



F. A. Swaine

Photo

MAJOR-GENERAL LEISHMAN

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Major-General Leishman.

TO many, but, we fear, now a rapidly diminishing number of our readers, mention of the Leishmans of Broomrigg will be associated with very happy memories, as a more genial, hearty, and hospitable family has seldom, if ever, settled in Dollar. The seven sons and two daughters were general favourites with their schoolmates—whatever they might be with the masters; and the juvenile parties at Broomrigg, with the jovial good humour and heartiness of the host, and the kindly and thoughtful sympathy of the hostess, were a special feature of those days which we, who took part in them, look back upon with pleasure as among the—brightest of our school memories.

John, whose portrait as Major-General Leishman we have the pleasure and privilege of presenting with this number of the *Magazine*, was the second son, and a boy of about nine years of age, when his father came with his family to settle in Dollar, and purchased the then modest villa of Broomrigg, which he converted into the handsome and commodious mansion much as we now know it. He was educated at the Academy from that time till 1851. He then attended Edinburgh University for two years, and Addiscombe Military College for other two years. On 8th June 1855 he got his commission as Second Lieutenant in the Bombay Artillery. He left for Bombay in September of the same year—a very different journey then from what it is now—by a small P. and O. steamer to Alexandria, then by canal and the Nile to Cairo, and thence across the desert by caravan, and on from there by sea to Bombay where he arrived on 7th October 1855. Joining the Artillery Headquarters at Ahmadnagar, where he remained till July 1856, he was then ordered to join a battery at Aden, and while there the Indian Mutiny broke out. Their only European regiment was sent to Bombay, and the garrison was reduced to one artillery battery (European) and a native infantry regiment. Relations with the Arabs had been for some time very unsatisfactory, and soon they became threatening, cutting off all supplies, including water, so that they were practically in a state of siege. He with a small force was

sent out, and the Arabs were driven into the interior, the force occupying Shant Othman, where the only wells were situated. On 27th August 1858 he was promoted Lieutenant, and in February 1859 he was ordered to join Sir Hugh Rose's field force in the Hyderabad district, which was in a very disturbed state, and he remained with it till it was disbanded after the rebels had been dispersed. In May 1860 he was appointed to the 1st (Eagle) Troop Horse Artillery, which, on the amalgamation in 1862, became A. Battery 4th Brigade R.H.A., and served with it till promoted to Captain in February 1864, when he was ordered home in command of troops round the Cape. While in England he qualified as gunnery instructor, and on returning to India was appointed gunnery instructor to the 19th Brigade R.A. On 5th July 1872 he was promoted to Major, and took command of C/18 R.A., then quartered at Ahmedabad. At the end of 1874 the whole Brigade was ordered home, and he served with it till promoted Lieut.-Colonel in August 1880, when he was appointed to the command of the Field Artillery at the Camp, Woolwich, which he held for five years, and soon afterwards he retired as Major-General. Since then he has taken an active part in educational and hospital work, being specially occupied in the management of church schools. He was married at Kirkee, India, to Annie, daughter of Captain Weir, 6th Dragoons, on 10th December 1860. His wife died at Southsea, 23rd November 1910, sixteen days before they hoped to celebrate their golden wedding.

In Memoriam.

"THEIR ONLY SON."

Lieutenant, 8th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Killed in action on his 20th birthday. Buried in the Military Cemetery near Arras.

THEIR only son :—may He whose pity brought
Back from the dead the widow's son of Nain,
Keep up their hearts with the consoling thought
That they will see their soldier boy again.

Like a true Scot he joined the dreadful strife ;
He fell in battle with the Teuton foe ;
For our dear land he laid down his young life ;
No greater love than this can patriot show.

Dead on the field of honour, there he sleeps :
France tends his grave ; Scotland his memory keeps.

W. C. BENET.

The Hundredth Bow.

It was the evening of a perfect day. Now and again soft gusts of wind would blow from the snow mountains, peculiar gusts which sent a delicious thrill through one as if the winds had been delicately charged with electricity by a master hand. An unusual current of exciting events to come was in the air, and Madame Ducane and I were convinced that something Romantic (capital R) was about to happen.

"Romantic! *Allons donc*, and in the twentieth century, too," scoffed Madame's husband. The latter gentleman had been renamed "Voltaire" by his friends because of his sarcastic turn of mind. "The idea!" and he stalked off and left us perched there on our boulders at the edge of the mule track. It was better that he should go, this invulnerable specimen of a lord of creation.

We waited until he had safely turned the corner in the track, and then Madame said:—

"*Ecoutez*, I have a small plan which will aid to spend the afternoon, but we shall have to descend to the highway where there is *du monde*. I shall explain it to you as we go down the mule track."

As we strolled down towards the highway, Madame unfolded her plan. We were to take up a commanding position on the main road, and we were to bow to every tourist who passed, young or old, ugly or good looking, and the hundredth traveller was the man who would most influence one of us for the rest of her life, and Madame being already married, her companion was doomed to be principal actor in the forthcoming comedy. We started immediately we reached a good point of vantage, and found the game well worth the bowing. It was the height of the tourist season, and excursionists of the many and varied nationalities responded nobly to our smiles and nods. We kept count very accurately until we were thrown into a state of mortification and confusion by a big Frenchman, who looked as if he had been disappointed in love, business, or dinner. He neither bowed, smiled, nor said *bon jour*. He gazed straight in front of him into a dim and cheerless future. We were not sure whether to add him to or subtract him from the grand total, and we missed a number of valuable tourists through our inability to come to a decision. Gradually, however, we recovered our equanimity, and the score had now mounted perilously near unto an hundred. Monsieur Ninety-one had passed. It was with a sigh that I watched him fade in the distance, for he was both young and good to look upon. But now come Messieurs Ninety-two, three, four, and five close on each other's heels, and

we are kept nodding busily as they pass our corner. Monsieur Ninety-six has been strolling along nonchalantly in their rear, and as he nears the grand stand we realise with a shock that he is none other than our own M. Voltaire in the flesh. He surveys us from head to foot, and from foot to head, and vice versa, and then encore. Finally he removes his pipe, and remarks pleasantly, "Playing at Romantic nodding mandarins? Or are you perhaps just practising the latest exercises guaranteed to produce the correct poise of the head while dancing the Romantic tango? But pray do not let me interrupt the exhibition ; *continuez toujours*, Mesdames."

M. Voltaire was really not a bad sort when he stopped being sarcastic, so we took him into our confidence and explained about the hundredth bow.

"And what about me?" he inquired. "Am I one of the steps to the hundred?"

We finally decided that we would count him as ninety-six if the hundredth traveller were to our taste, failing which M. Voltaire, as holder of bow number ninety-six, would be *non est*, and would go to provide a reserve hundredth.

They were coming more slowly now. But in due course the score mounted to ninety-nine. Madame and I were now in a state of excitement bordering on hysteria. What would the hundredth traveller be like? The excitement was great—too great, so M. Voltaire tied his handkerchief over my eyes. After a long, long time we heard what seemed to be a sniff from the direction in which I had last seen Madame, while I felt Voltaire fumbling with the knot of my bandage. When it was removed I found myself facing the most grotesque pig of a little man I had ever before set eyes upon. A German. He reminded me of pig, pig, pig! Feeling faint I turned to Voltaire, and with deadly calm I said :—

"Monsieur, I claim the boon of the reserve hundred. Will you again oblige with your *mouchoir*?"

There were tears in his eyes ; evidently he felt for me then. Just before tying on the merciful bandage he said :—

"*Ma petite*, it is long since I had such a huge laugh."

Too disillusioned for repartee, I could only wait in patience for the New Hundredth to arrive. In due course he came.

"*Dieu nous en garde!*" shrieked Madame in an arpeggio of staccato abandon, while she crossed herself at proper intervals. Even M. Voltaire looked subdued, although his eyes were laughing.

"O Mademoiselle, who'd ever have thought it of you," he reproached. The innocent cause of their emotion now approached our grand stand, and as he passed us smiled benevolently upon us. It was M. le Curé. Alas, he and all his cloth are sworn to celibacy.

It was sickening luck. However, things certainly looked a little brighter when Madame would not hear of counting the reverend gentleman as a prospective competitor in this game. *Allons donc!* What sacrilege.

The next tourist was to be the lawful and valid Hundredth, be he the President himself.

From afar off I watched my fate approach. As he neared our stand Madame went into ecstasies, as well she might. He was a fine figure of a man, tall, splendidly straight, and darkly handsome. He was Lord Byron without the limp. He returned our salute more than frankly, but kept straight on his way towards C——.

In the days that followed the gods were indeed kind to Madame and to me. We were constantly encountering "Lord Byron." Sometimes we passed him in the picturesque streets of the little town, at others we saw him in the Kursaal, but most often we met him in the Carlton, the most delightful of all the cafés in C——. One afternoon we were seated at our favourite table in this café, and with us were the inevitable Voltaire and his young cousin, Jacques. Some of our hotel acquaintances joined us later, and thus the eagle eye of Voltaire had to relax its sarcastic vigil on Madame and her ward.

"*Mon Dieu*," whispered Madame to me, indicating "Lord Byron," "what a handsome fellow he is, if only we could meet someone who could introduce us."

I nodded vigorously. "I'm going to get Jacques to introduce him. I noticed them nod to each other as Jacques passed his table."

"*Vraiment*," said Madame, excitedly, "this is indeed good luck."

But do you think Jacques would oblige us? Not he. We pleaded, we commanded, we threatened, we even bribed—it was of no use. At last we got angry, and Madame said:—

"It is because he is jealous that he will not oblige us, this Jacques!"

"That is too much," said Jacques, angrily. "Come, Mademoiselle, and I shall do as you so imprudently desire."

We were only gone a few steps from our table when the sarcastic voice of Voltaire reached us, inquiring whither we were bound.

"I am taking Mamselle to see the sunset," offered Jacques.

"*Vraiment?* and do you anticipate a queue that you leave so many hours in advance to secure a good seat?" inquired Voltaire with interest.

"Oh, no. We are first going to the Kursaal to do a little gambling. *Au revoir*, Mesdames," said Jacques.

"*A bientôt*, Messieurs," said I, and we had to leave the café

without a single glance at "Lord Byron." Clearly Jacques had scored that time.

When we returned to the hotel after a most successful gamble on the "*Petits Chevaux*" in the Kursaal, we found every one talking about a dance which was to be held on the 14th of July. Every one was going, and, indeed, dances were already being booked. It was to be great fun, thoroughly cosmopolitan, and not a bit select. From the rapt, far-away expression in Madame's pretty eyes I divined that she was already planning her "toilette." She admitted later that she had been considering frocks and complexions, but that she was also wondering if we would meet "Lord Byron."

