



Photo

Stuart Watson

MAJOR DAVID WALLACE, C.M.G., R.A.M.C. (T.)

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Major David Wallace,

C.M.G., R.A.M.C. (T), F.R.C.S.

WE have much pleasure in presenting to our readers, with this number, a portrait of our very distinguished F.P., Major David Wallace, who, besides taking a very high position in his profession of Surgery in Edinburgh, has done and is doing great service in connection with the present terrible struggle, as he also did in the Boer War. He left school here in the late seventies of last century, graduated M.B. and C.M.Edin. in 1884, M.R.C.S.Eng. in 1886, and F.R.C.S.Edin. in 1887, and now holds the following civil appointments:—Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh; Senior Lecturer and Examiner, Edinburgh University; and Honorary Surgeon, Royal Victoria Hospital, Edinburgh. He is the author of numerous articles in the medical press on important surgical subjects. His connection with Army medical affairs is of long standing, he having been a Surgeon Captain in the Edinburgh Medical Staff Corps from 1890 to 1903. He went to South Africa in 1900 as Senior Surgeon in Charge of the Edinburgh and East of Scotland Hospital; was mentioned in Dispatches, received the South African Medal with Clasps, and, later, received from King Edward VII. the honour of C.M.G. He is at present Red Cross Commissioner for the East of Scotland, and responsible for the administration of 32 Red Cross Hospitals with a total of 1,000 beds. He is on the staff of the Edinburgh War Hospital, Bangour, and Hon. Secretary to the Edinburgh Committee of the British Red Cross (Scottish Branch).

We doubt if any other member of the medical profession has such a record of wide, varied, and important war work as Major David Wallace, and we feel justly proud of being able to claim him as an F.P. of Dollar Academy. He was married in 1905 to Augusta Maud, only daughter of the late very eminent psychologist, Sir Thomas Clouston. We wish them both long life and every happiness as a reward of arduous service in the cause of humanity and of our King and Country.

To Poesy.

THESE many long, lone years have I been fain
 To find thee in the haunts where first the spell
 Of thy calm power upon my spirit fell,
 And forced the vow that I would yet attain
 To touch thy garment's hem ; but all in vain
 My eager quest in every quiet dell
 Where thou in shaded peace wast wont to dwell.
 I find thee not ; my broken cry of pain
 Can reach thee not ; my hot repentant tears
 For faithlessness avail not to atone.
 Oh, even now, forget those truant years
 Wherein I sought strange gods, and bid me own
 Thy sovran sway, that I may render thee
 The grateful service of a life made free. C. S. D.

Oh, These Military !

EVEN on a night in May one is thankful to draw an armchair close to the fire, settle down comfortably, and listen to a good story. On the May evening in question we were lucky enough to have in our midst a merry maiden lady, by name Miss Bee, who possessed an inexhaustible fund of interesting stories. So this evening she offered to relate what happened when she and her sister let their villa to "the military." I cannot vouch for its accuracy, but here is the story exactly as she told it :—

Well, one fine morning several officers arrived at our house. I don't quite know how many there were, but they all seemed to reach well over six feet, and their unexpected arrival made me think I was sent for ! However, they were very civil and nice, and they saluted me beautifully when they went away. They came to the point at once, said they required our house, and asked how soon we could go away, as they were not in very comfortable quarters at present.

Of course I had to consult my sister Mary, but she was delighted with the idea of letting the military have the house, as it just used to stand empty when we went south each year. So this year, instead of covering everything up with dust sheets, we set to and made the house just lovely from attic to cellar. We arranged the bedrooms as the officers desired, and cleared a room on the attic floor for the orderlies. They were to have no beds, poor fellows ; they were just to lie on mattresses on the floor, though I'm sure they wouldn't have slept any longer in the mornings if they had

been allowed beds. But that's martial law, I suppose. Now, it so happened that sister Mary would not hear of my storing away several articles which, in my opinion, the officers would never miss. What do men want with ornaments and the thousand and one small belongings which in our eyes are priceless? So when I saw Mary's quixotic attitude towards leaving everything just as it was for the military, I held my peace, but—I bided my time. When the day of our departure arrived, I just sent Mary off to see about several small pieces of business which would occupy her for an hour or so, and then I worked like a galley slave getting things stored in my little sitting-room until it looked like a curiosity shop, and I could hardly reach the door for packages.

Before I left for the south, I gave my friend Mrs X—— the key of my sitting-room, and told her just to go up and take any of the stored articles she might require, as some of them would really be better in use.

It seems that Mrs X—— did require something from the store room, and she told me later about her visit. She happened to know one of the officers—at least she was great friends with his aunt—so she had a chat with him. Being feminine, she couldn't help noticing that the genius having charge of the drawing-room had carefully omitted to perform any of his duties for the last month, and evidently the officer seemed to think some apology was necessary, for he said: "I'm afraid things aren't as spic and span as they ought to be, Mrs X——, but these orderlies of ours have to be told to do every little duty, and very often they have to be shown how."

Of course Mrs X—— said something nice in answer, but all the same she hoped the orderlies didn't copy their officers too closely, for when she entered the room, there was my lord sprawling in an easy chair with his feet on the mantelpiece!

Well, the months passed, and finally the military received their marching orders. Luckily for her, my sister remained in England while I came home to see about the inventory and different things. I was staying with my friend Mrs X——, and one evening we were sitting having a cosy chat about the local folks, you know, and by the way Mrs X—— was telling me about the officers' cook. It seems she was a terrible woman, who might be any age between forty and fifty. She kept the kitchen in a terrible state, and ruled those of the orderlies who came under her sway with a rod of iron. It was further rumoured abroad that she was "feathering her nest" with pots and pans and other domestic utensils, but one has no right to listen to gossip. We were rudely interrupted in our chat by someone pressing the bell, and forgetting to leave off pressing. It was one of these officers. It appears that the orderlies had been

feeling cold and had built up an enormous fire in their quarters. Then they had gone downstairs to tea or something, and when they got back the place was in a blaze. They got it out, thank goodness, but it's just a miracle the whole house wasn't gutted. Mrs X—— and I went along with the officer, and oh, dear, dear, when I saw the havoc, I just sat down in the hall on the top of an officer's mackintosh and had a good cry. I didn't mind these military; I just didn't care for anything. Of course the officers kept on expressing sympathy with me and regret for what had occurred, but, my dears, that didn't mend matters. From the attic floor you got a fine clear view right down through to the dining-room ceiling, and the soot, it was awful! It even got down to my own sitting-room and ruined some of the things I had so carefully stored away. But I must not dwell on this awful experience.

When the day came for the military to leave what was left of our house, I set forth with a heavy heart and the inventory. All the officers but one had gone off to the hotel for lunch, and this one I met walking out at the front gate, also making for lunch, so he confided to me afterwards.

After remarking on the weather I said, "Now, Captain, we'll just begin with the kitchen; the inventory begins there, you know."

"Certainly, madam," he says, "but I was just going off for lunch, so if ah——"

"Well, I haven't had lunch myself yet," I interrupted, "but I think we'd both enjoy it much better if we get this inventory done." And what do you think the silly man proposed, but that I should have lunch with him, and then we could do the inventory after!

"Oh, Miss Bee, how nice of him!" sighs Miss Sentimentality.

"Nice, child; nonsense. No, indeed, we just set to work and began with the kitchen, which was deserted, and in a state that induced the Captain and me to desert it also. Oh, that cook! What a woman! I don't like sickening you with gruesome details, but do you know what she had done with the space between the stove and the wall? She had transformed it into a miniature dust bin, rubbish heap, rag and bone store, or what you will. In fact the Captain said: "Look here, Miss Bee, this is no place for you. I'll go over the thing myself." But, of course, I just stayed where I was.

Many and varied were the articles a-wanting in the kitchen. We searched high and low for them, until the Captain in despair called on one of the orderlies. He saluted us and clicked his heels, and then waited on the Captain to say something.

"Now then, Brown, all these confounded things are missing from the kitchen. Where are they?" he demanded.

"Don't know, sir. I've nothing to do with them, sir; that's Smith's job, sir."

"Where is Smith, then?" growls the Captain.

"Don't know, sir. Up the town perhaps, sir."

"Then get out and find him, and the other two as well," stormed the officer, until I felt like running away.

Meanwhile we got on with the other rooms.

After a long, long time Mr Orderly, or rather Mr Disorderly Brown returned, bringing back Mr Orderly Smith and friend; the other orderly was not to be found. The three stood to attention in a row and saluted. But they all swore that they had nothing whatever to do with the kitchen; it appeared that it was the absent Binks who was the genius of the pots and pans.

"But where is the cook?" I inquired.

"Yes, where is cook?" repeats the Captain.

"Gone to Glasgow, sir; this morning, sir," Mr Orderley Smith informed him.

"And Binks, where in all this wide earth is Binks?" roared the Captain.

"Cook took him away with her, sir, along with them other missing articles, sir. They're getting married, sir," said Smith, in a choked voice.

We dismissed the orderlies and returned to the kitchen. The Captain kept on repeating: "Good lor', what an unholy place, *what* an unholy place," until I felt I would go off into hysterics if he didn't stop.

Well, we worked through the inventory, and arrived in the orderlies' quarters where, strange to say, we found four nice iron beds.

"But I had no beds here," I protested. "Where did these come from?"

The Captain wiped his forehead.

"Four of our officers left some time ago, and these rascals must have taken possession of their beds," was his explanation.

Well, well, I felt really sorry for that poor Captain, and a good deal more sorry for myself, but I sent him off to have his lunch so that I could have a good cry to myself without any military spectators this time.

That's all I'm going to tell you to-night, girls. No, wait; did I mention that the officers left me the most charming little afternoon tea set of Crown Derby? We'll have it out next time you come up to tea, and we'll drink to the success of the military.

"Not forgetting Mr and Mrs Disorderly Binks, Miss Bee!" interjects Miss Mischief.

"We'll see; we'll just see when the time comes. I'll be dreaming of these military as sure as sure! Good-night, girls; good-night."

H. W. CHRISTIE.

The Voice of the Forest.

(*To the "New Forest."*)

O VOICE of the forest calling
Across the dying day !
 So haunting sweet,
 My soul to greet,
Out of the far away ;
 In the sunset glow
 That the fairies know,
'Tis calling you are, to me !

O voice of the forest singing,
What is it, this spell you hold ?
 That you call so long,
 Those notes of a song
That never was bought with gold ;
 For you sing of a life
 That has done with strife,
The song of a heart at rest.

O soul of a forest dreaming !
The hours and the years pass by ;
 And the centuries fade
 In a daffodil glade,
Where hyacinth bells shall sigh.
 And nothing can be
 But is wild and free,
And sweet, O so sweet to tell !

O soul of a forest speaking !
'Tis a stranger who comes your way,
 But it matters naught,
 For your spell is fraught
With a magic that knows no sway ;
 As a wind that's blown
 To the one alone,
Through pathways wild and sweet.

O heart of the forest speaking,
What is it you ask of me ?
 That I come and dwell
 In a faerie dell,
And make my home with thee ?
 On a primrose bed
 To lay my head,
With the breath of a violet near !

O tender heart of the forest !
If you fashioned this home most fair,
 Would it be so dear,
 There could fall no tear,
And never a sigh come there ?
 And no hurt should be
 Where all things agree,
In that magical home most sweet !

O voice of a forest calling
Out of the sunset glow !
 All the answer I find
 Is a sigh of the wind,
With only the moon to know !
 Till I sleep and dream
 Of a pale moonbeam,
And the light of a faerie home.

O heart of a forest sleeping,
What is it, this dream you send ?
 So haunting sweet
 My soul to meet,
O whither shall be the end ?
 But the secret lies
 In a dreamer's eyes,
And the song of a heart at rest.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND.

Benediction of Mltry.

A LEGEND.

IN the last years of the reign of Emperor Tiberius, the chiefs of the province of Babylon rose in rebellion against the sovereignty of Rome. Prosimnus, the prætor of Antioch, was ordered to quell

the rising, but near the ruins of an ancient town the Romans were surrounded by overwhelming numbers of Persians, and scattered. The remnant of the legions fought bravely around their wounded leader ; but at last they surrendered, and among their number were several chiefs. One of these was the young patrician Polinicus, whose sweetheart, Aponina, was the daughter of Prosimnus.

The prisoners were chained together like slaves and driven to Ispaghan, there to be thrown into loathsome dungeons.

It was a long time before the news of this defeat reached Antioch. And when the beautiful Aponina did hear of it, she lost heart and was about to throw herself upon a sword, but several days later her self-possession returned, and she resolved to save her father and her lover. All her treasure was collected, everything there was to sell sold, a caravan equipped, and together with old Anilius, a former slave whom she freed, Aponina set forth on her long and hazardous journey. After a month's travel she arrived at the capital of Persia, under the guise of a rich lady from Midia with her household, and bought a house near the prison. Then through her trusted servant Anilius, Aponina started gathering information about the prisoners. Anilius soon found his way into the prison, for he spared neither money nor presents, and thus seven days had not passed before Aponina met both her father and her lover in the house of the head jailer. So for a month they continued meeting at this trysting place, day by day planning their escape, but always they came to the conclusion that escape was hopeless : the prison was too strong, the guard watchful, for they dared not let them go, and the way to the Roman frontier distant. The head jailer laughed at their helplessness, demanding daily more and more gold, and when at last he had received from Aponina her remaining gold on promise to let the two prisoners secretly away, he informed the Shah's eunuchs. These seized and brought her before their ruler, who was straightway fascinated by her golden crown of hair, with her blue, gallic eyes like the distant sea, and her tall, supple, maidenly figure ; and he ordered her to be got ready for him as a wife. Accordingly the Roman girl was taken to special apartments, where for forty days her body was to be massaged with lard and Indian scents—only then could she become the Shah's wife. And there was no limit to her sorrow ; it seemed no power could save her now.

But love is strong, even as death. When Polinicus heard of her fate his heart sank, and in his mortal anguish he was about to open his veins. But in the meantime spring blossomed forth, and with it came the feasts of Mitry. The Shah's envoys were sent far and wide to find a handsome, brave, and pure youth, who was prepared to, and could die, unprotesting and unflinching, a painful death as a

sacrifice to Mitry ; and hence would be a worthy representative of the Persian people in the kingdom of shadows before the eyes of the god. Not one of the handsome and pure-minded youths would sacrifice his life to the god of light, love, and fire. But when Polinicus heard of this he said to his jailer, "Take me to these people and say : here is a man who will be a victim to Mitry. Let them look at my unblemished body, test the strength of my spirit, and then lead me before the Shah." The jailer immediately called the envoys and showed them Polinicus ; these examined him, inquired of the other prisoners whether, perhaps, any of his male or female ancestors were dissipated, and later led him before the Shah and the high priest. These received Polinicus with honour, and after he had confirmed his desire to die as a victim to Mitry, the high priest said : "Henceforth for forty days be thou, oh blessed one, our king and the son of Mitry. From this hour your will is sacred to us, and there will be no refusal to your demands ; but on the forty-first day you will migrate to the kingdom of shadows. But now tell me what makes you sacrifice your young life to a god of a strange land?"

"Love to my near ones," replied the Roman.

"But who are your near ones, oh youth?" asked the king.

