



Moffat

Photo

MR JOHN A. GIBSON

The Dollar Magazine.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

VOL. XIV., No. 56.

DECEMBER 1915.

COPYRIGHT.

John Archibald Gibson, J.P.

THE portrait which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers with this, the last number of the ever-memorable year of 1915, will, we feel sure, prove most acceptable, not only to present residents in Dollar, but to the many hundreds of families and of F.P.'s who, during the last forty years, have passed through a Dollar Stage on life's journey, and have carried away with them pleasant memories to every part of the civilised world. Many such memories will be stirred by the familiar face and figure of our kind and genial banker, who during all those years has been so closely connected with the financial business and social affairs of our bonny little town.

In his own special work in the bank as first joint-agent with his father (the late James Gibson, who was the founder of the Dollar branch of the Clydesdale Bank), and since 1886 as sole agent, Mr Gibson has been brought into business, and, as a rule, friendly relations, with pretty well every family at any time resident in Dollar, and his thorough business capacity and kind and helpful advice have been much appreciated by very many. Many young men during the years of Mr Gibson's agency have served apprenticeship under him. His bearing towards them has ever been kind; and the success of many of them in the examinations of the Bankers' Institute proved how thorough was their training while under his care.

But his financial skill and business training have been by no means limited to the service of the Clydesdale Bank. In every important movement for the advancement and well-being of the town he has taken a prominent and most active part. He was one of a small band of some half dozen, who for several years fought for and finally carried the proposal to convert the village of Dollar into a police burgh, and was one of the pioneer Commissioners who during the first ten years or so carried out the various schemes of road construction, lighting, cleaning, &c. &c., which effected such a marked improvement on the amenity and salubrity of the town. He was one of the few who originated, and in course of time fully established, the Dollar Club, which his careful and skilful trusteeship of thirty-nine years has been the means of placing and keeping on a sound financial basis. He has acted as treasurer for the Free, now the United Free, Church for thirty-four years, besides being an elder in and a strong supporter of that Church. He has done much useful work as a Justice of the Peace, which honourable position he has held for the last

twenty-three years. He was one of the chief promoters, and an active agent in the construction of the excellent golf course which is now such an attraction for visitors to and present and prospective residents of the town and district. He has also had much to do with the formation and continued prosperity of the Tennis Club and court and with the Musical Association, which do so much to provide the social intercourse and enjoyment of the community. With all these multifarious interests and his very responsible duties in connection with the bank, Mr Gibson still finds time and energy for his hobby of gardening in which he is perhaps the first authority in Dollar. His hothouse and greenhouse are, in their seasons, well worth a visit, his roses are amongst the finest in the county, and his garden as a whole may well serve as a model for those who desire information in such matters, which he is always ready to give to earnest inquirers. We earnestly wish him long life and good health to carry on his work in Dollar.

The Passing of the Roses.

You are passing, O my roses !
All around there is farewell,
I have heard the sighing voices
Your mystic flight foretell ;
Though you bloom as fair and fragrant
As roses lived in June,
There's a whisper that has touched you,
And a parting shadowed soon.

And this parting, O my roses !
How shall we feel it now ?
In the hush of Autumn waiting
To crown sweet Summer's brow ;
In the silver that has shimmered
Through the dew upon the grass,
And the languid trees grow weary,
Waiting for a sigh to pass.

They are calling you, my roses,
Though faint and far I know,
In the glory of your noon-tide
It is written that ye go ;
All this festival of beauty
Smiling here with us to-day,
Something tells me, ere to-morrow,
Shall have passed a different way !

Fare ye well, then, lovely roses,
Dreamers of the long bright hours,
Many thoughts I've gathered from you,
Talked as mortals may with flowers ;

And for all your tender wisdom,
 For the sweetness showered so free,
 I will think of you, my roses,
 Through Summer times to be !

And this garden you made fragrant
 Shall hold within as well,
 Memories of friends who passed there,
 Haunting ever, as a spell ;
 Something that was theirs has entered,
 To remain my roses yet
 In the spirit of our garden,
 Could it be we should forget.

ELISABETH SUTHERLAND.

Evening Glories.

It is evening. One of those perfect July days is drawing to a close, and only the sound of the chapel bells ringing for vespers relieves the almost unearthly quiet of the place.

Looking down from my elevated nook just above the mule-track, I can see the little mountain village and the picturesque out-lying chalets. The mule-track is deserted, but soon the herd of goats and cows will pass along to that little chalet at the end of the path.

Before me is the chain of the Alps of Savoy, and just opposite, and so seemingly near in the clear mountain air, is the Mont Blanc.

Only a moment or so more, and then the sun will set in a blaze of ruby.

There, it has begun. What a sunset !

That first band of pink, which a minute ago just touched the tips of the mountains, is creeping down the chain until the snow-covered parts of the range are steeped in a deep rose colour, too lovely to be described, and alas, too transient to give more than a fleeting joy to those who would gaze for hours before quitting the scene satisfied.

The rosy hue seems to be gradually sinking into the snow, until the only part of the mountain range now touched by the setting sun is the tip of the great white king of the Alps.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, ring out the musical little goat-bells, and ting, tang, resounds from the heavy big cow-bells, heralding the home-coming of the herd.

And after the herd comes Jean, the big care-free cow-boy, who always has a cheery word for every one.

"Bon soir, mademoiselle !" he cries gaily.

"Bon soir, Jean !" I call back.

"Mademoiselle will make an excursion to-morrow, n'est-ce-pas ?" he asks.

"Yes, Jean, if the weather allows it !" I answer.

"But certainly, mademoiselle, to-morrow it will be a perfect day. Look only at the sunset !" says Jean, and favouring me with his happy smile and a

picturesque flourish of his sombrero, he strides away after his cows and goats.

The tinkle of the bells grows fainter, and the last glow has disappeared from the "white mountain."

The wind from the snows becomes chilly, and I hasten to follow Jean's herd down the mule-track, towards the village. Near the little chapel I encounter M. le Curé, who stops me.

"Mademoiselle has again watched the setting of the sun on the mountains?" he says, with that kindly smile of his.

"Mais oui, M. le Curé. I watch it nearly every evening from that little niche just above the mule-track there," and I point to the place I have just quitted.

"I know it; I know it," says the Curé quickly. "Often at sunset I see the lonely figure on the hillside, and I say to myself, 'It is the petite Anglaise, she watches the sunset again this evening'; and I also notice," he continues, "that mademoiselle carries no book, no sewing—nothing—and I conclude that she thinks a lot. Of what does mademoiselle think as she watches the sunset on our beautiful mountains? They are not sad, these thoughts?" he queries kindly.

"No, M. le Curé," I assure him, "any but sad thoughts come to one while one watches the setting of the sun on the white mountains, and up there, in my niche on the hillside, a great peace envelops one, and for the time being one is happy, perfectly happy."

"Ah!" says the old Curé, nodding his head wisely. "'Tis the wizard of the mountains who casts his spell over those who tarry to admire the beauties of his home! Mademoiselle believes in the fairies?"

"But certainly, M. le Curé. How otherwise would the wizard cast his kindly spell over me?" I ask reproachfully.

The Curé smiles contentedly and says, "Bien! Then some evening we shall watch together the setting of the sun, and I shall recount to you the legend of the wizard of the mountains."

We shake hands, and the Curé pronounces softly, "When the sore troubles darken your life, my child, you will not despair, but will remember that as on this evening of the past you were perfectly happy, so these trials will pass over, and the future will hold other and golden days of like perfect happiness. And the old Curé will not forget you, but will pray to the bon Dieu to keep always a little of this evening's content and happiness in your heart. Bonne nuit, mon enfant!"

To think that was but one short month before war began, and already the memory of it is like some far-off dream of the past, or some fairy tale read in childhood days. The legend of the "Wizard of the Mountains" recurs to me, and with it comes the comforting thought that it is not only in fairy stories that the good fairy triumphs over the wicked giant; surely, just as in the magic tales, good will emerge triumphant in the present awful duel between good and evil.

And may we not beguile the days, when the waiting becomes wearisome, with reminiscences of the happy past, not forgetting that when the world war is over, then will "the golden age return."

H. W. CHRISTIE (F.P.).



IN THE GLEN

My Heart's Owre the Water.

SONG OF LOVE AND WAR.

Tune: "O Logie o' Buchan."

My heart's owre the water, my heart isna here,
My heart's owre the water wi' him I lo'e dear;
Wi' the braw Hieland sodgers he's gane far awa
To battle wi' Germany's Kaiser an a';
He said, "Fareweel, my lassie"—an', O, he looked fain—
"Ye maun keep up your heart; I will win hame again."

O, I couldna tell Donald to bide here at hame,
As if he were a coward; 'twad gar me think shame;
For the men o' the Hielands will aye heed the ca'
O' their King an' their Country whate'er may befa';
But I keep up my heart, though the tear blin's my ee,
An' I pray that my laddie may come back to me.

O, the swing o' his kilt as he marched down the glen!
What wad I no' gie juist to see him again!
But in France or in Flanders, whaur'e'er he may be,
I ken that my true love is thinking o' me.
My heart's owre the water, my heart isna here;
My heart's owre the water wi' him I lo'e dear.

WM. CHRISTIE BENET.

CASHIERS, NORTH CAROLINA, U.S.A.

Falstaff and the Fleet Prison.

BY H. H. STEWART.

"I do not see why Falstaff was carried to the Fleet. We have never lost sight of him since his dismission from the King; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment; but the different agitations of fear, anger, and surprise in him and his company made a good scene to the eye of our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, and was glad to find this method of sweeping them away."

THIS comment on the last scene of "Second Henry IV." was written by Dr Samuel Johnson a century and a half ago, and was probably the first of many expressions of perplexity. One of the latest is from the pen of Professor Bradley, who writes thus:—

"Remembering his father's words about Henry, 'Being incensed he's flint,' and remembering in Henry V. his ruthlessness in killing the prisoners when he is incensed, we may imagine that, after he had left Falstaff, and was no longer influenced by the face of his old companion, he gave way to anger at the indecent familiarity which had provoked a compromising scene on the most ceremonious of occasions, and in the presence alike of court and crowd, and that he sent the Chief Justice back to take vengeance."

Neither explanation sounds quite convincing, nor do the writers themselves give the impression that they are satisfied with their own reasoning.

The episode is undeniably painful and out of keeping with Prince Hal's attitude to Falstaff, which from the first had been tolerant and kindly. It

is true that, as the drama proceeds, he learns more and more of the worthlessness of the old knight's character, and, as his own affairs become increasingly serious, the sparkling wit loses much of its glamour; still his intention had evidently been to dismiss the old man privately and kindly while making sure of his future means of living. The publicity of the dismissal was forced upon him by Falstaff's own action, and we may believe that he is seeking to avoid the necessity of a public repudiation when he says to Gascoigne (presumably in an undertone):—

"My Lord Chief Justice, speak to this vain man,"

upon which the Justice addresses Falstaff, probably also in an urgent whisper:—

"Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak?"

But whatever the motive, the warning is vain. Falstaff forces the King's attention, and elicits from him an answer sufficiently stern to repress the jests as they rise to the indecorous lips. It is a repetition, enhanced by circumstances, of the scene in the tavern ("First Henry IV.," iv. 536), where the Prince, when called the first time from idleness to the serious duty of life, gave vent to his inward disapproval of Falstaff's vices, and morally banished the whole tribe of revellers—a scene which ought to have prepared Falstaff for this outburst, if he had not been wrapped up in his own egotism and vanity.

But that the young King should have aimed a further blow at his old companion is almost incredible. Is it necessary to believe it?

The proposition that we would venture to make is that the supposition is an error and the scene incorrectly interpreted.

When we read our modern editions of Shakespeare it is certainly difficult to come to any but the generally accepted conclusion. The episode occurs in the fifth scene of the last act of "Second Henry IV.," which is opened by two grooms strewing rushes on the way from the Abbey to the Palace of Westminster. Falstaff and his companions enter and converse together while waiting for the exit of the King from the Abbey. Then occurs the stage directions: "Enter King Henry V. and his train, *the Lord Chief Justice among them.*" Falstaff shouts his greeting to the King, the King rebukes and sentences him to banishment, and then follows the direction: "Exeunt King Henry V. and his train." Of course, as the Lord Chief Justice has just been described as being "among" his train, we are compelled to conclude that he departed with the others, although his royal master has just commanded him to "see performed the tenour of his word" with regard to Falstaff. The conversation between Sir John and Justice Shallow about the borrowed thousand pounds next takes place, occupying about twenty lines, and then occurs a fresh stage direction: "Re-enter John of Lancaster, the Lord Chief Justice, Officers with them." The harsh-sounding order is given, with its sequel:—

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord! my lord!

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will heare you soone.
Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna mi tormenta, spero contenta.

*Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph,
Page and Officers."*

A short dialogue between Prince John and the Chief Justice concludes both the scene and the play.

With this reading we have no alternative but to suppose that some fresh understanding had been arrived at between the King and the Lord Chief Justice, and that the latter had been sent back "to take vengeance" for some inexplicable offence on the already crestfallen old man.

When, however, we consult the contemporary, or almost contemporary, First Folio Edition of the plays, published in 1623, we find that, although the text is practically the same, it admits, in virtue of the stage directions, of being read in a different light. In this edition *place* directions are altogether wanting, the omission having been supplied by clear indications in the text, or by a placard hung over the stage, bearing the name of the supposed scene; but the *exits* and *entrances* are introduced carefully and with all necessary fullness. The Folio was edited, or supposed to be edited, by the two actors Heminge and Condell, and was overlooked by Ben Jonson, all three of whom must have often seen the play performed and known the author.

We are therefore justified in accepting the stage directions of this edition as a reliable guide in the interpretation of this scene, and, when we do so, we find that the whole forms a continuous and unbroken episode. Not only do we, as Johnson says, "not lose sight of Falstaff till he is carried to the Fleet," but we do not lose sight of the Chief Justice either, as the following exact copy from the Folio will show.

"The trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the Fifth, Brothers, Lord Chief Justice.

Fal. Save thy Grace, King Hall, my Royal Hall.

Pist. The heavens thee guard, and keepe, most royall Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Save thee my sweet boy.

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

Fal. My King, my Jove; I speake to thee, my hearte.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers:

How ill white haire become a Foole and Jester.

I long have dreamed of such a kinde of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane:

But being awake, I do despise my dreams. . . .

Till then I banish thee, on paine of death

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life, I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evill.

And as we heare you do reforme yourselves,

We will, according to your strength and qualities

Give you advancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)

To see performed the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. I, marry, Sir John, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. Shallow, do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him: Looke you, He must seeme thus to the world: fear not your advancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your Doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

- Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour.
Shal. A colour, I feare, that you will dye in, Sir John.
Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner :
 Come Lieutenant Pistol, come Bardolph.
 I shall be sent for soone at night.
Ch. Just. Go carry Sir John Falstaffe to the Fleet,
 Take all his company along with him.
Fal. My Lord, my Lord.
Ch. Just. I cannot now speak, I will heare you soone :
 Take them away.
Pist. Si fortuna me tormento, spero me contento.
John. I like this fair proceeding of the King's :
 He hath intent his wonted Followers
 Shall all be very well provided for.
 But all are banisht, till their conversations
 Appeare more wise, and modest in the world.
Ch. Just. And so they are."

From the above we are at liberty to suppose that, after King Henry's rebuke to Falstaff, and his charge to the Chief Justice to carry out the "tenour of his words," the King alone (with a suitable following) leaves the stage, while the Chief Justice (and as we learn afterwards, Prince John, who was probably walking abreast with him) remains till the procession has passed, keeping Falstaff under observation, until he makes a move to depart, when he orders his arrest. How otherwise could he have known where to find Sir John? What guarantee had he that the irrepressible old knight would not once more try to force himself into the King's presence? How tedious might have been the search, involving, perhaps, as once before

"A dozen captains,
 Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
 And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff" (II. iv. 392),

before he could have assured his royal master that Sir John had been duly escorted to the ten mile limit, and that arrangements had been made by which he would receive his "competence of life." The words speak for themselves :—

"Be it your charge, my Lord,
 To see performed the tenour of our word."

Exit King.

How would the King have looked, we may ask further, if, after receiving this charge, the Chief Justice had calmly continued his course in the procession, leaving Falstaff to the freedom of his will?