The morning of the dance dawned. It was a perfect day for excursions, but at early *déjeuner* Madame declared her intention of staying indoors and preserving her energies for the evening's revels. She condemned me to do likewise, but luckily Jacques and Voltaire managed to reprieve me, and we set off for a morning's tramp over the snows.

In the late afternoon Madame and I paid a visit *chez* M. le Coiffeur. Strange coincidence, but when we entered the shop the first person we saw was "Lord Byron." He wore no hat, and seemed very much at home, laughing and talking as he was with rather a pretty girl. We passed into the salon, and M. le Coiffeur was immediately at our service, that is, he spent one quarter of an hour in compliments and another five minutes in explaining to us that his assistant would have the honour of attending to Mesdames, as he himself was already much overdue at a very pressing appointment.

"*C'est embêtant*," said Madame, as she complacently admired her reflection, "but I suppose he will be much in demand to-night, this coiffeur. Do you know," she went on, "that Mme. Blanc was telling me all about this assistant of his. It seems he is tall and handsome and very dark, and all the lady visitors are in love with him. Mme. Blanc thinks it is such a pity that he is married, and there is a rumour going that he ill-treats his wife. This assistant is very fond of the gay life, and he gambles very frequently in the Kursaal. It is sad for his poor wife."

"Oh, very," I allowed, "but I am not interested in this assistant and his matrimonial and financial worries. I only wish he would hurry up."

"*Chut*, here he comes," said Madame, quickly.

He came. And with his coming there was dashed to the ground all the romance of the last few happy days, for the fascinating assistant of M. le Coiffeur, this handsome gambler who

ill-treated his wife, and with whom all the ladies were in love, was none other than "Lord Byron," my darkly handsome fate.

We all went to the dance, and of course there was my Lord Byron, greatly in demand and looking tantalisingly handsome. Madame declared she would certainly dance with him if he offered, and she advised me to do likewise. "One does not refuse at these dances, *ma chère*," she counselled me, "every one is too good-natured and too happy."

I wasted two whole dances sitting out with Voltaire, in a vain endeavour to find out if he had known all along who and what this horrible adventurer really was. It was time thrown away. Voltaire would say nothing. The only dance he knew was a polka, which he performed with a jolting movement like unto a tipsy camel. One polka I danced with him, but I swore a mighty oath that it would be the last. It was as amusing as it was marvellous to watch how the ladies faded gracefully away at the approach of Voltaire ripe for one of his polkas.

The night was now far advanced. Only a few dances remained, and so far the fascinating coiffeur had kept his distance from me. Madame and I were standing chatting to a few acquaintances. The orchestra had just started the "Blue Danube," and couples had begun to waltz to the delightful melody, when out of the corner of my eye I saw "Lord Byron" approach our little circle. I wondered which of us he would choose. Could it be me? Would I dare refuse? Before Voltaire saw what was happening, his wife was whirled away into the midst of the dance in the arms of the fascinating coiffeur.

Jacques, Voltaire, and I felt we needed some refreshment. We found a nice secluded place, and gradually got back our sang-froid through the medium of wines and ices.

"Cher M. Voltaire," I said, "how does one feel when the heart is broken?"

"One takes a crave for liquid glue," is the answer.

"Then, Jacques, my heart is merely cracked as yet," I decided. "I shall require to meet several more dashing coiffeurs before it breaks properly, and the crave for the glue bottle arrives."

"*En ce cas*," says Jacques rising, "one should never miss waltzing to the music of the 'Blue Danube,' when it is played so beautifully as now. Come along, O Mamselle of the cracked heart, let us follow Madame ma cousine and her dashing cavalier."

H. W. CHRISTIE, F.P.

The Vicar's Bridge.

THANKS to the interesting series of papers being contributed, all readers of the *Magazine* are sufficiently acquainted with "Thomas Forrest who, among other acts of charity, built this bridge," but all may not know that this inscription refers only to half of the present bridge. It is quite possible that but for the enterprise and public spirit of the worthy vicar we might, even now, have had no bridge at that very beautiful part of the Devon; but it is equally possible that but for the enterprise of Mr Coventry, then of Devonshaw, the Vicar's Bridge might still have remained an interesting and picturesque relic of the past, but without value as regards the vehicular traffic of the present day. Let us then give to each his due, and recognise the service rendered by Mr Coventry to present-day requirements.

No doubt a certain amount of self-interest was a moving force in each case. The vicar of Dollar, in his occasional journeyings to Dunfermline and St Combe, and his more frequent visitations to the ducal palace of Blairingone, and the more humble members of his flock residing south of the Devon, would, in flooded states of the river, feel for others as well as himself the inconvenience and danger of crossing by the fords of Linbank and Rackmill, and for pedestrians by the stepping stones, the huge boulders of which may still be seen some fifty or sixty yards below the bridge, though much displaced by the spates of centuries; and his practical and philanthropic spirit took form in the bridge which bears his name. The site chosen would appeal to him as well, perhaps, for the beauty of the scenery with which, from his wanderings in the district, he would be familiar, as for the comparatively narrow span and solid rock foundation, affording advantage of both economy and stability. In planning the structure the vicar would have occasion to provide for a breadth only sufficient for his palfrey's footing and the general horse traffic of the day, when wheeled conveyances would be practically non-existent in the district. For this a roadway some five or six feet wide, as is seen in the original Rumbling Bridge and St Serf's Bridge near Glendevon, sufficed.

Early in the nineteenth century the estate of Devonshaw, south from the Devon about Cauldronlinn, was acquired by Mr Coventry, who, also, was a large-hearted and far-seeing man. His mode of travel, as with other proprietors and farmers of the day, was chiefly by a two-wheeled gig, with which, with a restive horse, or in the dark, to attempt to cross the narrow Vicar's Bridge was very risky; and his only other means of reaching Dollar for shopping, or the half-yearly Dollar fair and cattle market, then of great importance,



A. Drysdale

THE DOLLARFIELD SLUICE-GATE

especially to agriculturists, was by a five mile round by the new Rumbling Bridge. He, therefore, conceived and carried out a scheme for widening the bridge and improving the roadway. Thus it was that the second half of the present bridge came into being, and the roadway became available for nineteenth-century wheeled traffic. The double arch may be distinctly seen underneath from the west side of the bridge.

Even widened as above the bridge was for years by no means a safe means of transit, being unprovided by protecting walls or parapet other than a foot or two of turf. This was emphasised by an accident referred to in an early number of this *Magazine*. Mr Colville of Barnhill, owing to a sudden swerve of his horse, was unseated and fell into the water, whence he was rescued from drowning by Auld Rab, after carefully landing a large trout which he had hooked. After this a parapet of about two feet in height was added, this providing, besides comparative safety, a very convenient seat amid beautiful scenery. It was here that some sixty years ago the late Dr M'Queen, then practising in Dollar and surrounding district, when returning about midnight from "a case" at Blairingone, saw, "by the struggling moonbeam's misty light," a weird, white figure which he, being of Celtic blood, took for a ghost. He fled in terror, and took the long roundabout road home by Blashyburn and the then wooden bridge at Rackmill. Never after this would he cross the Vicar's Bridge after dark, and others have also been prevented from doing so by fear of seeing M'Queen's ghost. There is no record, however, of its ever being seen again. The murder of a man named M'Queen in the immediate neighbourhood by Joe Bell, who was hanged at Perth, might suggest another ghost of the name thereabout, and many are chary of venturing there in the dark. Another Dollar medical practitioner, when returning from Sheardale on a very wet and stormy night somewhere in the 'fifties, reached the wooden bridge at Rackmill just in time to see or hear it being swept away by the flood, and was obliged to reverse Dr M'Queen's journey, walking round by Blashyburn and Vicar's Bridge.

The two-foot parapet, useful as it was to weary pedestrians, was found not to give sufficient protection for horse traffic. About forty years ago a party of four men were returning at night from a funeral at Blairingone in a two-horse conveyance. When crossing the Vicar's Bridge something—some said a shot fired by a poacher—startled the horses, causing them to swerve against the wall, when the driver and one of the horses fell over into the river, which is very deep at this part. The men got out of the machine and, seeing what had happened, set off to Blairingone, about a mile

away, to get assistance. In the meantime the horse managed to swim down to the shallow part and to scramble up the bank, but the driver, William Thomson, being unable to swim or to keep afloat till the men returned with assistance, was drowned. After this accident the road authorities thought it advisable to raise the parapet by a foot with a coping stone; so in sitting on it now one's feet dangle in mid-air. At a time when railway accidents with fatal consequences were very frequent a member of the House of Lords, when the matter was being discussed, was heard to exclaim, "Would to God a bishop were killed!" In these motor and cycling days some parts of the road in this neighbourhood—say particularly at the Rackmill and the sharp bend at Cowden—are exceedingly dangerous. I will not go so far as to echo the wish of His Lordship, even with regard to a humbler individual than a bishop, but it is probably for some serious or fatal accident that our present road authorities are waiting before taking effective steps to prevent such. They proclaim the fact of danger by sign posts, but take no steps to remove it. It may be a question of law whether they thus save themselves from responsibility for what may happen when the remedy is so very evident and supposed to be "*under consideration*."

Another incident which might have had very serious results occurred at Vicar's Bridge fifteen years ago. The locality has always had a special interest for schoolboys by reason of the number of caves or mines left from the lime and ironstone workings which were an important industry in this district in the early part of last century. Exploring these mines was a favourite exploit in days when cricket and football did not entirely monopolise the Saturday holiday. One Saturday, about the time mentioned, a party of four boys, having provided themselves with a candle, set out with this object. Early in the evening one of them returned and asked if his companions had "turned up." On learning that they had not done so, he explained that they had gone into a mine with a lighted candle, while he remained on the watch outside. Having waited about for an hour or two, and beginning to feel very like tea time, he came to the conclusion that they must have got out by another opening which was believed to exist somewhere, and gone home, and decided himself to go home for tea. After tea the father of this boy—our good friend Mr Lauder—returned with him to the spot, and tried by shouting and searching as far as they could to get into touch with the boys, but without success. They then came back to Dollar for further assistance, and were joined by the father of the two older boys, Mr Robertson, then of the Castle Campbell Hotel, and the mother of the youngest, Mrs Whyte. The party, having provided themselves with lamps, ropes, and

other means of rescue, took a cab and drove back to the bridge. Proceeding to the mine they held a consultation as to the steps to be taken. Mr Lauder then, with much difficulty, entered the mine, and hearing voices, proceeded, with the aid of a paraffin bicycle lamp, a considerable distance, till he came upon a deepish pool of water, and saw the boys on the further side, the youngest lying sound asleep. They had fallen in, and scrambled out on the wrong side; and, their candle having been put out, they had been afraid to re-enter the water in the dark. Mr Lauder got them all safely back, and handed them over to their anxious but now joyful parents. Most, if not all of the mines, have in recent years, been more or less blocked by falls of stone from the roofs, and are no longer available for exploration, and I would earnestly dissuade any boy from attempting it. Even if they got in, there is not always a Mr Lauder at hand to get them out again, apart from the risk of being knocked on the head by a falling stone.