"Those who are suffering, chained—your prisoners. I demand they are released and conducted safe back to their land, to the warmth of their hearths."

"All these will be allowed to depart in peace, but not before that day on which you receive the benediction of Mitry and take abode in his sanctuary," replied the king. Then asked again, "What else is your will?"

"One of your brides, whom I will choose."

"And this will be done. Order the priests, who are your slaves now."

The high priest then led Polinicus into the temple ; there others washed him, anointed his body with oil and sweet waters, and clad him in purple, whilst on his head was set a crown of roses. With kingly honours the youth was led thence into the inner compartments of the temple, which were adorned with the splendour of the East. The priests waited on him, paid honours as to a king and a god, and when he addressed them they fell prone.

On the following day, before sunrise, the youth was led to a sacred mound behind the town, and thousands strewed his path with flowers, appealed to him as to a son of Mitry, acclaiming him as their intercessor from the wrath of the god—light.

"Hail ! Thou son of the light-shedding Mitry, who enlightens us and vivifies the earth. Hail the mighty, the conqueror of Death !" they cried.

Arrived at the foot of the hillock, Polinicus, at the instructions of the high priest, ascended to the top alone and raised his arms towards the rising sun ; below, by the shadow cast, the priests guessed whether the light-shedding god blessed his victim or not ; but the omens shown pleased them. Then he was led back to the temple through dense crowds, who acclaimed him loudly and more joyously, and was seated upon the ruler's throne, there to be crowned with a garland of snow-white lilies. With a fanfare the Shah approached, fell prone, and kissed the youth's feet ; behind him came the nobles, the courtiers, their wives and children. When all had paid their obeisance the priests washed Polinicus's feet, ascended with the water to the top of the temple, and from there besprinkled the people below ; and everyone was eager that at least one drop might fall upon them. In the meantime Polinicus was escorted by the chief priest, the Shah, and the nobles into the inner apartments of the temple ; and from now no one dared to come to him without being called.

On the fourth day of this life Polinicus bade that Aponina be brought to him in a covered litter, nothing being told her and no question being answered. The girl, trembling with fear, was brought, the litter set down, and the priests retired. Polinicus's heart fluttered within him, as a snared dove beats about a cage, whilst he waited for Aponina to come out, but the girl seemed as one dead. Then he called her. She started, came out, then stopped, staring wonderingly, not seeming to trust her eyes.

"Do you not recognise me, Aponina ?" he asked.

"You, Polinicus, in these kingly garbs ?"

"Do your eyes fail you ? Come and touch my face."

"But what gods have made this change ?" asked the girl, and the youth answered, "All this has been done by love ; the king heard of it, and gave you to me that we may live and love."

"Those chains are no more, he made you a nobleman ; you wear purple, and a garland crowns your head. Tell me, what are you now ?"

"I am more than a nobleman, my love ; in my power lies that which I intend to do. Thirty days long I will drink in the sweetness of your nearness to me. I will feast my eyes on you, and your whispers will hush me to sleep. On the thirty-first day you will leave me for Antioch, and six days later your father and all the Romans will follow. The Shah will let them free."

"And you, Polinicus, when will you come ?" inquired the girl.

"I ? I will follow a little later," whispered the youth, and turned his head away. But the next minute he was laughing, happy under the caresses of Aponina.

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

(To be continued.)

Nature Notes.

THE ROOKERY.

BY DR STRACHAN.

TRUE to tradition, the rooks were seen to commence building new and repairing the old nests on the first Sunday in March, as noted in our last issue. For a week or so there seemed to be a good deal of dubiety, and there was much confabulation with regard to location, which resulted, as usual, in considerable changes; many trees were entirely deserted, the old nests being demolished, and others occupied for the first time. The most remarkable, however, was by a pair of rooks which elected to build, not on a tree, but on the top of a chimney can at Mount Forbes (formerly Castle Terrace). They were seen to be very busy carrying and placing sticks, and the nest became a more and more conspicuous object for about a week. Then, unfortunately, a violent storm of wind blew it entirely away; not, however, before Mr Lauder had very kindly taken a photograph, which we are able to reproduce as evidence of a very exceptional, if not unique occurrence in nature.

A BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

I have this year been favoured by a pair of blackbirds nesting in a very accessible place in my garden, where I have been able to watch operations from the beginning. First a quantity of rough material was laid loosely, covering a space among the ivy twigs of eight or nine inches. From this the round form of the nest was seen to rise gradually day by day, the bird moulding it upon her breast by turning round and round, packing and kneading the moss, grass rootlets, and small twigs firmly in with her beak. After a day or two the nest had attained to the correct shape and depth, but was apparently of a rather flimsy consistence. Next day the inside of the nest felt quite wet, suggesting that it had been forsaken. On examination this was found to be caused by its being plastered over with mud; and on the following day this again was covered with a layer of soft warm material, and the nest was ready for the reception of the precious green brown-speckled eggs for which all this elaborate provision had been made. In about a week, when the full clutch of five had been laid, the mother bird entered upon her fortnight's vigil of hatching, which afforded me an opportunity to make friends with her. A little care and patience on my part gradually inspired her with such confidence, that latterly she sat quite calmly while I whistled and talked to her within a yard of the nest, and would take a worm from my fingers. One day, on going to the nest, I found her absent, and, looking in, saw that the young were hatched. While I was looking at



P. D. Lauder

MOUNT FORBES WITH ROOK'S NEST

them she flew close past my head and settled down upon her darlings, looking up in my face with confiding motherly pride. All this time the father bird sang delightfully, morning and evening, from a tree near by. I now had occasion to go from home for ten days, and on my return found the nest quite full with well grown and feathered youngsters. Soon these left the nest, and for a few days formed a very pleasing feature in the garden, fluttering here and there with little abortive flights, while the fond and proud parents flitted round with loving chuckle, and giving tongue with loud and angry scolding should a cat appear anywhere in the neighbourhood.

The birds having done with it, I removed the nest in the hope that they would build again in the same spot, as I have known to occur before. In this I have not been disappointed, as within a week or so they again commenced operations, and have now completed their second nest, and I am looking forward to another month of pleasure surely superior to that of eating strawberries, which not only the birds, but even the slugs, probably enjoy as much as we do.

The great spotted woodpecker was seen in this neighbourhood about a month ago by Mr A. Strachan, but, so far, its nest has not been discovered. I am glad to be able to state, on the same authority, that a pair of kestrels have nested and are now rearing their young within a mile of the town.

Three Maids of France.

THE difficulty is to decide with which to begin this poor tribute of reminiscence—Eulalie, Micelle, or Henriette; whether with the prettiest, so as to capture the reader at the outset, or with the least pretty—there being degrees of beauty even amongst roses—and work up artistically to a climax. Eulalie might claim precedence here, founding her title upon historic grounds, my memories of her being, as it were, the prelude to those of Henriette and Micelle. Yet the charm of Micelle is freshest in my mind, for I saw her only yesterday. For a sentimentalist it is a predicament indeed. I shall escape from it by adopting the impartial chronological method. . . . Eulalie was *petite*, *vraiment petite*, and not given to talkativeness. Indeed, I would not swear to having heard her say anything altogether intelligible, though certainly by modulated squeals she expressed a spirit lively and joyous. To me, at any rate, she would never vouchsafe a word, my attempts at small talk meeting invariably with a round-eyed stare, not so much indignant as astonished. She had golden hair, which she wore as it grew, in the wildest abandon, and I have said that she was *petite*. Some 30 inches, I estimate, was her height, and she usually appeared almost as broad. Our brief

acquaintance flourished in its bashful way in winter, you see, and Eulalie galloped and squealed about the little village where we were quartered, invested in such multitudinous layers of garments that she was a mere animated mop. Usually she was chaperoned, carelessly enough, by an elder brother of perhaps $9\frac{1}{2}$ hands stature, whose name was Louis. He was obviously the spoilt one of the family, a gilded youth, and while his fascinating sister made eyes at our big gunners in the guise of a sturdy and plainly-coloured bundle, he would appear in polished boots buttoning almost to the knee, a sailor suit, a sort of kepi, and an ermine "stole."

Henriette was a friend of Eulalie's, though several inches taller, and a distinguished conversationalist. She was, further, old enough to have learnt to express certain states of mind by wagging her skirts. With her, I suppose, I really did carry on something of a flirtation. In self-defence I must say that she helped. She seemed to expect me to say, "Bonjour, Mamselle"—(later, of course, "Henriette")—and lingered ostentatiously about the farmyard where I went daily to visit certain horses; and she was plainly pleased when I said it, responding with "Bonjour, Monsieur," and a smile such as none but Henriette could bestow. It was she who introduced me to Eulalie—formally, I mean, long after we had met in our own Bohemian fashion. I fear Henriette was little better than a flirt, however. Rumour taunts me with the information that she has lately been seen hand in hand with a Captain of Horse Artillery. The very gifts we exchanged might be regarded as symbolic of such a flirtation as ours: innocent, delightful, but short-lived. I gave her some peppermints, which, without even asking the permission of her parents, she accepted graciously, not to say with eagerness. On the morning of our departure, when from afar she saw me on my way to pay a final visit to those horses, instead of lingering to greet me, she raced like Atalanta into her own house! This seemed at the moment behaviour only to be expected of an accomplished coquette—a snub of the most emphatic order when one looked for a farewell; but, in another instant, Henriette rushed out even faster than she had rushed in, bringing two enormous apples which she presented to me, Madame, her mother, smiling approval from the background. It was a moment of triumph—and I will not mar the recollection of it by entertaining the possibility that Henriette may have been similarly gracious since to some other Anglais. Apples may be abundant, things in themselves of little account in that part of France, but I console myself with the thought that the smile with which Henriette offered those two was unique. And, moreover, the apples had been polished to a brilliance superb! . . .

Micelle is of a more conventionally rustic type, a daughter of the

meadows, armed with a dangerous simplicity in place of Henriette's airs and graces.

As I mount to my billet I have to pass through the living room of her family, so that I have ample opportunity of seeing how she comports herself towards those of her own household—a severe test—and I observe that she figures there as brightest ornament and idol. The presence of her family acts as no deterrent to the display of her maiden fancies, and she will seize me firmly by a couple of fingers if I leave a hand within her reach, or while I am endeavouring to converse with her parents, set about polishing the bottom button of my tunic. Should it happen, however, that she is engaged upon some household matter, such as superintending the preparation of dejeuner, all my advances are vain—she deigns me the most off-hand “M’sieur.” The last time I saw her she was setting a good example to the older generations. It was nearly midnight, but her parents and their parents were sitting up round the stove, afraid to go to bed on account of the turmoil of artillery at no great distance. “C’est embêtant,” said her hairy father—as indeed it was. Micelle was the sensible one of the party, fast asleep in her mother’s arms.

W. K. H.

Homeward Bound.

(Continued.)

I WOKE early next morning, feeling frozen. It transpired later that owing to an influx of passengers extra carriages had to be added, but the engine could only heat the first six. So we had to freeze, and the water with us froze too, while the train climbed higher and higher, and the wind increased. Even the rising sun failed to cheer us up, although the dawn broke amid the scenery, grand and vast, of hill and valley. We were high up in the mountains, and the train zigzagged slowly upwards, crags breaking steeply on all sides, and terminating in white peaks just tinged with pink on their sunward slopes. Birches and needlewood grew in sheltered valleys, but otherwise nothing living could be seen, for the snow lay thick. The higher, the more stunted became the birches and scarcer some sort of a bush; at last even these disappeared, replaced by moss and grey rocks, which could be seen in patches here and there where the wind had swept the ground clear. Still higher we rose, and here the field of view widened into an expanse of snow—and nothing else. Not a vista of life, not even a bare rock to be seen; everything was shrouded over with a thick sheet of snow which smoothed all features, filling up the hollows and rounding the ridges, until there

was a blank to the eyes : there was no telling where the ground lay and from whence the sky rose. It was bleak and dreary, for the white of the snow became overcast by the leaden grey of the sky, dense and cold, and ever growing heavier and more forbidding ; the skies seemed to sink down dead and clammy, overpowering in their solemnity, like destiny approaching. Then the wind, which had subsided a little, sprang up again, bringing a dense mass of snow with it. The wheels crunched, accompanied by the creaking of the straining gear, and the wind sighed and whistled more shrilly with every gust. However, the track was well protected by tunnels, most of which were wooden structures, which kept the track from being buried beneath avalanches and wind-driven snow. Indeed the greater part of the journey across the Scandinavian mountains was performed inside the tunnels, and some of them stretched for miles.

In these higher ranges the stations are very wide apart, and at that time the blizzard had heaped huge snowdrifts against them, particularly on their windward sides, where they reached up to the eyes ; whilst some of the outhouses could only be noticed by their chimneys sticking out of the snow. Apart from the stations, there was not a building to be seen the whole day, until we descended well down on the other side.

Here, in contrast to the higher altitudes, the sun warmed the air, illumining to a dazzling whiteness the fair aspect of a broad valley enclosed by receding hills where, further and further, the peaks rose one above the other, fainter and fainter to sight, until lost, merged into transparency. And below there wound a narrow sheet as of glazing, mirroring the snowy slopes in gleaming stretches of purple, blue, and green ; paler and ever paler the deeper the reflection sank, pink diluting into white, then thickening to a rich azure where the peaks plunged into the infinite. And in the middle, out of the cold infinite depths of the lake, scarcely vacillating, there glared the golden ball of the sun—so clear and pure were the air and the water.

A couple of ducks flew swiftly past, disappearing behind a cliff ; the train jerked and moved forward round a bend, then along again into enchanting passages of scenery, which changed with kaleidoscopic rapidity and beauty. Rugged slopes, green with shrubs, then higher up with moss, rose tier by tier until dominated by the white summits. At their feet the railway track wound along, following the sinuosities of the fiord, and ever and anon disappearing into the yawning blackness of a tunnel. There were scores of these, and a few minutes of daylight would be swallowed up by a minute or two of pitch darkness, whilst we traversed through the base of a mountain some thousand feet high and more. At the other end

sometimes the train, suddenly, seemed to shoot into space, swerve, then clatter along a narrow ledge cut in the perpendicular face of a cliff; forty feet below were the clear waters of a fiord, and deep down could be seen the star-fish floating.

Gradually we descended into Bergen, the hills receding, becoming lower and rounder, and covered with vegetation. But just before reaching the sea they rear up again into high and rugged cliffs, and above the town there rises, with extreme steepness, a vast rock about a thousand feet high. An hotel is perched on the crest, and the view from there must be well worth the trouble of the ascent.

The taxi, without inquiring our destination, took us straight to the British Consulate. A rigorous examination was imposed upon us there, so much so that it was an unexpected revelation to find British officials acting in such an autocratic manner; the minutest details were required, and many persons, especially foreigners, found some difficulty in having their passports stamped, which allowed their proceeding to England. Only we two recruits were allowed full freedom, and, booking our berths, found our way on board the S.S. "Irma," of the "Oet Bergenske Dampskibsselskab," a mail boat.

