr Stewart's own estate of Innermeath or Invermay in Forteviot in Perthshire, they were presumably more desirable and even more valuable than a Highland estate like Lorne in these rude ages could possibly be. And perhaps that consideration, re-enforced by the pledge of so influential a statesman as Argyll then was, to guarantee that, in lieu of the title of Lorne, the Campbell influence at court would obtain for him the title of

Lord Innermeath with the Lorne precedence, may have prevailed with him to enter upon so remarkable an arrangement.

But whatever the inducement, the Laird of Innermeath must have fallen in with Argyll's proposals ; for from that time onward till the family became extinct in the male line, the title of Lord Innermeath was used as its distinctive appellation.

I was much interested personally when I learned that Innermeath is the old pronunciation and spelling of a place which had almost been as much celebrated by the Scottish muse as Dollar, Castle Gloom, and the Banks of the Devon themselves. I refer to Invermay. For, as many of my readers will doubtless remember, there are at least two fine Scottish songs associated with that lovely spot, which are found in most of our Scottish anthologies. The first, written by David Mallet, entitled "The Birks of Invermay," is so charming in its simplicity that I cannot refrain from quoting it here :—

"The smiling morn, the breathing spring
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies ;
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

"For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear ;
At this, thy living bloom will fade,
As that will nip the vernal shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more :
And when they droop and we decay,
Away the birks of Invermay."

But pleasing as these graceful lines are, there is something in the homely tenderness and rustic sweetness of a later song on the same theme that satisfies my taste still more, and for my readers' gratification as well as my own I venture to reproduce it here also :—

"The e'enin' sun was glintin' bricht
On Invermay's sweet glen and stream ;
The rocks and woods, in ruddy licht,
Were kythin' like a fairy dream.
In lovin' fear I took my gate
To seek the tryst that happy day,
Wi' bonny Mary, young and blate,
Amang the birks o' Invermay.

"It wasna till the sklent moon's shine
Was glancin' deep in Mary's e'e
That a' in tears, she said, 'I'm thine,
And ever will be true to thee !'
Ae kiss, the lover's pledge, and then
We spake o' a' that lovers say,
Syne lingered hameward through the glen
Amang the birks o' Invermay."

The scene celebrated in these touching lines is one, to all accounts, that for picturesque charm is only second to that of our own far-famed Dollar Glen. Mr

Robert Chambers, in describing it, says: "Invermay is a small woody glen, watered by the rivulet May, which there joins the river Earn. It is about five miles above the Bridge of Earn and nearly nine miles from Perth. The seat of Mr Belsches, the proprietor of this poetical region, and who takes from it his territorial designation, stands at the bottom of the Glen." (Since Mr Chambers wrote the above, Invermay estate, I am informed, has passed from the Belsches family, and has now come to be the property and residence of Mr Fraser, head of the great Glasgow firm of Fraser & MacDonald.)

In regard to the glen itself from which this property gets its name, both of its sides, I learn, are completely wooded, chiefly with birches; and it is, in the opinion of those who have visited it, a scene well worthy of the attention of the amatory muse. The course of the May, I understand, is so sunk among rocks that it cannot be seen, though it can be easily traced in its progress by another sense. Indeed, the peculiar sound which it makes in rushing through one particular part of its narrow, rugged, tortuous channel, has occasioned the descriptive appellation of the Humble-Bumble to be attached to that quarter of the vale. It is to my mind a pleasing coincidence that the scenery above described bears so much resemblance to that which is presented to the observer by our own Dollar Glen, when we remember that the family, which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, owned both of these charming beauty-spots, was the same noble family which, through the marriage of the head of the clan with Marjory Bruce, eldest daughter of King Robert, and through the consequent succession of his son by that princess to the Scottish throne, on the failure of any male issue to the patriot monarch, provided Scotland during most of that period with the line of illustrious princes by which that country was governed. For it is, to my mind, not an insignificant circumstance to remember that, if Dollar Glen, by reason of its rocky ravines, and beauteous woodlands, and picturesque waterfalls, has few or no rivals even in Scotland, alike for the variety and charm of its scenery; on the other hand Invermay also has similar claims for attention from the tourist in search of the picturesque, described as it has been by Mr Chambers, no mean judge on such a question, as "perhaps the fairest possible little miniature specimen of cascade scenery."

There is another curious early correspondence between Dollar and the district in which Invermay or Innermeath is situated, to which I must advert here. It is the fact that both districts have an interesting connection with the Celtic dynasty of the Scottish kings who sprung from Kenneth MacAlpine. For when that Scottish prince overthrew the Pictish kingdom, of which Forteviot was the capital, we are told that he often resided there, and that it was there that he died in 859. According, indeed, to Dr Marshall of Coupar Angus, in his interesting volume, "Historic Scenes in Perthshire," Forteviot, even after the death of Fergus MacAlpine, was a favourite residence of our Scottish kings, of which he finds evidence in the alleged amour of Duncan (1033-1039), as well as in charters dated from it by his son Malcolm Canmore. Where Dr Marshall got these charters I know not; but he does not hesitate to speak of them as really extant. In this opinion, however, I cannot concur, as I believe no charters exist that date to Canmore's reign. But, however this may be, there seems good ground for receiving the traditional story of a royal residence having once existed at Forteviot. For, on a small

eminence called Halyhill, a little to the north-west of the village of Forteviot, there once stood the remains of an old edifice, known locally as "The Palace." These ruins have now quite disappeared, having long been used in the neighbourhood as a quarry, when other minor structures were in course of erection. But Dr Marshall avers that "it is not many years since the oldest inhabitant of the parish used to tell of the appearance which the ruins presented in his youth; and so late as the time of Charles I., they were one of the sights which all tourists in "Strathearn laid their account with visiting."

It is, however, by the traditional tale of the amour of King Duncan ("the gracious Duncan" of Shakespeare) with the Forteviot miller's daughter, and particularly by its natural result in the birth of the boy, who subsequently became famous as the Scottish King Malcolm Canmore, that I find our most interesting connection between Dollar and Forteviot. It has interested me greatly to discover how close was the connection between these two parishes during the century and a half when, as I have shown, the noble family of Stewart possessed a residence and a large estate in each. But I confess I have found even greater pleasure in contemplating the fact that, three centuries before the Stewarts of Innermeath had made the Perthshire parish of Forteviot a household word in the Dollar community, the frequent presence among them of the great monarch, who, as we have shown, was a native of that Perthshire parish, must have familiarised the same community, if not with the name of Forteviot, at least with the romantic story of their monarch's connection with the district it designates to-day. For, as we have mentioned in an earlier chapter, tradition attributes to Canmore a close connection with and even a frequent residence in Dollar, and credits him, if not with the erection of the square keep that still crowns the hill of Gloom, and overlooks our lovely glen, at all events with the rearing on or near the same commanding spot of a hunting lodge, able to accommodate the monarch and his suite whenever they repaired to the Forest of Dollar, to chase the deer or drive the boar along the wooded Ochil slopes. And doubtless, therefore, the people who, as we know, have preserved so carefully the legend of their own imprisoned princess and her romantic story, must have many a time rehearsed to each other and to inquiring strangers the equally romantic tale of Canmore's humble birth. The story, as told by Dr Marshall, runs as follows:—Parted somehow from his retinue and benighted somewhere near the Mill of Forteviot, the gracious Duncan, on his way home from hunting, had to throw himself on the hospitality of the miller. Were it not for "the divinity that hedges a king!" comments Dr Marshall on this statement, "one might be tempted to think that the darkness must have been truly Egyptian, else Duncan might have been piloted safely for the small distance between the mill and the Palace." But be that as it may, the miller received his guest with equal pleasure and pride, and entertained him for the night with all possible kindness. The members of the family vied with one another in contributing what they could to his comfort, and daughter Nell's attentions were particularly loyal and loving.

The acquaintance which he made that night, Duncan kept up. He and Nell often met afterwards at a spot not far from the Palace, which is called to this day "Nell's Knowe." And one of the fruits of their intercourse was a son, Malcolm Canmore, who by and by succeeded his

father on the throne, and makes a very conspicuous figure in the annals of our kings and our country.

The present Invermay House is, of course, a comparatively modern erection. But its predecessor, called "the Tower," and which was doubtless the abode of the Stewarts, who also occupied the Castle of Gloom, is still in existence and stands near the modern residence, a picturesque, ivy-clad ruin. "It is situated," says Dr Marshall, "in a paradise of beauties," and he adds, "Muckersey Chapel, about a mile up the May from the house, was the church of the old parish of Muckersey, a separate parish prior to its union with Forteviot. It is now the mausoleum of the proprietors of the land of Invermay, and possibly may once have served the Stewarts of Innermeath as the sepulchre of the family dead."

I ought here to attempt to trace the line of Innermeath Stewarts, and to show their connection with the parent stem of the Lord High Stewards of Scotland, from whom, as I have already stated, both the former Scottish and the present British royal family is lineally descended. But considerations of space, and the many difficulties of the subject, which have emerged as I have prosecuted my investigations, warn me to postpone that theme to another occasion.

(To be continued.)

Autumn Musings.

It was an Autumn noon—a mellow light
 Rested its splendour on the harvest fields,
 And lit the woods as with a Summer touch ;
 Earth had the quiet of a Sabbath morn
 And all the sky was songless and serene.
 It was a day to please a poet's eye !
 With sunshine throwing shadows o'er his heart,
 For, in the tranquil beauty of the scene,
 Even as he gazed upon it, he would see
 The saintly spirit of departed summer
 Walking the earth again, but sad and slow,
 Haunting the woods, and wondering why the leaves
 Were lying withered on the flowerless sod,
 And why and where the singing birds were gone ;
 And with the landscape working at his heart,
 His inner being would be strangely stirred,
 Recalling thoughts that lived in long ago—
 Memories of vanished forms and happy days,
 Spent with a song, remembered with a sigh !

On such a day I wandered all alone,
 And found myself in Campbell's rugged glen,
 The babbling burn beneath me. Long I stood
 And watched the leaves drop from the tree-boughs, dead,
 And the clear riv'let "ever flowing on"
 Bear them to an eternity of waters.

And as I mused, the fire within me burned,
 And shaped my thoughts into a little song.
 Legended Castle ! Oh ! let me leave it thee !
 For often when the village near at hand
 Seemed too much for me with its idle talk,
 Sectarian cliques, and cold exclusiveness,
 I have come hither, and have calmed myself
 With the deep quiet that is ever thine.
 Soon I must hence away, and never more
 May look upon thy quaint old walls again ;
 Then take this idle fragment as thine own,
 And, in the coming days of shade and sheen,
 Although the singer may be far away,
 His song will live behind him, treasuring
 His musings above thy "Care" and "Sorrow."

"Spring and Summer come and go ;
 Only for a little while
 Do the flowers that round us blow
 Charm and cheer us with their smile.

Music peoples earth and sky
 When the days are light and long ;
 But how soon the swallows fly
 With the sunshine and the song !

Then the gloom and chill of night
 Settle o'er the setting year,
 For the bloom, we see the blight,
 For the song, a sighing hear.

Tis the wailing wind abroad,
 Looking for the lovely lost—
 For the children of the sod,
 Where in June we gaily crossed.

How it woke and wooed them then,
 As it wantoned on its way :
 Now it sighs to kiss again
 Lily lips and gowans gay.

Ah ! to think that in the storm,
 When the flow'rets faded lie,
 Over many a vanished form
 We may have to sit and sigh—

That when sorrow looms and lowers,
 Love could fail and friends depart,
 Leaving us the lonely hours,
 And the hungering at the heart !

Oh ! the beauty of the earth !
 When old loves are burning on ;
 Oh ! the darkness and the dearth !
 When the lights are out that shone."

M.

Fifty years ago.

Advertisements.

AMONG the many things for which the present age is remarkable, the extent and variety of the advertisements will always be remembered.

Advertising is a development of civilisation originally confined to newspaper announcements of public meetings and tradesmen's addresses. It has so spread with the progress and ramifications of society as to become almost an institution itself, in whose services so much ingenuity has been enlisted, and whose boring obtrusiveness has so permeated society, that while most of us admit its necessity, we all join in asserting that it is carried too far.

Not only are two-thirds of our daily papers stuffed with advertisements, but we are beset behind and before with every conceivable variety of the species. Every dead wall is alive with posters, and even our garden doors cannot remain quietly at their posts, but they must be embraced with a huge cold winding-sheet of sticking-plaster, and do duty as sign-posts for some parish meeting, lost bunch of keys, or forthcoming famous circus.

There seems to be no escape from the advertising mania of the age; the practice has become locomotive; it overflows into our tram-cars, railway carriages, and steam-boats, all of which are now as much vehicles for advertising as for travelling; while the doors of our cathedrals and churches are not allowed to escape the universal placards. Moreover, a notice is usually affixed in some prominent place to the effect that the culprit would be punished who attempted to tear down or disfigure these eyesores.

The advertising columns of a newspaper are, to a philosopher who sees into the essence of things, a camera obscura, in which whatever is passing round is reflected with a fidelity that at once delights and edifies. What variety! what abundance! what happy adaptations to all sorts of tastes! and how calculated to illustrate the trading and domestic habits of a people!