J. STRACHAN.

The Friend of Man.

SOME have called France the land of flowers, some the land of sunshine, and I am delighted to associate myself with these compliments while wishing to pay another more solid and probably more acceptable. In all gratitude, admiration, and envy I hail it as the land of Porkers. Here in Picardy, where now the chestnut trees rear their green pyramids, where the hawthorn bursts into snowy bloom, where every orchard strews the lush turf with scented, rosy-tinted snow, where the cuckoo calls all day, and the shimmering armies of the cockchafer boom at sunset in every hedge and tree, here in Picardy the genial pig likewise flourishes and multiplies exceedingly.

Pigs of every age and size possess the villages, from the vast hairy patriarch, as big as a pony, to the tiny wrinkled, naked squeaker of the dimensions and deportment of a terrier pup. The courtyard of every farm is a porcine paradise, where on hillocks of warm straw the parent porkers snore grossly in the sun, while their pink and curious offspring sport about them. Adventurous piglings intrude into our lines, where the horses snort and stare in astonishment as they trot in and out, exchanging impressions in unmelodious grunts and squeals. If you listen outside the closed door of any barn or byre, you are sure to hear within the comfortable wheezing of some ungraceful mother of many.

This ubiquity of the pig is beautiful—with inward beauty. This flourishing pig-population is a sign that the heart of France

is sound. Flowers, song-birds, sunshine—these are all very well—table decorations, as it were. Let them inspire the light-minded or luxurious; the practical Briton should, metaphorically at least, salute each porcine matron whom he meets. Where should we, the Expeditionary Force, have been but for those uncounted pigs, once the life and sunshine of styes and farmyards beyond computation, whose humble, simple, careless lives have been cut short to provide us with breakfast?

In rest billets far behind the Line, having passed through the sunny and full-scented courtyard of the Mess, where pigs and poultry raise their various voices for joy to be alive, you are met by the mess waiter asking, "What will you have for breakfast, Sir?"—meaning, "Will you or won't you have bacon?" Through ruined villages, cowering in constant peril of the shells, devoted orderlies carry their comforting burden of tea and ration bacon for their comrades in the trenches. In dug-outs, within sniffing distance of the Huns, the scent and song of frying bacon fill the dawn with consolation for the present and tender memories of the past.

And still, ingrates that we are, we persist in our contempt and ridicule of the cheerful, willing creature to whom we owe so much, going so far as to lend his name to the occupants of the trenches opposite. Is there no great soldier poet, no strong, clear-sighted man, who has known the rapture of fried bacon in the trenches on many a frosty morning, to sing the Song of the Pig?

Ungainly, often perhaps unpleasant in his life, is there any creature greater in his death?

W. K. H.

The Ministers of Dollar Subsequent to the Reformation.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

REFERRING to the fact mentioned at the close of my last chapter, that it was not till seven years after the overthrow of the Romish Church in Scotland, in 1560, that Dollar parish received its first Protestant pastor, it is, of course, comparatively easy to understand this rather tardy ministerial equipment, when one reflects on the difficulty which Knox and his coadjutors must have experienced in providing a regular Presbyterian ministry for the whole of Scotland. No doubt some of the former parish priests, and even of the monks, had been secretly favourable to the Protestant cause, and a number of these men may have been recognised as fit to minister in the new

Church. But suitable persons of that description could not be numerous; and the Protestant leaders required time to equip a new race of preachers to take the place of the Romish clergy, who were now almost or altogether gone from their old parishes. Hence for long the tale of ordained Presbyterian clergy was very scanty. Dr Sprott states that in 1567, when Dollar was first provided with a local minister, the number of ordained Presbyterian clergymen belonging to the Scottish Church might be about 289. There were, however, a number of what were called readers scattered about here and there over the Church. These readers were an order of laymen, who in the early days of the Scottish Church were appointed to read the lessons, and perform some minor functions in parishes which had no regular minister. This order, however, did not long persist in Scotland. Indeed in the year 1581 the General Assembly forbade any further appointments to be made to the office. It was one of these readers, Robert Burn by name, who first filled the Presbyterian pulpit of the Parish Church of Dollar. All trace of the old Parish Church, which was for ten years the scene of Robert Burn's ministry, has long since passed away, though its site has, I believe, been identified, as immediately above the former U.P. Church, and between the ruined Parish Church and the present building. I do not suppose that the old building, which had been consecrated by the life work of Thomas Foret, was of an imposing character. It is true, says a writer in the *Quarterly Review* for June 1849, that "we have a fervid description of the chancel of Dollar in Clackmannanshire in 1336, but the Chronicle does not conceal that the building was only of hewn oak. We know also that at the same date the chancel of Edrom in the Merse was thatched with straw. Nor does there appear cause to believe that the great mass of the parish churches were in much better state until long after the Reformation." It seems probable, therefore, that the first Protestant church in Dollar was a very rude and humble structure. Dunbar, the poet, in his vain longings for a benefice, tells us that he would have been content with a church thatched with heather. Thus, in his pathetic lines on the "World's Instabilitie," he exclaims:—

"Greit abbais grayth I nill to gather
But ane kirk scant coverit with hadder;
For I of lytil wald be fane,
Quhilk to consider is ane pane."

Well, our Dollar Parish Church in 1567, though certainly a finer ecclesiastical edifice than that which would have satisfied the desires of the great Scottish poet, was nevertheless, there can be

no doubt, an immensely less imposing structure than that in which Robert Burn's successor, the Rev. Robert Armstrong, ministers to-day to an attached congregation. We know nothing of this first Presbyterian pastor except his name, and the fact that he laboured here from 1567 to 1576. It is possible, however, that his family continued to live on in the parish, as I have found a certain John Burn, D.D., described as a native of Dollar, who was prominent in Anglo-Indian circles in Calcutta during the governorship of Warren Hastings. Dr Burn is described as having been for many years senior clergyman in that city, and is said to have been born in 1727, and to have died in 1794 in New Norfolk Street, London. I may add that his mother is alleged to have been a sister of Lord Newhaven, a Scottish judge of the early eighteenth century.

Before, however, passing entirely away from the first Protestant minister of Dollar and his brief pastorate among us, I must refer, I think, to a remarkable incident which occurred in the early months of Mr Burn's ministry, and which, when it came to be known, as it must soon have done, to the local community, must have been the frequent theme of excited gossip in the neighbourhood. I allude, of course, to the stern and exemplary discipline that was exercised upon the then Countess of Argyll by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, sitting that year in Edinburgh, in the month of December. The following is the minute of that Court dealing with the delinquent, and noting the decision of the Court :—

" Session 5th December 1567.

" Anent the complaint given in against my lady Argyll, declaring how sche, once being at the table of the Lord Jesus, and professing his evangell, had revolted therefrae, in giving her assistance and presence to the baptizing of the King in ane papistical manner. The said lady, being present, grantit that she had offended to the Eternal God, and been ane slander to the Kirk in committing the premises, and therefore willingly submitted herself to the discipline of the Kirk, and discretione of them. Therefore the Kirk ordains the said Lady to make public repentance in the Chapell Royall of Stirling, upon ane Sunday in tyme of preaching, and this to be done at sick tyme as the Kirk hereafter shall appoint, to the Superintendent of Lothian, provydyng alwayes it be before the next Assembly."

The reference in the above minute is, of course, to the public baptism of Mary Stuart's son in the great hall of the Castle of Stirling in the month of December 1566. As is well known, the ceremony on that occasion was performed by the Popish Archbishop of St Andrews, and was conducted according to the Roman ritual.

The Queen, according to Knox, laboured much with the noblemen about her court "to bear the salt, grease, and candle and such other things : but all refused." However, he adds, "She found at last the Earls of Eglinton, Athol and the Lord Seton, who assisted at the baptism, and brought in the said trash." The Count de Briance, being the French Ambassador, assisted likewise, while the Earl of Bedford brought as a present from the Queen of England a font of gold valued at 3,000 crowns. Elizabeth had also, it seems, undertaken to become godmother to the young prince ; but, of course, in that monarch's necessary absence, a substitute had to be found, and so the Countess of Argyll, who, as a natural daughter of James V., and therefore half-sister to the Queen, and aunt of the child, was a very suitable person to render that service, having been asked to act as Elizabeth's proxy, obligingly agreed to do so, and accordingly not only made the required responses, but held up the infant before the font.

What must have rendered this action on the part of a person of the Countess of Argyll's prominence in court circles extremely mortifying to the leaders of the Protestant Church, was the fact that that lady's husband had been the principal leader of the Reformers in the religious revolution which they had successfully effected six years before. Thus Buchanan, in his "History of Scotland," calls him "*præcipuus auctor instaurandæ religionis*," *i.e.*, the chief instrument in the establishment of religion in Scotland. Knox and his coadjutors must have felt, therefore, that it was not safe for them to allow the defection from the Protestant cause of a person so highly placed to pass quite uncensured. I hardly think, however, that fearless and resolute as Knox and his comrades were in their Church activities, they would have dared to go the length they did in summoning before them this highly born gentlewoman, and in censuring and correcting her so vigorously, as they evidently did, had they not enjoyed the encouragement and support alike of her husband and of her brother, the Earl of Moray, in the course which they so energetically pursued.