One thing, perhaps, the Justice might have done. He might have executed all the arrangements for Falstaff's allowance and banishment immediately; but he was not prepared to sacrifice the festivities of the coronation for the sake of his old antagonist; therefore, having received full and free authority, he preferred to make his person secure in the meantime, and attend to the details later.

The episode might be looked upon, perhaps, as the revenge, or triumph, of the Lord Chief Justice, and in this light is dramatic enough for Shakespeare's purpose. The two old men have been brought into frequent opposition throughout the second part of "Henry IV.," and the opposition

had reached its climax in the words of Prince Clarence to the Chief Justice after the death of Henry IV. :—

“Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair ;
Which swims against your stream of quality.”

But the tables had been turned, and Falstaff could no longer browbeat authority and “speak as having power to do wrong” (II. i. 145). Plain conscientious adherence to duty had won the day against irresponsible levity, even when accompanied by the most brilliant wit, and now, while the King pursues his way to fulfil his higher destinies, the Lord Chief Justice and Sir John Falstaff have their last encounter. There is no appearance of vindictiveness in the Chief Justice. He orders Falstaff temporarily to the Fleet, but it is probably by a good-natured afterthought that he adds, “Take all his company along with him.” We know enough of the famous Fleet prison to be sure that, with a thousand pounds in his pocket and all his company with him, Falstaff might spend a very comfortable day at the Fleet, and even enjoy a good dinner, although it might be somewhat costly. He begins to expostulate :—

“My Lord, my Lord,”

but in the Folio there is no mark of exclamation to give the tragic note, and he is interrupted courteously enough by the Chief Justice—

“I cannot now speak. I will hear you soon.”

It may be taken for granted that he was as good as his word, and that later in the same day, or at latest next morning, Falstaff and his companions were liberated and the tenour of the King's word fulfilled.

Before they are out of sight Prince John remarks—

“I like this fair proceeding of the King :
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for,” &c.

These words would be quite inappropriate if a different fate had just been assigned to the chief of those followers.

The Second, Third, and Fourth Folios follow the First in the above particulars, and Nicolas Rowe, in his edition of 1709, makes no alteration.

It was Alexander Pope who, when editing the plays in 1723, thought he could improve upon the Folio stage directions, and incidentally, as we believe, upon Shakespeare's plot. Not only does he interpolate the misleading “*Exeunt King and train,*” having described the Chief Justice as being “among the train,” but he divided the last act into nine instead of five scenes, and boldly places “Scene IX.” between the King's exit and Falstaff's words to Shallow, thus cutting off the sequel completely from the former episode, while the further interpolation of “enter Chief Justice and Prince John,” suggests that entirely new *status* which has been universally accepted.

Modern editors have reverted to the five scenes, but have retained Pope's other alterations, and amplified the last-quoted stage direction into “*Re-enter John of Lancaster and the Lord Chief Justice, Officers with them,*” the whole of which is non-existent in the Folio.

The question which touches closely the right understanding of Prince Hal's character cannot, perhaps, be settled precipitately, but might it not be well in future editions of the play to revert to the stage directions of the First Folio, leaving readers and commentators to judge for themselves of the true meaning of the dramatist?

The Troubadour of To-day.

Now that Italy is our gallant ally, the reproach of the fried fish and ice cream vendor has been removed, and I can venture unashamed to voice at last my regard for the swarthy wanderers with the wheeled music, the peripatetic piano players, the itinerant street organists. Formerly the street piano was laughed at, treated either with contumely or derision. It was the custom of those who wished themselves to be regarded as of cultured æsthetic tastes, or, on the other hand, as being tremendously occupied with matters constantly requiring the concentrated effort of their brains, it was the custom of such people to refer to the peripatetic piano as an abomination; the former type of objector affected to suffer mental laceration while within hearing of the song barrow, while the latter grew blustering and indignant concerning its disturbance of the occult contemplation necessary to the conduct of his everyday work, and in which he passed all his waking hours.

The writer has for years been convinced that he holds the key to their hostility. Both classes are in reality afraid of the itinerant instrument whose clamour drowns the artificial harmonies of their drawing-room music, and awakens in them alike the spirit that lurks still beneath the soberest tailoring and millinery, and dances still to the pipes of Pan as it danced in the young ages of the world! I do not make this bold statement without foundation. Consider in whose ears the clangorous melody of the street piano has always found favour. Poets have ventured to admit its fascination. I have known intimately a minor poet (and Socialist) who followed a particularly *forte* specimen for hours from street to street, lured by the recurrent repetition of "The Old Bull and Bush" upon its programme. Children, those natural poets, adore the wheelbarrow of the Bacchantes, and, untutored in deportment, without encouragement or suggestion, dance to its strong masculine rhythm and bold assaulting, ringing music as beautifully as autumn leaves spin on the surface of an eddying linn.

I am convinced that the spirit of the poet and of the children stirs uneasily beneath the curved waistcoat of the heavy business man, that the pale and wild-eyed devotee of Strauss hears in that rude broadside of music, those salvos of song, the voice of the unconquerable truth, proclaiming to every music-maker and every weaver of theories that music came from the gods not to be a puzzle, a bewilderment, a stumbling-block to the simple, but to be a big, free-handed, lavish pleasure, flung abroad into the world as the sunlight is splashed wastefully over everything and everybody in high summer: to be as plentiful a joy as colour and light—the blue of the sky, the green of the fields, the hot yellow of the sands, and the splendid flashing dazzle of the tumbling surf! . . . I have heard a Bank

Inspector command the closing of the office door because a dark-ringed Italian woman had halted her cart of melody just opposite, and was about to open fire and deluge the locality with song and dance. My firm belief is that he feared lest his years of decorum should have proved unavailing to suppress and stifle the simple human being within, and that he would presently find himself gyrating in an improvised saraband or country dance with the other officials. This is merely an example. The police are frequently desired to hound the street piano from business streets—it is for the same reason. Business would soon be abandoned: the men who conduct it—the men who have devoted themselves to its service till it has become their tyrant—would forget their decades of decorum and, fidgeting awhile, skip at last from their stools and office chairs, and only cease from dancing as lambs and shadows dance (though stiffly at first from lack of practice), to realise that they had been back in Paradise for five minutes—that only custom, and not nature, makes people walk along the pavement instead of frisking from shop window to shop window, that life was not meant for sitting in dusty offices—that half the problems of their lives, as well as half (or three-quarters) of their bodily ailments, are due to their suppression of the impulse stirred anew (to their cowardly consternation) by the insistent voice of the street piano, the Troubadour of To-day!

W. K. H.

The Coronach of Ian Bàn.

(PIPER, CANADIAN SCOTTISH.)

OUT over the sea, from the lands in the west,
 From forest and prairie the soldier-lads came;
 With laughter and singing they went on their quest
 Of the red path to glory, the grim path to fame;
 And there's one we shall never hear piping again,
 For Ian the piper has honoured his name.

He challenged their worth by the gathering-songs
 That summoned the clansmen to battles of old,
 With the voice of their people, the wail for its wrongs;
 And their sons heard the call, and arose, and were bold.
 And we'll never hear Ian Bàn * piping again,
 For his chanter is dumb, and his fingers are cold.

The long march was lightened, and cheered the rough way,
 When the yellow-haired boy tuned his pipes sweet and shrill,
 And they lilted and throbbed in a gladsome strathspey,
 Or soughed like the night-wind along the dark hill.
 And we'll never hear Ian Bàn piping again,
 For Ian lies slain, and his blithe notes are still.

* Ian, the fair-haired.

When he sounded the pibroch all hearts caught his flame,
 There was no man that heard but would rush where he led ;
 He turned not, nor shrank, for he feared nought save shame,
 But, steadfast and keen, to yon gallant charge sped.
 And we'll never hear Ian Bàn piping again—
 Ochone for young Ian, the flower of the dead !

There many a brave lad the grim pathway trod
 Through the smoke to the daylight, more bright than the sun,
 With a smile on his lips as his soul went to God ;
 And there Ian fell, ere the battle was won.
 And we'll never hear Ian Bàn piping again ;
 He is wearied, and sleeps, for his day's toil is done.

In the bloom of his youth the dread storm laid him low
 That stood lithe and straight like a bonny birk tree.
 How fair his young face, sternly set to the foe,
 How sleet the bright glance of his merry blue ee !
 And we'll never hear Ian Bàn piping again ;
 Ochone, but young Ian was comely to see !

O rouse you, his comrades, and quit you like men,
 Nay, like him, and no foemen before you may stand.
 Chase these fiends and their infamies home to their den,
 Sweep their hordes from your track, as the wind drives the sand !
 Though we'll never hear Ian Bàn piping again,
 He shall die not in vain for his folk and his land.
 But we'll never hear Ian Bàn piping again.

MARGARET H. SIMPSON.

Nature Notes.

FLIES.

BY J. STRACHAN, M.D.

THERE is, as you are all aware, being strongly advocated, on hygienic grounds, a campaign against the flies ; they especially, and with us perhaps only, being now known to be the principal agents in disseminating typhoid fever, consumption, infantile diarrhœa, and other fell diseases. There can be no doubt that this is a very serious and important question, and well deserving of earnest consideration by all of us. This, however, being a Naturalist Club, we may be permitted to take a wider and more humane view of the matter than is implied in the injunction we see posted up to "kill that fly." To the true lover and student of Nature, the wonderful and mysterious principle of *life* is too sacred to be ruthlessly and indiscriminately destroyed, and I would specially deprecate such among the young, who are very apt, with encouragement, to develop a brutish love of killing for killing's sake. Besides, there are flies and flies. And

the vast majority of them are, individually, quite harmless and very beautiful, and all serve a necessary purpose in the economy of Nature, as well as being, from a naturalist's point of view, one of the most interesting studies in Nature.

It may well be said of the flies that "their name is legion." All true flies are included in the natural order Dipteridæ or two-winged (from the Greek words *dis*, two or double, and *pteros*, a wing), as distinct from bees, wasps, butterflies, &c., which have four wings. Of the two-winged order there are nearly three thousand species, of which two hundred are of largish size, are exceedingly common, and are widely distributed. You will, I am sure, excuse me from attempting to describe even the two hundred. They are roughly divided into two kinds. According to the form of body, at least of the abdominal part, these are known as flies, with stout full bodies as in the house fly, blow-fly, or blue-bottle, &c., and gnats, which have slim bodies. We thus bring down the different kinds of *flies* to about a hundred—still a very formidable army, when we consider the countless myriads of each kind which swarm about us. These are not, however, all to be considered enemies, unless in very excessive numbers, some being friends, others neutral, and all, perhaps, having something to be said for them. We may for a little consider these separately.

1. *Friends*.—Of these there are first the honey and flower sucking flies, which, along with the bees, do an immense amount of good by distributing the pollen, and thus promoting cross fertilisation of plants, besides many or all of them, if closely observed, being very beautiful. Those of you who have Michaelmas daisies in the garden may find them afford a very interesting and enjoyable study of such flies, as at this time of year they are almost the only flowers yielding honey. Then there are the insectivorous flies which do good work in keeping down aphides or green fly, to the advantage of our roses. And thirdly, there are the carrion and filth flies, which, if rather disgusting in their habits, do much useful scavenging work.

2. *Neutral*.—There are an immense number of flies which, if we cannot assign to them any particular service they do to man, do no harm; and, if observed, may, by their great beauty of colour and motion, give much pleasure. It is difficult and invidious, among so much beauty, to single out any one kind in particular; but as brevity is necessary, we may take the ephemera, which in the mature state live only for a day, as having, perhaps, a first claim upon our attention. Of such is the day fly, which, with its exceedingly delicate gauzy wings shining with every colour of the rainbow as it dances through its brief life in the sunshine, is one of the most lovely objects it is possible to conceive. I shall never forget an experience I had one bright summer day at Dunning Bridge. A troupe of these fairy-like creatures, having just risen from their two or three years of aquatic life in the larva and pupa states, were flitting about in the sunshine preparatory to their final stage of egg-laying and death. It was, in its setting of beautiful scenery, like a veritable glimpse of fairyland, as imagination could easily add ætherial bodies of human shape to those angelic wings. Was I the only witness of such loveliness, or was the Author of it all not also looking on with holy joy in His handiwork? Quite recently, while walking up the Strait Brae to Sheardale, I watched for a considerable time a number of flies, not gnats, where the rays of the afternoon sun broke through the trees in streams of bright light across

the road. The flies were not dancing like gnats, but simply rising up and dropping back, to rise again and drop with apparently no other object than simply to cross the rays of sunlight. Out of the rays the flies were not attractive, much like our familiar house fly, but each one, in crossing, shone with the most beautiful iridescent colours of green, and blue, and red, like the finest of gems; the body and wings being fluted with the distinct purpose and effect of refracting the light, and so producing the beautiful effect; not, conceivably, with any benefit to the fly, nor to any earthly being except man, who alone can appreciate the beauty of it. Who would think of killing *that* fly. Some flies lay their eggs, and in the larval stage feed upon certain fungi, and in this way do considerable damage to *Agaricus campestra*, the mushroom, which we should like to reserve for our own use. To obviate this we have only to follow the rule to gather our mushrooms before the sun shines on them. In this way we can always steal a march on the flies, none of which are such early risers. Some fungi are, as we know, injurious to plant life, and may be beneficially kept in check by the flies.

ENEMY OR HARMFUL FLIES.

It is some satisfaction to know that no two-winged insect has got a sting, as some of them in form and colouring are very similar to bees and wasps. When we can satisfy ourselves on this point we can handle or otherwise deal with these without fear of unpleasant consequences. It is, however, by no means easy to make sure of this at sight, so it is safest when in doubt to leave them alone. Some dipterids, however, though they cannot sting, can bite, or at least can inflict an unpleasant wound with their fore end. We are all familiar with the common gleg or horse fly, which does not confine its attentions to the horse; also with the gnat and the midge, and some of us with the mosquito. Besides these there is the common stable fly, which much resembles and is sometimes mistaken for the house fly, thus making the latter out to be worse than it is. The stable fly can be readily distinguished by noticing the proboscis, which as with all other biting or skin-piercing and blood-sucking flies, projects straight out in front of the head. This consists of a sheath-like tubular spike with skin-piercing lancets. In appearance it is, on a very small scale, much like the bayonet which the Germans dislike so much. If they would be content with simply wounding with this we might make them welcome to the blood, for all that it amounts to; but they, at the same time, introduce a very irritating fluid which is most annoying. I suppose this must serve as a condiment, giving a piquant flavour to the blood, like pepper or Worcester sauce, but it, at the same time, draws our attention to what is going on, with disastrous consequences to the blood-sucker. Not content with this the mosquito sometimes introduces also malarial germs, and the rat flea those of bubonic plague. We are not, in this favoured country, troubled with either of these pests, although a mosquito does occasionally put in an appearance. No later than last week the characteristic ping of these creatures was very distinctly heard, for several evenings in succession, in my own dining-room. Every now and then it would come so close to one's face as to occasion a sharp slap, with the effect, upon the sound at all events, of only sending it to a little greater distance for a short time. The source

of the ping was, however, several times located on the lamp shade, and was pronounced by those of large experience in such matters to be a veritable mosquito of the anophetes or malaria-bearing type. I was then rather pleased that it did not bite when it lit for a moment or two on my hand, as I had been wishful that it should do by way of experiment. Our worst experience in this country is from the tiny midges, which make up for their diminutive size by their numbers, and the wicked virulence of their bite, rendering the most alluring shady nook by the burnside quite unendurable, or even out in the open on a warm sultry evening. All the gnat tribes lay their eggs and pass the first two stages of their life in stagnant water. It should thus be comparatively easy to deal with them by thorough draining, and by spraying the surface of all such pools with some poisonous oil. A great deal has been done in this way in India and other tropical countries, with the effect of greatly reducing the prevalence of malarial fevers.

CATTLE AND HUMAN PESTERING SWEAT FLIES.