Late in the afternoon we steamed out of the medley of ships and boats of all sizes and nationalities, down the fiord, where headlands rose out of the surf. From smooth water we soon plunged into long rollers heading east, and the boat began to dance; she mostly rolled—not pitch, as any self-respecting craft would have done in such seas, but persistently roll—taking a delight in making the landsmen slide along the deck clawing for support, or suddenly dash them headlong against the port rail. This liveliness continued the whole voyage, with the only alternative that the starboard side took its full share of the people's troubles and qualms. A patrol boat interviewed us at night by means of the wireless, which hummed, whistled, and howled desperately, as if Asnerhaus bemoaned his lot to other lost souls; otherwise we were not interrupted in any way during the voyage.

At dusk the next day we sighted the coast of Scotland, and when close in steered south, passing the Firth of Forth as the last glimmer in the west was fading behind blue, misty hills. During the night we entered the Tyne, mooring at a wharf in Newcastle. Next morning several officials came on board; the luggage was hardly molested, but instead, we were subjected to a most searching and prolix interrogation. Some time later, however, we disentangled ourselves from the official wardship and stepped on shore, each picking his own way, and yours truly repaired to a dépôt to don khaki.

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

A Year's Reflections of a Kaiser.

POTSDAM, A.D., MDCCCCXVI.

ANOTHER year gone, and the war not yet ended !
Not ended ? It seems to have only begun.
Too much have my hopes with my forecasts been blended ;
Too much I've predicted ; too little I've done.

To humble proud France, and to chain giant Russia,
To hurl England down from her high place of power,—
Is that not the God-given mission of Prussia ?
Am not I the Man, and is this not the Hour ?

I was sure I could capture both Paris and Calais,
And fly my bold eagles o'er far Petrograd ;
Not once did I think that my enemies could rally
So quickly, and check me. Would God that I had !

True—Belgium and Serbia are 'neath my heel lying,
But the strong win no glory in crushing the weak.
Still France, Britain, Russia, my power are defying ;
Their downfall and ruin are the laurels I seek.

My armies are vast, they are brave, undefeated,
For Kaiser and Fatherland well have they fought ;
Yet not one of my long-cherished tasks is completed ;
My victories are hollow, my triumphs are nought.

My fleet, my proud boast—ev'n the thought drives me frantic !
Bottled up by the British—in hiding at Kiel !
Once I dubbed myself "Admiral of the Atlantic" ;
What would England not give just to know how I feel !

Killed and wounded, alas ! they are counted by millions :
How little I've gained at such terrible cost !
If I win, will indemnities, billions on billions,
Pay Germany back for the lives she has lost ?

Should I lose—and the outlook is doubtful and hazy—
How my foes would exult o'er the triumph they'd won :
Would history brand me as Wilhelm the Crazy,
The Madman of Europe, the murdering Hun ?

The battle-front daily grows longer and longer ;
We can scarce fill the gaps made by death in our lines ;
While my enemies daily grow stronger and stronger,
And threaten to thwart me in all my designs.

Sue for peace ? That were coward-like ; all would deride me.
No ! I'll fight to a finish, howe'er the war close.
If defeat and disaster and death shall betide me,
I will perish, like Samson, still slaughtering my foes.

W. C. BENET.

Cashiers,
North Carolina, U.S.A.



R. K. Holmes

DOLLARFIELD

A Gunner Cook.

I CONFESS to a startled feeling when I first learnt that his name was Death. Alf his friends call him, officially he is 10953 Gunner Alfred Death, while in virtue of certain innate and cultivated virtues he was appointed chef to our little mess. Nominally the O.C. is the chief person in the battery, but the O.C. is the first to admit that he dare not risk friction with the cook. Not that Gunner Death would display his resentment by banging doors or "answering back," while "giving notice" is a method of protest not yet introduced into the Army. When something has displeased him he makes no mention of it, however his soldierly breast may labour with indignation; but dinner is late, the stew more tough than usual, or the supply of coffee, without warning, comes to an end.

In a complacent mood, Death, the cook, is as imperturbable, as efficient, as his majestic namesake the Dark Angel himself. Wherever we go, no matter what the inconveniences, our meals appear as usual. If for a few luxurious weeks we live in a château, Death occupies the kitchen as if he had cooked there for years, and gives us endless pleasant surprises, exerting all his skill to present ration beef and ration cheese in ever new forms, and his voice, raised in song, cheers us as we sit round the fireplace happily digesting his handiwork. Bury him in a dug-out, with our day's rations and a few elementary cooking utensils, and at one o'clock, from the depths of the neighbouring burrow, shout "Death!" and immediately he will appear, a silhouette strangely deformed by the cargoed plates he carries.

Could one see and hear only a little better from an aeroplane, what an entertainment it would be for the observers to hover above our warren at lunch time. No human soul is visible, no sound audible but the squeak of rats, and the lilt of a mouth organ—music from the bowels of the earth—so that the aviator might lean out of his machine in the hope of witnessing the imminent return of Orpheus from the lower world. Then comes the dreadful word "Death!" shouted aloud, the music ceases, and there issues from a cavern's mouth, not Orpheus tempting his departed spouse into the daylight, but Gunner Alf Death, cleverly carrying three plates of soup.

A few days ago, just as we had uttered the summoning shout, there came, like a terrific mark of exclamation, the rending bang of a big H.E. shell close at hand. As the Boche has a habit of following up such introductions with salvoes, and as our mess dug-out had only a tin roof, we straightway bolted out in the open, and, driving the reluctant Death and his pal before us, made for a neighbouring place of safety. There we sat in the rain, watching

the shells bursting, sometimes nearer, sometimes further away than the first, and feeling rather as a cockroach must feel as he watches some one trying for him in the dark, very angrily with a heavy shoe. . . . When it seemed fairly certain that the Boche was not really feeling for us but for some neighbours, we returned to our precarious burrow, and in five minutes Death brought in the soup, and hot at that. . . . That evening found us in the open like fugitives, cheerful, but homeless. Yet Death had tea ready at the customary sunset hour.

With all his merits this excellent man has his troubles. The lady who owns our present billet, and occupies a portion of it as a "debit," cannot suffer him. The trouble arose concerning a duck she wished him to buy for our dinner. Duck may be excellent, but the astute Death knew that this bird had been executed only in anticipation of her early demise from natural causes, and summarised his refusal in the words, "Pas bon—malade." Then the lady appealed to me to redress countless grievances, of which apparently she had been reminded by this aspersion on the corpse in question. "This man," she said (alas, I understand enough of her torrential eloquence to be fascinated), "laughs in my face; this man whistles in my face; this man sings in my face. Either he must go or I." "Madame," I said when she paused, not for breath, but for a gesture, "you say so much and so fast that I understand nothing." Anyhow she would seek redress—from the Mayor she would go to the Prefet, from the Prefet to the Deputé—Death should be expelled from her kitchen, though she had to appeal to the President of the Republic. . . . Yet at the end she admitted that was "très vive—très vive," and would try to put up with things for the time, and next day I learnt that she had been giving Death home-made chocolate cream, and that he had been showing his good-will towards her by cutting up a pig.

W. K. H.

"Side-lights on Shikar."

HERE, in the benighted ceded district of Bellary, we don't shoot many lions before breakfast, and tigers do not prevail. The jungle rulers trouble us not, nor we them; an occasional panther and bear, or rumours of bear, constitute the height of our sporting ambition; but when in this cold season we go out in search of the birds of the air and of the water, we keep an eye skinned and a rifle handy on the chance of a casual chinkara or blackbuck.

As a general rule we go forth primarily after duck and teal; snipe grounds are few and far between, but sand-grouse, partridge and quail as well as peafowl, will often fall as consolation prizes to the persevering.

This cold weather, for some reason or other, the waterfowl have proved unconscionably wild though plentiful enough, and I have several times come home weary, and wild as any of them, with a heavy bag—of cartridges! The dreary tale I shall unfold—a bald recital of our last outing some days back—will show what trials may befall the just man in his fowling from the vagaries of birds, and the unique intelligence of the gentle native alike.

Last week we had a holiday, a Tamil holiday withal, and observed here in Bellary for the excellent reason that there are no Tamils. We formed a party of five—our genial host being the Sub-Collector and our headquarters, for the time being, his—and fixed up a two days' programme for the quest of duck and teal, with possible varieties thrown in as usual.

We reached the scene of operations, some twenty miles off, by car, after several hurried stops and fruitless excursions into the scrub in chase of peafowl and sand-grouse. Lunch at a forest rest-house conveniently handy for the "tanks" we were to shoot, and then cross-country several miles through thick and prickly scrub and tall grass sown with "spears."

In a field close to the tank a pig had made creditable overnight efforts to create an imitation Hill 60 (or is it 66 or 70?).

The tank proved very large, but with plentiful cover on two sides, so we made dispositions accordingly, and from a clump of bushes on the bund I watched the native shikarries stealthily stalking a large flight of teal at the further end.

Following, no doubt, the direction of my eyes, the teal saw them too and left the water in a hurry, but although we speedily raised nearly all the birds—including a huge flock of cranes (or equivalent), for all the world like long rolling-pins with wings attached, and very decorative underneath—none of them showed any desire to be shot at, unless at rifle range, and we waited patiently (at least the others said they did) for fully an hour without a fair shot to anyone. The birds kept well clear of the shore and rose steadily higher and higher, until at last the majority made off at an impossible height for a different tank, and a few stragglers only returned by devious routes to settle once more in safety in the middle of the tank.

Of course, given only a boat, we should have told a different story, but as the nearest boat was, to my knowledge, reposing on a tank some forty miles away, it was of no material assistance, and nothing remained but to count the casualties, which were as follows:—

Killed -	-	-	-	One (very small) cotton teal.
Wounded	-	-	-	X.
Wounded and missing	-	-	-	Two.
Missing -	-	-	-	All the rest.

No, as you say, "not good." But, "What's a teal among five?" said we, and so to the next tank, and the next, where no better fortune attended our efforts, so that the hostilities ended in a decisive victory for the birds, and a bag of one teal and a solitary snipe.

Imagine the horror of our servants when we returned very late, owing to a strike of the acetylene lamps which lasted a full hour, and compelled us to crawl home the last ten miles with "London lights" and uncertain tempers, and exhibited our diminutive bag to a row of waiting henchmen—waiting to bear off the enormous collection of game that each declared his particular "master" invariably brought home! . . . I rather fancy that on this occasion bets were off.

Well, having unanimously decided that the drinks were on the unfortunate who, earlier in the day, had nearly trod on a "chink" that crossed almost at his feet when he had just loosed off both barrels at a peacock, we drowned our sorrows in a hot bath, dined, and laid deep schemes for the morrow. A tank of great repute, a "breeder," was on the programme, and before leaving the rest-house that evening our host had made a bendobast with his peon to convey the commissariat thither at dawn of day along with his and my gun, shooting-boots, and so on, which we left in order to travel lighter and have a change handy next day.

We gave the lark a fair start this time, and half-way our host's belt broke beyond repair (he was on a mo-bike). So it was lucky for him that he was riding ahead of and not "ahint" the car. As it was, we took him in and left his bike by the way-side, hoping it would not be dacoited ere succour arrived.

From the road we had a walk of several miles across country to the tank, and, having no preliminaries to arrange, my host and I set off on our own carrying only cartridge bags (and heavy ones), and roundly abusing the ubiquitous spear-grass which we had omitted from our calculations when leaving our boots and puttees behind, to be donned on arrival at the tank.

Shorts and stockings proved distinctly inadequate as protection, but we pushed on, thanking our stars the way was not long, and in due course arrived on the foreshore. The tank was large but shallow and weedy, with no birds in view; but what was much worse, we could see no sign of the cart containing provender for us all, and guns and boots for ourselves.

A series of "cooees" failed to elicit any response, and a cursory examination of the shore revealed no trace of the missing impedimenta. The place was silent as the grave, and an uneasy suspicion arose in us that we had come to the wrong tank. So off we set, after a last look round, for a low ridge of hills not very far off to spy out the land, and here we found the going worse than before,

while to crown our chagrin we "put up" game of all sorts from antelope down to partridge, and never a gun between us.

It was about this stage in our progress that I began to doubt our wisdom in leaving lunch and guns to the tender mercies of a peon and a "boy," whom I now discovered to be strange to the district. However, the tank could hardly be far away, unless we had sadly mistaken our direction, so we climbed the rocky bluff with few misgivings. Imagine our dismay when a blank prospect of scrub met our astonished gaze, without a spot of water in sight save a colossal tank some five miles off, and known to the natives as the "Great Sea." As we could see no trace of our absent friends, we climbed yet another and higher hill, from whose summit—gained at the expense of much shoe leather, sweat, and swearing—we spotted a large tank in the valley some three miles further on.

We sat down and—very nearly—wept, for it was now mid-day, the sun was hot, our legs were smarting considerably, we had no guns, no drinks, and not a sign of the rest of the party or our lunch on any side. Not a sound broke the noon-tide stillness, not a gun was heard, not a soul in sight. In short we were as innocents abroad, lost in our own district, the laughing-stock of every lizard on that steep hill-side.

There seemed nothing for it but to push on for the tank ahead, so off we set on the more difficult descent, and were well on our way when suddenly the sound of a single shot broke the silence, apparently far *behind* us.

This somewhat disturbed our calculations of lunch and guns to come, so spying a damsel at work weeding a field close by, we hailed her to ask the name of the tank we were making for. Not so. The first shout sent her scooting like a rabbit for the distant village, arms outstretched and shrieking wildly, leaving the representatives of a paternal Government lamenting and forlorn.

But, happily for us, her vocal transports attracted the attention and curiosity of several ryots hitherto invisible, who came up at a canter, and evidently finding our aspect less formidable than the yells suggested, were graciously pleased to inform us that the tank ahead was, of course, *not* that we were looking for, which, they agreed, lay some three miles in the opposite direction. . . . Words fail me. We picked a guide who led us back by a rough hill-path over very much the very same ground we had just traversed, and from the top of the ridge pointed out to us with conscious pride the tank we had first visited, the very position we had abandoned some hours before.

From it a regular fusillade was now proceeding, so we naturally concluded that our friends at least had found the tank if we had lost it.

The burning question of our thirst had still to be dealt with,

and another hour's hard walking brought us back to the water's edge, by which time we had grown so used to expect the worst that it scarcely moved us (Stoics that we are!) to find as before no cart, so that prospects of shooting or of lunch, although now infinitely more pleasing, seemed as distant as ever.

What was even more curious, the fusillade was apparently being caused by several disreputable looking objects standing waist-deep in the tank-bed, and only vaguely discernible through the tall reeds and thick duck-weed. Several other shikarries were stalking on the margin and calling a question to the nearest, "Had the Saibs come?" He replied that the answer was in the negative.

My feeling that I was going a little mad then amounted to a conviction, which I expressed with such force and energy as remained to me. My kind, but much-tried host, companion of my wanderings, who felt himself responsible for the sport and comfort of his guests, was by now nearly distraught, for it was clear that someone had blundered very badly indeed, and his well-laid schemes gone very much agley.

There remained but one resort—the car, the pivot of our day's proceedings, so towards it we retraced our steps weary and footsore, also legsores, hungry, but incredibly thirsty, fitfully recriminating the others who, we now felt sure, had in some mysterious way done us out of our shooting, our lunch, and everything that seemed at that moment to make our life worth living. Which was not much.