But though the peccant countess seems to have been present at the meeting of the General Assembly in Edinburgh, and to have shown herself there edifyingly humble and contrite, have we any reason to think that on the summons of the Superintendent of Lothian she subsequently appeared in the Chapel Royal of Stirling clad in the white sheet of the penitent who desired to be assoilzied from some offence against the Church ? I have made some inquiries in regard to the question, especially from one of the most careful and accurate of contemporary antiquaries, the Rev. Walter Scott, M.A., of Stirling, and I regret to say that that gentleman informs

me that as the Stirling Kirk Session records for the period have all perished, and as no other known authority alludes to the matter, it is now quite impossible to determine whether or not the douce burghers and burghers' wives of that ancient town ever enjoyed the pleasing and exciting experience of seeing a king's daughter, and the wife of the most powerful nobleman of the time, subjected to a public ecclesiastical rebuke just as if she were no better than the wife of a common tradesman or peasant farmer. Personally I would like to think that John Spottiswood, "the Superintendent" to whom had been entrusted the delicate duty of insisting on a public acknowledgment of her fault on the part of this noble lady, did indeed successfully carry through the task committed to him. He had taken part, we know, in crowning the young King at Stirling in July 1567, when his mother was confined in Lochleven Castle after the murder of her husband and the defeat and flight of Bothwell. And it would have been in keeping with the energetic support which he gave to the cause of the Reformation during his entire public ministry if, during the exciting months in which the Earl of Moray and the other Protestant leaders were engaged in establishing that cause against the intrigues and opposition of the imprisoned Queen and her adherents, the Superintendent of Lothian had seen to it that one who had so scandalously lapsed as she had done, by open and public compliance with Popish ceremonies, was forced, in the very scene which had witnessed her unhappy defection, to acknowledge her error and to confess contrition for it. It is, of course, natural to think that the Church authorities, struggling as they were against enormous odds to assert and maintain the nascent Protestantism of the country, would not scruple to avail themselves of the opportunity supplied to them by an incident of the kind here referred to in order to impress on the public mind the heinousness of any open complicity with the customs and observances of the ancient Church now disestablished. On the other hand, during a period of such national convulsion and strife as that which prevailed in Scotland during the whole of the early months of 1568, it is very possible that ecclesiastical arrangements of the difficult and delicate sort implied in the public censure of one of the greatest noblewomen in the land may have gone by the board. But in any case, I can hardly doubt that news of what had happened in Edinburgh must have reached Castle Campbell and have been the theme of much excited talk, not only among the Argyll retainers, but among the parishioners generally, and doubtless Robert Burn would have his own thoughts regarding the wisdom or expediency of the policy the Church was pursuing.

On the death of Mr Burn, the next Dollar clergyman was a Mr

Robert Menteith, who was translated here from Dunblane in 1579, having at the same time committed to his charge the congregations of Alva, Tillicoultry, and Tullibody. Preferring to reside in Alva, he removed thither before 1585. But apparently his ministry there proved unacceptable, as we find that he was deposed from the ministerial office on 12th August 1589, the Presbytery having found that "he had not sufficient knowledge on the grounds of religion, nor of the text whereon he teichit."

His successor was a graduate of Glasgow, named Gavin Donaldson. He took his M.A. degree in 1588, and was ordained at Dollar, 4th April 1589. Of him and his work here no tradition survives. We know, however, that his ministry must have lasted some thirteen years, as he was followed in the Dollar cure in the year 1603 by a St Andrews graduate, named Alexander Grieve. Mr Grieve graduated in 1600, and was ordained to the ministry in Dollar on the 12th July 1603, where he continued to labour till he was translated to the parish of Alva in 1616. He did not, however, long enjoy that benefice, as he died before 1623. It is possible that though his name has long been forgotten in Dollar, it may yet be remembered in Alva, as his widow left a legacy of £10 for the poor of that parish.

The next Dollar minister was a man of greater consequence, and of whom much more can be written. But as I have already occupied as much space as the Editor allows me, I postpone my notice of the Rev. Archibald Moncrieff, A.M., to the next issue of this *Magazine*.
(*To be continued.*)

The Employment of the Imagination in the Study of History.

To the Editors,

DEAR SIRS,—I have read with much interest and profit the comprehensive article on "The Advantages to be Derived from the Study of History," which appeared in your September number of last year, and I should like, with your permission, to say something of my experience as an examiner of the subject. The study of history is founded on a great law of our nature. Man is not content with his own narrow experience. He wishes to share in the experience of others, and to add that experience to his own. Now, the question arises, What is the best method of prosecuting these studies? To study history, we need scarcely say, is not to turn the mind into a lumber room in which names and dates lie about in a confused group. It is to do something infinitely more comprehensive and more difficult than that. It is to transport ourselves out of the present into

the past, to live back as far as possible into the very times of which we are reading, to breathe the same air, think the same thoughts, feel the same feelings—as our fathers had done. There must be an exercise of the imagination to give us a sense of reality in the knowledge of the actions and sufferings that history records.

By the term "Imagination," I mean that inventive wisdom, which brings the truth to life by the help of its own creative energy, the poetic element which is found in the souls of talented artists, whether their art be music, or poetry, or painting, or sculpture. I maintain that this imaginative power renders important service in the acquisition of historical knowledge. Why is it that we have so vivid a conception of the love, the loyalty, the devotion of the Highlanders to Bonnie Prince Charlie, but because the imagination of the artists, Robert Herdman and Allan Stewart, has portrayed scenes which have given it lifelike reality. Or, again, when Scott was writing the description of the battle of Flodden he was carried in imagination to the scene of the bloody struggle, and he upbraids his countrymen for their stupid inactivity. He thus paints us a picture of that disastrous fight with a vividness which has never been surpassed, and the reader sees the whole movement so clearly that he never forgets it:—

"And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
O Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry: 'St Andrew and our right!'
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn!"

Moreover, I believe it will be generally admitted that the portion of English history which Shakespeare has treated is more familiarly known, not only popularly, but in well-educated minds, and especially with reference to the characters of famous personages, than any other part of it. Take the two great civil conflicts that ended, the one in the death of De Montfort and the other in the death of Richard III. on Bosworth field, and mark how the imagina-



A Drysdale

CRICKET BY DOLLAR BURN

tion of Shakespeare has shed a light on the latter, making it much better known than the former. It appears to me that nowhere, in spite of many inaccuracies, can historical pictures be found so vivid or in the main so just as the historical plays of Shakespeare. "Dramatic poetry," says Bacon, "is like history made visible, and is an image of actions past as if they were present." I should like to persuade young readers that history is by no means a dull business when handled by one who marvellously understood the human heart and was able so to put life into the figures of men and women long passed away, that they became real to us as we follow their thoughts and motions, and watch them making love, making war, plotting, succeeding, or accepting reverses, playing once more the big drama which they played on earth.

Another and higher exercise of the imagination is when it is employed to give us a sense of reality in the knowledge of the actions and the sufferings that history records. Let me place, as it were in parallel columns, the story of the siege of Ghent, a city which has suffered much during this war, as it is told by the historian and by the dramatist. In the "Chronicles of Froissart" we read: "The whole winter of 1382 the Earl of Flanders had so much constrained Ghent, that nothing could enter the place by land or water: he had persuaded the Duke of Brabant and Duke Albert to shut up their countries so effectually, that no provisions could be exported thence, but secretly, and with a great risk to those who attempted it. It was thought by the most intelligent that it could not be long before they perished through famine—for all the store-houses of corn were empty, and the people could not obtain bread for money. When the bakers had baked any, it was necessary to guard their shops; for the populace, who were starving, would have broken them open. It was melancholy to hear these poor people (for men, women, and children of good substance were in this miserable plight) make their daily complaints and cries to Philip Van Artevelde their commander-in-chief."

So is the suffering city described in the simple style of the old chronicler. Let us see it now in the fine historical drama—the "Philip Van Artevelde" of Henry Taylor. Addressing his companions as they see the city of Ghent lying in its wretchedness beneath them, Van Artevelde says:—

"Look round about on this once populous town!
Not one of these innumerable house-tops
But hides some spectral form of misery,
Some peevish, pining child, and moaning mother,
Some aged man, that in his dotage scolds,
Not knowing why he hungers—some cold corpse,
That lies unstraightened where the spirit left it."

A still deeper sense of reality is given by the imagination being carried into the interior of one of those afflicted dwellings. Van Artevelde, meeting his sister, after her return from the awful charity of a starving city, questions her—

“ Now render me account of what befel—
Where thou hast been to-day.

Clara : It is but little.
I paid a visit first to Ukenheim,
The man, who whilome saved our father's life,
When certain Clementists and ribald folk
Assailed him at Malines. He came last night,
And said he knew not if we owed him aught,
But if we did, a peck of oatmeal now
Would pay the debt, and save more lives than one.
I went. It seemed a wealthy man's abode ;
The costly drapery and good house-gear
Had, in an ordinary time, betokened
That with the occupant the world went well.
By a low couch, curtained with cloth of frieze,
Sat Ukenheim, a famine-stricken man,
With either bony fist upon his knees,
And his long back upright. His eyes were fixed
And moved not, though some gentle words I spake :
Until a little urchin of a child,
That called him father, crept to where he sat
And plucked him by the sleeve, and with its small
And skinny finger pointed : then he rose,
And with a low obeisance, and a smile
That looked like watery moonlight on his face,
So weak and pale a smile, he bade me welcome.
I told him that a lading of wheat-flour
Was on its way, whereat, to my surprise,
His countenance fell, and he had almost wept.
Art. : Poor soul ! and wherefore ?

Clara : That I soon perceived.
He plucked aside the curtain of the couch,
And there two children's bodies lay composed ;
They seemed like twins of some ten years of age,
And they had died so nearly both together
He could not say which first ; and being dead
He put them, for some fanciful affection,
Each with its arm about the other's neck,
So that a fairer sight I had not seen
Than these two children, with their little faces
So thin and wan, so calm, and sad, and sweet.
I looked upon them long, and for a while
I wished myself their sister, and to lie
With them in death, as they did with each other ;
I thought that there was nothing in the world
I could have loved so much ; and then I wept ;
And when he saw I wept, his own tears fell,
He was sorely shaken and convulsed,
Through weakness of his frame and his great grief.

Art. : Much pity was it he so long deferred
To come to us for aid.

Clara : It was indeed.
But whatsoe'er had been his former pride,
He seemed a humble and heart-broken man.
He thanked me much for what I said was sent ;
But I knew well his thanks were for my tears.
He looked again upon the children's couch,
And said, low down, they wanted nothing now.
So, to turn off his eyes,
I drew the small survivor of the three
Before him ; and he snatched it up, and soon
Seemed quite forgetful and absorbed. With that
I stole away."

Now this is purely imaginary ; and yet how perfectly expressive it is of the truth !

When lecturing on history to my class some years ago, I encouraged my pupils to try to throw the stories into dramatic form, and I have never been able to forget the eagerness and delight which they displayed as they vied with each other in their pioneer attempts at play-writing. Out of several which were done in school, without assistance from books or otherwise, I select one which may interest your young readers :—

THOMAS À BECKET.

PART FIRST.

Scene in the Palace at Canterbury.

KING HENRY II.

King (alone) : Was ever insolence borne like this,
Or even offered to the English kings ?
But now my word has passed and it shall stand,
Whatever he or's lord the Pope may try.
His lands forfeited and now given away
To other lords, while he himself's been doomed
To endless banishment.

[*Enter Larina, Becket's mother.*

Larina : . . . Most noble sovereign,
O canst thou grant a mother's fond request !
Recall that doom, permit me once again
To see—to feel my son again restored
To liberty. Thou hast a dear son too,
Thou hast a father's heart. O, for his sake,
O king, recall this doom.

King : 'Twill never be ; last night his fate decreed,
And nothing now can alter my decision.

Larina : O, cannot now past recollections move,
Or bend thy royal will ? O think, O pray,
When Becket's name was music in thine ear,
And more than brothers ye two loved each other ;

When first ye found him lowly at the shrine,
And step by step thou raised'st him
Till Chancellor he was.