This tribe of flies, which includes the greater and lesser house flies, although possessing no skin-piercing weapon of offence, give great annoyance by their habit of buzzing about one's head, and alighting on the face or other exposed part of the skin in their eagerness to suck up the sweat with their clumsy-looking and irritating trunk. But the charge against the greater house fly does not end here. It is now known to be the means of contaminating our food and causing typhoid and other fevers by carrying germs on its hairy, brush-like feet and body, while its habits of life and table manners are very objectionable. The keenest naturalist may feel very much inclined to kill *that* fly as a matter of self-preservation, which is, as you know, the first law of Nature. This annoyance and danger are sufficiently great with us, but how terribly and insufferably great it may be has been experienced by our brave soldiers fighting our battles in France and Gallipoli, where the flies swarm over and into everything, making life almost unbearable. With a like plague we, even in this country, are continually being threatened; and but for certain counteracting agencies it would very quickly be upon us. To enable us to realise the extent of the danger, we may now consider for a little the life history of the fly.

There are few subjects more interesting to the naturalist than what is called the metamorphosis of insects—the change, say, from the wingless, crawling, grossly feeding caterpillar, to the beautiful fairy-like butterfly flitting airily in the sunshine, and sipping nectar from the flowers. It is not, however, that development from the ovum to the mature animal—*i.e.*, in all cases from a simple cell without form or structure of any kind, but possessing in each a distinctive vital principle directing the process through all its stages to the fore-ordained result, however high or low that may be—is more marvellous in the insect than in the higher animals; but that the changes through which it passes are more or less apparent to the eye, and may be studied as they go along. The chick, when it leaves the egg, is practically a complete though miniature bird, with head, limbs, and organs as in the adult, whereas the immediate product of the insect egg is in every way a totally different creature from the parent and its own mature form. The similar and subsequent stages in bird life can be seen, but only by successive breaking of the egg, and thus destroying life.

The greater house fly, *Musca domestica*—we need not trouble at present about the lesser, *Faunia canicularis*, as the same account will serve pretty well for both—lays at a sitting from 120 to 140 eggs $\frac{1}{16}$ in. in diameter, and she has four or five such clutches, say 700 eggs, in a season. As with all other insects, she makes no nest, but, with accurate foresight, deposits them in such a position that appropriate food, totally different from her own, and other necessary conditions for the prospective maggots, will be at hand on their emergence; when they will be left to shift for themselves, while she goes off to enjoy herself till the next time. In her case such a place is a heap of stable manure, or any moist and decaying vegetable matter, e.g., table refuse, bits of rotting cloth or old matting. If in a state of fermentation so much the better, as it generates heat, thus hastening the hatching. In about a day or less, according to temperature, the eggs hatch out into so many larvæ or maggots. The maggot, according to Professor Lefroy, is “an odd-shaped little creature about $\frac{1}{16}$ in. long, legless, and blind, clear white, and shining, the stern blunt, round and thick, the body tapering toward the head, which is very minute. Above the mouth projects a black hook-shaped process which is used in locomotion, and also in tearing up the food which is absorbed in a semi-fluid condition.” Immediately on emergence the maggot wriggles itself down and out of sight among the straw, and commences feeding and growing. In about a day or a day and a half it becomes too big for its skin, which it throws off and forms a new one. It then goes on feeding and growing for another twenty-four hours, when it moults again and becomes a full-grown larva, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, of a more opaque creamy white colour, but of identical shape, with only slight structural changes, chiefly connected with the breathing. It now enters upon and prepares for the pupa stage, seeking a dryer and more suitable environment for that process, when it no longer requires food. The body of the larva is now gradually contracted from the head towards the base, rounded and withdrawn inwardly from the outer chitinous skin, which hardens into a yellow barrel-shaped case called the puparium or chrysalis. Further progress is now hidden, as with the chick, for from five to seven days, only indicated by changes of colour, passing through bright red to a dark chestnut. When the latter stage is reached the imago inside is ready to emerge, having completed in those few days the development from an ugly, almost structureless, grub to a fully-formed fly, with its two great and wonderful eyes, its beautiful wings, and elaborate internal organisation. It now pushes with its head, which is provided with a bladder-like excrescence for the purpose of protecting the delicate eyes, upon the lid of the puparium, forcing its way out, and then seeking the light and sunshine. A few minutes of rubbing down its wings and stretching its limbs, and it is ready, along with its 130 brothers and sisters, to enter the house and join in the dance about the ceiling, to sample our food, and to sip sweat from our cheeks. After about a fortnight’s jollification in this way the fifty or sixty females of the family—supposing them all to survive—repair to some stable dungheap, domestic refuse stall, heap of decaying garbage, deposit of town refuse, or any other rotting vegetable matter, and each lays her 130 eggs, making in all 7,800, to be followed perhaps by three other such broods in the course of the summer, amounting to some 31,000 eggs, and ultimately flies. Then as the original mother would have other four broods of 130, the 240 females of which would all propagate in like

manner, she would be responsible for 156,000 grandchildren; and if her sixty sisters were equally prolific there would be a family party, if we could suppose their sitting down to a Christmas dinner, of something like 9,360,000, all descendants of one great-grandmother. At that rate, if all survived, it would not take long to bring this country up to Egypt or Gallipoli in the matter of flies. There would be in this district many millions of such great-grandmothers, each adding her quota at the same time; yet, at the end of the breeding season, we do not find any marked increase of flies. What has become of the enormous progeny of all these millions? No doubt fly papers may have accounted for a few thousands, and some hundreds may have been killed on the window panes, but such would make no impression on the countless myriads which would be bred, nor would the result of any fly campaign which could be instituted. What then stands between us and the awful fate which seems to threaten? The only possible answer is *Natural Law*; and the only possible means of averting the danger or lessening the evil is by promoting by all means in our power *Nature's Plan*.

ENEMIES OF FLIES.

We have heard the question asked, "What is the use of flies? Why were they ever created?" Without presuming to pry into the hidden thoughts, or question the motives and purposes of creative power, and looking at the question from a purely human point of view, we may reply, *to feed the birds*, and we may say again that the chief use of certain birds is *to eat the flies*, at the same time ministering to our enjoyment. If we had no flies we should have no swallows, nor any of the lovely warblers which come and sing to us in the spring, just in time for the first hatching of the flies, which they dispose of at a rate which no contrivance of ours could in the least degree approach. Many of our permanent bird residents, as the blackbirds and thrushes, the wagtails, the tits and wrens, the starlings and larks, the rooks, and many others, all feed greedily on the larvæ of the fly, and others of the insect and beetle tribes. It is not too much to say that, but for the birds, this world, at least in the warm and temperate climates, would be uninhabitable by man, and vegetation would also be to a great extent destroyed. There are other agents in the animal world which also tend greatly to preserve the balance of Nature in this respect. Only, perhaps, the bat and the shrew with us, among mammals, but among insects themselves there are very important counteracting agencies at work. Chief among these is the wasp. Although in the autumn the worker wasps, being then out simply to look after themselves, seem to prefer sweet and ripe fruit for their own dietary, the commissariat of the bike during the breeding season is entirely insectivorous, and must each consume a very large number of flies. The hover fly also is an indefatigable insect hunter. On a hot summer day it is very interesting to watch one hovering stationary in the air, its wings beating so rapidly as to be invisible, then suddenly darting off for a yard or so and returning to the same spot, but with a midge or an aphid in its mandibles, which it quickly sucks dry and drops, and then looks out for another. It seems to repeat this every minute or so while we look on, so that in the course of the day it must dispose of a good few thousands, and as they are themselves

very common, this must go a long way to keep down the plague of midges. The stable fly, while as a fly it goes for larger game, as the horse and the cow, and occasionally the human, in its larval state being bred in the same manure heap as the larvæ of the house fly, feeds largely upon these, and so helps to keep down the numbers of that house pest.

Nature is not such a bungler as some people would have us believe; but cannot be expected to provide for the perversity of man in interfering with and thwarting her beneficent arrangements. According to some farmers and gardeners, birds are so unconscionable as to claim a share of the fruits of the earth in return for the service they give by keeping down destructive insect life. Unfortunately, the good they do throughout the year is not apparent to the eye, whereas the little harm they perpetrate during some two months is very apparent, and appeals strongly to our selfish interests. On going through Harveston gardens recently with the gardener, I was rather surprised to see him take a blackbird from a net and set it free. When I expressed myself accordingly, he said, "Yes, when I began gardening I did as the others—killing every bird and destroying every nest; but I found I got no more fruit, so I gave it up, and now I find I get no less." I see in a report in the *Scotsman*, of a meeting of an Edinburgh Field Naturalist Club, that the gardeners there had been giving 4d. for every queen wasp brought to them in the spring, thereby preventing the formation of the same number of bikes, which would each have come to contain some hundreds of worker wasps. Does it occur to these gardeners to consider that each of these hundreds of wasps would probably in their life-time have killed some hundreds of flies, which, by their action, have been added to the hosts which torment us, spread disease, and propagate their kind? But the gardener's eyes are all on his fruit, and he may never have seen a wasp catch a fly. Allowing one hundred flies to each wasp would mean ten thousand to each hundred wasps in the bike, which would go on the whole summer, while the damage to fruit would only be for two or three weeks in the autumn. Each queen wasp destroyed in the spring may mean the survival of fifty thousand flies with their millions of progeny.

It is the same with the birds. If we artificially reduce the number of birds, we to the same extent tip the balance in favour of the flies. Fortunately, sportsmen do not in this country include singing birds in their bag as they do, or did, in France and some other continental countries, with disastrous consequences to the crops. But there is a custom here which is still more destructive of bird life. I refer to the robbing of nests by boys on the pretence of making collections of eggs, or with the object of selling to those who do so, leading in some cases which we hear of to pure wanton and brutal destruction. Apart from the cruelty of this, let us consider its effect upon the fly question. If, say, fifty boys each collect, or otherwise destroy, twenty eggs in a season, there is the loss of one thousand birds to the district; and allowing one thousand flies as the food for the season of each bird, which is a low estimate, these boys are the means of adding ten million of flies to our torments. What is the sense, then, of crying out upon Nature, when we ourselves go so far in thwarting her efforts.

As a general rule, and out of doors, it is certainly best to go hand-in-hand with Nature in seeking to maintain the due balance between all the forces

acting in the animal and vegetable world. Besides taking a far more just and comprehensive view of all the interests concerned, Nature, as the author and contriver of the whole scheme, and holding all the strings, is by far the best manager of its working. At the same time we are called upon to do our part. We can, by the exercise of proper care and the use of mechanical methods, relieve Nature of much otherwise necessary work in the way of sanitation, and thus enable her greatly to reduce her army of fly workers. If we carelessly leave quantities of refuse organic matter lying about, Nature is bound to set her agencies to work in order to get rid of it first by the disintegrating effect of aerial gases, and next by the deposit of fly eggs and larvæ to eat it up. This would be rendered unnecessary, and hordes of flies would be dispensed with, if we at once sent all such matter to a destructor, or perhaps better still, had it converted by some means into artificial manure for the fields and gardens. By leaving it to the necessarily slow operation of Nature we not only encourage, but render necessary, the propagation of fly life. Then in the house all the natural enemies of the fly are shut out except the spider; and, with her, the housemaid's energies are applied to destroying the web by which she seeks to catch the flies. Thus is the balance of Nature interfered with and requires to be supplemented by artificial means. If only we could train wagtails to be cleanly in their own habits, they might be a very effective as well as pleasing and natural method of meeting the fly pest. Failing that, adhesive and poisonous fly papers seem very effective. Various forms of fly traps have recently been introduced from America, and when I have seen them in operation they seem to serve the purpose. Another American invention rather took my fancy from a sporting point of view. It is like a miniature tennis racket about three inches in diameter. With that it is quite possible, but requires a good eye and a quick hand, to bring down a fly on the wing. If we could rid ourselves of the sportsman's criterion of the pot or the game dealer, fly killing with these might be quite a good form of sport. A fly battue, with perhaps a prize for the biggest bag, might be a very attractive form of entertainment for a summer evening. But after all, prevention is always better than cure, and it is wiser to get rid of the cause of flies than trust to a fight against them when there. In my experience the cleanest house is always the most free from flies; and the reverse of this is, at times, unpleasantly impressed upon me.

Flittin'.

O HONE a rie! O hone a rie!
My bonny dresser's hackit,
My sofa's legs are a' agee,
My chandelier is crackit;
Three muckle men wi' clarty feet
Are bringin' glaur and grit in,
As shair as daith I'm like to greet
At flittin'!

They bashed my jeely-pan the day,
 They broke my kitchen table,
 They rowed my dishes up in strae
 (The hoose is like a stable).
 There's no' a corner o' the flair
 That's fit for folk to sit in ;
 My legs are tired, my back is sair
 Wi' flittin' !

But clouds that seem to fill the sky,
 Maun ha'e a silver linin',
 Though donnert bodies micht deny
 The sun was ever shinin'.
 I found my keys, I found my ring,
 I found my specs and knittin',
 Wi' mony anither long-lost thing,
 When flittin' !

A. S., JUN.

The Inspector's Nightmare.

MR TIMOTHY GORDON, school inspector and martinet, was as conscientious a worker as it has ever been the good fortune of the Scotch Education Department to employ. He was a gentleman of great ability and learning, and a firm believer in our modern expensive and comprehensive methods of teaching. Unmethodical and obsolete ways of teaching on the part of teachers, and slackness and inattention of any description on the part of pupils, he thoroughly detested ; for his conception of the ideal school was an establishment where the strictest discipline prevailed, and where matters were ordered with the precision and method of a British dreadnought. There is a story to the effect that this conscientious gentleman, after an extra heavy Burns Club supper, one night dreamed a dream that went as near as a dream could do to shattering his nervous system. According to my informant, Mr Gordon, at the outset of his dream, found himself in a little eighteenth-century Scottish village, tilting the social tassie with the Parish minister at the local alehouse. "The Parish minister," says my informant, "in course of conversation with Mr Gordon, chanced to speak of a certain local 'old dame's school,' and suggested that the inspector should pay it an unexpected visit. To this suggestion of the Parish minister's Mr Gordon readily agreed, for he was curious to see this 'old dame's school,' and wished very much to inspect its scholars. Accordingly, the second stage of his dream found Mr Gordon at the door of 'Muckle Jean's School' ;* and it was at this point," says my informant, "that his vision

* A little to the west of the semi-detached villa called Brooklyn, there once stood a row of three one-storied thatched cottages known as Lowburn. In the westmost of these cottages was located the school of one Jean Christie, who, as the late Mr Wm. Gibson informs us, flourished about the end of the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth. Few notices are now extant of this once locally famous school, and even the proverbial "Oldest Residenter" in the parish, Dollar's somewhat remarkable record for longevity among its

began to assume the aspects of a dreadful nightmare. . . . Our worthy Mr Gordon, being garbed, dream fashion, in the Cloak of Invisibility, discovered his intrusion to nobody present. One swift glance round the classroom sufficed to show him what sort of place was Muckle Jean's School. He saw a fair-sized apartment, with bare unpapered walls entirely innocent of maps or charts, which was as unlike the classrooms he had been used to as any room could be. The apartment was half living-room half school-room; round two of its walls were three rows of low wooden benches for the accommodation of the thirty odd imp-children in whose midst he found himself; there was a dresser against the wall opposite the doorway, and a concealed-bed recess in the wall opposite the window; and divers household utensils could be seen depending from pegs and rafters, giving the place the appearance which the kitchen of the Old-Woman-Who-Lived-In-A-Shoe is supposed to have borne. But this was by no means all; for, on glancing in the direction of the fireplace, Mr Gordon was further distressed to see a very ancient dame, seated on an old-fashioned high-backed chair by the side of a small deal table, who might have been the very Old-Shoe-Woman herself.