Another hour's foot-slogging and we reached the car standing, like Scotland, where she did with a varlet mounting guard. This worthy informed us that the Saibs had gone to the tank soon after we started, and that the Sub-Collector's peon had arrived a little later and taken the tiffin-basket—an extra, brought up as reinforcement after experience of our first-day appetites—to the railway station where the lunch cart was, several miles away on the road we had come that morning. At this we fairly tore our hair (an easy matter out here, where barbers are scarce and wild), for while it meant yet another tramp, it gave no clue whatever to the whereabouts of the rest of the party, we having just drawn the tank blank at the second time of asking.

I think that the timely discovery of a huge block of ice cached in the car, and not spotted by the rascally peon, alone saved us from permanent lunacy; but when we had sucked a hefty lump apiece in lieu of tiffin, and given a slab to our erstwhile guide (who had never seen ice before and didn't in the least know what to do with it), we took the road once more and whiled away the remaining miles in vain speculation as to what on earth could have happened to everybody.

When we reached the station—the promised land of the peon—

and found it empty of cart, or boy, or peon, were we downhearted, do you suppose? No, we were down and out. Personally, I stretched myself on a bench in the shade determined to sleep till the crack of doom, or longer if necessary, when the stationmaster came up and informed us that there was a cart with a peon in attendance under a big banyan tree hard by.

I can't say I believed him, but my host went off to reconnoitre, and returned looking ten years younger, to report that it was even so, whereon we covered the last intervening furlong of a trifling sixteen mile tramp like three-year-olds, sprawled beneath the banyan's welcome shade, and gladdened our long-suffering interiors with copious draughts of iced lager and phenomenal quantities of excellent fare.

Then came the richest scene in our little comedy of errors. As soon as we felt more in a mood to converse, we summoned to our presence the scoundrel of a Mahomedan peon and asked him why in thunder and lightning he had brought the cart to this forsaken spot instead of to the tank as ordered. He was equal to the occasion. "Master," said he, not without trepidation, for our faces were not good to look on, "hard by there is a Great Sea of a tank worthy the attention of your mighty honours, and so brought I the cart hither according to your honour's gracious word. Nevertheless it is as master pleases, for I am a poor man and master is my father and my mother!" But "Master" seemed a little doubtful about this rendering, and proceeded to amend it with more force than genealogical exactitude.

It then occurred to me that the car must have passed close by in the morning *en route* for the tank, and I suggested that this bright scion of a noble race might conceivably have "held it up," and notified that in his all-seeing wisdom he had seen fit to remove the guns and lunch to a spot some five miles from the place appointed.

"Master," said he, "it is even as you say, and seeing the car approach, very quickly did I run towards it, but your honours cast not an eye upon their servant, and the smoke-box did outrun me as I came, therefore, as befits one of my riper years, did I walk behindly and came very lately. Master will pardon my fault, for I am a very poor man and old, and misery is my name."

Now, reader, I ask you candidly, what can be done with a fellow like that? Is hanging too good for him? Is Home Rule too bad for him? Is anyone, anyhow, able to do anything with him? I trow not.

As we lay in the shade and smoked a meditative cheroot all sorts of wild suggestions became rife as to the fate and tempers of our "absent friends," and the thought of their lot as compared (now) to ours wrought upon us to such an extent that we drank their

health, seized our long-lost guns, and skidaddled in a hurry, deeming discretion the better part till such time as the lions should be fed and watered, or rather beered.

In this we were well advised, for though on our return an hour later from a vain quest of duck at the Great Sea—which contained only a few wretched coot—we found the lost ones reclining at ease on motor cushions replete and drowsy, with bottles draped in graceless profusion around them. There was an element of stiffness about their reception which augured ill for us had we stayed to beard the beerless lions in the long-sought den.

However, all was well now, and when each lot had asked the other in the same breath "Where on earth did you fellows get to?" the mystery was soon explained.

The others had delayed on account of a laggard shikari before making for the tank, and when they reached it we were already well on our way to the "wrong 'un," having failed to see them coming owing to the thickness of the scrub. On our return, hours later, the whole three of them were up to the neck in the reeds shooting hard, and while *we* had mistaken them for native shikarries, they had seen we had no guns and expected we were going to fetch them and return at any moment, and the lunch likewise.

Finding their mistake, they returned eventually to the car and were put on the track by its guardian, finding their long-expected lunch about 4 P.M., and having in the interim collected some fifteen teal of all known varieties, plus a hare, a couple of snipe, and a peacock. Our contribution was, of course, nil, and our sole shot at a "paddy-bird," which we plugged in despair as the shades of eve were falling, just to show there was no ill-feeling. One more refresher and we bundled into the car, and so home.

When farewells were being said one of the party, in issuing broadcast invitations to a forthcoming shoot, beamed maliciously upon my host and myself, remarking, as he drove off perched in a jutka, "And I say, you two, when you come out to my place just bring a gun with you, if you don't mind. So long!" . . .

I've heard of the fellow who aimed at the panther and bagged the decoy-goat, and the other who lamed for life the domestic duck which was the village pride, but never, never in life did I hear of two reputedly sane individuals who went out for a shoot, walked close on twenty miles over difficult and sporting country, through the heat of an Indian day, carrying heavy cartridge bags—and no guns. Did you?

Quoth my host, the philosopher, "Well, we didn't get much shooting, but we saw a lot of the district." Quoth I, "District be d——"

And so it is, any way.

R. C. CALLANDER.



R. K. Holmset

RAIN IN THE HILLS

“We Exploded a Mine”

Scene: Common but always impressive, a British citizen at breakfast, comfort and security personified. His wife is apparently reading her letters, but is really thinking out an effective costume for the next flag day, so that her portrait may appear in the *Sketch* as a “well-known War worker.” Yet even here there are signs of economy. The British citizen has given up his *Times* and come down to the *Daily Mail*; he has had to be content with one poached egg, and sausages have displaced the customary slices of dead pig.

British Citizen: “Another cup ’f coffee, Emma.”

His Wife: “Yes, dear. Anything in the papers this morning?”

B. C.: “Butter is up another penny a pound.”

H. W.: “Dreadful. We’ll really have to give margarine to the servants. What about the War?”

B. C.: (With the air of a man who is helping to pay £5,000,000 per day, and doesn’t seem to be getting value for his money), “There’s nothin’ doing in France as far as I can see. Only ‘we exploded a mine, and occupied the crater.’”

H. W.: “Is that all?”

B. C.: “That’s all.”

Many people at home still seem to be under the impression that the German front trenches and our own run in parallel lines from the North Sea to Switzerland. Here and there, near places like Ypres and Verdun, a kind of pitched battle is fought at uncertain intervals; otherwise the two sides are popularly supposed to be sitting quietly in nice, comfortable trenches, perhaps half a mile apart, with nothing to do but peep at each other occasionally through periscopes. When we assure the British citizen that fighting is going on up and down the whole Front, night and day, Sunday and Saturday, the British citizen points with child-like faith to his morning paper; it contains no mention of fighting—therefore no fighting has taken place. Could any reasoning be more conclusive? When we talk of stretches where the average distance between our front line and the Germans’ is less than 100 yards, and mention points that are within 15 or 20 yards, we are listened to politely—after all we have been running some risk, and the British citizen feels that certain allowances must be made—but a slight raising of his eyebrows shows that for veracity we are being classed with fishers and golfers.

In the early months of trench warfare a fruitful topic for discussion in dug-outs and billets was, “Whether do you prefer to be 300 yards from the Germans and shelled, or 30 yards and only bombed?” Bombs in these days were crude, uncertain articles,

made out of jam tins or anything that came handy. Sometimes they burst too soon, sometimes they refused to burst at all. But we threw them with a zest unknown to the skilled bomber of to-day. Occasionally, instead of a jam-tin bomb, we threw a tin of jam (plum and apple? My dear Watson, how on earth did you discover that?) and our friends, the enemy, would fling back a tin of (alleged) tobacco. Once I remember meeting a very angry man who had just been hit on the head by a German potato; he did not seem a bit thankful that it was not a live grenade. These irresponsible days are gone, however. We are all very much in earnest now, and into our lines there has come a new type of soldier. He walks with a perpetual stoop; often on his face and hands and arms there are curious blue marks. (What do you say, Watson? A miner. You grow more wonderful every day.) This gentleman belongs to a Tunnelling Company, Royal Engineers, and in many ways he is quite unique. To begin with, he knows exactly why he is here. "For to blow the —— up," is how he puts it in his own frank way. He has about as much use for bullets, bombs, or bayonets, as he would have for a battleaxe. Artillery he respects, but for "raising a wind" he prefers to rely on 4,000 lbs. or so of poopite, his pet explosive. Before he came there were areas which had been battered out of all recognition by heavy shells. Now, when certain parts of the Front are photographed from aeroplanes, the prints are more like pictures of the moon than of France. The whole ground is pitted with craters, as if there had been a violent volcanic eruption. That is all the work of the Tunnelling Company, but the miner does not go about boasting of his power, nor does he keep repeating, "See what we done!" like certain other branches of the service. Naturally of a retiring disposition, he shuns the public gaze. He cannot understand men who from choice keep on the surface of the ground—where aerial torpedoes and grenades may drop any minute, where trench mortars, or even an oil drum filled with rusty nails and a bursting charge are liable to get one in the neck. So he works away in his little tunnel, down and forward, forward and down, and envies none of us our sunlight or fresh air. The trench which we have drained and reveted so carefully he looks on as a very crude job. Anyone, he says, could dig a hole and throw the earth about on top, to be seen by every German within miles. The miner's plans are far more subtle. Not even his nearest neighbours know the secrets of his galleries. The "muck" excavated is put into sandbags and removed as stealthily as a burglar does his swag. When nobody is looking, the bags are carefully emptied into old trenches and shell holes. The tunneller dislikes working in chalk, because the debris is so difficult to hide away. For weeks and weeks the human mole burrows on steadily. We have a vague idea

that he is trying to get underneath the German parapet, though how he knows his position, or the amount of earth above him, we have not the remotest notion. We also hear it rumoured that the Boche is at the same game, and that it is practically a race between the two sets of tunnellers.

One morning a Tunnelling Company subaltern comes into our headquarters' dug-out with a gleam in his eye. "Do you want to see something," he says, mysteriously. Always open for any new experience, we follow him into the bowels of the earth, first with shoulders bent, then on all fours; lastly, crawling like a serpent into a hole, out of which we feel morally certain we shall never emerge alive. At last the passage widens a little. The guide flashes his torch and demands silence by putting his finger to his lips. Directly overhead can be heard a faint but regular "tap, tap." That is enough. Once again in the open-air, the miner allows himself the luxury of a loud chuckle. "Right below him, by gosh!" he says, thereby letting it be known that in this weird contest of mine and counter-mine his side at this particular point has the bulge on the Boche.

A day or two later, probably while we are at breakfast, a tunnelling officer bursts in, and whispers that he is ready to "poop her off." He mentions an hour tentatively. It is nothing to him that the time coincides with our relief. We point out that a mine exploding is apt to attract undesirable attention to the neighbourhood. That is a mere detail. What chiefly interests the miner is the size of crater that 4,000 lbs. of poopite will make. "It will be a devil of a hole, anyway," he concludes, and we are in no mood to contradict him. But delays are dangerous. If he waits the Germans may blow in his galleries, and spoil all his work. So we make our preparations. The artillery are warned to be ready with their barrage of fire on the correct sector; as many men as possible are withdrawn from the danger area; sandbags are doled out, bombers get ready, and machine guns are trained on selected spots. Then, at the appointed time, the tunneller presses a button, and with a great roar the half of France seems to go up into the air. Immediately every battery in the sector, both German and British, opens fire. The Boches creep forward to the east side of the new crater and throw bombs; we creep forward to the west side and do the same. Shrapnel is bursting over every communication trench; flares go up, trench mortars, canister bombs, and rifle grenades rain down. Somewhere within a hundred yards, ten, twenty, or thirty strong men are dying horribly, smothered in debris—the lucky ones have been knocked out suddenly and comfortably by the explosion.

Gradually the din lessens, and the flares grow fewer. The "wind" dies away, and in the morning, except for some scraps of

German clothing and a new crater, everything is much the same as before. Aeroplanes come droning overhead, the "heavies" begin their daily strafe, and twenty-four hours later the British citizen reads, "We exploded a mine"

That's all.

A. S., JUN.

Dollar Church and its Ministers prior to the Reformation.

By REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

To resume the special theme of this article, I remark that though we are ignorant even of the names of the many religious teachers, whether belonging to the Celtic or Catholic Church, who here proclaimed Christ's gospel to men, up till the moment when one of their number, on account of his attachment to the cause of the Reformation, was suddenly projected into the limelight of history, and won for himself a name that is still revered and affectionately cherished in the parish which he served, yet we have no reason to doubt that many of Thomas Foret's predecessors, even though their personal views on ecclesiastical and theological points may not in all respects have coincided with his, were like himself pious and devoted ministers of the Gospel, whose chief ambition was to fill as conscientiously as possible that humble sphere of duty in which Providence had cast their lot. I admit, of course, that it is not only possible, but even probable, that during the eight centuries of Christian history that preceded the Reformation, among the diverse characters who must have discharged the duties of the local ministry in this parish, there may have been some lazy slackers, some self-seeking worldlings, and even godless hypocrites. But though I allow the possibility that among Dollar's pre-Reformation clergy there may have appeared here and there one or more of those "ungracious pastors," of whom Shakespeare tells us, that while showing to others the "steep and thorny way to Heaven," they nevertheless invariably tread themselves "the primrose path of dalliance and reck not their own rede," still I could fain believe, for my own part, that the vast majority of the early Dollar clergy were men of nobler stamp. In one of George Macdonald's stories I have read of a "born-blind lamplighter" who, though he illuminated the city at night for others, yet had no personal sense of what he was doing. Now it is possible, no doubt, that among our early parish priests there may have been some men of this unfortunate type, yet surely there must have been many more whose character and conduct corresponded much more closely with those of the parish priest so well described by Chaucer in the lines that follow :—

"He was a shepherd and no mercenary ;
 And though he holy was and virtuous,
 He was to sinful men full piteous.
 His words were strong, but not with anger fraught :
 A love benignant he discreetly taught.
 To draw mankind to heaven by gentleness
 And good example was his business ;
 So Jesus' lore, which owns no pride or pelf,
 He taught, but first he followed it himself."

Some readers, it is true, will be only too ready to characterise this pleasing conjecture of mine as nothing more than a devout imagination. But for my part, in view of the fact that for centuries the Dollar cure was filled by Augustinian monks, that is to say, by men who had deliberately forsaken the world under the constraint of religion, and who had, moreover, accepted that type of theology most in accord with those doctrines of grace which are so characteristic of Pauline teaching, I regard it as quite reasonable to believe that many of these unknown spiritual teachers were animated by earnest and devoted piety. Nay, I am even apt to suppose that the very smallness and obscurity of this parish may have been one of its most attractive features in the eyes of the Inchcolm monks who were sent to it. Personally I confess I have always had great sympathy with the youthful divine who, when imaginatively forecasting his life work, gave expression to his heart's longings in the simple lines :—

"Then grant, O Lord, mine earliest, latest prayer,
 That some sequestered hamlet be my care ;
 Where from all pride, and all ambition free,
 Save that of winning many souls to Thee,
 I may unnoticed pass my tranquil days,
 And lead my flock in wisdom's pleasant ways,
 And meet in bliss, when every trial's o'er,
 The little flock I loved so well before."