King : Thou only bring'st more vividly to my awakened mind
His base ingratitude. Why did he dare
To make the throne subservient to his power,
And why before a fickle populace
Reville his sovereign so? And thus he hath
Given up all claims he could have had upon my friendship.

Larina : O but, yet all—

King : Enough! Speak not, for I will hear no more.

Larina (*starts to her feet*) :

Then let it be. I will no more entreat—
But now will warn thee—I've pled with thee,
To thee I've knelt who ne'er to man did kneel :
And then—thou hast refused. This morning now
My son arrived, his lawful lands to claim,
Armed with the Papal ban to lay upon
Thy cursed head, if thou would'st dare refuse ;
Thou hast refused, I go to show him what
Thou'st said to me, and then, O then—beware !

[*Exit Larina.*]

PART SECOND.

Scene in the Council Chamber.

KING HENRY, EARLS NORFOLK AND PEMBROKE, BARON FITZURSE, TRACY,
MOREVILLE, AND BRITO.

Norfolk : My Lord, again hath Becket crossed the seas,
To seek once more the Canterbury lands
Your noble Majesty hath given away ;
And now, 'tis said, hath laid the Papal ban
On our devoted heads, and even thou
Art threatened.

King : What ! dare the audacious rebel
Against me utter threats,
And woo the people by pretended claims?
It must not be. O Pembroke ! Norfolk, say,
What shall I do? O, could there not be found
'Mong all these caitiffs that around me stand,
One brave, one bold enough to free me from
The thralldom of a hated priest?

Fitzurse : My Lord, O King, be calm before all these.
I swear to-morrow's sun shall wake the dawn
On Becket's gory corse, slain by my hand.

Tracy : Nay, Leighton,
Dost thou e'en think this honour shall be thine
Alone, unshared? No ! by St George's throne,
I claim with thee to free my valiant king
From Becket and his threats.

Moreville : And who of Howard's noble race
E'er shrunk reluctant from such dangers?

Brito : I stand
Prepared to aid with word and sword this good
And noble cause.

[*Exit Peers.*]

PART THIRD.

Scene—The Cathedral at Canterbury.

BECKET WITH HIS MOTHER.

Becket : Mother, did you say—
 Or did my ears hear right? O speak,
 Say, has he really dared it to refuse,
 In spite of all my curses on these dogs
 That spoil my spacious lands; and, too, in vain
 Are Alexander's threats upon the king himself;
 And Louis' open promises of aid
 The haughty prince to humble in the dust
 Before the Papal power? Speak, mother, speak,
 Nor longer torture me.

Larina : Dear Thomas, calm thyself.
 What! can Larina's son give way to fear,
 To coward fear of this mere boasting prince?
 O Thomas, when thy father, Gilbert, dear,
 Was brought a prisoner to my father's halls,
 I braved his ire to free my heart's loved choice:
 Then, Thomas, show thou hast thy mother's heart,
 Thy father's arm. Brave now his weak revenge,
 And make him drain the bitterest dregs of woe
 And then—Hark! I stealthy footsteps hear—
 See, see, who comes thus masked?

[Enter four knights armed and masked.]

Becket : Ho, friends, what now?
 Why thus encroach on sacred solitude?
 What evil purpose lurks there in your hearts?
 Stand! approach not the altar's sacred bounds
 So unprepared. What seekest thou?

Fitzurse : Ha! what are these strange things
 With which ye threaten England's lord and king?
 Ha! coward, dost thou quail? and well thou might'st;
 A timorous priest to govern England's peers!
 And vaunt thy power 'gainst warriors skilled in arms!
 Go, tell thy beads—prepare to die.

Becket : Hast thou no mercy? Canst thou not spare?
 I still have gold abundant, and have power
 Which I can use with foreign courts for you:
 Say, will ye grant it?—see, I kneel.

Fitzurse : What! dost thou think me mean as thou?
 Shall I take gold my master to betray
 As thou hast done, and ever would'st? Go!
 I say, prepare to die, my time is short—
 I must be quick. *(Draws his sword.)*

Larina : Rise, Thomas, rise,
 And do not ape the child. What! can ye dare,
 Ye trait'rous band, to slay before heaven's shrine
 Heaven's chosen priest? How can ye dare to vaunt
 An earthly power 'gainst heaven's mighty Lord?
 Ye seek my son to slay, but first ye shall
 Tread o'er my corpse ere—

Fitzurse: Ha! stay thy ravings, dotard.
Here, friend, come, hold the witch, while I perform
My given task, and make my trusty sword
Reek with the dastard's blood.

[*Approaches and stabs Becket, who has fled to the altar.*

Haste, quick, my friends! see your allotted tasks
Are all performed, now that I have slain
The trembling fool. St Mary, how he shook
At sight of naked steel. Ha, friends, are ye
Yet done? Come, let us seek the appointed spot,
And haste, for we are somewhat late.
Now, mother, you may go, I set you free
To mourn your bigot son's deserved fate.

[*They move towards the door.*

Larina: But go not yet, ye cruel murderers.
Though ye have robbed me of my heart's delight,
And thus have slain my glory and my pride,
Yet I can thee forgive. But think, O think,
What can appease heaven's holy Lord, while ye,
Foul murderers, disgrace the earth, and stain
Fair England with a bloody deed?
The time shall come, my beating heart proclaims,
When at my Thomas' shrine shall lowly bend
Proud England's humbled king; while you shall go
Marked by the brand of Cain, and scorned by men,
Despised by knaves, and spurned from noble halls,
Until thy due—an ignominious death—
Shall plunge thy guilty souls in hell's abyss.

[*The curtain falls.*

J. C. (aged 15 years).

F. T.

Letters to the Editors.

CASHIERS, NORTH CAROLINA, U.S.A.,
14th November 1916.

DEAR SIR,—The *Dollar Magazine* is always eagerly looked for, and its coming gladly welcomed,—as much as if it were “a letter from home”; but the September number gave me unusual pleasure. And I write to thank you for that admirable address you delivered on the closing day of the Academy. Nothing could have better fitted the occasion; and coming from you on the Jubilee of your career as Master and Governor, it was most noteworthy, and indeed an historical event of which the friends and “F.P.’s” of the old Academy will long cherish the memory.

A.D. 1866 to A.D. 1916—truly a most memorable age, and one during which Dollar Academy has made wonderful progress. Of the teaching staff of 1869, of which you were a leading member, and I was—I am proud to say—one of the assistant masters (*parva pars fui*)—are you and I the only survivors? How vividly I can

recall in memory the figures of the stately rector, Dr Mylne ; the giant Lindsay ; my chief, the fair-haired giant, Symmers ; the dapper, well-dressed Brown ; the elegant Banks ; the genial Christie ; the energetic little writing-master, whose very dark complexion and coal-black hair almost justified his nickname of "the Black Douglas" ; —of them and all the others are we to say, "all, all are gone, the old familiar faces" ? So be it ; but it is with genuine pleasure that I add my sincere congratulations to the many you have received on your Jubilee. May you have a Golden Jubilee of sixty years and more ; and, let me add, "may I be there to see."

Let me now address you as one of the editors of the *Magazine*, with regard to the enclosed "*In Memoriam*" verses, which I hope you will publish in the *Magazine*. The subject of them was the only son of my nephew, Alex. J. M. Bennet, solicitor and banker (and also Major, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) Struan Lodge, Dunoon ; the oldest son of my brother, Hugh C. Bennett of Tillicoultry, whom you have met with as a brother "J.P."

Good taste dictated that the young soldier's name should not appear, for his has been the sad fate of thousands of gallant young Scots, to whose death and supreme sacrifice the lines would be equally appropriate.

When I write to Scotland I soon find myself "revolving many memories," with the result that the letter grows too long,—as this one is. But I trust that, in spite of its length, you will still believe me to be,—Yours most sincerely,

W. C. BENET.

R. MALCOLM, ESQ., J.P., DOLLAR, SCOTLAND.

To the Editors of the "Dollar Magazine."

SIRS,—I have read Mr Wilson's article on "The Ministers of Dollar" in your September number with much interest, but I see that he clings to the traditional estimate of Cardinal Beaton, and ignores the patriotic part played by that much-abused primate. Mr Wilson speaks of "certain overtures from England pointing to an ultimate harmonious union of the two kingdoms" by means of a marriage by and by of Prince Edward and our Queen Mary. This sounds all very well, but how did England propose to carry it out ? Henry VIII.'s terms were : "That Queen Mary should be sent to England and trained up from childhood as an Englishwoman ; that the Earl of Arran should be governor during her minority, and that afterwards he should govern Scotland under the authority of Henry or his son, but the election of governor and council of Scotland was at all times to lie with the King of England, and the fortresses of Scotland were to be held by Scotsmen of Henry's selection, and if Mary died, he should be recognised as heir to the Scottish crown."

"When the English terms were made known indignation was supreme among the Scottish people."

These terms were opposed by the Roman Catholics, but were supported by the Scottish reformers in Henry's pay.

For further information about the Cardinal I refer your readers to his "Life," by the Rev. John Herkless. W. B.

In Memoriam.

IN our obituary is a notice of the death of Mrs Haig of Dollarfield, a lady well known in the parish for her quiet influence and good deeds. Mrs Haig, who was seventy-six years of age, was a daughter of the late Rev. Peter Balfour, Parish Minister of Clackmannan, and a sister of the late Lord Kinross, Member of Parliament for the United Counties from 1884 to 1899, and latterly President of the Court of Session. For many years she was president and moving spirit of the Society for Nursing the Sick Poor, interesting herself in their wants and woes as well as their relief. She is passed beyond the reach of praise, but not of love; and her family of four sons and one daughter now cherish the memory of a beloved and devoted Christian mother.

"We feel that in the heavens above,
The angels whispering to one another,
Can find among their burning terms of love
None so devotional as that of 'Mother.'"

MANY of our readers, especially former pupils, will learn with pain of the death of Mr Masterton, which took place with startling suddenness on the morning of the 29th November. He was on duty in his class-room as usual on the 28th, and tutored his boys in the evening, so he died in the midst of work, in harness as he wished. The blow was stunning, and sent a painful shock through the whole community. It is too soon yet to estimate fully the value and importance of his work. He has left his imprint on Dollar's memory by his varied, useful, manly endeavours for its well-being and prosperity. His industry was immense; his painstaking accuracy was rare; his mastery of his subject complete; and his interest in all matters connected with the Church of Scotland enthusiastic. His memory deserves the homage of sorrow from the Sabbath School children, for he laboured assiduously for their welfare and improvement. Death stood before him suddenly, and hurried him, as it were, from the Church on earth to the general assembly of the wide and wondrous Church of Heaven.