But it is chiefly in the minor moralities that the advertisements of a newspaper may be usefully studied, although occasionally the more heroic virtues are illustrated in these productions. The offers of money-lenders are splendid testimonies to the innate generosity of our dear countrymen, among whom Jews and Christians rival each other with a zeal and devotion most flattering to the national character.

Matrimonial advertisements, again, afford striking proofs of modesty and the absence of pretence, no less than the prevalent contempt for pecuniary motives, which is, undoubtedly, the most characteristic feature of all advertisements.

The wealth and abundance of the nation, as evinced in the frequency of feasts and public dinners, must give cause of general exultation, while the vast sums raised for charitable purposes, mainly for missions and the clothing and feeding of the indigent, prove the unbounded prodigality of the national benevolence.

There is one other moral advantage derivable from reading advertisements, namely, the exercise of self-control. The first page of a newspaper is like a spacious bazaar, in which the eyes at every turn make the most furious demands upon the purse. Here a concert invites, there a new book attracts, further on a silver tea-set may be had for an old song, from

a needle to an anchor, from a mangle to a cork-screw; if one yielded to half the baits, the only empty place in one's house would be one's pocket. One discovers at the perusal of every paper an entire new series of wants, all urgent, and all capable of becoming motives of action.

With so much to stimulate energy and reward eloquence, no wonder that invention has been racked for topics, and language for terms, to arrest a busy and bustling public.

The earliest authentic advertisement at present known of the public sale of a now famous beverage is contained in the *Mercurius Politicus* for 30th September 1658:—"That excellent and by all physicians approved, China drink, called by the Chineans Tcha, and by other nations Tay, *alias* Tee, is sold at the Sultanese Head Coffee House in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London."

This is not a bad advertisement:—"£5. 5s. reward. Bennett's Model Watch. Wanted, the best possible form of newspaper advertisement for this watch. It must be original, and convey in the fewest words the qualities, character, and cheapness of this well-known time-keeper. Competitors will please forward to Mr John Bennett at the watch manufactory, 65 Cheapside."

To extend the fame of his eye snuff, Mr Grimstone resorted to an old custom, and appended a rhyming tribute by a customer:—

"Great was the power that did to man impart
Creative genius and inventive art;
The second praise is doubtless, Grimstone, thine,
Wise was thine head, and great was thy design,
Our precious sight from danger now set free,
Wives, widows, fathers, praises sing to thee."

The rival of Mr Grimstone—Mr Mannering—stated that a box of his snuff is always ready for the gratuitous use of the public, but it is suggested that those who do not like a crowd had better provide themselves with a box to be used at home.

The custom of matrimonial advertisements one paper wishes to encourage, on the ground that it "obviates the trouble and tedium of courtship, and enables people to get married in a sensible, business-like manner." Here is an artful specimen:—

"To Girls of Fortune—Matrimony.—A bachelor, young, amiable, handsome, and of good family, and accustomed to move in the highest sphere of society, is embarrassed in his circumstances. Marriage is his only hope of extrication. This advertisement is inserted by one of his friends. Ingratitude was never one of his faults, and he will study for the remainder of his life to prove his estimation of the confidence placed in him. Address, etc. *N.B.*—The witticisms of Cockney scribblers deprecated."

It is unnecessary to multiply examples. All, more or less, still mingle up the mundane and super-mundane considerations.

Our attention was drawn to this subject by some remarks of Lord Rosebery's when he was addressing the Lothian Regiment. He said, "Nothing is to be done in this generation without advertisement. How far it will be carried I do not know—whether people will walk about with placards narrating and stating their virtues on their greatcoats. But,

at any rate, advertisement is one of the great masculine and even feminine virtues of our era."

Farmers tell us that the huge posters placed in their fields to advertise some favourite brand, and to catch the eye of the passenger by train, are the best paying crops they have.

A Link with the Past.

THE practical application of heat as a motive power by the agency of the steam engine cannot be called a modern achievement.

In the "Pneumatics" of Hero of Alexandria it is recorded that the steam turbine engine and boiler was in existence 130 years before the Christian Era. But from that time till about 1624 A.D. nothing worthy of note has been recorded regarding the practical application of steam. From that date various types of steam engines were introduced, and in 1705 the Newcomen atmospheric engine became a reality. In 1763 this was improved by Watt. In the Newcomen engine the cylinder was open topped, the atmospheric air thus having free access to the piston, which derived its motion alone from the atmospheric pressure after a vacuum was formed under it by the condensation of low pressure steam. It would now appear to be almost incredible that an engine of this type still exists in working order, performing its operations in close proximity to a great industrial centre of modern mechanical engineering. Nevertheless, at this present time there is a beam engine in active operation at the Ferme coal pit, which is situated on the eastern outskirts of the town of Rutherglen, on the south bank of the Clyde. This engine is used for winding purposes in the drawing up of coal by the pit shaft. The cylinder is 2 ft. 9 in. in diameter, with a stroke of 4 ft. 6 in. There is no automatic valve gear, the slide valve being operated by the engineman during the whole time the engine may be at work. The spokes in the fly-wheel are of wood. It has been reputed that this engine was built in 1810. Its primitive construction indicates that it must have been erected early in last century. The writer has had the good fortune to see this ancient machine working. Steam at the low pressure of 12 lbs. to the square inch forces the piston up upon its upward stroke, which, being completed, the engineman moves the slide-valve so as to cause a communication to be made between the bottom of the cylinder and the condenser. Into this the steam exhaust from under the piston causes a partial vacuum, and accordingly the piston is thus forced down to the bottom of the cylinder by the atmospheric pressure bearing upon its top side. When the piston reaches the bottom of the cylinder the engineman moves the slide valve again so as to close up the passage to the condenser, and at the same time opens a passage from the boiler to the cylinder, thus admitting steam again under the piston for the upward stroke. The piston is rendered air-tight by a little water upon its top side, the water being supplied from a cistern fixed above the cylinder. This method was employed by Newcomen in his engine 200 years ago.

In the Newcomen engine the motion was imparted to it only by the atmospheric pressure, steam being used for producing a vacuum by its



R. K. Holmes

AT BURNFOOT, GLENDEVON

condensation, but in the engine just mentioned steam pressure drives the piston up and the atmospheric pressure drives it down.

One would have expected to see an engine of this class at some out-of-the-way place where great difficulty would be experienced in procuring and erecting a modern machine, but to find such an engine working so near the doors of the present day engineering establishments, where up-to-date machinery can be got at competitive prices, is a surprise. It is difficult to give a good reason why such an "Old Member" of the engineering apparatus of the past should not now be the occupant of a pedestal within the walls of a repository devoted to the preservation of interesting relics of industrial art.

A. J. BISSET.

Leave.

I MEANT to have a royal time
 When my long-looked-for furlough came :
 To rid myself of Flanders' grime
 Would be my first and foremost aim.
 I meant to lie in shady nooks
 From early morn till dewy eve ;
 I meant to read amusing books
 When I went home on leave.

I meant to loaf, I meant to fish,
 My special friends I meant to see,
 I meant to gratify my wish
 For things like sausages for tea.
 I meant to smoke the pipe of peace,
 Tell tales that no one would receive ;
 I'd dream of when the war would cease—
 When I went home on leave

"The best laid schemes of mice and men"—
 These words I soon recalled to mind,
 Even when with a most grudging pen
 My four days' leave was really signed.
 Thin is the line 'twixt joy and care,
 And surely I have cause to grieve :
 Each day I filled a dentist's chair
 When I went home on leave.

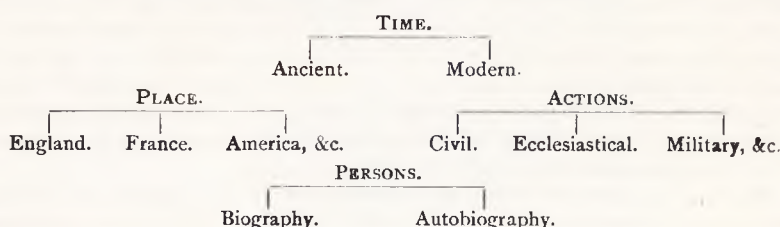
A. S., JUN.

The Advantages to be Derived from the Study of History.

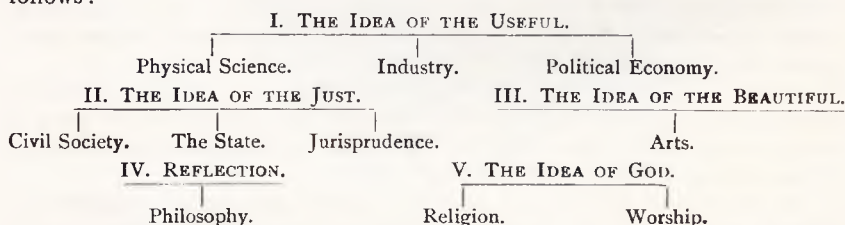
To set down the advantages to be derived from the study of history, it is necessary to consider its connection with other branches of knowledge, and their relations to the life of humanity. As a study, and as the essence of the unwritten and the recorded lives of nations and individuals, in their connection with the development of human intelligence, as influenced by philosophy, art, climate, science, and religion, it is pre-eminently fitted to instruct the mind, improve the taste, and discipline the intellectual powers.

The object of the philosophical historian is to discover the causes which have influenced the development of human intelligence, and trace their effects in the history of nations, as exhibited in their governments, laws, commerce, arts, and sciences. The condition of nations at different periods of their history indicates the state of their intelligence, by which is discerned either the sources of their strength or the causes of their weakness.

History is both universal and particular; it refers either to those works which aim at representing a view of all the transactions of our earth, or to those histories which are limited by time and place, in connection with events and persons, and which may be divided as follows:—



Therefore to study history to advantage it is necessary to “divide and conquer”; that is, to select an epoch—say the English Revolution of 1688—and study the life of humanity during that period. The general ideas which govern the activity of the human mind have been divided as follows:—



These ideas are more or less prevalent in each epoch or period of history. The facts of an age or nation cannot be explained until its relations to other nations is known, and what its condition was before that period. It is very evident that whatever period is investigated, we require to possess a knowledge of the time when—and place where—chronology and geography, which have been termed the “eyes of history,” will guide us in

the matter. The former enables the student to acquire a contemporaneous view of other nations with the period examined; the latter to trace the influence of climate and position on national occupation and modes of thought. In particular, the student must observe whether the historian has delineated the influence of the religion then prevalent on the national mind, as seen in its thoughts and actions; for religion is the great fact in the national, as well as in the individual life. It embodies the answers to those questions which ever agitate the mind of man regarding his destiny on earth, and his relations to God and the universe. The Reformation, the Puritan awakening, the Whitfield and Wesley revival, are each so inwoven with the history of Britain, that without an estimate of them no true idea can be obtained of the national life.

And then, too, there is the poetry of the period to be studied in its connection with the development of intelligence, as it gives utterance to the sentiments of the period *on nature and man*. There is no period of historic importance without its poetry. The thoughts, the emotions, the desires and the hopes of the people find a medium of expression through the poet. The "Divina Commedia" of Dante opens European literature, represents the theology of the age, and gives expression to the yearnings of the Italian people for freedom from the spiritual tyranny of Rome; the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer contains a description of a large company, doubtless taken from life by the poet—priests, scholars, ladies, physicians, ploughman, miller—who, while riding through the green lanes of Kent, told stories illustrative of the society of the period; Dryden exhibited the feelings and reasonings of the king and his courtiers on the grave subjects of national policy, and in his "Absalom and Achitophel" vividly portrayed the history and characters of the time. And so through other periods of history the poetry of the epoch must be studied, as the reflection of the thoughts, emotions, and wants of the people.

Nor are the arts and sciences of the period to be overlooked, for they likewise greatly influence the progress of the people. The power of the age on great men, and the influence of great men on the age, must also be observed, as they sum up nations and epochs. The history of the crusades must be first studied in the life of Peter the Hermit; and the Reformation cannot be estimated without a knowledge of the life of Luther. Each age has its representative men.

The student, therefore, in the study of any period or epoch of history, must discern the relation of history to other branches of knowledge—geography, religion, art, and science.

Now, it may be said that what we have written applies to the writers of history rather than to the students thereof, and we admit the truth of the assertion. What, then, are the advantages to be derived from the study of the history of nations and epochs?

I. Historical study is an important mental discipline. Properly conducted and carried far enough it will train the mind to very elevated and enlarged processes of thought. The scenes and events with which it deals present a great field for exercising the powers of *judgment* and *comparison*. No better opportunities can be found anywhere for tracing the relation of *cause* and *effect*. The understanding trained to survey the bearings and dependencies of different incidents, to judge of probabilities, to notice the revelations of character, to handle and poise the materials

with which it becomes conversant, acquires at once clearness and range of vision, and what we may call fineness and firmness of tact or touch. But specially may the use of history be insisted on for moral purposes, or for the sake of its action in that middle ground where the moral and intellectual meet and blend together. Prejudice, bigotry, narrowness of sympathy, harsh and hasty judgment of character, a tendency to make what is local and temporary the measure of truth and the rule of action: these may—according to the view in which we look at them—be regarded either as mistakes of the head or as vices of the heart. History properly studied can supply the cure for them. There are arguments and influences in history which can temper the sourness of the sectary, and enlarge the views of the upholder of local or class interests, and prevent the mischief of imperfect generalisation, and hinder that from being given up to party which belongs to mankind.