"As may well be imagined, on witnessing this fearful scene Mr Gordon grew sick with dread and apprehension. He could see the old school-dame seated on her throne, her right hand toying with the books and 'carritches' lying on the table, and her restless left holding a long thin wand of cane or birch.* She was dressed in a skirt of hodden-grey, with a short plain bodice of the same rough material; her head was covered with a mutch or hood of velvet stuff, and her nose was adorned with a pair of ancient broad-rimmed spectacles. As you may suppose, this was a sight to fill Mr Gordon with the utmost concern and horror; but when he turned to inspect the old dame's scholars, his dread was such that his thoughts flew at once to that celebrated poem of Milton's, 'The Masque of Comus,' and he began to fancy himself confronted by the 'crew' of the semi-human monster of the poet. Two of the pupils, a boy and a girl, were seated near the doorway, making geometrical figures on their fingers with a piece of twine; other two pupils, a girl and a boy (the girl was the bigger, and possibly the chief offender), were seated in the centre of the room, back to back, on little low wooden stools of repentance. There was a sort of rugged Rugby-scrum going on in the corner near the window, and four little boys on a bench a little to the right thereof were looking (and evidently feeling) rather roguish, though making no practical demonstration of their roguishness. One little boy, as the scandalised Mr Gordon could see, was partaking of 'forbidden fruit' behind his lesson-book; and a little girl near the window was employed inspecting a beetle she had found on the floor. Only one scholar seemed to be attending to the mistress, a little boy, who was reading from a book, the while another little boy was tickling his neck with a

inhabitants notwithstanding, is unable to afford us much information with respect to it. The description of the school in the text has been composed mainly from information known to the present writer, and by aid of Webster's celebrated picture, "The Dame's School," depicting a scene in a village schoolhouse at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The writer above-named records that Jean Christie was known by the *soubriquet* of Muckle Jean, to distinguish her from another and smaller person of the same name.

* This wand was of such length that it used to be the custom for Dollar people, when referring to some very lengthy object, to say it was "as long as Muckle Jean's wand."

straw.* All this, and very much more, did our worthy school inspector see, as his Invisibility stood, rooted to the spot, near the doorway. He felt like a man who has obtained a glimpse of the particular section of Tartarus he is destined to occupy in after-life. He tried to scream aloud, but although he opened his mouth as wide as it would go, he could make no sound. He looked till his eyes grew glazed and distended with horror; and the more he looked, the greater the confusion, and the louder the din seemed to grow. At last he could stand it no longer; for the Rugby-scrum already mentioned, rolling and gyrating like a sackful of little cats, seemed at any moment likely to roll down upon and over him. With a Herculean effort he turned towards the doorway, the sound of Muckle Jean's wand tapping on the table, playing a devil's tattoo on his ear-drums; then out of the room he flew. . . . At this moment," continued my informant, "Mr Gordon awoke in an ice-cold sweat, quivering like an aspen leaf, and seeing horrible visions of old women, imp-children, and giant beetles in every corner of the room. The sound of Muckle Jean's wand still vibrated unpleasantly loud in his ears, and he could almost have sworn it was real. As a matter of fact, it was indeed no fanciful sound which Mr Gordon heard, as he quickly learned when, after half a minute's interval, his landlady opened his bedroom door, and told him it was seven o'clock, and time to get up. It was then that Mr Gordon awakened to the sweet reality that his last few hours' experience was but a dream."

The above is a by no means far-fetched account of a scene likely enough to have been witnessed at Jean Christie's school at any hour any school day. One is apt to wonder how these "old dames' schools" managed to exist so long as they did, and whether they ever served any really useful purpose in course of their career. That they invariably achieved much useful work is, strange as it may appear, well enough known; indeed, the achievement of the old village schools proved generally satisfactory, not only to the mistresses themselves, but also to the parents of the pupils attending them. I have no doubt that the achievement of Muckle Jean's School, haphazard and all as its methods probably were, and notwithstanding the general slackness and inattention that likely enough prevailed there, was very much better than one would have expected.

J. S. B.

Adieu.

"O death in life, the days that are no more."

YET linger, ye golden September days,
With the glory on field and river,
Stay yet awhile as we bid farewell
To the scenes we are leaving for ever.

* Mr Gibson records that when a scholar, in the course of a reading lesson, came to a word which neither he nor Muckle Jean could understand, the mistress was wont to tell him to "hip it, daughtie" (pass it over).



A. Drysdale

THE ACADEMY FROM THE HOCKEY GROUND

Farewell to the beauty of each new Spring,
That we hailed with the birds in the morning,
To the riper splendour of Summer days,
And Autumn when leaves were turning

To shades of yellow and russet and red,
In the woods where we loved to linger,
Till, days grown shorter and holidays sped,
We welcomed the joys of old Winter.

One long last look at the old grey School,
And memories crowding fast,
Bring to us many a vanished scene
From the hallowed days of the past.

Dear little grave on the quiet hill-side,
Within sound of the evening bell,
We linger by thee and the tears drop fast,
As we murmur a last farewell.

Farewell, for a voice is calling us now
Away from the scenes of our youth,
To quit us like men in the great world's strife,
To fight the great battle that men call life,
For Freedom, for Love, and for Truth.

M. CHRISTIE (F.P.).

Peeps into the Past History of Dollar.

CHAPTER XVII.

MORE ABOUT THE STEWARTS OF INNERMEATH AND CASTLE GLOOM.

I HAVE, I think, established in the last two chapters of this series my contention that the Stewarts of Innermeath and Castle Gloom are lineally descended from Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, the patriot soldier who fell fighting bravely on the fatal field of Falkirk, where Wallace made his last stand against the overwhelming army led by Edward I.

But what do we know of this distinguished soldier? Not much beyond the fact of his gallantry and his patriotic zeal. The earliest, as well as the fullest notice of him that I have yet come across, is contained in an elaborate "Genealogical and Chronological History of the Stewarts," an interesting old volume, which, through the kindness of Mr Richard Malcolm of West View, I have recently been privileged to examine. In that volume I find it stated that in the year 1286, at Turnberry Castle in Carrick, on 20th September, which was the eve of the day dedicated to St Matthew the apostle, a solemn covenant was ratified to which Sir John Stewart was one of the consenting parties. The persons participating in this covenant (which was one of the first of those many covenants so characteristic of Scottish history) were first of all, Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, as well as Robert, Earl of Carrick, and Bernard Bruce, the two sons of the said Lord of Annandale. But with them also were associated the following

great feudal barons, most of them belonging to the Scottish aristocracy, but some of them also to the English and Irish nobility, to wit :—James, 5th Lord High Steward, with his brother, Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, as well as his uncle, Walter Stewart, Earl of Monteith, and the two sons of the said uncle, Alexander and John Stewart, along with Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, and his three sons, Patrick, John, and Alexander, together with Angus M'Donald, known as Lord of the Isles, and Alexander his son, as well as Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester, and Richard Burgh, Earl of Ulster.

The object of the covenant thus solemnly entered into was to promote the interest of Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, as one of several candidates that were at that time rivals for the then vacant Scottish Crown. And the nature of the agreement may be inferred from the fact that the contracting parties agree that "they will henceforth adhere to and take part with one another, upon all occasions, and against all persons, saving the allegiance of the latter two to the King of England, and the fidelity of the former fourteen to him who should gain the Kingdom of Scotland by right of blood from King Alexander, then lately deceased."

From the above document we are, I think, warranted to infer that the Sir John Stewart whose name figures there on equal terms with some of the greatest feudal barons of the time, belonging not merely to Scotland, but to England and Ireland as well, must have been a man of considerable wealth and power. We know at least that he was the younger brother of James, 5th Lord High Steward of Scotland, and that he is commonly supposed to have been born about the year 1246. Further, I find it alleged in the book to which I have already referred, that he married an heiress, "Margaret, daughter of Sir Alexander Bonkyl of that ilk, in whose right he had become possessed of large estates." From all these considerations, therefore, we see clearly that the Sir John Stewart, the connection of whose family with Dollar it is my object in this chapter to establish, must have been a man of great mark and likelihood in the Scotland of his day, and, therefore, a person quite entitled to take his place alongside of not only his own feudal chief, who was also his brother, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, but even of the claimant to the crown himself, Robert Bruce, the Lord of Annandale.

There is another conclusion to which the document above quoted clearly points, and that is the constancy and heartiness with which the entire Stewart family supported the claims of the family of Bruce as the true heirs to the Scottish throne. It is, moreover, quite in consistency with this fact, that though, during the early struggles under Wallace of the Scottish people to throw off the English yoke, the Bruce family were not conspicuous among the patriots, it was quite otherwise with the Stewarts. For from the very beginning of the Scottish War of Independence the Stewarts gave their support to the patriot movement. Thus when in 1297 Sir William Wallace and Sir William Douglas bravely set themselves to restore their country to its ancient rights and privileges, we find that among the most conspicuous of the Scottish nobles who rallied to Wallace's standard were the two heads of the Stewart house, both James, the Lord High Steward, and Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, his younger brother. Both gentlemen, moreover, remained true to the patriot cause to the last, Sir John, indeed, having fallen among his vassals and military tenants, of whom, in the absence of his brother, he was acting as the valiant leader at the fatal battle of

Falkirk. Unfortunately, prior to that never-to-be-forgotten conflict, a wretched dispute arose between Sir John Stewart and Wallace, and Sir John Comyn of Badenoch, as to who had the right to lead the van in the approaching encounter. During the heat of the dispute, it is stated that Sir John Stewart declared roundly that in spite of Wallace's merits as a leader, and his position as Guardian of the Kingdom, yet, as he was only a creature of the people's making, he had no right to invade the privilege of the Lord High Steward's family. Moreover, losing command of his temper in his wrath, it is alleged that he compared Wallace to "an owl which, having borrowed a feather from every bird, and having thus become richly plumed, arrogantly advanced himself above all others." The result of this fatal contention was that the Scottish army entered on the impending conflict without that unity of spirit and aim that is essential to victory. And when, in addition to this initial handicap against success, we bear in mind the treachery of Sir John Comyn, who, without stroke of sword, is said to have made a shameful retreat with ten thousand men, it is small wonder that the overwhelming English host bore down the resistance of the Scottish patriot army. It is told that when Wallace saw how Sir John Stewart and his troops were hard pressed, that admiring his courage, his heart melted for what had passed between them, and throwing away any ill-feeling occasioned by the recent dispute, he rushed to his rival's aid. But before he could bring the help required Sir John had fallen on the field of honour, after having performed prodigies of valour.

Early Scottish chroniclers combine to exalt the character of this illustrious soldier, speaking of him as "*valentissimus, nobillissimus, fortissimus, clarissimus,*" &c., while uninterrupted tradition and common fame confirm their testimony. It is further corroboration of these accounts that the monument erected over the hero's grave in Falkirk churchyard, which one hundred years ago was still standing, was known as "the tomb of the Stout Stewart."

I can hardly doubt that to all natives of Dollar it will be a matter of interest to know that it was to one of the sons of this resolute and splendid patriot that the ancient castle, which still looks down upon us from its commanding site, came as a reward of loyalty and valour, when Scotland's king at last obtained his own again.

But to which of the seven sons of the hardy knight who fell at Falkirk was it that the Dollar estate, as well as many other lands that were held in conjunction with it, was committed by his royal master, Robert the Bruce? In answering this question I have had considerable difficulty, as the authorities which I have consulted on this subject are in some cases at variance with one another. I have, therefore, had some little difficulty in disentangling the genealogical puzzle which this conflict of authorities presented to me. I shall not, however, trouble my readers here with the reasons that have decided me to accept the view which Dr Anderson, in the *Scottish Nation*, has adopted. Suffice it to say that after a careful consideration of the opposing views in regard to this matter, I am now satisfied that it was from Sir James Stewart, the fourth son, and not from Sir Alan, the second son of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, that the Stewarts of Castle Gloom are descended. This Sir James Stewart has proved a prolific source of noble Scottish families. Thus I find it stated that not only was he personally the founder of the family of Innermeath and Craighall, but

that from that family have sprung the families of Lorne, Durisdeer, and Rosyth. Further, from Lorne and Innermeath are derived both the Earls of Buchan and the Earls, now Dukes, of Atholl, as well as the Stewarts of Grantully and others, as, *e.g.*, the Stewarts of Appin and Kinnaird and Innerdunning, while finally, from the Earl of Buchan there has sprung the Earls of Traquair.

Now, that such an array of separate aristocratic families should be all the lineal descendants of one alone of the sons of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, and of that son in particular who, after the battle of Bannockburn, obtained along with other valuable properties the possession of Castle Gloom, and the other lands then connected with it, is a very clear indication of the prominent and influential position held in the Scotland of the Middle Ages by that particular son and his successors in his estates. I must not, of course, omit to mention here that from the three elder sons of Sir John Stewart a considerable number of noble Scottish families are also sprung, as, for instance, the Earls of Angus from Sir Alexander, the eldest son; the Lords of Darnley, as well as the Earls and Dukes of Lennox, from Sir Alan, the second son; and the Earls of Galloway from Sir Walter, the third son. I may refer here to an interesting fact in connection with two of these Stewarts, and the families which they have originated, which seems to me to cast a striking light on the amazing way in which the people of Scotland are interrelated. The fact to which I refer is not only corroborative of the great part which, as I am arguing, was played in the early fourteenth century by the sons of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, but also of the widespread radiation which, in the course of centuries, the families of these sons have succeeded in making among the Scottish people. Thus it is a well-attested fact that, at the sanguinary battle of Halidon Hill, which was fought in 1333, Sir Alan, Sir James, and Sir John Stewart, three of the seven soldier sons of the hero of Falkirk, were all slain simultaneously. Moreover, referring to this tragic incident, Sir David Dalrymple, in his "Annals of Scotland," ii. 169, makes the following suggestive comment:—"It may be remarked that at Halidon two Stewarts fought under the banner of their chief; the one, Alan of Dreghorn, through the Darnleys the paternal ancestor of Charles I., and the other, James of Rosyth and Castle Gloom, the maternal ancestor of Oliver Cromwell."

This is probably a unique instance, verifiable by reason of the important position of the persons concerned, of what, I believe, is the astounding way in which the Scottish people are entitled "to call cousins," as we phrase it, to one another. We have a Scottish proverb, I allow, that is clearly intended to restrain this peculiarly Scottish craving after an honourable pedigree, to the effect that "A' Stewarts are na sib to the King." But though there is no doubt both pawky wisdom and wholesome common sense, and even a touch of satire in the proverb just quoted, still there is another Scottish proverb that, I think, goes deeper, and even is more scientifically true than the aristocratic saw to which I have alluded; and that is the typically democratic Scottish proverb which affirms broadly "We're a' John Tamson's bairns." For, when one thinks of it, the interdependence of the various families, inhabiting any long settled country, must be very close and intimate. Thus we are all aware that we have each two parents in the generation preceding our own. We know also that one generation further back we have four grandparents. We may

possibly have reflected that, in the same manner, we have eight great-grandparents and sixteen great-great-grandparents. But most people have not carried the process far enough to calculate that in the tenth generation back—if we exclude intermarriages—the number of our progenitors was ten hundred and twenty-four. Still fewer people have considered—again excluding intermarriages—that the number of our progenitors in the twenty-first generation back exceeds two millions. Now, putting a generation at thirty years, we conclude from the above reasoning that six hundred years ago, that is at the time these Stewarts flourished, the number of persons existing who have borne a part in the production of our own individual bodies must have exceeded two millions. But six hundred years ago, not to speak of two thousand years ago, it is certain that the population of Scotland was far under two millions. On the supposition that, during the period in which the admixture of families has been going on, there have been relatively few intermarriages, and little or no admixture of foreign blood, we must each of us represent in our own body the germ-plasms and the characteristics of the entire Scottish people that fought so gallantly for Scottish independence under Wallace and Bruce—not to speak of the germ-plasms of the rude races whom the Romans failed to subdue.

It is mere fancy, therefore, for anyone to-day, to point out a definite individual several centuries back as his exclusive ancestor. For the people of to-day are in a body the children of the people of ancient times. So far at least as the physical structure of each of us is concerned, if we are entitled to look upon it at all as handed down to us from our ancestors, we may say that this inheritance has been completely diffused and intermingled, so that going back some six centuries, it would be much harder to find a man who was not our ancestor than one who was.

Referring to this subject recently in a public address, Mr Arthur Balfour, the Conservative statesman, told an assembly of Welshmen that he did not believe there was any sharp distinction between the various races in the British Isles, which could be traced either by means of historical research, anthropology, or the study of character. All the differences melted into one another, and there was no such thing in these islands as a man of pure descent from any race whatever.