On Sunday forenoon, 3rd December, the Rev. Mr Armstrong preached from the text, "Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours," and at the close of his sermon paid the following eloquent tribute to the deceased :—

"Before concluding our service this morning it is my sad duty to pay affectionate tribute to our deceased friend and elder, Mr Masterton. I need hardly say that the startling suddenness of his death caused a great shock in Dollar, where he was long held in universal esteem. Indeed, it would not be exaggeration to say that the name of William Masterton was a household word. When I was appointed to this parish five and a half years ago, it was not long ere I learned to appreciate the genuine qualities of heart and head with which Mr Masterton was amply endowed. From the day of our introduction to the time of his death he remained my right-hand man, as he had been to my predecessor. In him I quickly found a 'guide, philosopher, and friend'—one in whom I had implicit trust, and who never once belied it. Mr Masterton had the distinction of being at the time of his death the 'Father' of the Kirk-Session, having been ordained to the eldership in 1883—thirty-three years ago. During that long period of service he acted as Session-Clerk for twenty-seven years, the arduous duties of which office he discharged with conspicuous ability and efficiency. By temperament and habit a very methodical man, he left no stone unturned to ensure accuracy and precision. As Superintendent of the Sunday School he endeared himself to the hearts of teachers and pupils alike, in whose interests he laboured with undiminished enthusiasm. As former President of the Young Men's Guild, and latterly as a senior member, he contributed in no mean measure both by addresses and comments to enhance the interest and engage the attention of the young men of the congregation. From all these scenes of usefulness and activity we shall sadly miss our genial friend. Other lips than mine will recount the immense amount of work he cheerfully undertook, and painstakingly performed, in his long association with the staff of the Academy, and in the deliberations of the Parish Council. Those who knew him best can testify to his sterling qualities, his supreme conscientiousness, his tried reliability. But we, who have known him of more recent years as a man of sound judgment and ripe experience, will fondly remember him as a loyal and trusty friend who dearly loved the Church of Christ—the Church of his fathers—and spent himself day and night in her service. Can we not with perfect sincerity record of him whose loss we mourn to-day, that he was one who studied to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needed not to be ashamed?"

Notes from Near and Far.

TIME, with his steady but noiseless step, has well-nigh completed another annual round, which seems to intimate that we must make up this, our fifteenth volume, in order that it may be placed on our shelves with its predecessors, of which, we believe, it will prove to be no unworthy companion. This annual ingathering brings with it one of those pleasing interspaces which provides an opportunity for reviewing our labours, and laying before our readers a few observations by way of preface.

With regard to the measure of outward success which has attended our endeavours during the past year, we confess that we have not realised our ideal, either in our work or in its circulation; but while we strive to do it in the one, we must trust to our readers to aid us to attain it in the other. Let all who can, introduce the *Magazine* to friends; contribute to its pages; supply its editors with hints and helps; and get the secretaries of societies with which they are connected to send reports of their meetings, plans, and progress for insertion.

In reviewing the contents of the volume now passing from our hands, we feel it incumbent on us to express our own feeling—and that, we believe, of our readers too—of thankfulness to the several contributors for their earnest and able papers.

Special mention must be made of the articles entitled "Pro Patria," with the portraits of the brave young men who have given their lives for their king, their country, and the cause of righteousness. To Mr Dougall, who has given himself no end of trouble in collecting the photographs, and compiling the accompanying descriptive notes, our sincere thanks are due, as also to Mr Holmes and Mr Drysdale for their care in reproducing the portraits.

We cannot conclude without casting a hopeful but anxious glance towards the future. What that future may be, we cannot, of course, predict, but we cherish the belief that it will be not merely worthy of the past, but far excel it in character and exceed it in success. True, our reserve funds have been exhausted owing to the increase in the price of paper and printing; and, while we hesitate to raise the annual subscription, we shall be glad if our wealthy readers double or treble their cheques. In the closing of this passing year shadows fall upon all minds, things, and prospects. The great War that is devastating Europe, and causing the death of our bravest young lives, saddens our souls as we speak our parting word for the present volume. It grieves us that such suffering should be a necessity of our time. Would that the cloud were past; that the cheerfulness of

revived, *peaceful* industries were afloat upon the air again, that all good and noble spirits were successful in their endeavour

"To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this the bloody trial of sharp war,"

—that "the purple testament of bleeding war" shall for ever remain unopened.

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RE-ELECTION OF THE PROVOST.—We have pleasure in recording that the Town Councillors at their meeting in November unanimously and with acclamation re-elected Mrs Malcolm Provost. This mark of confidence and distinction has given very general satisfaction in the burgh and beyond it. We join in hearty congratulations. The new Bailies are Messrs Mitchell, Beresford, and Alexander.

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FRUIT AND VEGETABLES FOR THE FLEET.—At no previous period in the history of our country has there been so much shoulder to shoulder voluntary work among all classes, as we find everywhere around us, directed towards the one object of enabling the country to prosecute to a successful issue the great war now being waged in three continents. In its train it brings widespread urgent need for subscriptions, contributions, and service; hence there have arisen new organisations, new ventures, ingenious devices for raising the "fuel of funds" to keep the national war machine going. Among ourselves there has been no slacking; many agencies are alert and active. In the early autumn Councillor Annand led the way with his plan for sending garden fruit to the fleet. Through the kindness of some of his friends, whose gardens were well stocked, he was able to gather, during his holidays, and to dispatch some fifteen boxes of gooseberries and currants, each box weighing over twenty pounds. This beginning was followed on the 31st August by a measure on a much more ambitious scale under the superintendence of Mrs Gibson, Burnbank. In answer to an advertisement inviting contributions to be sent to the U.F. Church Hall, kindly granted for the occasion, no fewer than thirty-eight owners of gardens forwarded supplies of vegetables of all kinds, which by a band of willing workers were securely packed, dispatched, and distributed to various ships. Cordial thanks were returned to Mrs Gibson for the welcome gifts.

* * * * *

WAR RELICS.—The Town Council acted wisely in organising and taking under its auspices the Exhibition of War Relics, which was held in the Academy Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, 19th and 20th September, in aid of the Lord Roberts' Memorial Fund.

To the Countess of Mar and Kellie was due the credit of intro-

ducing into the different burghs of the county this display of interesting trophies gathered on the battlefields of France, as she saw in it a means of raising money for this most laudable object.

The exhibition was opened at three o'clock. Provost Mrs Malcolm, who presided, said they were honoured in having with them the Countess of Mar and Kellie, who had shown herself deeply interested in the object of their gathering, and who had kindly consented to open the exhibition. She now had pleasure in calling upon her Ladyship to do so.

Lady Mar, who had a very cordial reception, expressed her pleasure at being present on such an interesting occasion. Referring to the object of the exhibition, her Ladyship said that when the war was over many of our brave soldiers would come home wounded, disabled, and crippled. They would be received with great cheering and much real sympathy; but the cheering would die away, and the sympathy would not fill their cupboards or their mouths. The Government gave them pensions, but that did not satisfy them. They wanted something more than that, and this fund was to give them employment for mind and body, and to encourage their moral and physical welfare. She had heard of a soldier who had been wounded at Mons and who had lost one leg, who went into one of their workshops in London and said, "For God's sake give me something to do." They took that man into the work and taught him a trade, and now he was earning 25s. a week. With the consent of Lady Roberts and her family, the fund was to be utilised for the benefit of disabled soldiers and sailors. The fund would enable the men to become self-supporting, because they would be taught a trade. In the hall that afternoon there were samples of what the men were taught to do in the workshops. These workshops were very nearly completed in Edinburgh, and it was intended to establish others in Glasgow and Dundee. She desired to return thanks to the Provost and the ladies of the different districts for the interest they had taken in the exhibition, for without their help the Committee could not have done anything. With the willing co-operation of the Provost and all who had helped her, she felt sure that Dollar would once more shine forth as it had always done in any good cause. Tillicoultry had already done well; Alva would do its part later in the week; and at Alloa they had obtained over £280 towards the fund. (Applause.) She had never seen such a district for collecting money, and she thought the country districts often did better than the large towns, for the inhabitants of the cottages came and gave their mites in different ways, and everybody felt they were doing their little share. She had great pleasure in declaring the exhibition open. (Applause.)

Rev. R. S. Armstrong proposed a vote of thanks to Lady Mar

for her kindness in coming to open the exhibition that day. They knew how very busy Lady Mar was, and the active interest she took in every good work. More particularly since the outbreak of the war, they knew how her Ladyship had identified herself with every organisation which had for its main object the relief of our soldiers and sailors.

Many visitors thronged the hall during the afternoon, and, while they surveyed the relics, were entertained by musical selections rendered by an efficient orchestra under the able direction of Mr Dundas-Craig.

Under the gallery of the hall were two stalls, which were largely patronised. One was known as the "White Elephant Stall," where articles, no longer wanted, were disposed of; the other dealt in baskets and other useful articles, which had been made by wounded soldiers. The stall-holders were Mrs Armstrong, Miss Brockner, Miss Dobie, Mrs Dougall, Mrs Major Leckie-Ewing, Miss Laurie, Mrs Sutherland (Ashfield), and the Misses Symon.

With the view of adding to the drawings of the first day's display, Miss Clare Armitage tactfully arranged for a series of concerts in the Music Room, which were well attended and much appreciated.

The conception of presenting an "Allies' Programme" was grand, and was admirably carried out, for Miss Armitage had taken pains to enlist vocal talent of a high order. Mrs Hugh Forrester, Tullibody, gave excellent renderings of French songs. Miss Johnston of Broomhall followed with pleasing illustrations of Indian lyrics. Miss Dobie sang with fine expression the Scottish songs, "Turn Ye to Me" and "Leezie Lindsay." Miss Dougall's charming rendering of the songs of Roumania, a country much in our thoughts at the present time, was much appreciated. Miss Law sang very sweetly the English songs, "Christina's Lament" and "At Dawning of the Day." Miss Laurie ably acted as accompanist, and kindly added, at intervals, a number of stirring Scottish airs. Nor must we omit to mention the Indian dance (in costume) cleverly given by Miss Marjory Haytor and Master Jim Haytor, who had to respond to an encore.

On the second day the exhibition was opened by Provost Mrs Malcolm, who was accompanied to the platform by other members of the Town Council. She said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you will be glad to learn that the opening day of this wonderful exhibition was a great success, surpassing even our most sanguine expectations. I have no doubt to-day's results, along with yesterday's drawings, will still support Lady Mar's compliment to our classic burgh, that Dollar has always done well in connection with appeals made for War Funds."

In proposing a vote of thanks to Mrs Malcolm, Bailie M'Diarmid said: "The burgh of Dollar was fortunate in having such a Provost

as Mrs Malcolm. She had never been absent from the chair during her three years of office; she had done her very best to further every cause in which she had presided, and especially the good cause for which the exhibition had been got up." The drawings for the two days amounted to £75—a most creditable sum.