The *philosophy* of history, it is true, may be out of the reach of school-boys, but it is not so with the *lessons* of history. These speak a familiar and affecting language to all. They show us in no abstract way, but by direct and palpable examples, the essential difference between what is right and wrong, just and unjust, noble and base. An inspiration is caught by the most artless learner from the words and deeds of great historic men. The instinct of heroism is awakened even in unprepared breasts by reading of the adventures of a Raleigh or of the victories of a Nelson. Generosity and patriotism, and all the peaceful virtues of the citizen, are most powerfully enforced and most fully exemplified in the records of history. How can young Britons be better taught to love their country than by learning what their country has done in the past, how she has established her institutions, and achieved her fame?

II. We derive from the study of history a knowledge of our political rights.

The different classes of society are so arranged that there is a mutual dependence between each class. The rich cannot do without the poor, as the master cannot do without the servant. The relations of this dependence are better understood now than they ever were. Social distinctions imply social relations, and the sympathy which results from a knowledge of these relations binds society together. Christianity teaches the truth that all men are equal, yet recognises the duties of the different positions of society. That there are anomalies in our social relations will not be denied; yet no truth is more immutable than this, that in God's sight all are equal, and from of old such has been recognised as Heaven's law.

It will be seen, then, that the study of history has its practical as well as its speculative claims. It belongs to that class of studies which at the same time train the mind and prepare for the business of life. That it does the latter is obvious enough in the case of those whose life-business is to be statesmen and politicians. To such, history is in truth the *raw material* with which they have to work. They have to make it in the future, and they cannot do so to much purpose unless they are conversant with it in the past. But what is true of them in the highest degree, is in some degree true of every man. For every man is a citizen, and one part of his work in life is to discharge well and truly the duties of a citizen. He cannot do this if he is altogether ignorant of history. His notions of political responsibility

must be confined, his appreciation of political privilege must be imperfect, his views must be obscure, and his patriotism feeble, if he knows nothing of the long-descended, many-featured national life of his country beyond the passing fragmentary portion which comes under his own observation, and with which his own life is blended. To one devoid of all knowledge of the past, the facts and the phenomena of the present are an unintelligible cipher. Laws may indeed be mechanically obeyed, and franchises blindly exercised by men who know neither how the former are made, nor how the latter have been inherited. But in such a case there is nothing of the dignity or the intelligence of citizenship. In a free country, therefore, a knowledge of history must be regarded as a *necessary*, and not a *luxury*, of the people's intellectual life.

III. We learn from the study of history toleration of opinion. The most intolerant are invariably the receivers of opinions at second-hand; not being truth-seekers themselves, they cannot tolerate the opinions of those who are so, and by acting thus, violate their moral nature and bring disgrace on the cause of truth. The duty of toleration is based on the Scripture axiom, that we are to do unto others as we would wish others to do unto us. Intolerance is the most intolerable of all things, for persecution can never alter opinion. A man subjected to torture may recant by word of mouth, and still retain his former beliefs. Galileo was imprisoned for the truth he discovered and announced, yet still believed that "the earth moves." Descartes was termed an atheist for saying that there are innate ideas, Locke for denying them. The experience of history teaches the lesson that freedom of conscience is the birthright of man; that persecution for opinions is intolerance; that intolerance retards the progress of truth; and that the progress of truth is promoted by toleration of opinion, united with freedom of discussion. "Toleration," says Leighton, "is an herb of spontaneous growth in the soil of indifference; but the weed has none of the virtues of the medicinal plant reared by humility in the garden of zeal."

IV. History, too, as we have already hinted, may be regarded as the world's gallery of great men, for, as Thomas Carlyle remarks, "Universal history is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here." All nations, whether ancient or modern, have had their great men; and whatever period of time is studied, they form one, if not the main, topic of attraction. All kinds of character are exhibited—the serious, the odd, the learned, the humorous, the benevolent, the sad; the priest, the poet, the warrior, the philosopher, the statesman, the king; and these form grave subjects of study of the manifold phases of human life. Humanity is represented in its varied guises and under different influences, having more or less attraction as the sympathies are excited. The lessons of wisdom taught vary with the sympathies of the student. The patriot's patriotism is intensified by the lives of Wallace and Tell; the warrior's enthusiasm excited by the memoirs of Cæsar and Wellington; the poet's love purified by the study of Dante and Shakespeare. There are studies of character for the most varied tastes in this great gallery of men and women.

In this study of human character, too, are formed friendships agreeable and ennobling. Those who interpret the experience of our lives are the "companions of our solitude"; while they who tender with love their maxims of wisdom are our "friends in council." The solace of the wise

at all times invigorates the heart and braces the mind to action. True are the words of Carlyle, that great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company.

V. Moreover, in this study is perceived the "hand of God as displayed in the extension and establishment of Christianity"; for the unfolding of the drama of the life of humanity, of which the history of nations is the record, is only understood by the recognition of the method of the divine government. "What is history," asks Cromwell, "but God manifesting himself, as striking down and treading under foot whatever he hath not himself planted?"

The study of history in this aspect confirms the divine origin of Christianity, and enables the student to understand the purpose for which nations exist, and the beneficent plans in operation for the elevation of humanity—for history is the unfolding of the providence of God.

"For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

—TENNYSON.

Many of our historians confine themselves to the great movements in the world's progress, and tell us little or nothing of the more personal and domestic life of the times about which they write. But this information is to be found elsewhere; and it is well worth while going a little out of our way in search of it. Let us suppose that we wish to learn something regarding English life and manners about five hundred years ago, and although we may obtain some details in histories, we shall get them far more fully and vividly from Chaucer in his Introduction or Prologue to his "Canterbury Tales," to which we have already referred. The plan of the work is that a company of people from all ranks are assembled at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark, before proceeding on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. It is suggested by mine host that each in turn should tell a story to beguile the long journey over the rough roads, and before relating these, Chaucer in his Prologue describes the narrators themselves. Of the descriptions we select one or two. The country parson is described as—

"A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a poure Persoun of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and work.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.

To drawe folk to heven by fairenesse,
By good ensample, this was his busynesse;

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve."

Of the doctor he says :—

"He knew the cause of every maladye,
Were it of hoot or cold, or moyste, or drye."

The monks, as we know, were not all ascetics, for some of them were as jolly fellows as Friar Tuck. Here is Chaucer's—

“ I saugh his sleves purfild atte honde
With grys, and that the fyneste of a londe.
And for to festne his hood under his chynne
He haded of gold y-wrought a curious pynne ;
A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther was.
His heed was balled, that schon as eny glas.”

And in his account of the yeoman we have a glimpse of the good old days of merry England :—

“ Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous,
Of flessch and fisch, and that so plenteuous,
Hit snevede in his hous of mete and drynke,
Of alle deyntees that men cowde thynke.”

Again, if we require some such particulars about the Elizabethan age, it is not so much in histories as in the writings of Shakespeare that we will find them. If we want some information about the country justices, the “great unpaid” of these days, there are Justice Shallow, and his constables, Verges and Dogberry. The Boar Tavern in Eastcheap and the hostel of Mrs Quickly invite us to learn something of the tavern life of our ancestors. Mr Ford and Mr Page of Windsor will show us middle-class society ; and in the company of Goodfellow and Peablossom, Snug the joiner, or Snout the tinker, we learn a great deal about the amusements and follies of the common people. Take some of the characters in “Henry IV.” as an illustration. The king sends an officer to demand the liberation of some prisoners, and he is described as follows :—

“ Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reaped,
Showed like a stubble land at harvest home ;
He was perfumed like a milliner.”

Prince Henry is a well-drawn figure. He was what in modern phraseology would be called a “fast young man.” He gave himself entirely up to the follies of the hour, and spent his days in pleasure and amusements among a set of men of congenial tastes whom he had gathered around him. Tired of the constraints and ceremonies of court life, he spent his evenings in the taverns and theatres ; and although not liking low company for its own sake, he yet took part in it, believing that he could see life better there than anywhere else. But his father's death, and his accession to the throne, seemed to have called forth his better nature, and like one who had been roused from a long dream, he stirred up his dormant faculties, and became a new man. As he himself says :—

“ Presume not that I am the thing I was ;
For Heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self ;
So will I those that kept me company.”

Here, too, there is Falstaff, perhaps the best known character in Shakespeare's writings. He was a regular man of fashion, without any principle or honour, and, indeed, a hoary old sinner. Shakespeare has displayed considerable ingenuity in describing him, for he had to make him

both attractive and repulsive—attractive to account for Prince Henry's partiality for him, and repulsive in the interests of virtue. He was rendered the former by his humour, which he possessed in a more than ordinary degree, and which he turned to account upon every possible occasion, thereby getting himself out of many a scrape by his humorous excuses. He was what the Yankees would call "cute," always looking sharply after himself, and far too wide awake to be imposed upon. He excites our laughter by his cowardice, even when he is telling the most improbable stories of his own hardihood and bravery; for instance, hacking his sword like a handsaw after running away at Gadshill, and affirming that it was done while fighting with the overpowering numbers who attacked him. He was sent to the war, and ordered to collect a regiment on his way. He gathered together about one hundred and fifty of the greatest rascals in the country, mostly regular jail-birds, and so ragged were they that they had only one shirt amongst them. He could not avoid going into the battle, but when he felt he was getting the worst of it, he fell down motionless, and pretended to be dead. When the fighting was over, he rose and thrust his sword into the dead body of Hotspur, which was lying near him, and which he carried away on his shoulders as a trophy of his prowess, saying that he had killed him after fighting with him for an hour by Shrewsbury clock!

Such details and hints of life and manners as these cannot be obtained from history, and it is well that we can thus get them from other sources.

One word of application. Having expressed our conviction of the value of history as an element of education, we now submit that in our opinion much more may be done with it in schools than has ever yet been done. Let teachers qualify themselves to teach it properly—let them learn to make the history lesson not a gaunt skeleton, but a warm, goodly, living body, and they will find that they have in their hands an instrument potent for good in its effect on the national character; an instrument, the tendency of whose action will be to infuse in still larger measure manliness, toleration, patriotism, a sense of justice, a love of law and order and free institutions into a new generation of Britons.

Letters to the Editors.

SIRS,—My object in writing this letter to you is to point out a few errors which have crept into your remarks on Mr W. K. Holmes' delightful "Ballads of Field and Billet" in your June issue. Those errors occur in the second paragraph of your article (p. 71), where it is stated that "in 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 manuscript *Home Journal*, conceived the project of starting a *Dollar Academy Magazine*, and went the length of having printed and issued a first number." I wish to say, sir, that these statements are quite incorrect, and it is with one eye upon the Goddess of Truth, and the other upon the future "Annals of the Parish of Dollar" that I hasten to furnish you with what are the actual facts of the case.

In February 1898 four of us started a production called *Our Home Journal*—a monthly indiscretion in manuscript—of which I was general editor and Jeannie Pauline was art editor (there were numerous illustrations),

with Annie Pauline and Kate Douglas as regular contributors and "ministers without portfolios." Our public consisted of our parents and Dr Strachan, who gave us a great deal of help and encouragement. But for various reasons—one of them being the tedious business of copying out the numbers by hand—the effort did not last for more than a few months.

The next publication was the one to which you refer as the *Dollar Academy Magazine*, of which one number—and one number only—was published. With this the staff of the defunct *Home Journal* had very little to do: we certainly were not the originators of it. I have no copy of the *Magazine* by me (I should be very grateful to anybody who could supply me with one), but I think one of the moving spirits was Giffen, then a master in the School. Unless my memory is playing me false, Jeannie Pauline and I produced in collaboration a paragraph about Mrs Kennedy's annual ball: I believe there was a contribution from Holmes, but nothing from Annie Pauline. The *Magazine*, as you say, did not find favour with the authorities. It was too flippant to live; and the first number was also the last.

It was some time after this—it must have been during the winter of 1901-02—that the Paulines and I were once more "impelled by an inner consciousness of budding literary genius" to conceive the project of starting not a new *Dollar Academy Magazine*, but a fresh private venture on the lines of the old *Home Journal*, on a rather more ambitious scale (you must remember we were now three years older)! The venture was still to be essentially a private escapade, with a very limited public; but the buds had given promise of blossom, and we dreamed of higher things (including a typewriter) than had been possible in 1898.

As by this time Holmes was one of our particular friends, and as we had learned of his literary abilities, he was initiated into our plot, and the four of us went so far as to hold an entirely inconclusive and invertebrate meeting on the subject. Our plans were still in a delightfully vague condition when Dr Strachan heard of them, took a practical interest in them, and in a very short time had laid them before certain of the more influential inhabitants of Dollar. A meeting was called, and took place in the Doctor's house at Seberham, where things were put upon a sound basis, with the ultimate result that the first number of the present *Dollar Magazine* was issued to the public in March 1902. I trust that the proceedings of the Seberham meeting are on record: it was a historic occasion.