And I can well believe, therefore, that many of these old Augustinian monks cherished in their own day very similar feelings. At all events, it is a suggestive fact that the moment we do get a glimpse of a Dollar parson, so as to see the manner of man he really was, we find him to have been just the modest, faithful, unambitious country minister whose portrait I have above outlined. For Thomas Foret, the first and only pre-Reformation minister of whose life we know anything, though he was both a scholar and a saint, was beyond everything else a parish priest, quiet and retiring, but conscientious and devoted. In describing him, indeed, it would be no exaggeration were I to say that he realised in the rural parish of Dollar in the sixteenth century the character of the ideal village clergyman as sketched for us by Oliver Goldsmith in his delightful poem, "The Deserted Village," in the eighteenth. For assuredly of

Thomas Foret, even more justly than of Goldsmith's own father, could it have been said :—

“ Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor sought to change his place.
Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour.
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.”

Of him, too, with even greater emphasis, could it have been declared that he was at one and the same time—

“ Rich in learning's store,
And rich in treasures of celestial lore.
With every talent to point out the way
To earth's best joys and Heaven's Eternal Day.”

But of him too, I think, it would have required to be added that so quietly and unostentatiously did he live in his vocation of Christian minister, that he would in all likelihood have passed away into oblivion like everyone of his predecessors, not leaving behind him even the relic of a name, had not “persecution dragged him into fame and chased him up to Heaven.”

Let me here endeavour to bring together and combine in one orderly sketch everything which, by the research of many years, I have been able to learn concerning the heroic Dollar vicar who so fearlessly went to the stake to bear witness to the truth of the gospel doctrines which he so faithfully believed and taught. I sometimes feel as if I had been foreordained to perform this service for my illustrious precursor in the Christian ministry of Dollar. For it is a singular fact that in the first book I ever received, entitled “Select Extracts for the Young,” a book I still possess, and which formed the foundation of that library of 4,000 volumes which during the past sixty-three years have been reared upon it, the very first subject treated is “The Life and Martyrdom of Dean Foret.” I little thought, indeed, when I read in my boyhood the story of how nobly an early Dollar clergyman played his part as a witness for Christ in the early sixteenth century, that in the latter part of the nineteenth, beneath the very shadow of the mound on which the sanctuary stood in which that faithful man was wont to appeal to his little flock, I should be privileged for forty years to proclaim precisely the same gospel as Thomas Foret had done. But now that my official ministry is closed, looking back upon its course, I feel it one of the chief privileges of my life that I have been permitted to serve my day and generation as a witness to my Lord and Master Jesus Christ in a sphere consecrated by such hallowed memories, and it is accordingly a proud satisfaction to me to have the opportunity in these pages of publishing to a new generation of

Dollar readers all that I have been able to learn regarding the career of the best and worthiest of my predecessors.

First of all, then, I find that Foret was well-born, as we commonly phrase it ; that is to say, he was the son of a Fifeshire county family, named Foret of that ilk, settled on a small estate of the same name in the parish of Logie, some two miles or so from that little obscure parish church of Kilmany, which was to be rendered so illustrious in the early part of the nineteenth century by the opening ministry of the great Dr Thomas Chalmers. Moreover, he was exceptionally well educated, first in Scotland, and then at the schools in Cologne, where he was maintained by the generosity of a wealthy lady. He may possibly also have had some interest at the Scottish Court, his father having been master-stabler to King James IV. The date of his birth can only be conjectured, but if we place it in the last decade of the fifteenth century we will probably not be far wrong. That he felt he had a religious vocation may probably be inferred from the fact that on his return from the Continent he was admitted as a residentiary canon to the monastery of Inchcolm. At that time, of course, he was still a loyal member of the church of Rome, owning the authority of the Pope, and sunk in the superstitions with which the members of that Church were enslaved. Soon after his arrival at the convent, however, owing to a dispute which arose between the prior and the other members of the convent, in which the canons had appealed to the charter of their foundation, the prior having reclaimed from his mutinous canons the volume containing the record of their foundation, gave them a volume of "St Augustine" to read and study in its stead. One unexpected consequence of this act on the part of the head of the monastery, in the case of one of the monks at least, was a complete and salutary change in his religious views. I refer, of course, to Thomas Foret, who from that hour seems to have entered into the glorious liberty of the gospel. And accordingly many a time in his after life, when referring to the instrument which God had used to bring him to an experimental knowledge of the truth, he would gratefully say, "Happy and blessed was that Book by which my eyes were opened, and I was enabled to see the way of salvation." Of course, the immediate effect of this illumination of Foret's understanding, with the consequent change that it affected in his character and life, was that the young monk at once became an evangelist, who endeavoured to lead his companions also into the light which had dawned on his own soul. In this enterprise he seems to have been very successful with the younger canons, though he failed with the elder, about whom he pathetically but truthfully remarked, "The old bottles would not receive the new wine." Probably it was as the result of the excitement and controversy which this conversion of Foret's

produced in the Inchcolm monastery, that the young monk was transferred to Dollar, to act as the representative of the monastery there by officiating as the parish priest. In making this change, probably the prior thought that by removing the over-zealous young monk he would not only restore its wonted peace to the cloisters, but in all probability damp down also, if not effectually extinguish, that reforming ardour which had proved so inconvenient in the monastery. But if this was his expectation, it must have been sadly disappointed. For no sooner was the new "Vicar of Dolor" settled in the parish which was thenceforward to be his care, than he devoted himself with passionate assiduity to the discharge of all his pastoral duties. "He rose at six in the morning," we are told, "and studied till twelve, and after dinner till supper: while in winter he burned candle till bedtime." When he visited any sick person in the parish who was poor, he would carry bread and cheese in his gown sleeve for the sufferer, and give him silver out of his purse, as well as feed him with the Bread of Life. Moreover, he was diligent in reading the Epistle to the Romans in the Latin tongue, so as to be able to dispute successfully with his adversaries. He would sometimes get three chapters by heart in one day, and at evening give the book to his servant, Andrew Kirkie, to mark when he went wrong in the rehearsing. And then he would hold up his hands to the heavens and thank God that he was not idle that day.

In his ordinary Sabbath services, we are further informed, he taught his flock not only the law, but the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. Moreover, with the view of interesting his parishioners in his teaching, as well as of rendering it more intelligible to the unlearned among them, he drew up a short catechism which he himself used in teaching the young, and on Sabbath would make public examination, causing the children to answer the queries addressed to them. So effectual was this system of scattering the seed of gospel truth, that thereby, we are told, "many were converted in the country round about." It is further declared that "when the pardoners came to Dollar to offer pardon for money, the good vicar warned his people not to be deceived by them, saying, 'Parishioners, I am bound to speak the truth to you. There is no pardon of our sins that can come to us from Pope or any other, but only by the blood of Jesus Christ.'"

Another feature of Foret's character was his singular unselfishness and generous public spirit. Thus he absolutely declined to exact the usual corpse present on the occasion of a death among his parishioners, and, unlike most of his fellow-priests, would take neither the cow, nor the uppermost cloth, which were ordinarily demanded on such occasions by the vicar of a parish as his due. In regard to what I have called "the public spirit of Dollar's vicar," though I have

no positive evidence to prove that the bridge over the Devon, long known as "The Vicar's Bridge," was either erected at his expense, or was due to the initiation of that devoted man, yet the fact that so valuable an addition to the free inter-communication between Dollar and the parishes south of the Devon is to-day associated, and, indeed, always has been associated with Foret's name, if it does not establish that he was the bridge's originator, at least suggests that his fellow-parishioners esteemed him so highly as to wish to associate with his memory one of the most prominent and useful of their public conveniences. A life so abounding in charities and evangelical labours as that I have described, while, of course, securing the grateful affection of his parishioners, and even as the title "Dean" implies, the approval of his diocesan as well, naturally awakened jealousy and hostility in the minds of the large section of his fellow-priests who did not emulate his zeal and devotion. Accordingly, we find that after a time Foret was accused to the Bishop of Dunkeld, to whose diocese, through its immemorial connection with St Columba, the Dollar church belonged, and was denounced, especially by the friars, as a heretic, because he was in the habit of regularly preaching to his parishioners, a duty then invariably abandoned to the orders of the friars, and because he expounded the mysteries of the Scripture to the vulgar in their own tongue, so making the clergy detestable in the sight of the people. It was on this occasion that Crichton, Bishop of Dunkeld, a prelate more celebrated for his generous style of living than for his scholarly erudition or theological knowledge, undertook to remonstrate with the troublesome vicar, and it is said the following suggestive conversation then took place. Addressing the man whom he had summoned before him, the bishop began the colloquy thus: "My joy, Dean Thomas, I love you well, and therefore I must counsel you how to govern yourself." The Dean thanked him. Whereupon the Bishop proceeded: "I am informed that you preach the Epistle and Gospel every Sunday to your people, and that you take not your dues from them, which is very prejudicial to other churchmen. And, therefore, Dean Thomas, I would have you take your dues. Besides it is too much to preach every Sunday; for, in so doing, you make the people think that we should preach also. 'Tis enough for you, when you find a good Epistle or Gospel, to set forth and preach the liberty of Holy Church and leave the rest alone." Thomas answered, "My lord, I presume none of my parishioners are complaining of my not taking my dues; for we are in such perfect accord, that they will give for my need anything they have, and I will give and communicate with them anything I have. And, whereas you say it is too much to preach every Sunday, I think it is too little, and wish your lordship would do the like." "Nay,

nay, Dean Thomas, let that be, for we are not ordained to preach." Then said Thomas : "Whereas you bid me preach when I meet with a good Epistle and Gospel, truly my lord, I have read the New Testament and the Old, and among them all I never could find an evil Epistle or evil Gospel. But, if your lordship will show me the good Epistle and the good Gospel, and the evil Epistle and the evil Gospel, then I shall preach the good and omit the evil." To this plain speaking my lord replied stoutly : "I thank God that I never knew what the Old and the New Testament was ! Therefore, Dean Thomas, I will know nothing but my breviary and my pontifical, and yet thou seest I have come on indifferently well. However, I give you my advice to go your way and leave these fancies alone ; for, if you persevere in these erroneous opinions, you will repent it when you may not mend it." To this the good vicar replied : "I trust my cause is just in the presence of God, and therefore I concern myself little as to what may follow thereupon." So ended the first of Foret's examinations before his ecclesiastical superiors, but not the last ; for he was divers times summoned before the Bishop of St Andrews, as well as of Dunkeld, to give account of his doctrine ; but he gave such reasons and answers that he was still allowed his liberty, until on David Beaton's succeeding his uncle in the St Andrews See, more energetic measures were taken for the suppression of what was called the Lutheran heresy, and Foret fell into hands which did not let him so easily escape. Meanwhile, during the interval between his first examination and his final trial, some of his friends urged him to moderate his views. In particular, the Prior of Inchcolm, during a visit to him, is reported to have said : "Will ye not say as they say, and keep your mind to yourself and save yourself?" To which counsel the vicar courteously replied : "I thank your lordship ; you are a friend to my body, but not to my soul. Before I deny a word which I have spoken, you shall see this body of mine blow away first with the wind in ashes." Truly an indomitable spirit ; but had there not been found men in Scotland at that time possessed of this unshakable loyalty, the probability is that the Reformation would have been stamped out by the relentless severity of the persecution which the merciless David Beaton directed against it. For in him, as Froude has expressed it, "Ultramontaniam became absolute in its most relentless form. The attempt was no longer to conquer heresy, but to exterminate it." And if the Scotch had been a people over whom bodily terror could exert a power, they would have yielded as the Spaniards yielded when similarly dealt with. But Beaton had to do with dispositions as hard as his own ; and borne up, also, as perhaps his disposition was not, by a consciousness of their divine cause. He could break, but he could not bend. He could burn, but he could not melt. "This is your hour," a Glasgow

friar cried ; "the power of darkness sit as judges, and we are unrighteously accused ; but the day comes which will show our innocency, and you, to your everlasting confusion, shall see your blindness. Go on ; fill up the measure of your iniquity." Not less resolute and dauntless was the bearing and utterance of Thomas Foret, when he stood before his judges, arraigned as an arch heretic and dangerous enemy to the Church. He based his defence, we are told, solely on Scripture ; but it was received with insult. For happening to quote in his defence these words of Paul, "I had rather speak five words with my understanding than ten thousand in an unknown tongue," Lauder, the Church prosecutor, cried out, "Where findest thou that ?" To which the accused calmly answered, "In my book, quhilk is in my sleeve." Upon this the public prosecutor started up, pulled the New Testament out of the good man's grasp, and holding it up before the people, exclaimed : "Behold he has the book of heresy in his sleeve, whilk makes all the pleg in the Kirk !" "Brother," meekly rejoined the vicar, "God forgive you : you ought to say better, if you please, than call the evangel of Jesus Christ the book of heresy : for I assure you, dear brother, there is nothing in this book but the life, latter will and testament of our Saviour Jesus Christ, written by the four evangelists for our comfort and instruction." But no such words of meek wisdom could avail him. The Pope had condemned the English Bible, and so the poor vicar at last had the sentence of death pronounced upon him, without "place of recantation," as a chief leader and teacher of heresies.

Foret's death was not less edifying than his life. When tied to the stake among the fagots, awaiting the fire, to give him a last chance of repentance, they "werried," *i.e.*, strangled and burnt another victim before him, that he might profit by the spectacle. The man died quickly. Whereupon the vicar quietly said : "Yea, yea, he was a wily fellow : he knew there were hungry folks coming after him, and so he went before to cause make ready the supper." There were no fewer than five martyrs executed on the same day, whose bodies were consumed in one huge pile on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh. Four of these men belonged to the good town of Stirling, which at that time, as a favourer of the Reformation, was scarcely less forward than the city of Dundee itself, which, for its fidelity to that cause, was then and long afterwards known as "the Geneva of Scotland." Stirling, it is true, might have less wealth to bestow on the good cause ; but she brought to it as large an offering of saintly blood. All these sufferers who thus perished together were men of lofty character ; and it is a remarkable, and I think a suggestive fact, that no fewer than four of them were churchmen. Referring to this circumstance, Tytler in his history points out that "however corrupt may have been the higher orders

of the Romish Church at this period in Scotland, the great majority of those who suffered for adherence to the principles of the Reformation were found among the orders of the inferior clergy. This was very evident in the case of the men who were burnt on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh. For while one of them, Robert Forrester, was a notary in Stirling, the other four, Foret, the vicar of Dollar, and Friars Keillor and Beveridge, and Duncan Simpson, a priest, were all clergymen. But gallant and devoted as the other four martyrs unquestionably were, there was no more attractive personality among them than that of the vicar of Dollar. And so we have a fuller account of his conduct at the stake than we possess of any of the others. Thus we are told that a certain friar named Hardbuckel came up to him at the last moment and pressed him to retract his confession. "Say," he urged, "I believe in God." "I believe in God," said the vicar. "And in our Lady," added the friar. "I believe as our Lady believes," said the vicar. "Nay," said the friar, "say I believe in God and our Lady." "Cease," was the martyr's reply. "Tempt me not; I know what I should say as well as you. Thanks be to God." When deserted by his persecutor, Foret turned to the people and said: "I never ministered the sacrament but I said, 'As the bread entereth into your mouth, so shall Christ dwell by lively faith in your hearts.'" "Away! away!" cried an armed man standing beside him, "we will have no preaching here!" Another, snatching the New Testament out of his bosom, held it up before the people and cried, "Heresy! heresy!" Thereupon the people, as bigoted as their clerical leaders, cried out, "Burn him! Burn him!" Immediately after the doomed man cried with a loud voice, first in Latin, then in English, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" After that, first in Latin then in English, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And then, finally, as his manner was to end with some psalm in his prayer, he began to recite the 51st Psalm in Latin—"Miserere mei? Deus secundum magnum misericordiam" (Pity me, O God! Receive me in Thy infinite mercy), and so on, continuing his recitation till they pulled the stool on which he was standing from under him, and so strangled, and afterwards burned him. "Thus ended," says Knox, "this faithful servant of God on the last day of February 1538-9, envied by the clergy for his good life, faithful preaching of the Word, and sparing the cow and uppermost cloth."