* * * * *

IN AID OF THE RED CROSS FUNDS.—On Friday evening, 3rd November, under the auspices of the V. A. D., and by the kind permission of Major Ford, Vice-Commandant of the R.A.M.C. Training Centre at Tillicoultry, a most successful concert was given in the Academy Hall by the N.C.O.'s and men of the R.A.M.C. in aid of the funds of the British Red Cross Society (Scottish Branch). Colonel Haig presided, and Commandant Mrs Thomson and her staff of nurses in their becoming uniform saw to the seating and comfort of the audience. The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental selections, violin solos, and humorous recitations, all of which were heartily enjoyed. Perhaps we should specially mention the playing of the orchestra, which was of a very high order.

Mr Begg, in a neat speech, conveyed the thanks of the audience to the gallant performers. The drawings, we understand, amounted to £35—a proof that the public turned out well to give a welcome, the fame of the orchestra having preceded it.

* * * * *

WOMEN'S WAR WORK PARTY.—A well-attended public meeting of a representative character was held in the U.F. Church Hall on the evening of Thursday, 16th November, to consider the best means of procedure for the coming winter. The Rev. Mr Wilson ably presided, and in his introductory remarks earnestly commended the good work. Mr J. B. Haig, W.S., the honorary secretary, reported that he had on hand a balance of £12 from last year. Mrs Dougall, the convener, gave a full and interesting report of the work that had been done during the past year, no fewer than 1,600 garments of various kinds having been supplied to the Red Cross Society and other organisations. The gratitude of the recipients in the Navy and Army—which had been expressed in numerous letters—was ample and encouraging reward for their labours. Arrangements were made for inviting subscriptions, and for carrying on the work with, if possible, increased energy and zeal. We may add that anyone who has a guinea that they have no use for cannot do better than send it to Mrs Dougall or to Mr Haig, who have kindly agreed to receive contributions.

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WAR SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.—The action of the Kirk-Session of the Parish Church in starting a War Savings Association has been

fully justified by the result. We understand that over two hundred certificates have been applied for and given out. The late Mr Masterton did much to bring about this rather unlooked-for but most gratifying success.

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HONOUR TO F.P.—The Rev. Andrew Mutch, M.A., B.D., who occupies the important charge of Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, has had conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity by Lafayette College, Eastern Pennsylvania. Hearty congratulations.

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MEMORIES OF SIR DAVID GILL (F.P.).—Under the title, "David Gill: Man and Astronomer," Professor George Forbes, F.R.S., has given to the world a most able and interesting book. The publisher (Murray), in recommending it, says: "Sir David Gill was for twenty-seven years engaged in raising the Cape Observatory to the highest position, both in equipment and in work done. His scientific achievements are the admiration of astronomers, and have already been published. But his life has an attraction for a much wider circle, and is so full of interest and importance for the general public that many of his friends have expressed a strong wish that a biography should be written.

"To him astronomy was almost a religion; but his reverence for his chosen science was tempered by human sympathies, and the present book, while telling of the growth of a remarkable personality, from schoolboy—at Dollar Academy—and watchmaker, to leader of astronomical research, portrays also his friendships, his delightful social and domestic life, his humour, his enjoyment of the world, and his varied employments, among which deer-stalking occupied a special place.

"Into all his work and recreations he had the power of throwing an enthusiastic eagerness and joy which were infectious, and attracted to him a wide circle of companions in widely varied pursuits.

"Such a tale, it is hoped, will leave in the minds of readers and of his old friends a true picture of the charm that radiated from this man who helped so much to uphold the status of British science; and will recall to his former associates and acquaintances some of the happiness they derived from his friendship and society."

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PROMOTION AND RETIRING GIFT.—It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we learn of the success of Miss Maggie A. Scotland, M.A. (F.P.), one of the first county of Clackmannan bursars who attended the Institution. After graduating M.A. she was appointed to an important position in Grantown Grammar School, where she taught

most successfully for ten years. Recently she received promotion to a school in Weymouth. Before leaving Grantown she was presented by the staff and pupils with a gold pendant and other jewellery. In making the presentation, Mr M'Lennan, M.A., the rector, said he voiced his personal regret, the regret of the staff and of the senior pupils, especially the girls. It would be difficult to get anyone to fill her place adequately. She had always taken a keen interest in her work, and had been always willing to undertake any new duty that fell to her lot.

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THE REV. WALTER RUSSELL (F.P.) KILLED AT THE FRONT.—The Rev. James K. Russell writes in answer to a letter of sympathy from Mrs Masterton: "Walter, we learned, was engaged on night work, superintending the digging of an important communication trench under heavy fire. He was struck on the side by a fragment of shell, and was at once carried to a casualty station. Here he lay for six days, from the 20th to the 26th; and we had hopes, even as he had himself, as the Chaplain told us, that he would recover; but his lungs had been seriously injured, and he died on the night of 26th August. We are comforted greatly by the knowledge that from the first he had the best skill and attention. . . .

"The old school will be in full swing again. These were very happy days; and the kindnesses received at the hands of Mr Masterton and yourself are very fresh."

Marriages.

REDDING—MORRICE.—At Blairingone Parish Church, on 14th October, by the Rev. J. Fawns Cameron, Joseph Redding, Great Missenden, Bucks, to Magdalene (F.P.), younger daughter of Alex. R. Morrice, Schoolhouse, Blairingone, Dollar.

COLLYER—M'INTOSH.—At St Peter's Presbyterian Church, Upper Tooting, on Saturday, 14th October, by the Rev. J. Stephens Roose, M.A., John Arthur M'Rae Collyer (F.P.), to Jean Montgomery (F.P.), eldest daughter of Thomas Wishart M'Intosh, 7 Mayford Road, Wandsworth Common.

THOMPSON—RUSSELL.—At St Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, on 27th October, by the Rev. J. K. Russell, B.D., minister of Falkland (F.P.), brother of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Walter R. Lacey, M.A., minister of Hillhead, Glasgow, and the Rev. David Scott, D.D., late of Dalziel, the Rev. Edward Litton Thompson,

D.D., minister of Hamilton, to Ella Gunn Russell (F.P.), daughter of Mr and Mrs W. N. Russell, Schoolhouse, Glendevon, Dollar.

LAMBERTON—HUTTON.—At Bellahouston Parish Church, Glasgow, on 30th October, by the Right Rev. John Brown, D.D., Moderator of the Church of Scotland, assisted by the Rev. Alex. Brown, Pollokshields East U.F. Church, Neil Carmichael (F.P.), 2nd Lieutenant Scottish Rifles, youngest son of the late Hugh Lamberton and of Mrs Lamberton, Oakenhurst, Pollokshields, to Ena, youngest daughter of the late Hugh Hutton and of Mrs Hutton, and niece of William Sloan, Ardoch, Dunbreck.

CHRISTIE—BLAKE.—At Friends' Meeting House, Greenock, on 13th November, William Melville Christie, M.B., Ch.B. (Edinburgh), F.P., to Agnes Paton (Nancy), second daughter of the late Arthur Blake and Mrs Blake, 18 Eldon Street, Greenock.

MACGILL—TOD.—At St Andrew's Church, Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh, on 16th November, by the Rev. W. M. Macgregor, D.D., assisted by the Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D., Captain John Macgill, H.L.I. (F.P.), to Ella Maitland, daughter of the late Henry Tod, W.S., and Mrs Tod, 23 Lennox Street, Edinburgh.

Obituary.

DUTHIE.—At Dharakota, Ganjam District, Madras Presidency, on the 6th June 1916, the Rev. William K. Duthie, M.A. (F.P.), aged 54 years.

GEYER.—At 23 Lambert Road, Brixton Hill, London, on 27th September, H. J. Geyer, for many years a Master at Dollar Academy.

SHEPHERD.—At Laurieston, near Falkirk, in the house of her niece, on 2nd November, Rachel Shepherd, aged 98. Her remains were interred in Dollar Cemetery (see *Magazine*, Vol. XII.).

HAIG.—At Dollarfield, Dollar, on 7th November, Margaret Christian Balfour, wife of the late William James Haig, aged 76.

GUNN.—At 22 Fife Street, Dufftown, on 19th November, Norman Gunn, M.B., C.M., aged 43 years.

MASTERTON.—At Academy Street, Dollar, very suddenly, on the morning of 29th November, William Masterton, F.E.I.S., for over thirty-eight years Arithmetical Master in Dollar Academy.

HOGGAN.—At Prospect Place, Dollar, suddenly, on 6th December, Andrew Hoggan, Shoemaker.

Pro Patria.

1. IAN D. W. SAREL.—Private, Canadian Seaforths, son of Mr C. Wentworth Sarel, Vancouver, B.C., and of Mrs Sarel, formerly of Marischal Villa, Dollar; left School 1915; died in Bristol, of wounds received in France, 23rd April 1915.

2. ROBERT M. LAING.—2nd Lieutenant, 1st Scottish Rifles, son of Mr Wm. Laing, J.P., Menstrie; Captain of 1st Cricket Eleven; left School 1910; awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry in action, 4th April 1916; killed in action, in France, 20th July 1916.

3. CHARLES T. W. SAREL.—Private, Canadian Seaforths, brother of Ian D. W. Sarel; left School 1912; killed in action, in France, 22nd April 1916.

4. JOHN WILLIAMSON.—2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, son of the Rev. J. A. Williamson, Alva; left School 1913; killed in action, in France, 1st July 1916.

5. THOMAS J. M'LAREN.—2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A. (Special Reserve), son of Mr Duncan M'Laren, Bridge Street, Dollar; left School 1913; killed in action, in France, 26th January 1916.

6. JAMES H. CAMERON.—Lieutenant, 9th Black Watch, son of Dr Cameron, Rosemount, Dollar; left School 1914; reported wounded and missing on 25th September 1915; subsequently reported killed on that date.

7. WILLIAM BLACK.—Sergeant-Major, 8th Black Watch; boarded with Mrs Campbell, Cairnpark Street, Dollar; left School 1892; killed in action, in France, 27th September 1915.

8. JOHN R. BROWNLIE.—2nd Lieutenant, 11th Scottish Rifles, son of Mr T. G. Brownlie, Dalrag, Maxwell Park, Glasgow; boarded with Dr Butchart; left School 1913; killed in action, in France, 28th June 1916.

9. ADAM SCOTT.—Lance-Corporal, 10th Seaforth Highlanders, son of the late Mr William Scott, Forest Lodge, Dollar; left School 1902; killed in action 25th September 1915.

10. J. WHYTE SWANSTON.—Captain, Troopship "Clan Macfarlane," son of Mrs Swanston, Sunnybrae, Kirkcaldy; left School 1896; his ship was torpedoed, without warning, in the Mediterranean on 30th December 1915, and Captain Swanston was drowned.