At this point in his brief history your chronicler is again at fault when he says that the School section of the *Magazine* was edited by Annie Pauline and Holmes. Holmes by this time had left school, and was already beginning to master the true inwardness of money from the summit of a high stool in the Clydesdale Bank. He, therefore, was not in a position to be School Editor, a post whose duties were performed by myself. The School Editress was Jeannie (not Annie) Pauline, and she, I am ashamed to say, did practically all the work. Of the "Present Pupils' Section," the "Præfatio" paragraph was a joint production; the concluding paragraph (again dealing with Mrs Kennedy) was my doing: the rest of the section was the work of the Editress. Holmes sent a contribution—the first of a long and charming series which still fortunately continues; and he and

I did much useful work in hawking the infant publication round the village and endeavouring to obtain subscribers.

These, sirs, are the facts of the matter. Let me conclude by assuring you that I have written this in no spirit of carping criticism, nor from any desire to win for myself or my colleagues a place in the sun. My sole impulse has been the "inner consciousness" that truth is a virtue as beautiful as it is rare, and that those of us who are blessed in the possession thereof should on no account conceal its effulgence under the bushel of a mistaken modesty, but should do our utmost to spread its beams into the farthest corners of the habitable globe.—I am, sirs, yours, &c,

D. Y. ANDERSON.

GONDA, U.P., 16th July 1915.

SWATOW, 23rd June 1915.

DEAR MR MALCOLM,—As my subscription to the *Dollar Magazine* has again fallen due, I think I may as well remit sufficient funds to cover subscriptions for five years, and I enclose postal orders for 22s. 6d. The arrival of the *Magazine* is something to look forward to every quarter, and while thinking on this subject I remember being urged, on leaving school, to join what I think is called the Dollar Academy Club. Unfortunately I did not do so at the time, but would like to do so now. I am, however, quite ignorant of the object of this club, but if I remember rightly, it is domiciled in Dollar, and has a direct connection with the various Dollar Academy Clubs situated in different parts of the world, e.g., Edinburgh Dollar Academy Club.

Knowing the interest you take in the old School, and in all who have passed through its portals, I feel confident that you will not object to me addressing you on this subject, and I need hardly say that I shall appreciate any information you may be kind enough to give me.

On hearing from you the amount required for a life subscription to the Dollar Academy Club, I shall remit at once.

I have been nearly three years in the East now, two years at Shanghai and one year almost completed at this port.

To show you how Dollar boys run across each other in the most haphazard fashion, I give you a little experience of my own.

Whilst engaged in one of the shipping departments in our Shanghai office, my duties took me out of doors during the greater part of the working day, and I was only in the office at odd times as circumstances required. One morning I happened to look up from my desk to see two men enter the door of the department. The face of the man who entered first seemed strangely familiar, and quicker than I could say it I had placed him as A. O. Baigrie. The recognition, like the hearty exchange of greetings, was mutual, he, unable at the moment to put his tongue to my name, greeted me by my school nickname (Rabbits).

He had just arrived from home, via Siberia, on his way to take up an appointment at Manilla, and had called at our office to inquire for an on-carrying steamer, and, as luck would have it, he came to the wrong department and I happened to be in the office. He spent a day or two in Shanghai, and, needless to say, we were both delighted to see a weel-kent face, and we indulged in long cracks over auld times in dear old Dollar.

Being unable to get home, I have some satisfaction in the knowledge that in my work I have a hand in running British steamers in a trade captured from the Germans.

I trust that Dollar continues to flourish.

With kindest regards, and many thanks in anticipation.—I am, yours sincerely,
R. B. M'LACHLAN.

BIDCOMBE, MINNEDOSA,
MANITOBA, CANADA.

MY DEAR MR MALCOLM,—Amongst all the pupils you have had, I can scarcely hope you remember us. There were three of us—Maggie, Leila, and myself, Jean Fergusson. Leila is in New Zealand nursing the natives. I am married in Canada, and Maggie is with us. My husband, I. Lewis Jacob, is a clergyman's son from Salisbury, and we are wheat-farming near Winnipeg.

Maggie and I often talk about the old times at Dollar, and would like very much to hear something about the old School. Would you be so very kind as to send us a copy of the *Dollar Magazine*, and tell me where I can order it from, and the price? Hoping you have not quite forgotten us.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

JEAN W. F. JACOB.

17 DEWEY PLACE,
BROOKLYN, N.Y., U.S.A., 5th May 1915.

DEAR SIRs,—I must apologise for neglecting to send my annual subscription, for which I now enclose P.O.O. for 4s. 6d.

You will please note I have moved my home from 95 Pacific Street here to above address.

I duly received the March number, and was pleased to note the frontispiece of Sir Robert Maule. He and I were boys together at Dollar, from 1866 to 1870, and our friendship has been a life-long one, and we still continue to correspond, and on several visits to Scotland we always have met again. Two years ago I paid a passing hour's visit to Dollar after an absence of forty-two years, and just had a look through the Academy through the courtesy of Mr Cram, whom I casually met in the grounds as I passed through. On going to the train departing, I called on Mr Holmes, but he was not at home.

I hope to visit Scotland this or next year if spared, and shall make a point of spending some time in Dollar.

I am now sixty-one years of age and enjoy fairly good health here, as a residenter for the last twenty-three years. Mr Malcolm, I guess, would be the only one I would know, whom I remember well.

Dr Milne and Mr Barrack were rectors then.

I find great pleasure in reading the *Magazine*, and much of the news brings to me very many recollections of happy days spent in Dollar.

Excuse this pencil letter, as I am suffering from a sore hand.

With kindest regards to all old friends.—I remain, yours respectfully,

GEORGE MILPURN.

GORAKHPUR, B. AND N.-W. RY.,
INDIA, 19th August 1915.

DEAR MR MALCOLM, — I should like to call attention to a small matter in the last issue of the *Dollar Magazine*, and trust I am correct in addressing you on the subject. No doubt, as joint-editor, you will be in a position to deal with the point, should you consider it worth taking up.

In the School Roll of Honour I notice the names of many men who are members of volunteer corps, the Indian Police, the Indian Medical, or Indian Civil Services. Very many of these men are not, and probably never will be, on active service, nor are they taking any direct part in the war. They are merely carrying on their ordinary duties, though, of course, prepared to go out if called on—many of them, as I happen to know, very disappointed that they have not been called on. And several of the men in the services above mentioned, whom I know, have, on inquiry, been told that they are best serving their country by remaining where they are.

Whether the names of these men should be included in the Roll of Honour is a point it is not my place to raise; but if they appear, why should not others be included, who are exactly similarly situated? I refer to the Dollar boys who are members of the Bengal and North-Western Railway Volunteer Rifles. In case you should consider them worth including in the Roll, I give at the end of this letter a list of their names and rank. One of the number, Lawler (who hailed from Milnathort), has just been lent to Government on deputation, as an Inspector of Munitions. We have our Indian Lloyd George now, who is organising the workshops of the country, and we shall very soon be emulating the old country in the output of munitions. We have already built an armoured train in the shops here; and I am one of the crew of the 12-pr. Q.F. gun, who are drilling every evening, to become experts in the working of it.

My wife and I are immensely proud of her younger brother, Capt. J. M. Scott,* who, as you have probably heard, has been awarded the D.S.O.; another honour for the old School! His brother, Alex., has done excellent work also, and, given a chance, may yet make Jimmy look to his laurels.—I remain, yours very sincerely,

GEOFFREY K. HOLMES.

* Now Lieut.-Colonel.

OLD DOLLAR BOYS, MEMBERS OF THE BENGAL AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY VOLUNTEER RIFLES.

R. M. Dundas, V.D. (a nephew
of Mrs Millen), Captain.
H. C. Strachan, Captain.
G. D. Laurie, Captain.
J. D. Westwood, Lieut.

D. Y. Anderson, Lieut.
G. M. Holmes, 2nd Lieut.
J. R. Lawler, 2nd Lieut.
J. R. Izat, 2nd Lieut.



R. K. Holmes

AT THE TOP OF THE BURNSIDE

We have the following from Mr Izat of Balliliesk.

BALLILIESK,
DOLLAR, N.B., 5th September 1915.

In the *Dollar Magazine* for June, in the School Roll of Honour, a mistake has been made in regard to my son Willie. His name is *William Rennie Izat*, not J. Wm. Rennie Izat, and he left the *School in 1892*, not 1903. He is major of the 108th Field Company, Royal Engineers. Alan is in command of the 103rd Field Company, Royal Engineers, as a captain. He left for France eight days ago. Willie expects to go very shortly to the front. John, who till lately has been an Assistant Secretary to the Railway Board, India, has at length, after many endeavours, been allowed by the Government of India to join the Indian Reserve of officers as a lieutenant, Royal Engineers. James Rennie Izat tried some months ago to join the Indian Reserve of officers, and is still trying to be allowed to join. Willie got home this morning and leaves again to-morrow night. With best wishes.—I am, yours sincerely,

ALEXANDER IZAT.

Notes from Near and Far.

HOLIDAYS.—Our holidays are once more a thing of the past. Most of us have spent part of them in search of health in the mountains or by the sea, and in either case we have found change, that change which is the type of life and the condition of health—that change which is rest. And hard it would be to estimate the moral as well as the physical refreshment we gain by changing the sordid routine of official life, “the greetings where no friendship is,” for the contemplation of the solemn moods of Nature whether in sea or mountain. Looking on these stern realities in the grandeur of their calm repose, or in the majesty of their storm-roused anger, we recover our sense of the relative proportion of the individual to the whole. Some of our friends, however, who need no such stern reminders, delight in Nature in her gentler moods, in the soft woodland shade, in the green fields of their infancy, and there, amidst the perfume of flowers, the songs of birds, and the murmur of the trees, find, as well as by the sea or on the mountain, that health of mind and body, as they

“Draw in easier breath from larger air.”

Of this last class Dollar and Devon Valley have had their full share.

But every one of us will admit that we lacked something of the joy and gladness which were ours in bygone vacations; for the sanguinary struggle with a powerful foe, in which we are engaged, constantly coloured our thoughts, touched our feelings, damped our spirits.

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It is a proud, sad fact that our death-roll of the war is inscribed with the names of several of the families of Dollar, the gallant and the true, who in the hour of their country's danger found their place of duty on the deck and in the trench, and perilled life and limb “for the right to live, not under German supremacy, but in real freedom and safety.”

To the names which appeared in our last number there are now to be added the following:—

Private Peter Saunders (F.P.), 2nd Scots Guards, was killed by the bursting of a shell in the trenches on the 14th June. Shortly before the war began he had finished his apprenticeship as an ironmonger. He was an active, intelligent young man, of obliging disposition and gentlemanly manners. As a singer, he held a prominent place in the Established Church choir.

Hugh Hair, Jr. (F.P.), of the R.N.V.R. land force, was killed in action at the Dardanelles on 13th July. He joined the colours last autumn, shortly after the war commenced. Before that, however, while he was yet in Dollar, he had shown himself possessed of the martial spirit by the active interest he took in the Boy Scout movement, he being the right-hand man of the Scout Master, Mr Lauder. Of a quiet, unassuming nature, he was much liked by those who knew him best.

Corporal Charles Beveridge and Lance-Corporal John MacDonald (F.P.'s), both of the 8th Cameronians, met their death at the Dardanelles on the same day, 28th June, the former in action and the latter in hospital after being wounded by shrapnel. They were employed by the North British Locomotive Co., Springburn. They worked together, lived together in rooms, enlisted together, and "in their death they were not divided." Both were young men of sterling character, well worthy of the positions they held. Much sympathy is felt for their bereaved parents.

Another F.P., though not a native of Dollar, Lance-Corporal R. G. Sommerville, 9th Highland Light Infantry, was accidentally killed by a hand grenade in France on 19th July. He was a C.A. in Glasgow, but joined the colours shortly after the outbreak of the war. He was a young man of much promise, and a favourite with his many friends.

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SEVERAL of our F.P.'s have received promotion for distinguished service:—

Captain James Simpson, Mawcarse, of the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, was early in the war raised to the rank of Major.

Lieutenant John Macgill, of the 9th Highland Light Infantry, has been promoted to Captain in that regiment.

William B. Forster, Canadian Contingent, is gazetted Lieutenant.

Harry B. Forster has the rank of Captain, and is A.D.C. to his father, General B. Forster.

Thomas B. Forster, Canadian Contingent, transferred to the Royal Irish Regiment with the rank of Lieutenant.

Within the past three weeks Captain J. M. Scott (F.P.), of the 7th Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was awarded the D.S.O. on the recommendation of Field-Marshal Sir John French, and now this distinguished officer—who is still under thirty years of age—has been promoted to the rank of temporary Lieutenant-Colonel of his battalion. The new Colonel is the younger son of Mr Alexander Scott, manufacturer, Tillicoultry, whose elder son is a Lieutenant—also in the 7th Argylls—and he began his military career as a Lieutenant in the old Volunteer Corps, subsequently identifying himself with the Territorial Force, and at the outbreak of war volunteered for foreign service. He

proceeded with his battalion to France in December of last year, and shortly afterwards he was promoted Captain and given charge of the machine gun section, where his previous training at the School of Musketry, Hythe, stood him in good stead. In the several engagements in which the 7th took part he rendered fine service, and after the battle of St Julien, where Colonel Carden and several other officers of the battalion fell, Captain Scott was entrusted with the command of the battalion, and acquitted himself with conspicuous bravery.