"Happy contrast," exclaims Mr Froude, "to the court with its intrigues and its idle and paltry schemings. We need not wonder at the regeneration of Scotland, when she had such men as these among her children. When the battle was begun and fought in such a spirit, the issue was certain. The first death was an earnest of victory." And the victory, I would add, was not long delayed,



A Drydale

GATESIDE

for within twenty years the Church of Rome was overthrown in Scotland, and the Protestant Presbyterian Church, which still exists, was established in its room, the record of whose ministerial work within the parish of Dollar it will be the aim of my next articles to examine and describe.

Jottings from British East Africa.

I HAVE taken up pen on several occasions intending to set down, so far as the censor may permit, and my capabilities will allow, little incidents in connection with the War as it is being waged in our youngest colony.

Although it is eighteen months since War was declared, up till very recently it would have been hard to realise that not very far distant from where I write the enemy were across our borders, and incessant scrapping was taking place, so few signs did we have of War. In fact, were it not for the unusual sight of principal judges, heads of departments, and other local big wigs in khaki saluting perhaps the youngest joined civil servant, the daily routine of East Africa is as it was in pre-War days.

With the arrival of the South African Contingent and others, one now realises that at last the influx of khaki means business of a very determined nature. How things change is delightfully illustrated by the arrival of the South Africans. The General, a Dutchman, was seen to have amongst his kit a suit case with the initials "S.-D." painted thereon. The story was afterwards told by the General himself, who, it appears, during the South African campaign, captured all the kit of General Smith-Dorrien, very nearly effecting the capture of the General himself. Knowing that General Smith-Dorrien was being sent out in charge of operations here, he (the Dutch General) said he thought he might bring him up a memento of former days, when they did not stand in the same relationship as they do now, and that he intended to salute him with one hand, and present him with his suit case with the other, when they met.

The South Africans are a bronzed, well set up looking lot, having just returned from their victory in German South West Africa, and having added that colony to the Empire they, I know, will repeat their triumphs in German East.

The Germans have been directing a good deal of their time and attention to blowing up the line of the Uganda Railway. Although their attempts have been numerous, the results have been far from satisfactory, for not in one case has there been any loss of life, which is, to say the least, marvellous, for in quite a number of instances engines have been completely thrown from the line. A few weeks

ago, when I made a trip to the coast, I was shown a number of very business-like looking sticks of dynamite, which, I was informed, had been removed from under the line some few miles in front of us, and which would have caused quite a flare up had we gone over it.

The dynamite in question had been discovered and removed by Colonel Kitchener, elder brother of Lord Kitchener, a fine old man, who, although considerably over the "allotted span," is doing hard work which would tire the youngest.

When the history of the War in this Protectorate comes to be written, tribute in no mean way will be paid to the African troops. They have done splendidly, their pluck, determination, and cheeriness being the admiration of all with whom they come in contact. Of their bravery pages might be written. One incident well worth recording is of a sergeant in the King's African Rifles who was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal, and who recently got "a bar" added to it. I cannot do better than quote the Government *Gazette* notice under which the reward appeared :—"He commanded "D" Company on the 18th January at —, after Lieutenant Dean had been wounded and the effendi (native officer) killed. He succeeded in extricating the Company and machine guns under a very heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, after all their ammunition had been expended. This non-commissioned officer had frequently come to notice for acts of gallantry and skill."

What does not appear in the *Gazette*, but what I heard from the officer to whom he made the report, was that after he had brought one of the guns to safety he apologised for not bringing the tripod on which the gun rests, and excused himself by saying that it was just a trifle "moto sana" (too hot).

Should German East Africa come under the Union Jack, the Empire will in no small way owe it to the magnificent fighting qualities of the African troops in this Protectorate, for they have proved themselves beyond all praise.

The eyes of all Germany are, I should imagine, on their last and most prosperous colony, the defeat of which cannot fail to have its effect on the ultimate result, and be another nail in the coffin of Germany's downfall.

MAURICE ST CLAIR THOM.

"Mumper's Dingle."

A WAR PICNIC.

WE called it so instinctively, though it is far enough removed from the dell where sat Lavengro teaching Isobel Berners the rudiments of Armenian. It would be an ideal spot for camping out, after the manner of simple livers, in the summer; under existing conditions

it is still tempting, but has its drawbacks, one of which is the possibility—slight, but existent—of the arrival of a Bosch “coal-box” at any time of the day or night. However, in this locality the German shells seem invariably to land well in the open, where they are merely spectacular. This “Mumper’s Dingle” is a wooded wrinkle, so to speak, in a valley you might think deserted at first sight, but wherein reside, mostly underground, a number of guns and men, scattered here and there, alert and watchful. A hundred yards away you would never suspect the presence of human life in Mumper’s Dingle, and when you came right to its edge and looked over, you might even then miss our habitations, for the tarpaulin of their roofs is so disguised with odd branches and handfuls of dry grass that you, like the questing Taube overhead, might take the two little tabernacles for natural features. Our first experiences there were of the kind that charm the “gipsily inclined among men.” We arrived in the dark, of course, and a drizzling day had soaked the soft ground, and hung every twig with its drop of water. The gun came up with its team, labouring in a cloud of vapour, the waggon at its back; our few necessities for life and gunnery were dumped upon the ground, and we were left to make the best of Mumper’s Dingle—at that hour, and in that weather, anything but a cheerful lodging. Every now and then a star-shell soared over the hilly edge of the valley, lighting its quarter of the sky an eerie electric white; far away big guns were rumbling; occasionally a machine gun rattled or “purred”; constant dropping rifle shots irritated the evening hush. And ever and anon, to lend an attraction to the shelter of our Dingle, a spent bullet would whine by and bury itself in the ground with a “plop.” With the assistance of waterproof sheets, blankets enough for warmth that mild night, and weariness, we slept well. If you cannot quite dry your socks by taking them to bed with you, you can at least be sure of having them warm to put on in the morning, and warm wet socks are a vast improvement on cold wet ones. . . . The morning dawned grey, but fair and mild. Water for washing was available from an old shell-hole at the end of the Dingle. The cook of the party managed to get a fire going—how, only the old soldier could imagine—and before it was broad day Mumper’s Dingle was beautiful and civilised with the fragrance of fried bacon and hot tea. Oh, that fat bacon these winter mornings in France! Every soldier would contribute for the erection of a statue in honour of the pig-symbolic if you will in some national Valhalla. When the day cleared we did a pleasant little shoot: Claribel (we called the gun so from the damsel of the youthful Tennyson—you remember, “Where Claribel low-lieth.” Our Claribel was lying very low, out of shyness of the aeroplanes, till it was her duty to speak)—Claribel behaved excellently. The

afternoon we devoted to real gipsy industry, elaborating our wigwams. The writer's was small but snug ; so small that he couldn't be inside it without going to bed. Two walls were damp chalk, the roof and another wall tarpaulin, the door a rustic screen of woven willow branches and grass. In this little shelter, on a couch of dry grass and a sleeping-bag, with a candle to read by and a couple of days' letters to read, there was the kind of luxury the tramp loves, due to contrast. The tenant was as snug as the dormouse in its nest, while without a cold night set in, rifles cracked restlessly, a battery in the valley banged out a few rounds into the darkness, and far away the report of the Huns' reply sounded like a giant kicking the vast iron door of an empty cavern. W. K. H.

To Those that are Left.

"And suld think fredome mair to pryse
Than all the gold in warld that is."

BARBOUR'S "Bruce."

THERE walked among us those whose faces shone
With the dim radiance of a distant light
Reflected, and whose eyes seemed bent upon,
With far-off looks, things holden from our sight.

And we were blest that did beside them stand,
And speak with them ; these signs the fate foretold
Of their young years. They ransomed our fair land,
They gave us freedom, more to prize than gold.

'Tis ours to guard this precious treasure bought
With youth's green spring, when life was wond'rous sweet ;
To cherish it, nor bring their deed to nought,
But live to crown it, that, when next we meet,
Then they, who erstwhile went to fairer ends,
May count us worthy to be still their friends.

MARGARET H. SIMPSON.

Extracts from a letter written from the trenches by a sergeant in the Black Watch to a relative of Sergt. W. Black, 1st Batt. Black Watch, who was killed in action at the battle of Loos on 27th September 1915.

15th October 1915.

WE (the battalion) had been to and from the trenches, a few days in and a few out. Willie was always to the fore and in the midst of everything—any hard work to be done found him thrusting through it ; any play (though we had little time for relaxation) found him

the cheeriest of the party. He was the heart and soul of the sergeants.

Well, on the morning of the 25th September—a raw morning it was and a little dull—the men were in the trenches chattering away to each other with little in their conversation that would lead one to think that in a moment or two they were going to face death. Some were looking more pale than usual; others, again, had that tell-tale flush that excitement brings forth. Many seemed indifferent, and I am certain that not one Scotsman there that September morning knew what fear was.

Our artillery had thundered night and day, and the sound—the loud *sh*—of the heavy shells, the quick zip and the whistling screech of the lighter ones—made a pandemonium of noise that could never be excelled in this world.

At last! That nerve-breaking business of sitting between everlasting rows of brown earth and sand-bags, continually watching and waiting, was at last to give way to that which the men had been calling out for, namely, to get at the Germans—anything but sitting in the trenches for ever. Small ladders were placed against the parapet—the road to death or victory—but death here is a greater victory by far than life. “Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for that of a friend.” It is the loved ones left behind who suffer most. Their battle is the sterner one—waiting and watching—a vigil that is far worse than that of the soldier who waits and watches in the trenches. Their tears must be dried, so that the world may know that the women of Britain are fighting the battle bravely—as bravely as her soldiers.

It is 6.15 A.M. The word is passed along—“The Camerons will advance.” “Camerons, advance.” Up the ladders they clambered, shouting on to the flat broken ground that had been so long “no man’s land.” Into a storm of shells and bullets. Hours seemed to pass—in reality only a few minutes—then, “The Black Watch will advance.” They went over too, on to the ground that man dare not even glance at a few hours before except through a periscope.

Many of the men were singing:—

“We smashed them on the Marne,
We smashed them on the Aisne,
We gave them h—l at Neuve Chapelle,
And here we are again.”

Your brother Willie was with the Colonel and the Adjutant. As I am making my letter too long, I will run quickly over the main events.

That day the battalion did everything it had been ordered to. When the fourth line German trenches were reached our officers were few. Willie was in charge of the left half of the men who remained,

and held the line against the Germans until, at midnight, the battalion was relieved and came back to the British line.

The men were covered from head to foot with mud, and were very happy. Rations were issued, and during the 26th the battalion was reformed—men joining from various sources. Some had become attached to the Gordons and other regiments. That day and night I was with Willie, and slept in his dug-out with him. On the 27th I was with him until 2 o'clock. At 3 P.M. an order came—"The 26th Brigade will again advance," and over once more the men, physically worn, but with hearts as strong as ever, went. Willie was with Major Collins, and had gone forward a good bit when he was wounded with a bullet. He said, "Cheer oh, boys, I've got a 'Blighty' one." Major Collins was still near him. A shell dropped. I did not witness any of this, but I have made inquiry, and found that this was how he met his death. Before he was wounded he was inspiring the men with his great coolness and bravery. . . . The battalion went forward again to their line—the fourth German line. They were again relieved and came back to the British trench. During this time the battle was still in progress, and nothing could be done to clear the battlefield. On the morning of the 28th the battalion came back out of the trenches altogether, and rested a night in billets. Then we were taken by train to another part of the line, nearly 20 miles distant. . . . The battalion misses him very much. He was always eager and always cheery.

Letters to the Editors.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY,
DEERLAKE, via BEREN RIVER,
MANITOBA, 6th February 1916.

DEAR MR MALCOLM,—When the September number of the *Dollar Magazine* came to hand some time ago, I read Bertie M'Lachlan's letter regarding his encounter with an old Dollar boy, i.e., A. O. Baigrie.

In my own experience practically the same thing happened to me; I was engaged in the Shipping Department of the firm I was working for at Big River, Sask., and on one pretty cold day a party of surveyors came in from the north. They were under a Mr M'Farlane, and had made an extraordinarily long journey under very severe conditions from somewhere near Fort M'Murray. The pack-ponies in the outfit were in awful condition; food had been very scarce, and at times they had suffered greatly.

I was standing up on the gangway superintending the unloading of teams, watching the party come in. They were a hardy-looking

lot, some of them pretty heavily bearded, and had one expected to find a familiar face in the party it would have been difficult to recognise the person expected.

The stable boss was standing near the stable door when one of the survey men said, "Isn't that Jack Forster up there?" He answered, "Yes, do you know him?" "Well, I should do," was the reply, "seeing that we were at school together."

The speaker was Sholto Douglas. On hearing him hail me by name I quickly went to speak to him; his brother, Willie Douglas, was also of the party. We were very glad to meet, and had quite a chat over old days, old friends, etc. They stayed with us for a day or two, and then went on to town. I haven't heard from them since. It's a small world, isn't it, where Dollar boys are concerned at any rate?

Mrs Forster was pleased to see that her cousin, Daniel Douglas, figures in the Roll of Honour as Captain in the Chota Nagpur Light Horse.

With best wishes from us both for the success of the *Magazine* and kindest regards to yourself.—I am, yours very sincerely,

JACK FORSTER.

CALLE RIVADAVIA 654,
BUENOS AIRES, 30th March 1916.

A. MUCKERSIE, Esq.,
Dollar.

DEAR SIR,—I like to keep in touch with the old School and Dollar, where I spent (although not of course realising it at the time) the happiest part of my life. I glance through the *Magazine* to see if there happens to be any reference to the doings of old school-fellows, but do not often find some. This is hardly strange, as it is thirty-five years since I left. When last in Dollar for a few days in 1902 (I think it was during the holidays, when nearly everybody was away), I came across Mr Bradshaw sitting on one of the boulders near the entrance gate to Castle Campbell. He did not know me by sight, but when I declared my identity, remembered me perfectly. I was also quite pleased to find my name carved on the woodwork at the top of the castle.