Now, while there is no doubt much to be said for the view here set forth by Mr Balfour, yet, as he uses it, it is somewhat misleading. For undoubtedly the facts of history put it beyond dispute that, till little more than a century ago, the people of Scotland were so segregated alike from England, and Wales, and Ireland, that the intermarriages between these nationalities and the people of Scotland may safely be disregarded as having had any appreciable effect in producing the type of resolute and hardy manhood which we are wont to regard as peculiarly Scottish. It has been said that the Scot fights best when he sees his own blood, and that when tested by trial he comes out, as the Latin proverb puts it, *ex arduis arduior*, harder by hammering. We have all heard, too, of the adaptability of the Scot, rendering him so successful in colonial enterprise and mercantile pursuits, that even in competition with national types so resourceful as the Englishman, the Yankee, and the Jew, he seldom comes off second best. There is, indeed, an amusing apologue in which a beaten and disappointed Englishman has admirably hit off this Scottish peculiarity. It runs thus: There was once an enterprising

chameleon, a creature notoriously capable of mutability, and always able to adapt itself to its surroundings. This chameleon, as the result of a laborious life, had seated itself on all the primary colours, and had successfully assimilated itself to them all. Its ambition growing, it seated itself on a Scotch plaid. The chameleon burst. I need not elaborate the moral of the fable. For it is practically the same as the thought to which the eloquent English statesman, George Canning, once gave expression, when, after hearing one of Dr Chalmers's impassioned orations, that first of parliamentary speakers in his day impulsively exclaimed in mingled wonder and delight—"Ah, yes; the tartan beats us all."

But to return from this digression and resume my review of the genealogical data I have found in the various works I have consulted, I remark that the author of the "Genealogical and Chronological History of the Stewarts" seems to me to have established the claim of Sir James Stewart of Innermeath to be the son of the hero of Falkirk. This he does by showing that precisely the same coat of arms as that which characterises similar seals in the case of all the elder sons of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl is figured on a charter dated in 1377, in which Sir Alan Stewart of Ochiltree, younger son of the deceased Sir James Stewart, who fell at Halidon, conveys the Barony of Langnewton in Roxburgh to Sir Henry Douglas of Lugton. Moreover, to this charter Sir Robert Stewart of Innermeath, elder brother of the said Sir Alan, affixes his seal as a witness. And that seal is also an exact replica of the other, consisting of a fesse cheque within a border, charged with three buckles, for the names of Stewart and Bonkyl. Now, as Sir Alexander Stewart, the eldest son of the brave soldier who fell at Falkirk, as well as his son, the Earl of Angus, and all their successors were distinguished by the like armorial bearings, the inference is inevitable that Sir James Stewart of Innermeath and Sir Alexander Stewart of Bonkyl, who each had precisely similar insignia, were both sons of the same father, viz., of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl.

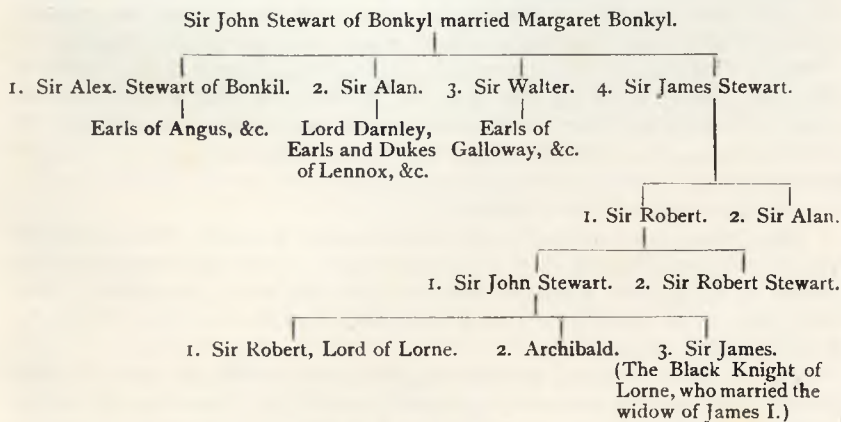
I may mention at this point, in corroboration of this argument, that an earlier charter is in existence, in which Robert I. conveys the lands of Perstoun and Warwickhill, in the Barony of Cunningham, to the aforesaid Sir James Stewart, son of the deceased Sir John, already referred to. I am interested in this grant, as the estate of Perstoun and Warwickhill was one I often visited in my boyhood, situated as it was in Dreghorn parish, about two miles from my native town of Irvine; and it has been quite a pleasant discovery for me to make, that well-nigh six centuries ago, the same family that at that date owned the lands of Castle Gloom was also then in possession of an estate in Ayrshire, with which I have many happy associations.

I have mentioned that a brother of Sir Alan Stewart, who witnessed the charter given to Douglas in 1377, is designated in the said charter Sir Robert Stewart of Innermeath. But in the interesting volume on the Stewarts of Appin the author states that he was also in an earlier charter styled Sir Robert Stewart of Shanbothy, Clackmannanshire. I have made some inquiries in regard to the property to which that name may then have belonged. But as yet I have got no clear light in regard to it. My own conjecture in regard to it is that possibly a number of separate properties, now formed into distinct estates, may have been united in the possession of

the Stewarts at the time when Castle Gloom came into their hands, and that the general name Shanbothy was attached to the combined property. It is to some extent suggestive of this view that at Carnbo, in the east of Muckart, there is to this day an estate known as Shanwell, *i.e.*, the old well, while on the hill west of Dollar, above Tillicoultry, is another property called Shannochhill. It is further corroboration of this theory that, as Shanbothy in Celtic speech means the old dwelling, and as Gloom Castle was undoubtedly, as I have already shown, a very old dwelling, it would have been quite natural to describe the estate pertaining to the said Castle by an epithet so characteristic of the residence attached to it, *viz.*, as Shanbothy or the old dwelling place. But, however this may be, it is certain that Sir Robert Stewart of Innermeath, in Forteviot, and Sir Robert Stewart of Shanbothy, in Clackmannanshire, were one and the same person. Moreover, this Sir Robert, according to a statement in "The Stewarts of Appin," had a charter from his cousin, Thomas de Moravia, Lord of Bothwell, which was confirmed by David II., of the lands of Shanbothy in Clackmannanshire. The same authority further states that this Sir Robert had also a grant, dated 23rd March 1362, from the same monarch of the lands of Motherwell and Dalzell in Lanarkshire, as well as a charter of Innermeath in Perthshire, and also half the lands of Redcastle in Forfarshire. Redcastle itself was long possessed by the Stewarts of Innermeath, who at the same time held Inverkeillor and Lunan. This noble Scotsman, who died in 1387, we are told, left two legitimate sons, the younger of whom, also called Sir Robert, having married Janet Macdougall, the elder daughter of John de Ergadia, Lord of Lorne, was the means of bringing the Lorne property, and also the titles, into the possession of the Stewarts of Shanbothy and Innermeath. But as it will require some little attention and elaboration to treat this part of the Stewart family history adequately, I shall postpone treatment for another quarter, and will deal with it, therefore, in the next number of the *Magazine*.

Meanwhile, as giving a vidimus of the Stewart pedigree down to the time when the Black Knight of Lorne married the Queen-Dowager, who was widow of James I., I give here a rough draft of that pedigree.

PEDIGREE OF THE STEWARTS OF CASTLE GLOOM AND INNERMEATH.



(To be continued.)

Ode to Lochaber.

OH, wild Lochaber, beauteous land,
 Whose praises often bards have sung,
 My spirit is at thy command,
 My muse's harp by thee is strung.

When from the city's grime and din
 I flee to thy sequestered glen,
 I find that longed-for calm within,
 Revealed in mountain, moor, and fen.

With purple heather on thy braes,
 And golden broom, and whin, and fern,
 The thousand beauties of thy ways
 The child of Nature soon must learn.

Thy silv'ry lakes and murm'ring streams,
 Where sportive-like the fishes play,
 I see before me in my dreams
 Made radiant as the light of day.

Thy stately trees so proudly stand—
 Stout oak, green larch, and birches white—
 Whose whisp'ring leaves are gently fanned
 By balmy breezes day and night.

Who would not die for such a land!
 Or who would play the traitor's part!
 For thy proud name men firm did stand,
 For thee they gave a bleeding heart.

R. S. ARMSTRONG.

An Old Change House.

IN the olden days, long before the time of railways, or even of macadamised high roads, one of the main routes between the north and the south of Scotland crossed the Forth at Kincardine ferry. Here and there this road has quite disappeared, in parts it has been re-made to form the present highway, but in long stretches it still remains as a rough country lane.

From Dunning it comes across the hills, rising to over a thousand feet above sea level, down to the Yetts of Muckart, where it has been incorporated with the main road as far as the west end of the village. It then branches off to the left, passes the school-house, and goes on by Leys farmhouse, and so down to the Devon, where there was doubtless a ford a little distance below Vicar's Bridge.

From this point its course to the Forth is only traceable here and there, but a careful examination of an ordnance map will show how comparatively straight is its general direction between Dunning and Kincardine. The latter place must have been a very important ferry in those days, especially at the time of "Falkirk Tryst."

The houses at Holburn, of which we give an illustration, are generally supposed to have been used as a change house or small inn, that on the right of the photograph having the date 1684 carved above the doorway. R. K. H.



R. K. Holmes

HOLBURN

Homeward Bound.

THE sun shone, the flowers bloomed; beyond, the ripening corn swayed golden to a perfume-laden breeze; afar, a green bulwark girded the horizon, simmering, as it seemed, in the summer heat. Almost every blade of grass harboured an insect, birds were gay amid the branches of the trees, and high up in the depth of the sky an eagle wheeled majestic circles, showing black against a fleecy cloud. And our hearts were full of joy, exulting in the happiness of life, in the vitality of youth as it flowed into us with every breath—this was nectar to us, for Nature seemed to have steeped the air in the Spring of Life. We laughed and sang, careless of the morrow, while the good fairy spun her enchanted web, enmeshing us in her golden dream. So it seems now, looking back at that time.

Thus, floating serenely down the tide of Time, the vision of the world seemed fair to us, and fairer still the distance pictured itself, Hope rising bright above in its anchor-shaped radiance.

But like a thunderbolt from the blue the Dogs of War ran loose, snapping the spinning yarn, and we awoke to the rude reality that war was upon us. Immediately several of our number had to go, and I saw scenes in the village which are not readily forgotten, when the reservists were called upon to throw down their sickles and bid good-bye to their homes—some to reap the golden corn no more. The remainder lapsed into a serious, meditative mood, and only when the morning post brought the papers, this gave way to a feverish anxiety for news. Deserted was the tennis ground, and the lovely glades re-echoed no more to the merriment of our picnics. Hunting lost somehow its keenness, and the savage thrill of exultation at a quarry run down was subdued.

This was in the summer of 1914, when I was staying on a large estate in Eastern Russia; there I remained a short time longer, but the call was strong, and it grew more insistent, so very soon I left for the town, intending thence to come across immediately to enlist; but I was still under age, and consequently was obliged to bide my time. However, not so very long after I was free, and away I went.

Arrived at Petrograd, the first thing to be done was to look up the British Recruiting Committee, and then visit the doctor. But there still remained a couple of certain red-tape establishments to be dealt with. Well, the former offered no difficulty, but the latter I quickly found to be a stumbling-block, for the advice there obtained was discouraging. No one need know what I thought or said of them—to myself, of course! But certainly I was not enamoured of their red-tape prejudice. However, I was not going to be disheartened by this obstruction. My passport was in order, and, as a British recruit, the Russian Government provided me with a free warrant as far as the frontier, and I set off determined to justify myself before my red-tape "friends."

I left Petrograd in the morning, and soon found there was quite a small company bound for England. A few hours sufficed to acquaint myself with the different characters, who proved to be a motley assembly. The greater part hailed from the land of the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock—business men, engineers, a couple of school-boys, an official from the British Legation. But there were only two of us on our way to enlist. Of the others, a dozen Russians formed the majority. One—I overheard this by chance—proved

to be a diplomat on his way to the Scandinavian capital on some mission; others were again Poles and Riga Jews. This illustrious *entente* was flavoured by two or three Danes or Swedes—or so at least they professed to be. One of these neutrals, with typical Teuton features, used to come along the corridor and stand at a window near our compartment door, apparently deep in the study of the surrounding topography; but several times I caught him turn suddenly round to look at us rather suspiciously, more so when we made a joke about the Kaiser or his Huns. They certainly understood English, but none would deign to speak to us, even when sitting *vis-à-vis* at a dinner table in the restaurant car. I am strongly inclined to the belief that their sympathies were anything but on the side of the Allies. By the time we settled down, the frontier station of Finland was reached, and the first act of the tragedy developed, although an onlooker would have classed it as a comedy; but we passengers were the victims, and had therefore our own opinion of the whole display. Here I may explain that Finland, though a part of the Russian Empire, has its own Parliament and laws, and the Customs' duties are totally different—hence these two countries are separated by a frontier. Well, before the train even came to a halt, it rushed several porters, one of them a dwarf in stature but of an immense breadth, whose hands dangled almost to the ground.

But he speedily dispelled our scepticism by seizing four large portmanteaus from the racks, and waddled out with them into the station hall, only his head and legs showing among the straps. The other porters followed suit, and in a few minutes the compartments were clear of everything. Naturally we followed our belongings, and entering the station found the trunks being dragged and thrown mercilessly on top of a counter. This was the Customs House examination, and I verily believe that a historian in search of an exemplification of the fall of Babylon would have been delighted with the miniature counterpart which that station hall presented. In the twinkle of an eye the ropes and straps were sent flying from their holds, the key inserted, and a couple of coarse hands, seemingly inlaid with ebony in every fold of the skin, plunged into the privacy of one's belongings, digging a hole into the middle or tearing one's tie-box out of a bottom corner, where it had been laid with tender care to rest in peaceful security. Thus ransacked, we were allowed to regain possession of our things; and whilst another handbag was hauled up to undergo a similar operation, the first had to be repacked. Of course there was no thought of doing this systematically, for some things were crumpled and others stretched, and I am afraid some starched shirts and nicely-creased trousers had additional folds imposed upon them. And when at last I straightened my back, wiping perspiration off my brow, a chaos of ropes, trunks, hand-lorries, flying clothing, and jingling keys made confusion in my eyes; the whole moved with bewildering rapidity, ever changing. Yet the officials, in their activity, seemed singularly calm and steady amid the seething mass of excited women and men who muttered unholy maledictions under their breath.

Thus our luggage was ransacked, our pockets run through in search for letters or incriminating papers. All our money was counted, because only 500 roubles (about £50) were allowed to leave the country per person, and that in silver or notes, as gold is now regarded as the lawful property of the Government; nevertheless I was allowed to keep an English sovereign.

This personal search was conducted in another room, whence we were ushered into a third hall; here we were each issued with a sheet of foolscap on which about a hundred questions were printed in half-a-dozen languages. For a time a comparative stillness fell upon the assembly, only broken by the pens scribbling answers anent our parentage, &c. &c. At last, after a two hours' halt, everybody was back in his place except one person, who for some reason or another was not allowed to proceed further, and the express rushed forward into Finland, a land of firs and lichen-grown grey rocks.

It was early spring, and the snow took on daily a darker colour, dripping and sliding from the roofs in miniature avalanches, and thawing round about the tree trunks. Thus we sped on northwards amid the little changing scenery; but one natural phenomenon thrilled me, and left an impression by which I shall remember that journey through Finland, and this was the sunset of that day. Most of the sky was veiled in fleecy clouds, but between the western horizon and the bank of clouds there lay a blue gulf; across this the fiery orb slowly sank, and, lowering, more and more of the bloody rays swilled the vapoury canopy, painting the underside in brilliant red, the shadows rounding into the like of burnished bronze, seemingly pressing forth red-hot cameos, until the whole sky flamed in a gorgeous sheen of rusty red and rose, shimmering like a mass of molten metal. Slowly the sun settled behind the fir-tops, thickening the violet shadows on the east of objects, but even long after the larger stars peeped brilliant in the opaque boundlessness, the west glimmered, dimming like cooling charcoal.

About noon the next day we arrived at Karunki. The whole place consisted of the station building with its warehouses and a few wooden shanties, for this railway terminus had only been erected since the commencement of the war. Above the station, strung from two lofty poles, floated a string of bunting, flapping to the world the colours of the *entente cordiale*; the tops of the poles bore the Russian flags, and away across the glittering sheet of snow another flagstaff floated the Swedish flag. Below it could be seen an outpost with a motionless figure standing beside. In Karunki we underwent our second treatment at the hands of the *gendarmérie*, but it was rather milder than the preceding one. This over, we were bundled into long sleighs, broad at the back, but tapering towards the box; they had no seats, but I quite enjoyed lounging on the rugs and furs, as we were swung along by the shaggy, sturdy pony, bumping and rocking over the wavy sledge road. We slid along the slushy snow for about three-quarters of a mile over what was then the frozen boundary river of Torneo. When approached, the place became more and more lively, and at last our furred driver drew up beneath the flagstaff. Here we were confronted by Swedish soldiery, fair-haired giants, fur-collared and stolid, some with skis strapped to their backs. What I was dreading happened: the Swedes were not going to let us pass without their look in, and they did it most thoroughly.