There may have been other promotions which have escaped our notice.

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KINDNESS TO OUR SOLDIERS.—All honour and heartfelt thanks are due to the Session and Managers of the U.F. Church for the good service they have done by opening the church hall for the benefit of the soldiers encamped at Rumbling Bridge and Tillicoultry—a place where they may turn in for a little rest and recreation. The ladies of the congregation have been untiring in their efforts to entertain the men with enlivening music and “the cup that cheers.” That this kindness is highly appreciated is abundantly proved by the numbers who, day by day, take advantage of it.

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FRENCH FLAG DAY.—Saturday, 10th July, was set apart by the Town Council as “French Flag Day.” Prettily dressed children were busy in every street buttonholing passengers, and with witching smile and honied words drawing forth their pennies. The arrangements made by the local committee, of which the Provost was convener, were all that could be desired, and the utmost harmony prevailed among all classes. A fillip was given to the proceedings in the evening by the band of the 4th Royal Scots Fusiliers, which had been invited from the camp at Rumbling Bridge, and which discoursed some excellent music, chiefly Scottish airs. The bandmen and their conductor were afterwards entertained to tea by Provost Mrs Malcolm in the Masonic Hall. The drawings amounted to over thirty pounds, a very creditable sum, considering the liberal collections that had already been made in the burgh.

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WOMEN'S WORK PARTY.—As we intimated in our last number, the Women's Work Party is prepared to continue its good work during the winter, and we earnestly hope that it will meet with encouragement similar to that of last season, and also have as worthy results.

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“THE SONG OF THE RED CROSS (NIGHT) SHIRT.”

I've come to my own, I'm the fashion again,
I've lain patiently by, neglected of men;
Pyjamas had laid me quite on the shelf
Until these last months, when I'm now my own self.

I've been whipped and stripped, been cuffed and yoked,
Been washed and ironed, and tenderly stroked
By the classes and masses throughout the land,
And even been cut by our Queen's royal hand.

The spinster, too, of age undefined,
Accustomed to crochet, she was so refined,
Said she would do her quota of work,
And valiantly set herself down to a shirt.

In the ways of a man she was ignorant quite,
And buttoned me not from left to right,
But fashioned me up like a tight-fitting vest—
But, bless her!—she surely did but her best.

The dearest old ladies of eighty and more
Said they would also add to the store;
They belonged to the school, where "Perfection was Art,"
And in button-holes neat they quite did their part.

Sweet maidens of seventeen, just home from school,
Altho' they just hated this work as a rule,
With sentiment sweet, and eyes full of tears,
Said they also would like to work for the dears.

But, alas! for the cause of this sudden display
Of love for myself; it but dates from the day
When throughout the land rang the cry of war,
And our soldiers and sailors from near and from far

Were fast summoned and set to stem the advance
Of the on-coming foe, thro' both Belgium and France—
That foe bringing sorrow and grief in his trail,
Causing strong hearts to tremble and stout hearts to quail.

Now that "My Country Needs Me" in nursing the men
Who've fought and been wounded, and brought home again,
I shall do my best their pains to appease,
And slip over their heads with all comfort and ease.

MAUDE B. SLACK (*Old Pupil*).

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OUR DUTY.—On Saturday afternoon, 28th August, a garden *fête* was held in the grounds of Fullarton House, Troon, the residence of Sir Matthew and Lady Arthur, in aid of British disabled sailors and soldiers, and the French Red Cross Society. The Marchioness of Ailsa (F.P.), in declaring the *fête* open, said:—"With a world so at war, how came it that they were able to meet there in such security? It was because of the Navy keeping her silent watch on the deep; it was because of our Army with our Allies in the field facing danger and hardship. How all hearts were stirred when they thought of the brave endurance and the fine courage shown by our men on the sea, on the land, in the air, and under the sea; and the cheerful and gallant way in which our wounded and disabled were bearing themselves, and facing the future. If the people were to prove themselves worthy of the sacrifice, there was one grace they must cherish and keep alive. It was gratitude: gratitude so warm and glowing that these brave hearts would never know the added pains of neglect and forgetfulness."

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A WORLD SCOURGE.—At a meeting of the Girls' Guildry, held in Edinburgh shortly after the sinking of the "Lusitania," Mr A. H. B. Constable, K.C., advocate (F.P.), after referring to the excellent results which the Guildry was achieving, said surely the events of the last few days had impressed not only the British, but also neutral nations, that a nation that could gloat over the destruction of hundreds of innocent women and children was nothing more nor less than "a world scourge," that must be beaten and bound as if it were a wild beast or a very pestilence.

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SUCCESSFUL PIANOFORTE STUDENTS.—At the School examinations held in June, under the auspices of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., London, the following pupils of Miss Olive K. Holmes, L.R.A.M., were successful in gaining certificates:—In Pianoforte Playing—Elementary Division—Kenneth Dawson; Primary Division—Margaret Anderson and Alan Young; in Grammar of Music, Division III.—Kenneth Edwards; Division I.—Jessie Thomson, Jessie Robieson, Margaret Anderson, Thora Flett, Elizabeth Morrison, Douglas Watt, Alan Young, Robert Cameron. We know that the percentages gained were very high, reflecting much credit on Miss Holmes and her young pupils.

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PREPARATORY SCHOOL.—Miss Bremner's School for little boys and girls closed for the holidays on 29th June, with the usual garden party in place of an exhibition, when prizes were presented to the winners. The session had been a successful one, there being a marked increase in the number in attendance. All the pupils presented for entrance to the Institution passed the necessary examination.

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HONOUR TO MR CLYDE, K.C., M.P.—At a recent meeting of the Faculty of Advocates, Mr James Avon Clyde, K.C., M.P., was unanimously elected Dean of Faculty in succession to the Right Honourable Charles Scott Dickson, K.C., M.P., who resigned the Deanship on his appointment as Lord Justice-Clerk. In welcoming Mr Clyde, the Lord President said:—"Dean of Faculty, I have to offer you the congratulations of this Court on your having been to-day chosen by the Faculty of Advocates for the highest honour and distinction which it is in their power to bestow. Your distinguished legal attainments, your great ability, coupled with your long and varied experience of the profession, and your high personal character, have justly procured for you the esteem and confidence of the Bar. It is therefore with deep satisfaction, shared, I know, by all my colleagues, that I now invite you to take your seat in the centre of the Bar."

Mr Clyde is the second son of Dr James Clyde, formerly of Dollar Academy, and was born at Dollar on 14th November 1863. He unsuccessfully contested the representation of the united counties of Clackmannan and Kinross before his election for West Edinburgh.

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FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB.

THE members of this club have been very fortunate in their excursions during the season. The weather on the appointed days was auspicious, and

we all know how much the interest and pleasure of these rambles is enhanced,

“When the sun is shining on the scene,
Shining with all his might.”

Dr Strachan, the Founder and President of the Club, conducted all the expeditions. One outing was to the Sheardale Braes,

“Past shadowy woods, among verdant ways,”

and though the walk was short and near home, it gave the members an opportunity of observing beauties in the landscape not before noticed, and of gathering botanical specimens equal to any farther afield.

The excursion to Cowden, on the invitation of the Patroness, Miss Christie, F.R.G.S., was much enjoyed, the spacious finely wooded grounds being full of ferlies pleasing to the naturalist's eye. The Japanese garden, with its placid lake and floral surroundings, captivated the hearts of all, and its praises were in every mouth.

Miss Christie joined the party for a time, and kindly entertained them to tea on the lawn in front of the castle.

The excursion to Maddy's Moss gave some exercise in hill-climbing, in which the younger members excelled. The interest centred mainly round the copper mines, and specimens of stones were gathered which, by their weight, gave evidence of the presence in their substance of more than the ordinary stone.

The visit, on invitation, to the policies of Hillfoot, proved a most enjoyable one. Mr Moir gave the party an astonishingly hearty welcome, showed them through the grounds, gardens, and greenhouses, and drew attention to some fine specimens of flowers and plants. He also gave members the privilege of passing through the mansion house, where fine pictures, curios, and articles of vertu attracted admiring attention. Mr Moir also entertained the party to tea, and from first to last showed them extraordinary attention and kindness, which will be gratefully remembered.

The season's programme of outings was agreeably concluded by a driving excursion to Glen Eagles. The company included Dr Strachan, President; Miss Robson, Treasurer; Mrs Steel, Miss M'Corkindale, and Mr MacTaggart, members of Committee; Mrs Johnston, Mr and Mrs Flett, Mrs Mitchell, Mr Robson, Miss Westwood, Mr Arthur Strachan, Miss M'Pherson, Mrs Charles Robertson, Miss Ogilvy, Miss Hunter, and fourteen juniors. Permission was readily obtained for the picnic at the farm, not for the first time in the thirty years' history of the Club. At the side of a rocky burn several gentlemen soon had the kettles “on the boil,” while ladies handled the teapots, and in a few minutes, with fat sandwiches and toothsome dainties, the cups that cheer were handed round. This delightful social tea in ideal surroundings was followed by the grouping of the company for Mr Arthur Strachan, with his convenient hand camera, to snapshot them amid the greenery and the rocky bits about them. A number visited St Mungo's Wishing Well, which is quite near, and carefully followed the instructions of the fountain's recipe for preserving their beauty and realising their wishes. From the main road and the braes part of Strathearn was seen, but Crieff, Auchterarder, and the Auld Hoose neighbourhood were hidden by haze, though in Glendevon and Glen Eagles the weather was sunny and clear. The return drive was by the Yetts of

Muckhart and the Rumbling Bridge road, when from the vantage platform of each brake the military camps were well seen. Many hands of the brave defenders of our country and the cause of right were lifted to the salute as the excursionists passed, observing scenes which will long be remembered. While the President took the leading interest in the arrangements for the day, he was kindly and ably aided by Miss Robson and Miss Steel.

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THE BOARD SCHOOL.—Year by year, as the close of the session comes round, we find that the interest taken by the public in the Board School and its annual exhibition continues unabated. Parents, guardians, and friends are present in large numbers, intent on hearing the children's songs and recitations, and witnessing the order and harmony which prevail in the different classrooms. The exhibition day, this year, was 29th June; the school flag floated from the top of the flagstaff, and the classrooms were gaily decorated with cut flowers. At 10.30 prompt the proceedings began, Mr John M'Diarmid, the Chairman of the Board, presiding. In the Infant Department, under Miss Scott, the programme was a most fascinating one, consisting of the opening hymn, "I think when I read," followed by the song, "Old Mother Pussy Cat"; action song, "Soldiers"; dance, Sailor's Hornpipe; action song, "Pretty Little Birdie," &c. &c. Needless to say that the children performed their parts with wonderful cleverness, to the great delight and amusement of the audience. The same may be said of the parts played by the pupils of Miss Rutherford—Junior II.—whose programme contained such recitations as the "Little Soldier," the "Union Jack," and others equally attractive.

When the programme was concluded, the Rev. Mr Armstrong addressed the children. He said when he came into the school that morning and saw the pupils all looking so clean and tidy, he could not help thinking of the poet's words when he spoke of the schoolboy "with shining morning face." He thought the words aptly described their appearance that morning. He was sure it must be very gratifying, not only to the teachers and the School Board, but also to the parents who had turned out in such goodly numbers to see what the children were doing from day to day, to listen to the very pretty rhymes and to see their excellent drills and patriotic displays. He believed that if General French or Admiral Jellicoe had been present that morning, they would have taken note that in Dollar they had a fine patriotic band of girls and boys. It must be very gratifying to Miss Scott and Miss Rutherford to see that their industry and patience had been so amply rewarded.

Provost Mrs Malcolm, at the request of the chairman, also addressed a few words to the gathering. She emphasised what Mr Armstrong had said with regard to Miss Scott and Miss Rutherford. She had been present at many exhibitions at the school, and each time she had thought that the display given could not be surpassed, but she believed that this year their work had excelled all their former efforts. Their parents ought to be very proud of their children, and also glad to know that they were being taught by ladies who knew and understood the character of children. She was quite sure that the little girls and boys would carry with them in after life very beautiful memories of Miss Scott and Miss Rutherford and their childhood's days spent at Dollar School. She wished them very happy holidays.

An adjournment was then made to the Senior Department, where the older pupils were gathered, also a large assemblage of parents and friends. The programme, consisting of song and recitation alternately, was gone through in a manner highly creditable to the performers and to Miss Lyon and Miss Walker who were in charge. Some well-known old friends figured in the list, such as "The Braes of Mar," "Hearts of Oak," "Lochinvar," "Gaily the Troubadour," "Waken, Lords and Ladies Gay," &c., and were all rendered with fine taste and expression.

Mr Malcolm, who was asked to address the pupils, said he considered it an honour to be asked to address them, but he thought this honour might be allowed to go round, as he had spoken to them so recently as Empire Day 1914. He wished first of all to congratulate the members of the School Board and the teachers on the great interest that was shown in their work, as was indicated by the large number of parents, guardians, and friends who had come to be spectators and listeners. He had always held that the success of education depended on the mutual good understanding, the generous and hearty co-operation of parents, teachers, and pupils. He was sure he was expressing what every one of the older people felt, when he said that they had been well rewarded for coming out that morning by the excellence of the songs and recitations they had just listened to.