If "Doctor John" Strachan is still in the land of the living, which I trust he may be, he will remember me and our family. I used to envy him riding about on his grey cob, and a very useful looking animal he was (the cob).

As you are probably aware, there are a lot of old Dollar boys here. We tried to get up an annual dinner some years ago, but only some eight men turned up, although about twenty had promised to attend. So the attempt was abandoned. Charlie

Davie, a contemporary of mine, and during the last year I was at School a fellow-resident at dear Mrs Ralston's, is here, and the same cheerful fellow as ever, but has grown very fat.

Kind regards to anyone who may happen to remember such a Methuselah.—Yours faithfully,

C. MANIFOLD.

P.S.—Congratulations on the excellent reproductions of photos of Devon and scenery.

C. M.

BAHIA BLANCA,
21st February 1916.

A. MUCKERSIE, Esq.,
Dollar.

DEAR SIR,—I have nearly all the *Dollar Magazine* numbers except those you mention are out of print. I would have taken the whole set for the sake of those I have not got, but suppose it is not possible to obtain them now. I hope to be able to go to the Old School next year, after an absence of thirty-eight years, and I see by the post cards you sent that there are few changes, and will know every corner of the place as if I had left a year ago. Here the changes are so great in a few years in the cities that you hardly believe they are the same places.

I came to Bahia twenty-five years ago, then little better than a frontier town of 12,000 inhabitants; now we have a fine flourishing city of over 70,000 inhabitants, of, I may say, all nationalities; two fine ports export $1\frac{1}{2}$ million tons of wheat, etc., 30,000 tons wool, twelve important railways joining us to all parts of this immense country, and to the Pacific (Chile). All railways British capital.

We had only one railway when I arrived here. However, all this, I am afraid, will be of little interest to you.

NORMAN M. GEDDES.

DOLLAR,
7th April 1916.

THE EDITOR,
Dollar Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—In the March 1916 number of the *Dollar Magazine*, on p. 53, it is stated that my unit is the *Fourth* Highland Light Infantry. I would point out that the 4th Highland Light Infantry is an extra reserve battalion of that regiment, and that I belong to a *line* battalion. The only connection I have had with the 4th Battalion is that I have been Adjutant of that unit for the last two and a half years. I should be glad if you could have the necessary correction made in the next issue of the *Magazine*.—I am, yours faithfully,

W. LECKIE EWING, Major,
2nd Batt. Highland Light Infantry.

Review.

"MORE BALLADS OF FIELD AND BILLET AND OTHER VERSES."

ENCOURAGED, we have no doubt, by the very favourable reception given to his recently published "Ballads of Field and Billet," Mr Holmes has now added "More Ballads of Field and Billet and Other Verses." For this volume we venture to predict a warm welcome. The poems are composed with ease, fluency, melody, and are clearly the issue of self-felt thought. There is no effort to find lofty subjects; the poet is content to add to the perishable delights of experience the nobler fact of poetic expression. There is a fine full-flowing freedom in the verses, and the fluency of the language is in excellent harmony with the ideas. Simple, plain, yet possessing the charm of expressiveness, as well as the delight of passion.

Take, for example, the first poem in the book, which we think must have been the last one written :—

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

WHATEVER in the coming days our work, our luck may be,
Our hope deferred is realised—we've crossed the narrow sea;
For long we suffered sympathy, kind question, hostile scoff,
Preparing, waiting, praying for the order to be off,
And now, come weal or woe, we're here, at last we've got our chance—
We're with the friends we've envied and we're somewhere out in France!

We used to long to wander, in the distant days of peace,
But custom kept us captive, hardly dreaming of release;
We lived in soft security, despising humdrum days
That followed one another with the same stale irksome ways;
We may not meet adventure here, we look for no romance,
But anyhow we're riding down the muddy roads of France.

Long, long ago the English hosts, in sunshine and in rain,
Came tramping where their stubborn sons now march to war again,
Their bowmen and their halberdiers, in mud and mist and snow,
Went swinging stoutly forward as our khaki columns go;
The poplars watched the knights ride by with sword and mace and lance
As they watch us through the sleet storm in these leafless woods of France.

The last of Autumn's apples rot beneath the shivering trees;
In huddled miry villages the duck ponds flood or freeze;
Our fingers, in the norther's nip, scarce feel the reins they hold,
Our feet that press the stirrup are benumbed with bitter cold;
Against all hardships still we set one saving circumstance—
The miry ways we ride by are at last the roads of France!

The poet's experience given in the line, "For long we suffered sympathy, kind question, hostile scoff," has been that of many volunteers, who grew impatient under the long-drawn-out necessary training.

Under "Other Verses" Mr Holmes has brought together a number of poems written at different times on a variety of subjects. We are sometimes told that a wonderful amount of undeveloped genius lies dormant, like latent heat, until it is brought forth by some quickening agent—the electric spark of thought requiring some such contact between the negative and positive mental wires as is brought about by the natural philosopher in his experiments on electricity. This contact is often produced accidentally, without the poet being able to account for it; but in the case of "Other Verses" the contact has been brought about by common every day incidents.

All these short pieces are highly interesting, many of them displaying a pleasing quiet humour. We particularly enjoyed "A Bit of a Dog," beginning:—

The smaller the dog is, the surer to wear
A pushing, important, impertinent air,
I judge from Adolphus—the least of my friends—
No sooner begun than he suddenly ends.

We most heartily recommend the book to the notice of our readers.

Notes from Near and Far.

FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB.—The members of the Field Naturalists' Club have been active during the session. The Annual Business Meeting was held on the evening of 20th March, when a satisfactory financial statement was presented. All the office-bearers were re-elected, save Mr Gillespie, who, to the regret of members, was leaving Dollar, and his place was filled by the appointment of the Rev. Mr Wilson. Business over, the meeting took the form of a social gathering, when tea and music were provided by Mrs Armstrong, Mrs Johnston, Mrs Graham, Miss Spence, and others.

The new session proper was opened on the 3rd of April, when the Rev. A. E. Spence lectured on "Thomas Edwards," the Banffshire naturalist. The lecturer had an excellent subject, and he handled it with much ability. At the close the President, Dr Strachan, thanked Mr Spence for his most interesting and instructive paper.

Excursions under the President's guidance have been made to Kestral Glen, Cowden Castle, Muckhart Mill, and Naemoor—all heartily enjoyed. Happy indeed is the naturalist; to him the seasons come round like friends; to him the birds sing; as he walks along, the flowers stretch out from the hedges, or look up from the ground; and as each year fades away, he looks back on a fresh store of happy memories. Though we can never "remount the river of our years," he who loves Nature is always young.

DOLLAR ASSOCIATION.—Under the auspices of this Association a musical evening was given in the Athenæum Hall on Monday, 27th March, by Mr Allsopp and his orchestra, with the assistance of vocalists. Miss Webster and Miss Stewart sang with their usual fine taste and expression, Miss Daisy Robertson played accompaniments, and Master Ruthven Black contributed violin solos.

At the second meeting of this Association, over which Mr Dougall presided, a very interesting and original paper was read by Dr Strachan on the "Science of Education"—a subject to which he has devoted much attention. The paper aroused a good deal of criticism, in which Mr Dougall, the Rev. Mr Armstrong, and Mr Heron took part.

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EVENING SCHOOL SOCIAL.—On Thursday evening, 16th March, the students of the Evening Continuation Classes were, through the kindness of Mr Begg, the Headmaster, and Mrs Begg, entertained to a social meeting in the Public School. Mr John M'Diarmid, Chairman of the School Board, presided. After tea, a finely varied programme was gone through, consisting of songs by Mrs Begg and Mrs Frame, pianoforte selections by Miss Rutherford and Master J. E. Begg, choruses and recitations by the pupils. Short addresses were given by Provost Mrs Malcolm, Colonel Haig, and the Rev. Mr Wilson, members of the Board.

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ASSOCIATION FOR NURSING THE SICK POOR.—The Annual General Meeting of the Association for Nursing the Sick Poor was held in the Masonic Hall on the afternoon of Tuesday, 14th March, when, notwithstanding the cold, unfavourable weather, a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen attended. Mr Malcolm presided. The Rev. Mr Armstrong opened the meeting with prayer; and thereafter the Chairman read the minutes of the last General Meeting and of the Committee Meetings held during the year. Arising out of the minutes was the question whether the contribution given by the Parish Council was sufficient remuneration for the number of visits made by the nurse to sick persons who were in receipt of parochial relief. A long and animated discussion ensued, and it was ultimately agreed that no change be made in the meantime. In view, however, of recent legislation, it was remitted to a committee, Dr Beveridge convener, to consider and report whether any changes in the work of the Association would be necessary. Mr Gibson, Treasurer, gave his financial statement, which showed a fair balance in favour of the Association. The Chairman read the report of the President, Miss Haig, which was highly commended by the Rev. Mr Wilson, and unanimously adopted. Nurse Bell's report was also highly satisfactory. Mrs Easton-Spence was elected to the Committee in room of Miss Lindsay, who had resigned.

HONOUR TO AN F.P.—We learn with much pleasure that the Rev. George Blair, B.D., has received and has accepted a unanimous call to Uddingston U.F. Church. Mr Blair was, until recently, Minister of the U.F. Church in East London, South Africa.

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EMPIRE DAY AT PUBLIC SCHOOL.—Empire Day was celebrated at the Public School on the forenoon of the 24th May. The pupils assembled round the flagstaff in the playground, where already there had gathered a considerable body of the general public. After the flag was unfurled, the pupils saluted and sang the National Anthem. They then filed into one of the class-rooms, where patriotic songs were sung, and Provost Mrs Malcolm delivered an appropriate address to the pupils, impressing upon them both by precept and story the greater need than ever before of showing our enemies that we are whole-hearted in our devotion to the Flag that stands to us for liberty, duty, and self-sacrifice.

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SALE OF WORK.—The Annual Sale of Work in connection with the Parish Church Women's Guild was held in the Church Hall on Saturday afternoon, 8th April. The Rev. Mr Armstrong, after engaging in prayer, introduced Mrs Dobie of Dollarbeg, who declared the Sale open. In the course of her remarks Mrs Dobie referred to the amount and quality of the work which had been done by the members of the Guild during the past session, and congratulated them on the splendid results of their labours. There was a large number of buyers, who quickly availed themselves of the opportunity of purchasing pretty and useful articles. The sum realised amounted to £54.

The following office-bearers were reappointed for the ensuing year:—Hon. Presidents, Mrs Haig of Dollarfield, Mrs Kerr of Harvieston Castle, and Mrs M'Queen of Hillfoot; President, Mrs Dobie of Dollarbeg; Vice-President, Miss Millen; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs Armstrong, the Manse. Several members of committee were also reappointed.

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THE MARQUIS OF ABERDEEN AND THE REV. ANDREW MUTCH (F.P.).—The Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen, in their recent tour through the United States, were entertained at a banquet given in their honour in Philadelphia on the evening of 17th February, when, we are told, the Rev. Andrew Mutch, minister of Bryn Mawr Church, made "The Hit of the Night." With a few words the Toastmaster, Mr Johnson, introduced the Bryn Mawr parson. He had a burr that brought back the familiar smell of their native heather to the distinguished guests. His little Scotch touches came and went as lights to illumine his speech—the hit of the night. He had a saving sense of humour, and when he described a Scotchman, in the words of the famous Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh,

as "a man who kept the Sabbath and everything else that he could get his hands on," the gathering went into spasms. Then he switched to the serious, and sprang the surprise of his birth on the noble guests, proving again the strength of those aphorisms that the world is very small, and that one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin. For the reverend speaker told in his little speech that he was born on the estates of Lord and Lady Aberdeen in Scotland; and it was the homely scenes that he reconstructed for the guests of the evening that drew from the Marquis's eyes tears that he shed, unabashed by his surroundings. As with quaint pathos Mr Mutch told some little folk tale of old Aberdeen, the Marquis's face twitched with emotion. The Marchioness kept her eyes riveted on the face of the speaker, as if afraid she would find herself as emotional as her husband. Then when the speaker struck a responsive chord, Aberdeen found himself no longer able to dam his feelings, and tears ran down his face. He dabbed at his tell-tale eyes, but even this failed to restrain the flood, and finally he gave up and bowed his head in his hands.

Aside from this striking incident, the real sensational touch to the occasion, the principal feature of the evening was the widespread declaration of Toastmaster Alba B. Johnson. He asserted with telling force that three-quarters of the American people sympathised with the Allies, and that while the Government must hold fast to neutrality, America loved Great Britain, and that war between the nations was not only unthinkable, but impossible. The fervour with which Mr Johnson voiced his sentiments as indicative of the feelings of the nation, surprised even the titled guests of the occasion, and, later on, the Marquis reiterated these professions of deepest friendship.

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OXFORD DICTIONARY.—In connection with the production of this colossal dictionary, the *Periodical* (Vol. VI.), compliments our esteemed contributor, the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, on his part in the work:—"The Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, of Dollar, worked through *Tal* to *Titing* in 1881-3, *To* to *Tozy* in 1884-8, and *Trea* to *Triluminous* in 1889-90. In 1892 he began a new revision of the letter, and worked through almost the whole of the material, finishing his extensive task in 1910. This thorough sub-editing of *T*, extending over near forty years, is only one part of the valuable aid steadily given by Mr Wilson towards the progress and completeness of the Dictionary."

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IN THE TRENCHES AGAIN.—Our esteemed contributor, Judge Benet, speaking of his son, Dr Benet, says:—"Last year he spent six months in the French War Hospital, first at Neuilly, near Paris, then at Château d'Annel, Oise, within range of the German big guns. I sent him the December *Magazine*, and you will be interested to know

that he said he had to give it to a young Scotsman—an old Dollar boy—who just devoured the *Dollar Magazine*."

* * * * *

WELL EARNED REST.—Dr R. B. Mitchell (F.P.), who has been Medical Superintendent of Midlothian and Peebles Asylum since 1888, having retired on pension, the District Board of Control at its last meeting resolved to place on record its appreciation of the excellent work he had done during his twenty-eight years of service.

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WELCOME TO DR ALICE HUTCHISON.—A large and enthusiastic meeting in the Academy Hall welcomed Dr Alice Hutchison, one of the heroes of the Scottish Women's Hospital in Serbia, who gave an address on her experiences in Serbia, and as a prisoner of war in Austria-Hungary. Provost Mrs Malcolm occupied the chair, and intimated apologies for absence from the Countess of Mar and Kellie, Miss Christie of Cowden, and Mrs J. E. Kerr of Harvieston Castle. The Provost said they were delighted to have with them Dr Alice Hutchison, one of the noble band of Scotch women doctors and nurses who had gone cheerfully and heroically to relieve the sufferings of the Serbian nation from the cruel operations of a ruthless foe. (Applause.) They, in Dollar, were to have their Flag Day tomorrow (Saturday) on behalf of the Scottish Women's Hospital Fund for Serbia and France, and they looked to Dr Hutchison for inspiration towards achieving success in their effort. (Applause.) She congratulated Dr Hutchison on the honour of St Sava 3rd, recently bestowed upon her by the Crown Prince of Serbia. Dr Hutchison, who received an enthusiastic welcome, gave a graphic account of the work of her unit in Serbia, of the heroic labours of the doctors and nurses in treating the wounded in Serbia, and of her exciting experiences as a prisoner of war in Austria-Hungary. In relating her interesting story Dr Hutchison did not forget the human touch which brightened the recapitulation of the earnest and self-sacrificing work of the Hospital, and some of her personal incidents, while a prisoner of war, were humorous and refreshing. Her little talk with the boastful German officer was highly amusing. This high-placed officer was asking why the British were not giving in, seeing the Germans had taken part of France, and were going to take Egypt and the Suez Canal, when Dr Hutchison said, "Then the German Fleet would be coming out." The officer replied in the affirmative, when Dr Hutchison said, "Then they will be coming over-land." (Laughter.) This witty rejoinder was quite lost on the German, as he did not see the sarcasm. At the close a hearty vote of thanks was awarded to Dr Hutchison, on the proposal of Mr Dougall, and the proceedings closed with the singing of the National Anthem. A collection in silver was taken on retiring, and we understand a goodly sum was realised—from £18 to £20.