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

(To be continued.)

Notes from Near and Far.

AGAIN a year closes on our labours, and reminds us of the rapid flight of that "boon beyond the gift of kings"—Time. "The flight of time" is a commonplace of poets and preachers, and yet it is a great fact—great in its reality, its importance, and its consequences. Hence it is that the mind attaches a singular significance to the close of seasons, and the recurrence of anniversaries—the touch of the finger of time which shuts up the volume of the irrevocable years, and brings into distinctness before us the fact that the eye of memory alone can review—while it cannot revive the past; and that the pen of the annalist may portray, but cannot reproduce, those periods of endeavour and of hope which quickened the pulse and enlivened the heart, which led to thought and stirred to labour.

Our readers will scarcely feel surprised that we have opened our present number in this strain of moralising, when they remember, or are told, that fourteen years have now elapsed since the *Dollar Magazine* took its first step into the presence of the public, and sought a fair field and no favour from the critic and the reader.

We have no doubt that, during the fourteen years in which our *Magazine* has been acting as a connecting link among Dollarians, it has not only kept alive their interest in our Academy and its surroundings, but has also revived and strengthened the memories of their school years with their first friendships and early associations. That it has created in some a taste for literary efforts and pursuits we have abundant evidence to prove; and this fact itself constitutes a strong claim for public encouragement and support.

Here we have pleasure in quoting from a letter by Professor Bradley, Oxford, one of our most erudite English scholars. Writing to the Rev. Mr Wilson, he says :—

"DEAR MR WILSON,—What a capital magazine for a small country town! (*Dollar* is only that, I suppose, at least as size is estimated in England. I don't know the population). The photographs alone, and their reproduction, are enough to stamp the periodical as above the common, though I don't know whether the work is done by local men. Several of the articles look well worth reading; my daughter, who has been lecturing at Cheltenham College in the Kindergarten Training Department, has found one (on an educational subject) that has quite fascinated her.

"I shall read your articles with interest, though I am rather sceptical as to the possibility of explaining the name of *Dollar*. I suspect that many place-names are derived from *lost* words of which no trace is known. The abstract probability of this is shown by the fact that there are a good many names the etymology of which is known only through the lucky chance that a word has been preserved in a single passage in some old writer. It is conceivable that *Dollar* may not be a compound at all, but a simple word with a derivative suffix. Still you *may* be right, and you seem to have proved that Mr Johnston's etymology does not fit the topography in all cases.

"Many thanks, to which I must add my congratulations to the good folk of *Dollar* on their excellent magazine.—Yours sincerely,

"HENRY BRADLEY."

With such a testimonial to the excellence of the *Magazine* from a scholar of such eminence, no wonder if we forget anxieties of the past in the results of the present, and look forward to a higher position and a wider range of influence in the future.

A number of contributors have given substantial aid in various departments of this volume. But it happens with such concerns that new interests, fresh cares, removals of a glad or of a sad nature, and changes of various sorts, cause lapses and withdrawals, so that unless the number is constantly recruited by writers moved by a similar spirit, the work falls heavily upon those who bear the heat and burden of the day. In taking note of the contents, we cannot avoid reflecting with pleasure on the value of the facts and opinions brought together in the papers on "Peeps into the Past History of Dollar." Their importance will not be doubted by anyone who can appreciate the amount of original research involved in them.

The attractiveness of "Nature Notes," "Notes from Near and Far" and "School Notes" cannot for a moment be doubted; and though they have excited considerable interest as they have appeared in our quarterly issues, we rejoice to be able to have them in the more enduring form of a volume, firmly believing that, as we thus give

"The strength of some *diffusive thoughts*
Both time and space to work and spread,"

we are promoting the best interests of the community.

We need add no more by way of introducing our fourteenth volume to the general public; but we must gratefully acknowledge the kindness of many friends in enabling us to make it what it is, and we earnestly invite the co-operation of all to render its successors still more worthy.

* * * * *

"DOLLAR MAGAZINE" IN THE GERMAN TRENCHES.—The popularity of the *Dollar Magazine* has been attested in a remarkable manner by two incidents that have recently been reported from the front in France. Mr Percy Walton, M.A., tells us that on entering a dug-out "the first thing I came across lying on the floor was the *Dollar Magazine* for June"; and Mr Fred. J. Munro, M.A. (F.P.), in a letter to Sir Robert Maule, encloses the first leaf of our March number, which he picked up in a German trench, and which contains an appreciative article upon Sir Robert, together with six stanzas of Miss Sutherland's poem, "The Call of Spring." Gunner Munro writes:—

"12th October 1915.

"I enclose a page that will interest you. I picked it up in the old German trenches now occupied by us on the scene of last week's fighting. Curious how the torn page caught my eye among all the debris; but it must show you either how little the world is or how famous you really are.

"I am serving as a gunner in the battery of heavy guns. Noise too deafening to think! . . . My address is Gunner F. G. Munro, 56322, 2nd Siege Battery, R.G.A., British Expeditionary Force, France. I hope that you get this all right. Very cold here; but we're not down-hearted. I trust that you yourself are keeping well, and bearing up amid all your recent trials . . .—Yours very sincerely,
F. J. MUNRO."

In favouring the editors with these particulars, Sir Robert says :—

“The incident referred to in the enclosed letter will, I daresay, be regarded by you, as it is by me, as remarkable.

“The writer is the eldest son of our mutual friend, the Rev. Robert Munro, late of Kincardine. Should you think it worth while to make mention of the matter in your next issue of the *Dollar Magazine* by way of interesting some of the Old Boys, especially those of them who are doing their bit with the colours at this sad time, you are free to make use of the enclosures in any way.

“Import is lent to the find by the fact that Fred. Munro also attended Dollar Academy. Curious, isn't it, that the leaf should be found in a German trench? Had you any boys of that nationality at the School during recent years? . . .—Sincerely yours,

ROBERT MAULE.

“P.S.—Needless to say, I should like to preserve the leaf as a memento.—
“R. M.”

It *is* curious, as Sir Robert says, that the leaf should have been found in a German trench, and various attempts have been made to account for its getting there. The explanation that we like best, one that does honour to our contributors, is that some German student anxious “to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious,” had been wisely studying the pages of the *Dollar Magazine*!

* * * * *

A BUSY DAY.—Saturday, 23rd October, will be remembered as one of the busiest days of the season, and in keeping with the spirit of the times the war coloured all the events of the day. In the early morning heaven seemed to smile down propitious auguries on the V.A.D. nurses, who by watchfulness and persuasive words succeeded in selling so many flags to the passers-by, that they were able to hand over to the Red Cross Society the handsome sum of thirty pounds. Nor did the efforts of the Women's Detachment end here, for in the afternoon a Cake and Candy Sale was held in the Academy Hall. Mrs Kerr, of Harvieston Castle, in opening the sale, said: “I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that many words are not necessary. We all know that this sale is in aid of the Red Cross funds, and that every one feels that they cannot do enough to help at such a time. This is expected to be the biggest Flag Day Scotland has yet known. Thousands of collectors have been at work everywhere, even, we are told, in the Outer Hebrides, and distant dwelling-places, hitherto unappealed to in this way, for the Red Cross carries a message to all hearts and homes to-day. I wish to thank the commandant and nurses of the Voluntary Aid Detachment for asking me to open their sale, and to say we are all very proud of them. As we cannot all be nurses, we must each just help in the best way we can, giving of our best, till the shadow of that great cross is lifted that rests over our land. I have much pleasure in asking every one to make this sale a success to-day by clearing the stalls.”

The stalls were cleared in a very short time, bringing in £42. 5s. 4½d.; and the Women's Detachment, after paying local expenses, were able to send to the funds of the British Red Cross Society £71. 15s. 10½d.

About midday the elements began to threaten; and, to the bitter disappointment of all, a phenomenally wet afternoon and evening ensued.

The pelting storm was much regretted, as the principal, eagerly looked for event of the day—the arrival of a contingent of the 2/7th Black Watch, numbering 600 men—was yet to come. For the following account of the reception given to them we are indebted to the *Alloa Journal*:—

“Our main concern, however, in this article is with the exceedingly hospitable way in which the citizens of the town rose to the occasion in the entertainment of the military ‘strangers within the gates.’ It was known a day or two beforehand that a contingent of about six hundred of the 2/7th Black Watch were to arrive on Saturday, as Colonel Cochrane, one of the officers of the battalion, was in town making arrangements for the billeting of the officers and men. Ample accommodation was found for the men in the Institution Hall, the Masonic Hall, and the Scout Hall in the old town; while the officers were billeted at the Castle Campbell Hotel, and in various private houses in the town. But Dollar’s ideas of hospitality include something more than bare lodging room; and Provost Mrs Malcolm, inspired by the evident anxiety of the Commanding Officer that his men should be comfortably put up while in Dollar, set about making arrangements whereby the citizens of the town might entertain their visitors with a courtesy worthy of the occasion. A house-to-house collection was speedily undertaken, with the result that sufficient funds were soon collected to give the men a hearty tea in the Established Church Hall at the Burnside.

“The contingent arrived in Dollar from Glenfarg about five o’clock in the afternoon, heavily drenched by their long walk in the rain. However, the good folks of Dollar opened their homes as well as their hearts to the soldier lads, and wet uniforms were speedily dried before blazing fires.

“The entertainment in the Parish Church Hall began at seven o’clock. Provost Mrs Malcolm presided, and in opening the proceedings said:—Brave soldiers of our King and Country, it is my happy privilege to welcome you to this beautiful little burgh, which, I have no hesitation in saying, has risen most generously to every patriotic call since this frightful war began; and allow me to say that the appeal made to the citizens of Dollar to give you this modest hospitality has been responded to in a manner worthy of the famous regiment we are entertaining. We are quite aware of the noble deeds achieved by the Black Watch, and we know that still more glorious battles will be won by it. When your gallant Colonel came here to arrange about your being billeted in Dollar for one night, he inspired me with the desire to do all I possibly could to make the battalion happy and comfortable during their brief stay by his saying, ‘I have a splendid lot of men, and I desire to have them billeted as comfortably as possible.’ (Cheers.) The dreadful execution of Miss Edith Cavell, a devoted English nurse, for her splendid act of patriotic devotion, calls for punishment of the nation guilty of such a monstrous crime; and the very thought of that cowardly deed will, I am sure, help to nerve your arm and steel your sword. May you carry away with you pleasant memories; and we hope, when the war is over, we shall again have the pleasure of welcoming you in our midst, bringing peace with honour. (Cheers.)

“A substantial tea was then served out to the men and heartily enjoyed by them. Owing to the limited accommodation, the men had to be served in three contingents, and this with music and social intercourse

prolonged the proceedings till about eleven o'clock. The Provost had the valuable assistance of many ladies, among whom were Mrs Macbeth, Mrs Steele, Mrs Armstrong, Mrs Sutherland, Ashfield East, and others. A willing company of active young ladies were unremitting in their attention to the wants of the guests. The musical items were much enjoyed. Mrs Armstrong and Miss Dougall sang beautifully, and Miss Laurie and Miss Robertson at the piano contributed in no small measure to the evening's enjoyment.

"At the close, Major M'Pherson and several of the other officers present expressed the thanks of the battalion for the great kindness that had been extended to them by the Dollar people.

"So liberal was the feast provided that, even after every one had been supplied, there was sufficient left over to provide a most welcome adjunct to the men's breakfast next morning.

"The battalion left Dollar shortly after one o'clock on Sunday afternoon *en route* for Alloa, chanting as they left, 'Good-bye, good old Dollar.'"

* * * * *

THERE have recently been placed in the east end of St James's Church three very beautiful stained glass windows, the gift of Mr W. H. Raeburn, as a memorial to his late wife. The three lights, which represent the Nativity, the Ascension, and the Baptism of our Lord, are the work of Messrs J. & W. Guthrie and Andrew Wells, Glasgow. A plate beneath the central window bears the following inscription: "To the glory of God and in loving memory of Sarah Manifold, married in St James', Dollar, on 28th September 1876; died 18th January 1882, aged 28. These windows are dedicated by her husband, William H. Raeburn, once a pupil in Dollar Institution, and by their children. September 1915."

* * * * *

HOPE TRUST.—On Sunday, 26th September, a special Communion Service with unfermented wine, took place in the United Free Church Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, and it may interest many of our readers to know that two distinguished F.P.'s took a prominent part in the proceedings. The opening devotional exercises fell to the Rev. Thomas Jeffrey, M.A., North Kelvinside United Free Church, Glasgow, while the Rev. W. H. Stonebridge, M.A., Shamrock Street United Free Church, Glasgow, dispensed the Communion and addressed the communicants.

* * * * *

THANKS.—Judge Benet writes: "It was a very pleasant surprise to me to see my War Ballad in the September *Magazine*—not only the words, but the tune also. I am very grateful to the editors for paying the song so great a compliment. It will certainly extend its popularity."

MINISTERS AND THE WAR.—While discussions have been taking place lately in Presbyteries on the position and duty of ministers in regard to the war, we have observed with pleasure that the Rev. James Somerville (F.P.), U.F. Minister of Selkirk, has been appointed to the Lowland Mounted Brigade, which he will accompany on foreign service. He will rank as a captain. Early in the war Mr Somerville offered his services, if they

should be required ; and the fact of his Colonial experience, and his skill as a rider, may have had considerable say in his selection. At the meeting of the congregation, which granted him leave of absence, the Preses conveyed to him their appreciation of the honour done to the church by his selection, and added that the Lowland Mounted Brigade—in which were some members of the congregation—would find Mr Somerville more than a chaplain ; he would be to them a friend, bringing to each of them high spiritual comfort and encouragement.

Replying, Mr Somerville said he felt very deeply the kindness of the remarks addressed to him. Scotsmen were blamed for hiding their emotions, and not wearing their hearts upon their sleeves ; it was sometimes almost a point of honour to put on a brusque manner to hide their emotions. But he had lived long enough in Selkirk to understand what lay under the words spoken. It was a great privilege and honour to him to be called to the appointment. Sometimes he shivered at his temerity in offering his services ; but he could do nothing else but go. It was to him a direct, divine call, for which he had longed and hoped in connection with the war. Now that the way was opened, he would be recreant to everything he had preached during the past years, and also to his own convictions, if he did not go forward and try to do his very best. The recollections of that gathering, and of all the kind thoughts expressed, and all the letters and good wishes he had received, would nerve and strengthen him—for he was representing not merely himself but Selkirk, and he went forth with the honour of Selkirk in his hand. They remembered the motto of the old burgh—*Et spreta incolumem vita defendere famam*—"Keep honour safe, no matter what the cost of life." He could not have a better motto than that. He would do his very, very best, if health and strength and opportunity were given him, to show himself such a representative that Selkirk would not be put to shame. God forbid that he should fail in his duty.

Mr Somerville's brother, Henry, has also joined the colours in the R.A.M.C., and Andrew is doing work in a munition factory.

* * * * *

DOLLAR FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB.—The first ordinary meeting was held in the Athenæum on Monday evening, 1st November. The main business of the meeting was the delivery by Dr Strachan, the President, of a lecture on "Flies." We are able to give the lecture to our readers. At the second meeting, held in the Drill Hall on 19th November, Mr John E. Stewart, of Murdiston Castle, gave an illustrated lecture on Canada, which was much appreciated by a fairly large audience. The drawings were added to the Fund to provide comforts for the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

* * * * *

LOCAL RECRUITING COMMITTEE.—A meeting of this Committee was held in the Burgh Chambers on Wednesday evening, 3rd November, when there was a good attendance. The first duty was the election of a chairman, and, on the motion of Mr Munro, seconded by Mr Dougall, Mr Malcolm was unanimously appointed. Mr J. B. Haig was chosen to represent Dollar on the Central Committee, and Mr Graham was appointed Secretary. The following members agreed to act as canvassers :—Messrs A. Anderson, James Bleloch, C. S. Dougall, Colonel Haig, J. B.