Mr Begg very properly began with a Scripture lesson. That was use and wont in "Auld Scotland." The late Charles Dickens sketched the sort of school that he liked:—"It is a place of education where, while the beautiful history of the Christian religion is daily taught, and while the life of that Divine Teacher who Himself took little children on His knees is daily studied, no sectarian ill-will nor narrow human dogma is permitted to darken the face of the clear heaven which they disclose." He had listened to the recitations with very great pleasure indeed. They were well done. The audience could hear every word that was uttered, and that was a great matter in public speaking—when speakers made themselves heard. Then the enunciation and expression were of a kind that they could hardly have looked for in persons so young, giving good promise of some famous speakers in the next generation. And as women as well as men were now mounting the rostrum, it was well that girls should begin to learn to be eloquent in public as well as boys. With regard to the music, he did not profess to be a judge of that. He only knew what pleased him; and what he had heard that day had certainly pleased him. A famous musical authority—the late Dr Currie of the Church of Scotland Training College, Edinburgh—had said that ninety-nine out of every hundred people could learn to sing if they began to practise when they were young. He might say that they had a fine opportunity of continuing their music study after they had gone up to the Academy, and when he spoke of going up to the Academy he might add that he had learned with much pleasure that so many of them had passed the examination preparatory to their going there. He hoped they would do well when they got there.

The last time he had spoken to them in that room, he had thrown out the hint that Mr Begg might keep a list of those who had gained prizes at the Academy. He did not know whether this had been done, but he did know that many of them had done very well. There was one thing more he would like to say in this connection, and that was—"Stay

as long at the Academy as you possibly can." (Applause.) He asked the girls and boys to remember that all the time they were at school they were gathering their capital, and every one would tell them how very valuable capital in learning was—a great deal more valuable to them than the gaining of pounds, shillings, and pence. He remembered a doggerel couplet which used to appear in lesson books at one time :—

"When house and lands are gone and spent,
Learning is then most excellent."

But some wise one afterwards improved the lines—

"Though house and lands be never got,
Learning can give what they cannot."

He hoped that parents would consider it worth some sacrifice to keep their children as long at school as possible.

Mr Malcolm, turning more directly to the children, spoke to them of the great importance of practising kindness in thought, word, and deed, illustrating his remarks from incidents in the life-stories of distinguished former pupils of the Academy, dwelling particularly on the self-sacrificing achievements of Lieut.-General Colin Mackenzie, C.B., the Indian hero.

He complimented Mr Begg on the orderly behaviour of the pupils, and concluded with a kind wish for their holidays—

"North and south, and east and west,
Wheresoe'er you go,
Sunny skies be o'er you,
God's good arm below."

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SABBATH SCHOOLS' EXCURSION.—The scholars attending the Parish Church Sabbath School and the United Free Church Sabbath School had their annual excursion this year to a field near Sheardale Lodge, kindly granted by Mr Kerr of Harvieston Castle. Instead of having the *hurl* in carts as in former years, the children walked in procession, flying flags with appropriate inscriptions. The teachers and many friends accompanied the young people, and heartily encouraged them in their amusements. The ever-young Mr M'Arthur Moir was untiring in his efforts to make the sports a success; and Mrs Kerr of Harvieston Castle and party graced the proceedings with their presence, and were cordially welcomed by the children. The Superintendent, Mr Masterton, was supported by Mr M'Gruther, Mr Begg, Mr Charles Brown, Mr Thomas Bennet, and others. The Rev. Mr Armstrong and the Rev. Mr Spence were also present part of the time. The weather proved favourable, and the day's outing was an unqualified success.

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KILLED IN ACTION.—Another Dollar lad, Lance-Corporal James Chapman, 8th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, has fallen in action in France. "He was stationed," says the Chaplain in a long and sympathetic letter, "at a very critical part of the firing line, twenty-five yards from the German trenches. On several occasions he had shown himself only too ready to undertake any dangerous task, having gone over the parapet before to bring in wounded comrades. On this occasion he had exposed his head over the parapet and was hit by a German sniper. His death

was almost instantaneous, and his features in death were as if he were asleep. He was laid to rest by loving hands, his body being covered by the Union Jack." Much sympathy with his parents has been felt and expressed.

"BALLADS OF FIELD AND BILLET."—It has given us much pleasure to mark the many eulogiums that have been passed by the critics on Mr W. Kersley Holmes's little book, "Ballads of Field and Billet," which we noticed in our last number. The critique of the *Bookman*, perhaps the ablest literary review of the present day, is well worthy of reproduction.

"Another book of verse, and one that has particularly delighted me, is 'Ballads of Field and Billet,' by W. Kersley Holmes. Mr Holmes is, they tell me, a Lance-Corporal in the Lothians and Border Horse, and he has put into these spirited ballads just his personal experiences of soldiering—pictures of the life in the midst of which he has been living, and the thoughts and feelings it has given rise to. He finds inspiration in the everyday incidents of training and camp life, and touches in little character-sketches of his officers and comrades with a gay and whimsical humour; now and then he strikes a deeper note, and his pathos is as manly and as true as his patriotism. His soldiers are very different men from Kipling's; he pictures them in 'The Barrack Room,' brought together in a glorious comradeship from all grades of society, from the office, the study, the plough, one from the variety stage where he was earning 'fifteen bob a week,' one from a bank, and one from shooting pheasants on a big estate of his own.

"For each the work, the grub, the luck, the hope and fear the same,
Who comes from motives all diverse to learn the grimdest game;
And surely when, or soon, or late, the weary war is done,
He'll be more quick to see a pal in every mother's son!"

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WE have been favoured with the following letters, which will interest many of our younger readers:—

"30th June 1915.

"DEAR MRS HEYWORTH,—I have turned up again like the proverbial bad halfpenny. I had some rather interesting work this time. I went into the trenches in advance of the battalion to find out the positions of the various companies, and the best way to relieve them, and to take over all stores lying in the trenches. Then I had to come out again a few miles to guide the battalion into their trenches in the dark. Then again on Sunday when we were coming out, I left at noon, and was sent back to find billets for the battalion, a job I liked very much indeed, especially at one farm where the people were most appallingly rude. Said they were tired of soldiers, would have no more soldiers, had no room for any soldiers, and so on, and then buried their noses in books when I turned on my best French.

"Then I asked them to show me the barns. The woman 'flounced' across the room, opened the back door, and went back to her book. The man muttered about seeing the General.

"I just turned on my heel, got two of my men to open the yard door, and before you could say Jack Robinson a four-wheeler steam cooker drawn by two plunging mules, and a blanket waggon with two mules, were into his back yard, which they just about filled. A hundred and twenty men were accommodated there, and the three officers in the house, and before the battalion arrived we were on quite good terms, and he was offering to be *agréable* with me if I would be the same with him. Very good experience in temper-management.

"An additional attraction of these odd jobs is that I get a horse to do the running backwards and forwards.

"I spent about half a dozen Sunday mornings at Beuford learning the elements, and manage to get along quite well now when necessary. It is much easier to get the loan of a horse over here than a bicycle, and much easier going, as the roads are vile.

"We had a very quiet time in the trenches this time, and only a few casualties. Our feeding, too, in the firing line was the best we have had, as I had made a private arrangement with Mr M'Culloch, whose company was in the reserve trenches, to send up water-parties and ration-parties whenever I 'phoned him, so that I actually had letters and parcels of food delivered to me in the front trench, within 250 yards of Fritz. There was no chance of a wash or shave for four days, though, and we never got our boots off from Monday morning to Monday morning. On Thursday there were very heavy rains, and our trenches were a foot deep in water and mud, with some places up to the knees, but we had the satisfaction of a little sniping at German hands and arms busy baling out their own trenches.

"Unfortunately we had to change back into the reserve trench that night, and for a full mile down the communication trench and another mile along the reserve trench we had the most utterly miserable walk I ever took part in. Slosh, slosh, slosh the whole way, and a slip meant being wet through to the waist. The two miles took us nearly an hour and a half. Then when finally the men were all into dug-outs, and I managed to find one for myself, the first thing I came across lying on the floor was the *Dollar Magazine* for June. It must have been left there by M'Kechnie of the 7th Gordons, of whom I have often heard, but never yet met.

"The papers for Monday, 28th June, describe the capture of some trenches and an orchard by the Canadians. We have spent the last month holding and consolidating that position, which you will easily be able to locate from the article I mention. Now our division has moved six or seven miles north along the line, probably to a much quieter part, to serve as a sort of rest. We are not sorry to leave the orchard and district, which is one of the very worst bits of the line. Many thanks for the cake, which I carried into the trenches in my pack, and which lasted several days.

"Best wishes to all.—Yours sincerely,

"PERCY WALTON."

Letter from a 4th Gordon—

"SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM,
19th June 1915.

"Just a few lines while I have the chance. This is now our twenty-fifth day in the trenches up here. Two days ago we were in the thick of the sort of fight which Yankee reporters call 'Hell let loose.'

"The ball started at 3 A.M., and went on till we were relieved about 1 A.M. the following morning, and came to the support trenches. No words could give you the faintest idea of what it was like, but when we get relieved (to-morrow night probably) I will try and give you some description. I don't think the 4th has disgraced itself in any way—in fact the reverse.

"The morning of the fight we had a 2.30 A.M. breakfast of———your parcel just delivered. So it was really a most important parcel.

"Things have quietened down a little now—Fritz has got a pretty severe handling, and we have taken a lot of prisoners, &c. I expect we will get a long rest after this business, as we are a long way under strength, and everybody is suffering in varying degrees from the strain of the last few weeks.

"I don't believe there has been another territorial regiment (and possibly no regular one) which has been more than three weeks in the trenches, and then has had to fight in a heavy engagement.

"20th June.

"Got back here (about 7 miles behind the firing line) at 2 A.M. to-day, tired, but otherwise none the worse for our rather trying experiences of the last few weeks.

"The battalion has done very well, and our company especially so. It is still extremely hot, and we are at present sleeping in little canvas 'bivouacs.' H. C. has been wounded in the head slightly. I had a letter from Jack yesterday. He seems very well.

"21st June.

"We had heard various rumours as to our division making on the German trenches, but we were officially informed on the 15th . . . Our brigade, which had been so long in the trenches, was originally intended to act *in reserve*, but as the attack developed we were called up. Well, we had been busy all night of the 15th, returned to our trench about 2 A.M., and had breakfast (off your parcel), and then awaited developments.

"Promptly to time (2.45 A.M.) our artillery began. A tremendous number of guns had been massed for the occasion. For the first quarter of an hour the bombardment was not very severe, but at 3 A.M. they started in real earnest.

"No words can possibly describe it. Imagine ten of the most severe thunderstorms you have heard in your life rolled into one, and then, even then, you cannot have realised one hundredth part of the tumult. Fritz's first line of trenches lay on the edge of a narrow fringe of wood, and it was on this (of course I am referring merely to the part of the line opposite us) that the bombardment, for the first hour at any rate, was chiefly concentrated.

"The sun was just rising over the wood (it was a perfect summer morning) when the bombardment started, but soon it seemed almost to become obscured with the heavy fall of acrid smoke, which hung over and around the German trenches. One could see huge trees tossed about like so many nine-pins, and their strong parapets were blown down like sand castles.

"After this had gone on for about half an hour they waved flags of surrender, in more than one place. I don't think any of us were troubled with many thoughts of pity for the wretches; there is still on their hands too much innocent blood, the ruined hearths and homes of Belgium, the baby-killing aerial expeditions, and above all, the irreparable crime of the 'Lusitania.'

"Strange to say I was rather perturbed, not to say anxious, about the fate of a particular individual, whom I had never seen in my life. One night about a fortnight ago, while out with a chum 'on patrol' between the British and German lines, we lay down in the long grass about a hundred yards from Fritz's lines to listen, listening being the chief duty of a 'patrol.'

"We could distinctly hear them laughing and speaking, and then one chap began to play a flute. As you know, I am no judge of music, but I am sure I never heard anything like it. After listening for about five or ten minutes, we had to abandon, rather reluctantly, our kind entertainment, and go back to report that Fritz did not seem to be contemplating an attack that night.

"I have wondered several times since what came over my musical friend, the flautist, but I don't suppose I'll ever find out.

"Well, to continue, we saw the fresh regiment taking the first line of trenches, just advancing as coolly as on parade.