PROVIDENT YEARLY SOCIETY.—The Annual General Meeting of this Society—one of the most useful and helpful in Dollar—was held on the evening of Wednesday, 3rd May, in the Old Parish Schoolhouse, Burnside. Mr Robert Stanhouse, who has for a number of years been President of the Society, and who has done much to promote its prosperity, occupied the chair. There was a very full attendance of members. A statement of the income and expenditure for the year was submitted and approved. Office-bearers for the ensuing session were appointed as follows:—*President*, Mr Robert Stanhouse; *Secretary*, Mr Charles Robertson, Brookvale; *Treasurer*, Mr James Robertson, Bank Street. A sum well over £1,000 was distributed among the members, which will be found handy in meeting the demands of term time.

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U.F. CHURCH SABBATH SCHOOL.—The children attending the Sabbath School and the members of the Work Party had their annual social gathering in the Church Hall on the evening of Friday, 10th March. The Superintendent, Mr Barrie, presided. The young people, who eagerly look forward to this annual treat, turned out in large numbers, and heartily enjoyed the excellent tea and the programme of attractive songs and recitations which had been prepared for their entertainment. Special praise is due to Miss Helen Kennedy, Masters P. Mitchell, J. Ritchie, and J. Spence for their sweetly rendered songs, and to Miss White, Miss Ritchie, and the Misses Clark for their admirable recitations. The success of the meeting, a pleasant one throughout, was greatly due to the painstaking efforts of Miss Falconer, Miss Fraser, and Miss Webster, who were heartily thanked for their labour of love.

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POEMS BY AN F.P.—We have been asked to acknowledge, with grateful thanks, receipt of a specially bound copy of the poems of the late George Sinclair (F.P.). The gift was sent to his Old School by the Troy Burns Club, which, we understand, superintended the collecting and publishing of the poems. Our notice of them appeared in Volume XIV.

The chastely bound volume is now placed in the Academy library, and we have no doubt it will be much sought after by readers.

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THE STEWART BOUNTY.—We greatly regret that, through an overlook, the very generous annual gift by Mr Alex. Stewart, of Milera, N.S.W., “as a handgrip across the sea” to the poor folks of Dollar, was omitted from our last issue; and we beg to assure Mr Stewart that this was from no want of appreciation of his great kindness to our poorer neighbours. We are all proud of the great success and

high position attained by our aforetime Dollar boy in social and agricultural matters in the land of his adoption, and note that his reputation there as "a giver" is no less than we might be led to expect by his most kind remembrance of the land of his birth. Mr Stewart is the owner of, to our notions of farming, an immense tract of country, extending to some thirty miles; and his name and that of Miss Stewart stand high in the prize and price lists of cattle breeding as given in the Tenterfield press.

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WE most heartily congratulate Lieut.-Col. George S. Thom, M.B., R.A.M.C. (F.P.), on his appointment by His Majesty to the Most Distinguished Order of St Michael and St George for services rendered in connection with military operations in the field.

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WE learn from Mr Dougall that Captain Alan Izat, R.E., has been awarded the Military Cross, and we join with the School in very cordial congratulations.

Marriages.

NOLTE—MARSHALL.—At Boston, Mass., U.S.A., on 24th March, by the Rev. A. Z. Conrad, D.D., Eugene Thatcher Nolte, architect, to Agnes (F.P.), second surviving daughter of the late David Marshall, F.S.A. Scotland, Kinross.

BURNS—DRYSDALE.—On Saturday, 18th March, at St Andrew's Church, Calcutta, James Charles Hamilton Burns, to Meta Elise Warrack Drysdale (F.P.), youngest daughter of James Drysdale, Stonehaven, late of Dollar.

KERR—BELL.—At the Cathedral, Glasgow, on the 15th April, by the Rev. Norman MacLeod Caie, B.D., Halbert James Kerr, 2nd Lieutenant, 2/4th Black Watch, to Daisy (F.P.), elder daughter of Mrs Bell, 2 Colebrook, Glasgow, W.

Obituary.

PAULIN.—At Lucknow Hospital, on 18th February, Charles Ross Paulin (F.P.), aged 26, Indian Police Service, son of the late Rev. George Paulin, Muckhart, and Mrs Paulin, Strathblane Road, Milngavie.

CREWDSON.—At Mar Place, Dollar, on 13th March, Agnes Leitch, widow of Isaac Crewdson, of Glasgow, in her 84th year.

PATERSON.—At Argyll Street, Dollar, on the 12th April, George Paterson, late auctioneer and cattle dealer.



A. Drysdale

THE OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

NICOL.—At Greenhead Cottage, Dollar, on 28th April, Peter Nicol (F.P.), aged 66 years, mechanic for fifty years with Messrs Haig & Son, Dollarfield, Dollar.

CRAIG.—At "Oakbank," Dollar, on 18th May, Elenora, widow, of Edward Kent Craig.

HODGES.—At 11 Content Street, Wallacetown, Ayr, on the 18th May, Edward Hodges (late of Dollar), elder surviving son of the late James Edward Hodges, of London and Dollar.

School Notes.

SINCE the last issue of the *Magazine* there has been a large increase in the number of Former Pupils of Dollar enrolled in the service of their King. The following list includes a few who have come to our notice, and we earnestly request additions to the list so that the final Roll may be complete.

		OFFICERS.	
Name.		Rank.	Unit.
Lechler, Henry Nicholson	- -	2nd Lieutenant	Attached 6th S. Lincs.
SUTHERLAND, GEORGE W. S.	- -	2nd Lieutenant	5th Seaforth Highlanders.
WALKER, CAMERON M.	- -	2nd Lieutenant	R.F.A.
WILSON, HUGH G.	- -	Captain	R.A.M.C. (wounded).
NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.			
COWAN, A. M.	- - - -	Private	3/2nd Highland Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.
CRUICKSHANK, IAN W.	- - -	Private	2/5th Seaforth Highlanders.
Ellis, Donald S.	- - -	Corporal	Canadian Contingent.
FAIRGRIEVE, JOHN	- - -	Private	3/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
HALLEY, JOHN M.	- - -	Private	2/4th Seaforth Highlanders.
HOLMES, R. K.	- - -	Private	3rd Royal Scots.
KINGHORN, JOHN P.	- - -	Private	Army Service Corps (M.T.)
MATSON, HARRY	- - -	Private	3/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
MURRAY, SAMUEL HILL	- - -	Private	3rd Black Watch.
MORRISON, P. M.	- - -	Corporal	Eastern Bengal Rifles.
MACFARLANE, DONALD	- - -	Private	Fort Garry Horse, Canadian Contingent.
SAREL, MALCOLM S. W.	- - -	Private	Canadian Scottish.
WOLFFSOHN, ARTHUR N.	- - -	Corporal	3rd Scottish Horse (wounded).

In our September issue it was reported that Robert Baillie, son of Mr James Baillie, organist in the U.F. Church, had been missing for some months. Official news has now been received that he was killed on 16th June 1915.

Two others of our Former Pupils are among the fallen. Henry Nicholson Lechler, only son of Mr and Mrs C. G. Lechler, Brooklyn, Yercand, Madras, was killed in action on 4th April. He attended School for the four sessions, 1906-1910. Corporal Donald Scott Ellis, youngest son of the late Mr David Ellis, wood merchant, Fossoway, was killed on 31st March. He left School in 1902, and at the time of joining was in an excellent position in a Winnepeg Bank.

Former Pupils of Parkfield Preparatory School will regret to

know that William Falconer has also been killed. He left Dollar before he was old enough to enter the Academy, but his brother and sister were both Academy pupils.

Among the many who have been wounded we note Captain Hugh G. Wilson, R.A.M.C., the famous Rugby Irish International.

We regret to learn that Lieut. J. F. C. Clark, after being invalided home from Gallipoli, has been obliged to relinquish his commission on account of ill-health.

A third instalment of the photographs of those who have died *pro patria* is in course of preparation, but, owing partly to the absence of Mr R. K. Holmes, who was kind enough to prepare the blocks for the two preceding groups, and partly to the want of space in this number of the *Magazine*, it has been found impossible to include a third group in this number. We hope to have it in the September issue.

Among those who have recently received commissions from the ranks are:—Reginald R. Marshall, Cameron Highlanders; Charles Robertson, 5th Gordon Highlanders; Gerald O. Hallifax, 3rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

By some mischance the name of John L. C. Watson, Lieut 5th Gordon Highlanders, has been omitted from the Roll of Honour previously published.

We are proud to see, in the list of decorations published on 30th May, the name of 2nd Lieut. Leslie Lucas, 12th Battalion H.L.I., who has been awarded the Military Cross. Lieut. Lucas, who used to board with Mr Malcolm, joined the ranks on the outbreak of war, and did his bit in France before he was recalled to this country to take a commission in the Seaforth Highlanders, from which regiment he was transferred to the H.L.I. We congratulate him most heartily on his distinction.

"For conspicuous gallantry and determination. He was in command of a platoon which repelled repeated enemy attacks on a crater. He set a fine personal example."

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the water-logged condition of the ground, it was found necessary to postpone the Annual Sports to 11th May. On that date weather conditions were ideal from the competitor's point of view, and although the gathering round the ropes was not so representative as usual, it was large and enthusiastic.

Commencing promptly, the final of the cricket ball throw was speedily carried through, and Bennie won comfortably with 89 yds. 2 ft. 6 in. In the heats he did even better, his best throw being 91 yds. 2 ft.

Much speculation ensued as to the winner of the 100 yds. school,



A. Drysdale

A HOCKEY GROUP

which next attracted attention. Shaw led off beautifully, and running well broke the tape a yard ahead of Watt, who made an excellent attempt. The time, 11 secs., was good, and has only once been equalled since 1906. The finest race of all was the 220 yds. school. For more than half the distance it was doubtful who would get the lead, but at the turn Shaw came on in splendid style and, passing Bennie, arrived first with $2\frac{1}{2}$ yds. to spare. Bennie ran well, but failed to keep Shaw behind. Gordon made a very good third.

The high jump was keenly contested by Gordon and Davidson. The former kept up for a considerable time, but finally had to take second place. Davidson, who had not been running, had a decided advantage in freshness. The height, 4 ft. 10 ins., is about the average for the last ten years.

The long jump was won by Gordon with 17 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in., and M'Laren made quite a creditable second with 17 ft. 3 in. This is below the average, as only in 1906 and 1911 were the distances less.

Watt gave a fine display in the quarter-mile, but for a short space it looked as if Shaw was to pull off the honours. Shaw made a valiant attempt, passed Watt, but failed to keep his short lead, and had to take second place in one of the best quarter-mile races seen here for several years.

Gordon came in first in the open hurdles, with Shaw only half a yard behind.

In the mile some very promising work was seen. Davidson and Bruce led off at the start, and quickened things up. They kept the lead, and at the last lap Bruce came away in fine style, leaving Davidson to come in a good distance behind for second place.

As before, the junior events were keenly contested, and some very close finishes were recorded.

De Birrell and D. Cruickshank made good running in the 100 yds. under 16, and De Birrell and Annand had a fine tussle for first place in the half mile.

As usual the younger Watts gave good accounts of themselves. D. Watt especially distinguished himself in the high jump under 16, clearing 4 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. or just $\frac{1}{2}$ in. under the open height.

Among the many promising juniors we noted C. Watt, A. Macdonald, M. Johnson, E. Johnstone, A. Wilson, and A. Young all of them worth watching as they make progress upwards.

This year a spirit of determination to make all events successful seemed to be abroad, for never have we seen so many seniors in the obstacle race. We kindly draw a veil on the scenes in which several dignified members of the 1st XV. tried conclusions with an all too narrow ladder, or an all too unstable plank. Pereira had the most unfortunate fate of getting under a part of the net which had been inadvertently pegged down too tightly; but for that he was an easy

first. King Watson, Ritchie, and Brydie ran in first, second, and third respectively.

Tuckwell's eight gave short shrift to the foreigners under Bennie. The latter, overweighted by several pounds, were pulled over with little trouble, though they did put up a fight.

The Edina went to J. C. Shaw with a total of 25 points, and the win was a very popular one. Shaw worked hard and well, and is to be congratulated on his new honour.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

The usual drills continue, but the O.C. has introduced new methods of training since his visit to Chelsea. All the senior and many of the junior cadets have their turn at squad and platoon commander.

The annual inspection takes place on 16th June, when it is hoped the weather may be favourable for a good display.

It is hoped that one or two field days may be held before the end of the session and, if possible, some arrangement be made for a camp.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

NEW ADDRESS.

BATCHELOR, BEN, Dunglass, Broughty Ferry.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

ADAMSON, JAS., St Quivox, Harlington, Middlesex.

BLAIR, J. S., c/o Kelanta Rubber Estates Ltd., Chaning Estate, Kuala Lebir, F.M.S.

BURNS, Mrs C. HAMILTON (*née* Meta E. W. Drysdale), 3 Strand Road, Serampore, Bengal, India.

CHRISTIE, HELEN W., 19 Windsor Street, Glasgow.

CHRISTIE, M., 19 Windsor Street, Glasgow.

FERGUSON, Mrs R. (*née* Annabella Izat), 49 Polwarth Gardens Glasgow.

GREIG, ALEC R., Ardshiel, Links Gate, St-Anns-on-the-Sea, Lancs.

HETHERINGTON, Professor H. J. W., University College, Cardiff.

LEGGE, T. M., 5 Cannon Place, Hampstead, London.

MACKAY, Mrs (*née* Kate Blair), Charlton Terrace, Doornfontein, Johannesburg, South Africa.

MAIN, R. B., 18 Rosecroft Avenue, Hampstead, London, N.W.

TAYLOR, Mrs JOHN (*née* Miss M. Grant, Forres), 14 Bold Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

M'LACHLAN, J. H., 41 St Vincent Place, Glasgow.

PATERSON, MARY, Hartsfield, Dale Road, Purley, Surrey.

ROBERTSON Mrs J. A. (*née* Miss Bell Runcieman), Trederevero, Sunnyside Road, Karachi, India.

WILL, R. W., P. A. to Agent and Chief Engineer, R. and K. Ry., Bareilly, Izatnagary, U.P. India.

WILKIE, A. M., c/o Butterfield & Swire, Hong Kong.