Haig, William Masterton, J. M'Arthur Moir, Bailie Mitchell, and the Chairman. At a subsequent meeting Mr Howden and Mr M'Nellan were added to this list. The canvass has been completed, but the results are not yet known.

* * * * *

ESTABLISHED CHURCH YOUNG MEN'S GUILD.—Mr Alexander, the President, has again been successful in getting a long and varied programme for the session. A notable feature is the large number of the younger members who have agreed to read papers. Addresses are to be given by Mr Dougall, Mr Masterton, Mr Cruikshank, and others. It is satisfactory to know that there is no falling off in the number of members.

* * * * *

WOMEN'S WORK PARTY.—A grand concert in aid of the funds was held in the Academy Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, 17th November. The programme—vocal and instrumental—was an excellent and varied one, and was carried through with much ability to the delight of a large representative audience. The Dunfermline Select Choir, conducted by Mr J. Russell, rendered a fine selection of part songs, mainly Scotch; and the Academy Orchestra, under Mr Allsopp, presented the following, "Gavotte in D" by Rameau, "Demoiselle Chic" by Fletcher, and "Two Irish Pictures" by Ansell; besides playing accompaniments to "Comrades' Song of Hope," and the "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust." The whole proved a musical treat; and Mr J. B. Haig, in name of the Work Party, complimented and thanked the performers. The drawings amounted to over £21.

* * * * *

At the last moment, while our pages are passing through the press, and are already in type, we have received, by courtesy of the publishers, a copy of W. R. Holmes's second book, "More Ballads of Field and Billet, and other Verses," and have had time, so far, only to glance at its contents. It seems fully up to the standard set by its predecessor, and should be in the hands of every one of our readers. It is an ideal present for those at the front, tending to bring brightness and jollity as well as home memories into the most dismal of trenches. The "Other Verses" constitute about two-thirds of, and seem not the less attractive and entertaining portion of, the book of 158 pages. We bid it heartily welcome, and wish it well-deserved success; but must reserve any detailed critique for our next number.

* * * * *

THE STEWART BOUNTY.—Mr A. Stewart's ever welcome cheque for £25 as a "handgrip across the seas," and a Christmas treat to the poor folk of Dollar, has been duly received. Our readers will, we feel sure, join with the recipients of the bounty in sending out to Millera, New South Wales, heartfelt thanks to the kind and generous donor, and in praying that he may have health and happiness in the coming year. The sum will provide half a ton of the best coal, two pounds of sugar, half a pound of tea, and a currant loaf to thirty of the most deserving poor; some of the recipients being varied from year to year, so as to embrace the larger number.

* * * * *

WE are favoured with a copy of the "Souvenir Programme" of the Scottish Bazaar to be held in Brooklyn, U.S., in January. We hope to notice this in our next number, as also a report of an interview with Sir George Birdwood, taken from the London *Observer*. Several contributions are held over.

Obituary.

GULLEN.—At Prospect Place, Dollar, suddenly, on 25th October, Mary Ann Duncan, wife of Fred. W. Gullen.

CAIRNS.—In the Military Hospital, in Alexandria, Egypt, Trooper Robert D. Cairns (F.P.), Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, aged 20.

HOSACK.—At Commercial Bank House, Kyle, on 13th November, Christina MacPherson Ross, widow of John Hosack, tacksman and factor, Dochearty, Dingwall.

FOOTE.—At 49 Falcon Avenue, Edinburgh, on the 12th November, the Rev. James Foote (F.P.) (late of Dunfermline), aged 76.

PATERSON.—At Mar Place, Dollar, on the 19th October, Margaret Stewart (F.P.), widow of Joseph Paterson, late of Hillhead Farm, Muckhart.

WARDLAW.—At Huntingdon, on 14th October, Lance-Corporal Adam Low Wardlaw (F.P.), Motor Dispatch Rider, 2/1st Lovat Scouts, in his 21st year.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL STENHOUSE.—The death is announced at Weston-super-Mare of Major-General William Stenhouse of the Indian Army, at the age of 75. General Stenhouse was a son of the late Mr Robert Stenhouse of Comely Park, Dunfermline, and was educated at Dollar Academy and Edinburgh University. He entered the Army in 1858, and for the long period of thirty years served in India, chiefly in the Indian Forest Department. In 1896 he attained the rank of Major-General, and for the past few years had been on the supernumerary list.

DUDGEON.—At 59 Grange Road West, Birkenhead, on 27th September, Peter Dudgeon (F.P.), late of Dollar, aged 83 years. The deceased was long well known as porter at the Dollar railway station, where by his obliging, courteous manner he won respect without an effort. On retiring he went to spend the evening of his days in the care of his sons; but he never lost his love for Dollar, and every summer he spent his holidays in our midst. The sympathy of many friends goes out to his widow and sons.

DINGWALL.—At Upper Mains, Dollar, on 16th November, the result of an accident, Mrs James Dingwall, and five days thereafter, on 21st November, her husband. The worthy couple were well known and respected. James was, for many years, church officer of the United Presbyterian Church, Burnside. He magnified his office and took pride in the discharge of its duties. Mrs Dingwall in her younger days was a

hard-working woman, a worthy helpmeet. Both were over eighty years of age.

SIMPSON.—At Old Town, Dollar, on 23rd November, Margaret Mitchell, wife of Peter Simpson (F.P.). Much regretted.

In Memoriam.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death, in the Samaritan Hospital, Troy, U.S., of Mr George Sinclair (F.P.), one who from time to time contributed able and interesting articles to our columns. He was born in Dollar fifty years ago, and emigrated to America when yet a young man. He early developed a talent for poetical writing, and that of no mean order.

Under the heading, "One of Troy's Finest Singers," an American journal has the following appreciation: "This city has lost by death one of the sweetest singers of the music of poetry that Troy ever possessed. George Sinclair was by nature a poet. His love of the fields and the woods and the streams, his purity of thought, and his unerring choice of words and metres combined to give him the right to speak in verse. As one of Scotland's sons he was proficient in her tongue, which he insisted was not a dialect but a language, and on patriotic occasions his muse, usually gentle in its expression, flamed with loyal energy. Many believe Mr Sinclair to stand at the head of the writers in America of Scottish verse. The original promoter of the Troy Burns Club, Mr Sinclair, if he did not possess the luxuriant strength and picturesqueness of imagery of his famous model, was certainly not inferior to him in smoothness of line and tenderness of sentiment.

"The occasional poetry of this sweet singer, whose modesty undervalued his own products, would make, if collected, a volume of permanent value. He occupied at least a worthy chapel in the glowing temple of Scottish poetry."

Like the writer, we should like to see Mr Sinclair's poems collected into one volume, for they are well worthy of being preserved. In our own pages the following specimens of his art have appeared:—Vol. III., p. 32; Vol. VII., p. 188; Vol. VIII., p. 180; Vol. IX., pp. 24 and 137; Vol. X., p. 11; Vol. XI., pp. 7 and 139.

Pro Patria.

1. HAROLD D. CURSLEY.—Lance-Corporal, 5th Cameron Highlanders (Lochiel's), elder son of Mr J. F. Cursley, Bourneville, Newlands Road, Glasgow, boarded with the headmaster; left school 1911, killed in action 26th September 1915, somewhere near Loos, France.

2. HUGH HAIR.—Private, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr Hugh Hair, Ochilton Road, Dollar; left school 1910, killed in action at the Dardanelles, 13th July 1915.



DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY

3. JOHN M'DONALD.—Lance-Corporal, 8th Scottish Rifles, son of Mr James M'Donald, Dollerie Cottages, Crieff (formerly of Dollar); left school 1909, died of wounds received in action at the Dardanelles, 28th June 1915.

4. FERGUS CAMPBELL.—Private, Australian Contingent, boarded with the Classical Master; left school 1914, died of meningitis contracted at Seymour Camp, Melbourne.

5. A. HENRY M'INTOSH.—Private, London Scottish, son of Mr T. W. M'Intosh, Victoria Works, Kirkcaldy, boarded with the headmaster; left school 1910, died of wounds received in action at Ypres, November 1914.

6. HECTOR I. MACPHERSON.—Trooper, 9th Lancers, son of the late Dr Macpherson, Ardchattan, Cambuslang, boarded with the headmaster; left school 1905, died of pneumonia, 13th February 1915.

7. ROBERT RAE M'INTOSH.—2nd Lieutenant, 1st The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of the Rev. Dr M'Intosh, formerly of Alva; left school 1905, killed in action in France, 24th April 1915.

8. ALEXANDER WHITE.—Sergeant, 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr A. White, Rosehead, Dollar; left school 1901, killed by the bursting of a shell in France, 8th May 1915.

9. IAN HUTTON.—Private, 9th Royal Scots, son of Mr W. Hutton, Madras, boarded with Mr Taylor and afterwards lived in Katrine Villa; left school 1912, killed in action in France, 15th May 1915.

10. CHARLES C. BEVERIDGE.—Corporal, 8th Scottish Rifles, son of Mr Alex. Beveridge, Cairnpark Street, Dollar; left school 1909, killed in action at the Dardanelles, 28th June 1915.

11. JAMES CHAPMAN.—Lance-Corporal, 8th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr Thomas Chapman, Old Town, Dollar; left school 1909, killed in action, 22nd August 1915.

12. PETER R. SAUNDERS.—Private, 2nd Scots Guards, son of Mr George Saunders, Prospect Place, Dollar; left school 1909, killed in action in France, 14th June 1915.

Marriages.

FORSTER—MACDONALD.—On 8th September, at Norway House, Manitoba, the residence of Mr and Mrs J. T. Blackford, by the Rev. J. F. J. Marshall, assisted by the Rev. J. O. Housley, John Burton Forster (F.P.), eldest son of Major-General J. Burton Forster, England, to Barbara Maud Macdonald (F.P.), fourth daughter of W. Macdonald, Esq., and Mrs Macdonald of Balado, Kinross, Scotland.

STORRAR—DARBY.—At the Parish Church, Carnoustie, on the 29th September, by the Rev. A. Gibson, Richard Storrar (F.P.), Holburn Grange, Lowick, Northumberland, only son of the late Richard Storrar, J.P., of

Nether Urquhart and Rossie, Fifeshire, to Nelly Virginia (F.P.), only surviving daughter of the late George M. Darby, of Jharia, India, and the late Mrs Darby of Panmurebank, Carnoustie.

THOM—CRAIGIE.—At Nairobi, on 4th November, Maurice St Clair Thom (F.P.), British East African Police, youngest son of George Thom, Esq., M.A., LL.D., King's Gate, Aberdeen, to Rose Muriel, younger daughter of the late Major William Burnet Craigie, 2nd Bengal Cavalry, and of Mrs Burnet Craigie, 26 Albyn Place, Aberdeen.

LAUDER—HUNTER.—At the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, on 15th June 1915, by the Rev. Henry Ranken, B.D., Irvine, Thomas George Lauder, Moyclare, Belmont, King's County, Ireland, younger son of the late Dean Lauder of Leighlin Cathedral, County Carlow, to Christian Elsie, daughter of William Hunter, J.P. (F.P.), Banker, Irvine, Ayrshire.

KEIR—ROSS.—At Kinross Parish Church, on 23rd October, by the Rev. F. H. Williamson, B.D., minister of the Parish, assisted by the Rev. John Wood, Guthrie Memorial U.F. Church, Cowdenbeath, David Robert Keir, Lieutenant, 1/7th Black Watch, elder son of Provost Keir, Cowdenbeath, to Elizabeth Lunan Ross, M.A. (F.P.), elder daughter of James M. Ross, M.A., Restenet, Kinross.

School Notes.

OUR thoughts are still all upon the war, and we have to add in this number a further list of names to our Roll of Honour—a list of which we are immensely proud. We are proudest of all, however, of those whose names appear in the HIGHER ROLL OF HONOUR, those who have given all they had—their precious lives—for the sake of the principles of truth, and honour, and justice, in support of which our nation is in arms. There have to be added to that HIGHER ROLL OF HONOUR the following names:—

GEORGE AUCHINACHIE, who left school in 1907, was a private in the 1st Gordon Highlanders. He took part in the retreat from Mons, and in the fighting around Ypres, where he was wounded. On his recovery he rejoined his regiment, and was killed in France in August.

WILLIAM BLACK, who formerly boarded with Mrs Campbell, Cairnpark Street, was a sergeant-major in the 8th Black Watch, and was killed during the recent action in France, but no particulars have yet been received.

ROBERT D. CAIRNS, a native of Alloa, was a prominent member of the Cricket XI. in the years 1910-1911. Along with the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, of which he was a trooper, he was sent to the Dardanelles, and died from illness in a Military Hospital in Alexandria.

FERGUS CAMPBELL, who left school as recently as 1914, and went to Australia to push his fortunes, enlisted on the outbreak of war, and was in training at Seymour, Melbourne, where he contracted meningitis, and died after two weeks' illness.

JOHN CARMICHAEL, a former pupil of several years' standing, came over with the 1st Australian Contingent to the Dardanelles. He was wounded in April, and died in hospital in Alexandria on 2nd July. He also served in the South African War.

HAROLD D. CURSLEY, who left school in 1911, joined the 5th Cameron Highlanders (Lochiel's). He took part in the great advance on 25th to 27th September, and was killed somewhere near Loos, France.

DOUGLAS JAMIESON, who left school in 1908, was in Australia when war was declared. He enlisted in January in the 8th Light Horse, Australian Imperial Force, and was sent to Egypt for training. In the month of May his regiment was ordered to the Dardanelles, and on 7th August it took part in that action at the Lone Pine Trenches in which the Australians covered themselves with undying glory. Douglas was one of those who gave his life in that great action.

ALBAN SHARP, who left school in 1908, was a private in the 15th (London Civil Service Rifles) Territorials. On 25th May he was one of a bombing party which had taken one German trench, and was just attacking another when he was shot through the head. His companions said he was noted for cool, calm courage, and that he would probably have received the D.C.M.

ADAM L. WARDLAW was a well-known and well-loved figure in Dollar. He attached himself to Lovat's Scouts as a dispatch rider, and was undergoing training in England when he was struck down by pneumonia, and died very suddenly.

GEORGE P. WESTWATER, who left school in 1912, was engaged in a law office in Edinburgh when war broke out. He immediately enlisted in the 4th Royal Scots, and after a period of training was sent to the Dardanelles. The train in which his battalion travelled immediately preceded that which was wrecked in the Gretna disaster. He was killed in action on 28th June 1915.

Dollar boys took their share in the big advance made 25th to 27th September. It has already been told that Harold D. Cursley was killed. Four young officers and one lance-corporal were subsequently posted wounded and missing. James H. Cameron, lieutenant, 9th Black Watch, advanced with his company, and was seen to be wounded twice. Despite his wounds, he continued to go forward, and it is feared that he gave his life in proof of his courage. Foster M. Sibold, second lieutenant, 10th Highland Light Infantry, was in the very front of the advance, and when last seen he was in a German trench alone, or almost alone, defending himself with tremendous bravery against the attacks of several foes. It is almost certain that he, too, has rendered the supreme sacrifice. Lance-corporal Adam Scott, 10th Seaforths, also took part in this great attack, and it is reported that his body was afterwards found on the battlefield. Hopes are still entertained that James Morrison, second lieutenant, 4th Gordon Highlanders, and George M'Clelland, second lieutenant, 8th King's Own Scottish Borderers, the two others reported wounded and missing, may yet be found in hospital or in a German prison.

ROLL OF HONOUR—ADDITIONS.