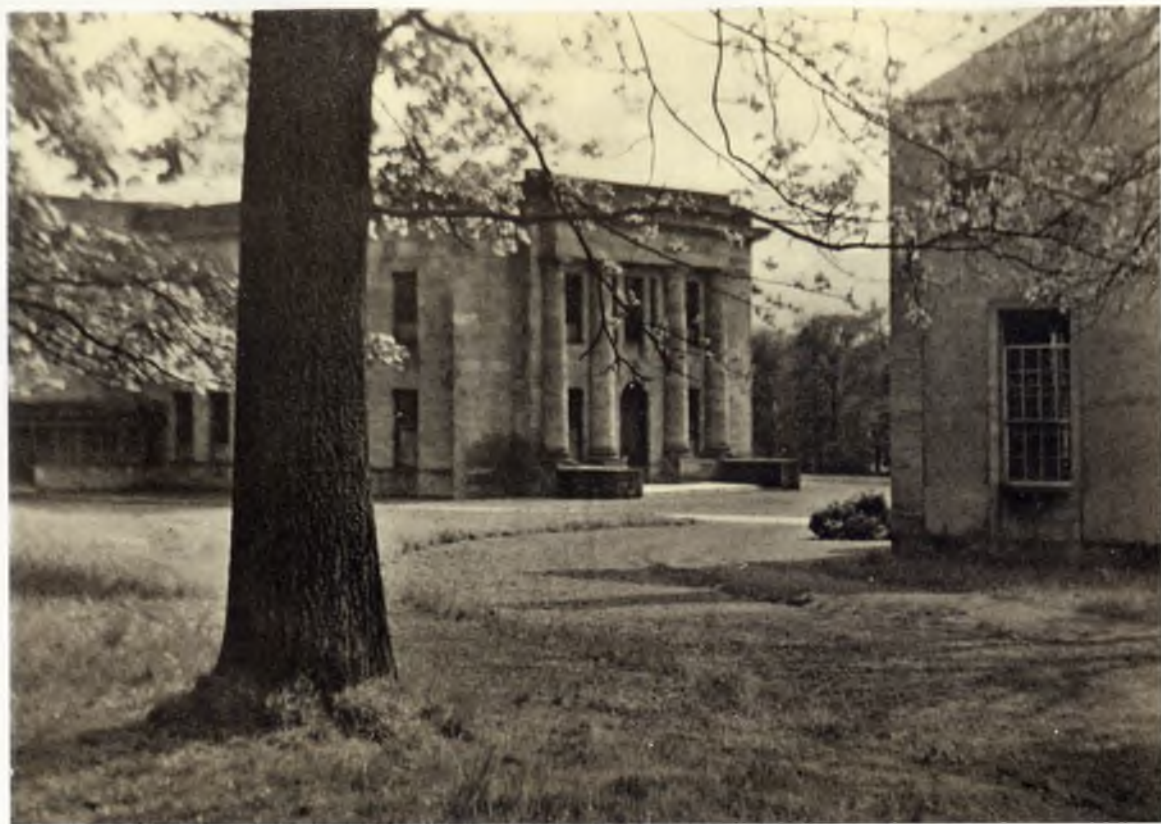
"The Germans whom the bombardment had left alive were either bayoneted or surrendered. We saw the string of prisoners coming into our trench, and thence by a communication trench to the rear. Most of them were obviously shaken, and many of them wounded. They seemed well fed and well clothed, but in many cases their faces showed unmistakable signs of the ferocity and crime of the typical Hun.

"By the time 'D' company were ordered to take up a position where the first line of German trenches had been, the German artillery had been massed, and for the rest of the day it was under a shell fire, which had never been approached in other wars, and even in this one has but seldom been equalled. 'Jack Johnsons,' 'coal boxes,' high explosives, and shrapnel shells came over in thousands. It is an absolute miracle how the company wasn't wiped out to a man.

"Towards the latter end of the day I think the enemy were using some kind of poison gas shells, as our eyes smarted a good deal, and many of us wept copiously.

"Well, we got relieved by fresh troops about 12 or 1 A.M. and got back to the support trenches, where we were for two days, eventually coming down here.

"The conduct of the battalion was *simply superb*, and earned unstinted admiration and envy from all the English regiments engaged. We had a much worse thing to do than a charge. Lying comparatively inactive, sticking to a position under a terrible shell fire, is far worse than getting to grips with them, for man to man, the British are superior to the Germans, and *if their artillery were not so formidable, ere this the foe would have been driven out of France and Belgium.*



K. K. Holmes

THE ACADEMY FROM NORTH-EAST

"Tuesday afternoon.

"I am very sorry that I was unable to get this off last night, but I was called away just before finishing it, and by the time I got back the letters were collected.

"We are having a fairly easy time of it just now, and are now ready for *anything* which may crop up.

"I expect we will have a few weeks' rest before we get another job, unless 'Fritz' takes it into his head to make another dash on Calais. It's a great experience to go through a big engagement.

"This time last year I was 'swotting' in sweltering heat in Aberdeen—far from thinking that another year would find us in Belgium. It is pretty hard losing chums, as we must do from time to time, but I for one have never regretted coming out here, and am very sorry for those people who are still 'hanging back.' One consolation is that when they are *compelled to serve*, as they certainly will be some time or another, they will find themselves not so well off as those who enlisted voluntarily.

"I am afraid I have been very prosy, &c."

* * * * *

PROMOTION.—We are much pleased to note that Lance-Corporal William Kersley Holmes, of the Lothians and Border Horse, has transferred to the R.F.A., with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant.

CASUALTY.—From the casualty lists we learn that Private J. Roy Cleland (F.P.), British Columbia Regiment (Canadians), was wounded in the face and arms, but that he is now progressing favourably towards recovery.

V.A.D.—It gives us much pleasure to learn that Miss Ina Paul (F.P.) has been appointed, by the War Office, one of the nurses who have been sent to Malta to minister to the wounded there.

* * * * *

APPOINTMENT.—We offer very hearty congratulations to Miss Agnes Fraser (F.P.) on her appointment as teacher of Domestic Science in Breadalbane Academy, Aberfeldy. Miss Fraser had just finished a two sessions' course in Domestic Science at the Church of Scotland Normal College, Glasgow, when she was chosen for this important position.

* * * * *

MR GEORGE FORBES, F.R.S., has been entrusted by Lady Gill with the duty of preparing a memoir of her late husband, Sir David Gill, the eminent astronomer (F.P.). A request has been made for the loan of Sir David Gill's letters to correspondents, along with any notes—narrative, historical, appreciative, or anecdotal—relating to Sir David's life and personality. Communications should be forwarded to Mr Forbes, 11 Little College Street, Westminster.

* * * * *

"EVERY OFFICER'S NOTE BOOK." By Fusilier. "What Every Soldier Ought to Know." London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.—These two little handy manuals will be cordially welcomed at the present time, and their publication merits commendation. The one for officers gives the movements and words of command in infantry drill. That for soldiers is compiled from the official manuals, and furnishes information about discipline and health, the use of the rifle, bayonet, and spade, scouting and night work, &c. Both works have been executed in the smallest possible compass, and in miniature size, which renders them exceedingly convenient for the pocket.

* * * * *

HONOUR TO AN F.P.—PRESS BUREAU.—The duties of the office are discharged at the present time by Sir Edward Cook and Sir Frank Swettenham (F.P.), who are, of course, assisted by a staff which has now reached considerable dimensions. Sir Frank left School towards the end of the sixties, and was for many years Governor of the Straits Settlements.

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CORRECTION.—It has been pointed out to us that in our article on the "De'il's Cradle," which appeared in our last number, we described the wrong stone, the one to which the appellation has long been given lying higher up the glen, about a stonecast off the Hillfoot Road, from which it can be seen. It is much larger than the one formerly sketched, being about 10 ft. 6 in. long, 4½ ft. broad at the one end, and 4 ft. at the other, while the height averages 4 ft.

* * * * *

NOT EXACTLY.—We have just come across the following definitions, which we had culled from examination papers:—

Delegate—One who is not strong.

Barrister—Something put up to hinder.

Litigant—One who wears a lawsuit.

Pontificate—To make into powder.

* * * * *

COMMISSION.—It gives us much pleasure to learn that J. Gordon Hill Murray has been granted a commission as 2nd Lieutenant in the 8th Reserve, Cameron Highlanders.

Marriages.

WILSON—CONDIE.—At the Manse, Dollar, on 7th June, by the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., minister of the Parish, Alexander Wilson to Janet Condie, daughter of Sergeant William Condie, 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

MACFIE—MOIR.—At St Leonard's Church, Lexden, Colchester, on 7th July, by the Rev. T. Stanford Raffles, rector of the Parish, Dr James Denniston Macfie, son of the late Mr Robert C. Macfie, Curzon House, the Ridgeway, Wimbledon, to Hilda Agnes M'Arthur Moir, daughter of Mr E. M'Arthur Moir (F.P.), Imperial Indian Forest Service (retired), of Deoban, Lexden, Colchester.

THOMSON—BARTHOLOMEW. — At Blairingone Church, on the 27th August, by the Rev. J. F. Cameron, assisted by the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., John Thomson, Ayr, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Bartholomew, and of Mrs Bartholomew, Brooklyn, Dollar.

TUDSBERY—SMITH. — At Allan Park U.F. Church, Stirling, by the Rev. A. M. Johnston, assisted by the uncle of the bride, the Rev. Robert Primrose, Erskine U.F. Church, Mr Henry Tudsbury Tudsbury, A.M.I.C.E., eldest son of Mr John Henry Tudsbury Tudsbury, D.Sc., 100 St George's Square, London, to Miss Winnie Davis, second daughter of the late Sir James B. Smith (F.P.) and Lady Smith, Clifford Park, Stirling.

POTTER—HALL.—At Roxburgh Hotel, Edinburgh, on the 1st September, by the Rev. Hugh Alexander, M.A., Leith, James Potter (F.P.), master mariner, elder son of Captain John Potter, Spring Villa, Leith, to Christabel (F.P.), only surviving daughter of the late Captain William Hall, Sunderland.

Obituary.

RAMSAY.—At James Place, Dollar, on 13th June, James Ramsay (F.P.), retired butcher, Lower Mains, Dollar.

MURRAY.—At Castle Road, Dollar, on 30th August, Henry Murray (F.P.), blacksmith, Cairnpark Street.

Henry Murray will be much missed in Dollar. He was a skilful, intelligent workman, a handy man, most obliging, polite and gentlemanly in all his dealings.

MUCKERSIE.—At Merleton, Dollar, on 3rd July, William Muckersie, retired joiner (late of Cupar), in his 81st year.

PATERSON.—At Mar Place, Dollar, on 11th June, after a protracted illness, Mr Joseph Paterson, retired farmer, for many years tenant of Hillhead, Muckhart.

BRYDON.—At the Dene, Seaham Harbour, on 28th June, Mr Robert Brydon (F.P.), aged 71, a well-known breeder of Clydesdale horses and Shetland ponies. He was one of the oldest members of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, having taken his diploma in 1864. While a pupil in Dollar, he boarded with the late Mr Walker, English Master.

DRYSDALE.—At Calcutta, on 16th May, Ewart G. Drysdale (F.P.), youngest son of Mr James Drysdale, Stonehaven, formerly of Tillicoultry and Dollar.

HAMILTON.—At 87 Kotze Street, Hillbrow, South Africa, Miss Janet B. Hamilton (F.P.).

School Notes.

SESSION 1914-15 closed on 30th June with the usual exhibition, and although the programme submitted was less pretentious than in former years, the interest of parents and friends was only very slightly diminished. Instead of the gymnastic display, which has been so prominent a feature in past exhibitions, there was a parade of the O.T.C., which included every eligible boy, and an inspection of the corps by the Chairman of the Governors, who appeared in his uniform as Lieut.-Colonel of the St Andrews University Artillery Brigade.

The prizes and medals were distributed by the chairman, who made an excellent speech, the main topic of which was the services rendered by the

Special Prize for Historical Essay, presented by the Hon. David Fell (M.L.A., New South Wales).

Maeve C. Brereton.

During session 1914-15 the pupils of Dollar Institution made the following contributions to patriotic objects :—

Weekly Collections -	-	-	-	-	£44 0 2
Belgian Flag Day -	-	-	-	-	47 0 0
Bed in Bellahouston Hospital	-	-	-	-	50 0 0
Dollar Red Cross Society -	-	-	-	-	1 4 0
A grand total of					£142 4 2

ROLL OF HONOUR—ADDITIONS.

OFFICERS.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
CLINK, CHARLES W.	2nd Lieutenant	4th Scottish Rifles.
DOUGLAS, DANIEL	Captain	Chota Nagpur Light Horse.
FERGUSON, WILLIAM D.	2nd Lieutenant	10th Norfolks.
FORSTER, HENRY B.	Staff-Captain	8th Liverpool Irish; A.D.C. to Major-General J. B. Forster.
FORSTER, WILLIAM B.	Lieutenant	31st Battalion C.E.F.
FORSTER, THOMAS B.	"	Royal Irish Regiment.
M'CORQUODALE, DONALD	2nd Lieutenant	6th C. Reserve Brigade, R.F.A.
MACLEAN, WILLIAM	"	Royal Engineers.
MAIN, DAVID	Lieut.-Colonel (Hon. Colonel)	3/4th E. Lancashire Howitzer Brigade, R.F.A.
MAIN, WILLIAM A.	Major	3/4th Border Regiment.
MURRAY, GORDON H.	2nd Lieutenant	8th Cameron Highlanders.
NORFOR, W.	Captain	2/5th Royal Scots.
RUSSELL, WALTER N.	2nd Lieutenant	9th Royal Scots Fusiliers.
PATERSON, GILBERT	"	2/4th K.O.S.B.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
BAILLIE, NORMAN	Private	R.A.M.C.
BLACKLAW, DOUGLAS S.	"	London Scottish.
BROWN, J. MAXWELL	Gunner	Motor Machine Gun Section.
CAMPBELL, FERGUS	Private	Australian Contingent.
Carmichael, John	"	Australian Contingent.
CLARK, JOHN B.	"	3/9th A. and S. Highlanders.
CRAM, HENRY A. R.	"	R.A.M.C.
CURSLEY, H. D.	Lance-Corporal	5th Cameron Highlanders.
FOX, ERNEST	Private	3rd London Scottish.
HANNAY, PETER, JR.	Driver	Q.F.A., Australian Exped. Force.
HANNAY, RALPH M.	Private	13th New South Wales Batt., Australian Expeditionary Force.
INGLIS, JAMES L.	Driver	Divisional Artillery, 1st Canadian Contingent.
MACANDREW, J. NAPIER	Private	Canadian Contingent.
M'CORQUODALE, D. A.	"	1st Gordon Highlanders.
MACKECHNIE, ARCHD. F.	Sergeant	M'Gill University O.T.C.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
M'LAREN, DUNCAN	Private	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
M'PHIE, C.	Lance-Corporal	5th Cameron Highlanders.
MARSHALL, WM. S.	Motor Dispatch Rider	Lovat's Scouts.
MASKEW, HENRY	Chief Petty Officer (Engineer)	Naval Flying Corps.
MILNE, GORDON	Sapper	Canadian Contingent.
MORRISON, JOHN B.	Private	14th A. and S. Highlanders.
POLLOCK, ARCHIBALD	Corporal	5th Cameron Highlanders.
RITCHIE, WILLIAM	Private	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
SCOTT, ADAM	Lance-Corporal	10th Seaforth Highlanders.
SHARP, ANDREW	Sapper	Royal Engineers.
WILSON, R. MORRIS	Private	M'Gill Contg., 2nd Canadian Contg.

In addition to the promotions mentioned in "Notes from Near and Far," the following have been made. There are doubtless many others.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
BURR, ERIC T.	Lieutenant	13th Gloucesters (Forest of Dean Pioneers).
HUNTER, JAMES	2nd Lieutenant	12th Scottish Rifles.
HUTTON, GORDON	"	2nd K.O.S.B.
INNES, JOHN H.	Captain	11th A. and S. Highlanders.
M'LAREN, THOS. J.	"	Forth R.G.A.
M'CULLOCH, J.	Lieutenant	5th Gordon Highlanders.
WALTON, PERCY	"	5th Gordon Highlanders.
MARSHALL, REG. R.	Lance-Corporal	7th Cameron Highlanders.
RADFORD, EDWARD	"	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
WHITE, JAMES	Sergeant.	7th A. and S. Highlanders.

In "Notes from Near and Far" a reference is made to those of our former companions who have fallen in the struggle since the last issue of the *Magazine*. Lieut. J. C. Munro was wounded, but has now recovered. Lieut. E. Myers has also been wounded and is on the fair way to recovery. Ian Lauder, James Howden, Roderick Macpherson, and Edward Radford are also among the wounded, and Robert Baillie has been missing for some months.

The Cricket season proved to be one of the most successful for many years. Not a single game was lost, and in three of them the XI. carried off victory by a wide margin at the expense of less than half the wickets down. Good batting by Macfarlane, Chuan, and Muir kept the scores very high. The former had an average of 40 at the end of the season, and he and Chuan won a 50 bat each.

In the bowling Morgan was extremely successful all through. Not only did he carry off the bowling belt with the low average of 3, but also had the hat trick to his credit.

More keenness was shown in the cricket than usual, and the older boys took a great interest in the younger players, the benefit of which will, without doubt, be apparent later on.



K. Allsopp

CADETS ON "THE BANKS"

Below is given a list of the games played and the total scores of the 1st XI. :—

	Score.
Glasgow High School	Dollar, 26 ; Glasgow High School, 15.
Dollar C.C.	Dollar, 100 for 5 ; Dollar C.C., 29.
Alloa XI.	134 ,, 3 ; Alloa XI., 79.
Daniel Stewart's College	133 ,, 5 ; Daniel Stewart's, 26.
George Watson's College	64 ; George Watson's, 48.

Morgan had 24 wickets for 72 runs, and Macfarlane had 120 runs for 3 times out in the 5 matches.

The Athletic Club once more desire to express their gratitude to W. Morton Massey, Esq., for the stimulus given to the game by the presentation of the bat and the belt to the winners in the average competitions.

The Quint matches were very keenly contested, and ended in a draw between MacNabb and Devon quints. This necessitated a final match, in which Chuan skippered MacNabb to victory. The result was exceedingly gratifying and popular as Chuan had proved himself a steady bat and a hard-working fielder.

The final of the Tennis competition fell to Morgan after a hard game with Davidson. For a time it looked as if Davidson was going to pull through, but Morgan pulled up and finished on the top.

The girls' cup was won by D. Taylor, who beat O. Eddie in the final. As D. Taylor had won the open racquet last year, the racquet went to the runner-up this year.

Under sixteen, the racquet went to M. Walker, who played well and showed signs of turning out a good player as she gets older.

Under fourteen, C. Spiers carried off the racquet fairly easily.

The office-bearers of the football team have not yet been elected, but the prospects for the year are brighter than one expected.

In the forward line we have Tuckwell and M'Laren to give the lead, and there are several others of last year's pack as well. The back division is not quite so strong since both Chuan and Macfarlane have gone, but there will be no great difficulty in fixing up not only a good three-quarter line, but also a tricky and useful pair of halves.

R. Gordon has returned, and ought to prove a useful member of the XV. With Leach in his old place the line is safe, as he has come on rapidly of late, and ought to be among the best of the School backs this year.

Practices have commenced, and from what we observed in the first of them the old School has nothing to fear but everything to be proud of, and there ought to be a goodly number of scalps hanging on the XV. belt at the end of the season.

The usual list of fixtures has been made and will be issued shortly.

It is with deep regret that we learn of Mr M'Geachen's illness. Much of the success of the boys in the field is due to the excellent physical training received from Mr M'Geachen, and not only will he be missed in that sphere alone but on the field itself, where his cheery voice did a lot to stir the players on to better deeds. It is the hope and wish of

every one of us that he may soon regain his wonted health and be with us as usual.

We are glad to learn that Lieut. E. Myers has recovered from his wound and that he is once more fit for the great game. Now one realises what a training place the footer field is and how boys become leaders in after days. Few schools can hold up such a fine record as ours for numbers who have answered the call, and of those numbers almost all have been trained in the stern discipline and comradeship of the football field.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

The Corps finished a most successful year by having two week-end camps along with the 2/4th Royal Scots Fusiliers at Rumbling Bridge.

Through the kindness of the Brigadier, 2/1st Lowland Brigade, and of Col. Barnett, V.D., those week-ends were greatly enjoyed by all present. Col. Barnett expressed his pleasure at having the cadets with him and commented upon their smartness and manliness in all things.

Several cadets have left this year and we are glad to say that all of them of military age have joined or are awaiting notice of their joining the colours. The Officer Commanding wishes to thank one and all of the N.C.O.'s for the immense amount of work they did, for the whole-hearted support they gave, and for the loyal manner in which they carried out all their duties during the year. Particularly he wishes to thank the following to whom much credit is due for the efficiency of the Corps:—Cadet-Officer Dougall, Sergt. Chuan, Sergt. Neil, Sergt. Clark, Sergt. Macfarlane, Cpl. Walker, and L.-Cpl. Hogben. Cadet-Officer Dougall acted as junior subaltern during the session and discharged his duties in a most exemplary manner. He was attached to one of the Infantry Brigades of the Highland Division during July and earned the praise and respect of all with whom he came in contact. We understand that Cadet-Officer Dougall awaits the gazette notice of his appointment to a Second Lieutenancy in the 3/7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and we wish him all success in his new sphere, feeling sure that he will carry on the good name of himself and the Corps with him.

After Cadet-Officer Watson left, much work fell upon the shoulders of Sergt. Chuan, and the O.C. is pleased to say that never did any N.C.O. carry out his work in so excellent a fashion as did Sergt. Chuan. At camp, owing to circumstances, Sergt. Chuan had command of all the cadets, and carried out his work splendidly. We hope that he may have an opportunity of making use of his knowledge, and wish him success in his new surroundings.

The following promotions and appointments have been made:—

To be Company Sergt.-Major—Sergt. J. R. G. Muir.

To be Sergeants—

Lance-Cpl. D. Gordon.

Lance-Cpl. J. Leach.

Lance-Cpl. H. Foston (Band).

To be Corporals—

Lance-Cpl. A. Cameron.

Cadet R. Flett.

Cadet I. Tuckwell.

„ A. M'Donnell.

To be Lance-Corporals—

Cadet E. Hendry.

,, J. Ferguson.

,, J. M'Laren.

,, E. Wilson.

Cadet H. Dinwiddie.

,, E. Davidson.

,, J. C. M'Clelland (Band).

,, K. M. Collic (Signallers).

Drills are held twice a week, and as training progresses, field manœuvres will take place.

The following is a copy of the report by Col. Sir P. D. Trotter, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, on the Corps.

Drill.—Exceptionally keen interest is taken by the Dollar cadets in their drill. In marching past, distances were well maintained and dressing good, the beneficial result of this exercise being apparent in extended order drill.

Manœuvre.—An attack on a position was arranged on a small scale, and the duties of reserves and supports were well understood. Blank ammunition was served out, and care and intelligence was shown by section commanders and others in the control and direction of fire.

Discipline.—No instances of indiscipline were reported, and the extreme smartness of the contingent as a whole, and of the individual members, is evidence that discipline is well maintained.

Turn Out.—This is a kilted corps, and the kilts are very well put on, and the hose correctly dressed. The cadets take a proper pride in their appearance, which is all that can be desired. Clothing was in good order.

Signalling.—The O.C., assisted by a Corporal, instructs in semaphore signalling. Each boy called out signalled a paragraph, taken at random from a newspaper, with speed and accuracy.

Arms and Equipment.—Clean and well kept. Equipment in good order.

General Remarks.—Parades have been frequent and well attended, and the effect of the instruction imparted is evident in the intelligence displayed at drill and manœuvre. I consider the efficiency of the contingent very satisfactory.

The above speaks for itself, and every cadet ought to be proud of his Corps, and strive to go one better if possible next time.

The O.C. was attached to the Headquarters of the 191st Infantry Brigade during July and August as instructor to the Brigade.

Mrs Scott Lang's Cup (miniature range) was won by Piper J. C. M'Clelland with Sergt. L. K. Chuan as runner-up. The Leckie Ewing competition fell through owing to the want of ball ammunition, and the commandeering of the open range for Government use.

The cadets, N.C.O.'s, and officers send congratulations to Lieutenants Walton and M'Culloch on their promotion and wish them the best of luck and good fortune.

THE LITERARY PICNIC TO THE COPPER MINE.—About twenty of us met at the Golf Club House at 11 o'clock on Saturday, 26th June, equipped

with walking sticks, waterproofs, and the necessary provender, but as the morning was hot and bright, hats, coats, &c., were discarded and left behind—a move to be repented of afterwards. We trudged up the golf course, climbed the dyke—a lengthy and elaborate operation—and continued our way for some distance before descending to the burn. We followed the latter, crossing it every twenty yards or so—somebody getting wet every time—almost as far as the copper mines, before halting for lunch. Mr Craig boiled the kettle in record time and we all enjoyed a well-earned repast. By this time a thick mist had come on, but nothing daunted we set off again on our quest for the mines, where we duly collected pieces of copper ore. The rain made us retrace our steps, but stopping again at our first “camp” we made more tea, which had to be drunk scalding hot or much diluted with rain water. After relieving ourselves of everything that did not have to be taken home, we started downhill, taking little care to avoid bogs and streams, since these could make us no wetter. A sadly bedraggled but very merry party reached Dollar at half-past four, more than thankful to find that it was raining there too!

GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—At the Annual General Meeting held in May the following office-bearers were appointed for the session now beginning:—

President, Miss Maeve Brereton; Vice-President, Miss Cecilia Calder; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Margaret M. Sands.

The opening meeting for the session will be held on Wednesday, 6th October, when Mr Craig will deliver a lecture on “Shakespeare's England,” illustrated by a number of lantern slides.

Former members are reminded that they are eligible as Honorary Members of the Society, and are invited to send in their names to the Secretary. They are also invited to contribute to the *Magazine*, which is due to appear on 14th January 1916.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

BARNET, C. GUY, P.W.D., Raisina, Delhi, India.

BLACKLAW, H. LAURIE, Trevieu, Bridge of Allan.

CRABB, Mrs (late of Craig House, Auchinblae), North Bank House, Stonehaven.

ELLIS, Mrs, Birshton, Strathblane Road, Milngavie.

MACFIE, Miss KATE F. SHILL, Nurses' Home, London Hospital, White-chapel, E.

MACKENZIE, M. A., Assistant Superintendent of Police, Sepaya P.O., Saran, Bihar, Orissa, India.

M'LACHLAN, R. B., c/o Messrs Butterfield & Swire, Swatow, China.