OFFICERS.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
BERESFORD, HENRY	2nd Lieutenant	12th Scottish Rifles.
BODÉ, L. W., D.S.O.	Major	1st Royal Scots.
CLARK, W. S.	2nd Lieutenant	3/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
COUTTS, MALCOLM	Major	Army Service Corps.
DARBY, G. S.	Lieutenant	29th Punjabis, B.E. Africa.
DOUGALL, CHARLES R.	2nd Lieutenant	3/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
FLEMING, STEPHEN	"	2/5th Royal Scots Fusiliers.
GARDINER, HARRY, D.S.O.	Captain	2nd West Riding Regiment.
GEARING, H. A. C.	Lieutenant	Australian Army Service Corps.
GEARING, HAROLD	"	South Lancashires (attached).
HOGBEN, JOHN W.	2nd Lieutenant	3/5th Royal Scots.
HILL, ANDERSON C.	Lieutenant	1/9th A. and S. Highlanders.
MORGAN, ARCHD. J.	2nd Lieutenant	3/6th Black Watch.
MORGAN, H. B.	"	3/5th Highland Light Infantry.
M'LAREN, JAMES	"	3/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
M'NELLAN, J. D.	Lieutenant	Royal Engineers.
SOMERVILLE, JAMES A. B. D.	Chaplain (Captain)	Lothians and Border Horse.
TAYLOR, W. J. OGILVIE	2nd Lieutenant	2/5th Royal Scots Fusiliers.
WALKER, THOMAS	"	Royal Field Artillery.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
ALEXANDER, W. S.	Private	9th London Regiment.
Auchinachie, George	Corporal	1st Gordon Highlanders.
BLACKWOOD, GEORGE	Private	15th A. and S. Highlanders.
BENNIE, WILLIAM	Motor Engineer	Red Cross Launches, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.
BIRCH, TERENCE	Corporal	16th Rifle Brigade.
BWYE, ROIFE	Private	R.A.M.C.
CHAPMAN, NORMAN	"	Army Veterinary Corps.
CLELAND, J. ROY	"	1st Canadian Contingent.
DARBY, H.	"	2nd Rhodesian Regiment.
DOBBIE, D. W.	"	15th A. and S. Highlanders.
HAIG, WILLIAM J.	"	Army Service Corps (M. T.).
HENDERSON, J. A.	Sergeant	R.A.M.C.
HEYWORTH, G.	Private	48th Highlanders, Canadian Contingent.
HUNTER, T.	Lance-Corporal	4/1st Field Co., S.M.R.E.
Jamieson, Douglas	Private	8th Light Horse, A.I.F.
KEILLAR, F.	"	1st K.O.S.B.
LECKIE, DAVID J.	Trooper	Calcutta Light Horse.
LECKIE, JAMES M'H.	Private	"Reserves," Hong Kong.
MELDRUM, ROBERT	Lance-Corporal	5th K.O.S.B.
MUI, CHARLES	Private	R.A.M.C.
MUI, R. J.	"	Princess Patricia's C.L.I.
PATERSON, ALFRED	"	Inns of Court O.T.C.
PATERSON, CHARLES J.	"	Inns of Court O.T.C.
REID, ROBERT E.	"	2/1st L.A.C. ; R.F.A.
ROBERTS, D. S.	Sergeant	2/8th A. and S. Highlanders.
SNOWDOWNE, HENRY	Gunner	69th Brigade, R.F.A.
SOMERVILLE, HENRY	Private	R.A.M.C.
TURCAN, R.	"	R.A.M.C.
WILLIAMSON, ALEX.	"	Army Service Corps (M. T.).

Regiment), attached 8th Battalion, was awarded the Distinguished Service Order, "for conspicuous gallantry and determination during operations at Suvla Bay, Gallipoli Peninsula, on 8th August 1915. He continued to lead his men forward after being wounded twice, and only gave up after being wounded a third time."

Captain Gardiner is a son of Mrs Gardiner, Warriston Villa, Dean Crescent, Stirling, formerly of Alva. He was educated at Alva and Dollar Institution, and has relatives residing in Alva and Tillicoultry. He obtained his commission eighteen years ago in the Inniskilling Fusiliers (Militia), from which he passed into the regular army two years later, being posted to the West Riding Regiment. He has seen service in India, Burma, and West Africa. At Suvla Bay, where he was thrice wounded, the last time severely, he distinguished himself under the most trying conditions, and the honour which has just been conferred upon him is well merited. Captain Gardiner, we are glad to know, is making a good recovery from his wounds.

The football season opened with the match against Glenalmond. The ground was soft, and the ball rather difficult to handle on account of the wet condition of the field. The College forwards pressed at the start, but Davidson opened up the game with a fine kick which took the play to the other end. Hard work by the College forwards brought play into the School territory again, and from a sudden rush Waddel broke away, and though tackled by Foston, he managed to get over between the posts. Stephen brought out full points for the College.

The School pack had not yet wakened up, and play was at mid-field until near half time when the School were hard at it on the College line. M'Donnell, the School half, had the misfortune to dislocate his knee at this time, and thus left the School with fourteen men.

On resuming, the School pack showed signs of rousing up, and soon had things their own way. M'Laren at scrum-half proved very useful, and several good three-quarter runs just fizzled out when a score seemed certain.

Soga broke away from a mix up in front of the College goal and went over nicely, for Leach to bring out full points for the School.

Hardly had the game begun again when Shaw, getting away, had a brilliant run from mid-field, to register another try for the School. A ding-dong game ensued till the call of time. Among the forwards, Ferguson and Gordon showed up well, and Shaw and Davidson at three were worthy of special mention too.

In the game against Royal High School the XV. were seriously weakened by the absence of Muir and M'Donnell on the sick list, and M'Laren, who has gone to fight the larger battles with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. This caused a change in the team, and the chances of a victory were never too bright. Hard forward play at the beginning suggested a strenuous game, but carelessness on the part of the "threes" allowed High School to get the advantage and add on the score. Good chances were lost several times by the School backs—no doubt owing to the want of playing together long enough.

A poor game so far as the School was concerned ended in an easy win for Royal High School.

Since then all games have been off owing to the severe spell of frost.

The 2nd XV. have had a fairly successful time so far. Against Glenalmond they lost after a hard-fought game. Morrison's Academy fell

before them easily; the Hillhead High School had a walk over. The best game played was against a heavy team from Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, and although the XV. were down by three points at the finish, they were well worth a draw.

The 3rd XV. games have all been put off.

A glorious spell of frost has given another outlet to the pent-up energy of the pupils.

Not for many a year have they had such opportunities for indulging in skating as now.

The pond is in excellent condition, and has been well crowded every day. A carnival was held on Saturday, 20th, and the usual merriment ensued.

As the cold snap looks like lasting for some time, Mr Masterton should have no difficulty about getting the skating tickets sold.

The pupils owe Mr Masterton a great debt for the work, unknown to them, that he does in order that they may thoroughly enjoy the frosty season.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

The usual parades have been held on Tuesdays and Fridays. All N.C.O.'s and senior cadets are being taught to command first the platoon and then the company, so that they may be able to take their places as officers whenever they are old enough. Lance-Corporal M'Laren has resigned, and is now a second lieutenant in the 3/7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; Acting Quartermaster A. Morgan has been granted a commission in the 3/6th Black Watch; Sergeant J. W. Hogben is a second lieutenant in the 3/5th Royal Scots, and Cadet Officer C. R. Dougall is with the 3/7th Argylls as second lieutenant. Two field days have been carried out successfully—one around the Dunning bridge near Muckhart, and a night advance and attack round Dollar Bank Farm.

In both manœuvres the N.C.O.'s and cadets performed their work exceedingly well. Much credit goes to Sergeants Gordon and Leach for their strenuous and well-directed work. Both N.C.O.'s have turned out excellent commanders and instructors, and their influence is much admired by all.

Shooting has commenced, and from now onwards sections will be instructed in rifle fire, target description, &c.

Drummer H. Macluskie has been promoted to lance-corporal, and Sergeant Muir to be cadet officer.

GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Society this year is in a very flourishing condition, with a membership greater than ever before. The "Hat Night" on 15th October was marked by the discussion of a large number of fresh and interesting topics. The papers by junior members on 29th October—"Me as Heroine," by Miss D. Brereton, "A Motor Tour," by Miss Napier, and "Florence Nightingale," by Miss Henderson—reached a high standard of excellence, and augur well for the future of the Society. The same can be said of the debate: "Should the Sumptuary Laws be Revived during the Period of the War?" This led to a long and very lively discussion, which resulted in a victory for the affirmative side by 16 votes to 14.

In place of Mr Clark, who is now on military service, and who was to have lectured on the Dardanelles, Mr Heron came forward and favoured

the Society with an instructive and entertaining lecture on "The Minor Poems of William Cowper."

The musical evening will take place on 20th December.

Honorary members who are preparing articles for the Society's magazine are requested to have them in the Secretary's hands by 10th January 1916.

We give a photograph, taken early in the season, of the three match-playing football teams, with the names and birthplaces of the members. In each team the then probable forwards are standing and the probable backs sitting, with the exceptions noted on the margin.

The so-called "Foreigners" (*i.e.*, those born outside the British Isles) and the Scottish-born each, as usual, number about two-fifths of the whole—nineteen of the former, and twenty of the latter in this case. Again, too, India and the Straits Settlements account for practically one-half of the "Foreigners," the other half of whom are from many airts, with Spanish-speaking states specially prominent. Dollar has one representative.

There are twenty survivors of the previous season's group, which is also the average number. Of these, as last year, seven wore the 1st XV. jersey in the previous year's group.

As stated above, the photograph was taken early in the season; since then casualties, commissions, and other causes have altered somewhat the composition of the teams, without, however, disturbing greatly the proportions given above.

The principal changes are the replacement of Muir and M'Donnell (injured) by Bush and Foston amongst the first backs, and the moving up from the second forward line of Black, Morrison, and Pereira, to replace M'Laren (gazetted) and Bush, and to fill a place vacant in the photographed team.

These changes have reduced considerably the average age of each team, as is seen in the figures given below, which are for September.

1ST XV.

	Age.		Height.		Weight.	Backs.		Forwards.		
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft.	In.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.
Average*	16	7½	5	7½	9	10½	9	5½	10	1
Last year	16	3½	5	7½	10	3	9	11½	10	9
This year	16	9	5	9	10	5	10	0½	10	8½
„ (as photographed)	16	11	5	8½	10	5	9	9	11	1

* Age = average of sixteen previous years. Height and weight = average of eleven previous years.

2ND XV.

	Age.		Height.		Weight.	Backs.		Forwards.		
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft.	In.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.
Average* - - - -	15	10 $\frac{1}{4}$	5	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	11 $\frac{1}{4}$	8	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	9	4
Last year - - - -	16	7	5	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	13	8	13	8	13
This year - - - -	15	7 $\frac{3}{4}$	5	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	8	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
„ (as photographed)	15	11	5	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	3	8	9

* Average of eight previous years.

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

THE FIRST FIFTEEN ARE NAMED IN *Italics*

(THIRD XV.)



A. Drysdale

Back Row—R. Pereira (Brazil); W. Morrison (Falkirk); R. Black (Edinburgh); W. Neilson (Greenock); E. Shackleton (Yorkshire); G. Birrell (Dumbarton).

Second Row—C. Bruce (Fife); J. MacClelland (Argentine); M. Bwyne (India); H. Dinwiddie (India); G. de Birrell (Chile); A. Watt (Forfarshire); *J. Bennie (Spain); J. Bush (China); D. Ferguson (S. Uist); R. Flett (Orkney); R. Gordon (Dorset); R. Soga (S. Africa); A. Thomson (Australia); R. Forsyth (Arran); W. Driver (India); R. Drummond (Ayrshire); J. Bennet (India).*

Sitting—W. Stokes (Rhodesia); H. Foston (Penang); T. Stewart (Fife); *J. Leach (Yorkshire); J. MacLaren (Stirling); J. Tuckwell (Argyll); D. Gordon (Dorset); J. Muir (Glasgow); A. Cruickshank (Inverness); R. Heyworth (Birkenhead); R. Shields (Perthshire).*

On Ground—A. Farmer (Yorkshire); R. Mallis (Perthshire); W. Muckersie (Fife); J. Annand (China); *J. Shaw (Dollay); E. Davidson (India); I. Davidson (India); H. MacLuskie (Argentine); W. Leburn (Fife); D. Cruickshank (India).*

Absent—A. MacDonnell (India), from 1st XV.

3RD XV.

	Age.		Height.		Weight.	Backs.		Forwards.		
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft.	In.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.
Average* - - - -	15	4½	5	4	7	11	7	4½	8	2½
Last year - - - -	15	7	5	4½	7	12½	7	7	8	3½
This year - - - -	14	6½	5	2½	7	5½	6	9½	7	13½
„ (as photographed)	14	8	5	2½	7	5½	6	10½	8	0

* Average of five previous years.

As regards height and weight, only the 2nd XV. has been seriously affected adversely by the changes referred to; but as that team, like the third, was already considerably the smallest and lightest we have had in the seasons for which there are figures, the reduction is all the more regrettable with regard both to the present year and to the future.

Whatever future years may have in store, however, this year at least is, for the first team, as far as figures go, a good one. Six of the previous teams dealt with have indeed been older; but the present team is easily the tallest, and only last year's team has nearly equalled it in total weight, although Heyworth's backs and Watson's forwards were very slightly heavier than the present ones.

In age it is one of the most uniform, its members being all between 16 years and 17½ years in September. In height they vary from 5 ft. 6 in. to practically 6 ft., the majority being well above the lower figure. Ferguson, the tallest, had in September 12 st. 13 lbs. to his 16½ years, and was heavier by the odd 13 lbs. (and even last year by 2 lbs.) than the previous heaviest of whom we have record, viz., D. Smith, 1913-14, A. Hanbury, 1910-11, and A. Bonthrone, 1909-10. D. Gordon in the first fifteen, and G. Driver in the second, both equal these three mighty men in weight. We have none between 11½ and 12 st. to put against C. Paterson, 1909-10, and D. T. Leonard and V. Johnston, 1902-03, but Tuckwell, Flett, Morrison, M'Laren (who has now left School), and Hendry (a non-player), all between 11 and 11½ st., equal or exceed the heaviest men of several preceding years—Myers, the Heyworths, Cross, Snadden, and Sibold, and other giants of antiquity—whilst Leach and Bush are not far behind. Two men of the first are from 10 to 10½ st., three from 9½ to 10 st., whilst three are under 9 st.

A. D.

When Delia Smiles on Me.

SHE smiled on me! What magic so entranceth
My inmost soul, when Delia's smile I see?
How comes it that my heart with gladness danceth
When Delia smiles on me?

Is it her lips, twin rows of pearls revealing,
Or her shy glance, that holds my heart in fee?
Is it the rose her lily-white o'er-stealing
When Delia smiles on me?

Is it the joy of childhood's years now ending?
 Is it the hint of womanhood to be?
 Or the charm of each, harmoniously blending,
 When Delia smiles on me?

Brightness and hope like April morn she bringeth,
 Sunshine and song and opening bud is she,
 And promise of May: with joy the glad earth ringeth
 When Delia smiles on me!

She smiled on me! Great joy the prisoner findeth
 When smiles the longed-for morn that sets him free;
 But her blithe captive's chains she firmer bindeth
 When Delia smiles on me!

She smiled on me! and ever in my dreaming
 Her features, framed in ringlets dark, I see,
 With eyes of brown and lips of coral seeming
 To smile again on me!

As lark seeks heaven, as hart for water panteth,
 As seeks a sail the castaway at sea,
 So I her glance: O joy, when Delia granteth
 To smile again on me!

A. D.

For the Greater Dollar Directory.

NEW ADDRESSES.

- HUNTER, Rev. J. L., The Retreat, Cupar.
 HUMPHREYS, H. L., Non Pareil, East Coast, British Guiana.
 LEGGE, J. G., Director of Education, 14 Sir Thomas Street, Liverpool.
 LEGGE, Dr T. M., Medical Inspector of Factories, Home Office, Whitehall,
 London, S.W.
 MAILER, JAS. M., Glenvale, Hornchurch, Essex.
 RUSSELL, G. A., Glen Douglas, Jedburgh.
 SOMERVILLE, H. W., c/o Keay, 60 Castle Street, Edinburgh.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

- ADAMSON, JAMES, "St Quivox," High Street, Harlington, Middlesex.
 AIKMAN, E. H. (late of Belize), 39 Clarendon Road, Holland Park,
 London, W.
 CARMENT, DAVID MALCOLM, B.A. (Lond.), F.F.A., 28 Pembroke Square,
 Kensington, W.
 DAVIE, WM. H., Estancia "La Pileta," Fray Bentos, Uruguay, R.O.
 LEISHMAN, Major-General, "Chatsworth," Craneswater Park, Southsea.
 WOOLNOUGH, Mrs W. H., 106 Kenilworth Avenue, Wimbledon Park, S.W.