11. GEORGE AUCHINACHIE.—Private, 1st Gordon Highlanders, son of the late Mr Auchinachie, Aberchirder; boarded with Mr Taylor; left School 1907; killed in action, in France, August 1915.

12. JAMES C. HOSACK.—2nd Lieutenant, Cape Corps, son of the late Mr John Hosack, factor and tacksman, Dochcarty, Dingwall; left School 1895; killed in action, in German East Africa, about 20th July 1916.



"PRO PATRIA"

School Notes.

OWING to the shortage of paper, and the consequent reduction in size of the local newspapers, the annual report on the School was not published as usual, but the report must have been highly satisfactory, for, as recorded in the *Alloa Journal*, one of the governors at the last meeting said that the report was the best he had read during twenty-six years of office.

ADDITIONS TO ROLL OF HONOUR.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
CARMENT, A. G.	Lieutenant	Royal Army Medical Corps.
FALCONER, IAN	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Scots.
JACKSON, J. D.	Captain	7th Labour Corps, R.E., I.E.F.
MILLER, GEORGE R. B.	2nd Lieutenant	2nd Rajputs.
MITCHELL, REGINALD	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Engineers, I.R.O.
PLINSTON, GEORGE H.	Captain	11th Rajputs.
STEVEN, JAMES	Flight 2nd Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps.
STIRLING, ANDREW	2nd Lieutenant	250 Protection Company, Royal Defence Corps.
STUART, JOHN M'A.	Sub-Lieutenant	R.N.V.R., attached R.N.A.S.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.

ANDERSON, ALEXANDER F.	Lance-Corporal	Cameron Highlanders (wounded).
ANDERSON, JOHN	Private	Black Watch.
ENGLAND, GEORGE F.	Band Boy	2nd Black Watch.
FARGIE, CECIL	Private	New Zealand Engineers.
FOOTE, JAMES	Private	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
GULLEN, WILLIAM	Private	3rd A. and S. Highlanders.
HENDERSON, JAMES	Private	3rd Seaforth Highlanders, attached Machine Gun Corps.
LEE, MARSHALL	Private	3/4th Royal Scots.
M'CORKINDALE, DONALD	Lance-Corporal	Royal Engineers.
M'LIESH, JAMES	Corporal	Royal Engineers.
ROBERTS, ARTHUR A. P.	Driver	128th Horse Transport Company, A.S.C.
ROUSSAC, JOHN A. S.	Gunner	2nd (R.) Battery Canadian Field Artillery.

CORRECTION.

REID, ROBERT	2nd Lieutenant	51st Highland Division, Ammunition Column, R.F.A.
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PROMOTIONS.

OFFICERS.		
BAIN, A. R.	Captain	7th A. and S. Highlanders.
BARTHOLOMEW, WALTER	Captain	Canadian Expeditionary Force.
BLACK, DAVID CHRISTIE	Captain	10th Canadian Infantry (wounded).
BURR, ERIC T.	Assist. Staff Capt.	118th Infantry Brigade.
CHRISTIE, W. MELVILLE	Lieutenant	Royal Army Medical Corps.
CURRIE, DUNCAN D.	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Engineers.
FOX, ERNEST S.	2nd Lieutenant	2nd West Yorks.
HENDERSON, R. LESLIE J.	2nd Lieutenant	Machine Gun Corps.
Hutchison, J. M'Master	2nd Lieutenant	Gordon Highlanders.
M'CLELLAND, ALEXANDER A.	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Engineers.
PENDER, W. GORDON	Captain and Flight Commander	Royal Flying Corps.
PETTY, ROBERT L.	2nd Lieutenant	3rd West Yorks.
WALTON, PERCY	Captain and Adj.	5th Gordon Highlanders.
WHYTE, ROBERT	Captain	14th Royal Scots.
WILSON, GAVIN L.	Major	11th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (wounded).

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.

BLACK, JOHN	-	-	-	Sergeant-Major	9th Reserve Battalion, Canadians.
HALLEY, JOHN M.	-	-	-	Sergeant	2/4th Seaforth Highlanders.
HOLMES, R. K.	-	-	-	Corporal	3rd Royal Scots.
ROBERTSON, DAVID	-	-	-	Sergeant	1/9th Royal Scots.
WALKER, JAMES	-	-	-	Sergeant-Instructor	10th Officer Cadet Batt., Gales.

TRANSFERS.

DARBY, DOUGLAS	-	-	-	2nd Lieut., Scottish Rifles, to R.F.C. School of Instruction, Oxford.
MACFARLANE, RONALD S.	-	-	-	2nd Lieut., Gordon Highlanders, to R.F.C. School of Instruction, Reading.

APPOINTMENT.

M'NIVEN, JOHN	-	-	-	Cadet	No. 5 Officer Cadet Battalion, Cambridge.
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Already there have been recorded the names of fifty-two Former Pupils of Dollar who have died in the service of their king in the course of the great struggle which is being waged in the cause of Right. To this long list the names of five more have to be added.

2nd Lieutenant Thomas Burton Forster, Royal Irish Regiment, who was killed on 10th June 1916, was the second son of Major-General John Burton Forster. Mr Forster, who boarded with Mr Malcolm, left School in 1903, and after spending ten years in Canada he enlisted, and soon gained a commission. From October 1915 he was continually in action until he was wounded on 9th June. He remained at the front, and fell the next night while on a dangerous expedition. Regarding him his Commanding Officer wrote, "He was one of the most gallant and capable officers I have ever had the honour to serve with"; while the Adjutant said, "His conduct was the admiration of the whole division."

2nd Lieutenant John M'Master Hutchison, Gordon Highlanders, was the second son of Mr and Mrs Robert Hutchison, Alderston, Ayr. He boarded with Dr Thom, and left School in 1906 to study in the Camborne School of Mines, where he won a scholarship which took him to Broken Hill, Australia, for three years. He was home on leave when war broke out, and joined Lovat's Scouts. In June 1915 he obtained his commission in the Seaforth Highlanders, and was transferred to the Gordons when he went to the front in February of this year. He died a hero's death on 22nd October.

2nd Lieutenant George S. M'Clelland, K.O.S.B., was the fourth son of Mr Alexander M'Clelland, 51 Fotheringay Road, Pollokshields, and Buenos Aires. He boarded first with Mrs

Maughan, Parkfield, and afterwards with Dr Butchart. In 1913 he left School to enter Glasgow University as a medical student, and obtaining a commission in December 1914, he proceeded to the front in the summer of 1915. Along with several other Dollar boys, he was reported wounded and missing after the battle of Loos, and now it has been presumed by the War Office that he was killed in that battle. His elder brother, who was wounded at the Dardanelles, has now received a commission in the Royal Engineers.

2nd Lieutenant John Wilson Noble, Northumberland Fusiliers was the younger son of the late Mr Wm. J. H. Noble, Hopetoun Hotel, Leadhills. While at School he boarded with Mr Levack, Devon Lodge. In 1905 he entered Edinburgh University, and qualified as a Dental Surgeon. When war broke out he joined Lovat's Scouts, and about a year ago obtained a commission. His death in action was reported on 3rd October 1916.

Driver Peter Hannay, of the 3rd Field Artillery Brigade, was the second son of Mr and Mrs Peter Hannay, Willowbank, Tenterfield, Australia. The family home in Dollar was Southville, Academy Street. On finishing his School curriculum in 1902, he returned to Australia, and some years thereafter went in for a farming life in Queensland. He saw service in Gallipoli, in Egypt, and in France, where he died of wounds on the 21st of August. His eldest brother, Henry, 28th Infantry Regiment, sailed from Western Australia with reinforcements in September. His twin brother, Charles, has been rejected for service five or six times, but is still bent on it. Keith is Naval Instructor at Jervis Bay, and Max, wounded at Gallipoli, is now at Kiama. The five brothers have all worn the king's uniform, or offered to do it. Our readers still remember how much they enjoyed Mr Hannay's "Reveries of a Rover," which appeared in our early numbers.

Among distinctions which have been gained by old Dollar boys we have observed the following:—Captain R. G. Archibald, R.A.M.C., was mentioned by General Wingate in dispatches, October 1916. Engineer-Lieutenant J. K. Corsar, R.N., whose meritorious service at the battle of Jutland was recorded in the last number of the *Magazine*, has been awarded the D.S.O.

MILITARY MEDAL.—Sergeant Tom Bell (F.P.) has been awarded the Military Medal for bravery on the field *in May*. Sergeant Bell, son of Mrs Bell, late of Cransley Farm, near Dundee, came home from Canada, where he had been for four years, and joined the Royal Fusiliers in March 1915. He has since been recommended for conspicuous bravery on the Somme *in July*.

2nd Lieutenant Henry Nicholson Lechler, attached 6th South Lancs., whose death was recorded in the June number of the *Magazine*, has since been mentioned in dispatches for "distinguished

and gallant services" at the Dardanelles. Captain George H. Plinston, 11th Rajputs, who left School in 1902, was among those commended for service in Mesopotamia in Sir Percy Lake's dispatch of 24th August.

Sergeant H. Walker, of the 3rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, has been appointed a Sergeant-Instructor with the 10th Officer Cadet Battalion at Gailles. Sergeant Walker attended the N.C.O.'s course of instruction at Edinburgh, and passed out fifth of 200 attending the course.

Sub-Lieutenant A. F. Kinghorn, R.N.V.R., who was injured at sea in May of this year, is now able to return to duty.

FOOTBALL.

THE COMING FOOTBALL SEASON.—If the customary guides to football form are to be accepted as reliable, the coming season ought to be one of the most successful of recent years. No fewer than thirteen of those who played for the 1st XV. towards the close of last season are again available—a backbone which would make the optimist have visions of invincibility in normal years. But those very factors which are now operating in our favour at Dollar will, in all probability, have a similar effect at other schools, so that we may with reason look forward to a football season of more than average talent. Several of the older boys who would have left School at the end of last session have returned for a few months until they are of age for military service. Unfortunately for the football XV., this will mean numerous substitutions in the latter half of the season, but we have this consolation that other schools will be similarly affected.

For some months at any rate the team will again be led by that sturdy forward, J. H. G. Tuckwell, with J. R. C. Leach, the backbone of the back division, as his understudy and successor. If they could—or rather would—put more "devil" into their play and pay more attention to some of the elementary rules of the game, *e.g.*, following up hard, and getting quickly across the field, and freeing smartly, they would be a first-rate pack. If they would remember that it is their play which rules the game, they might at times make things easier for their backs generally, and their halves in particular. The backs are much better in attack than in defence, and the captain should make use of this fact in his tactics. Let him remember that a beaten forward line means a beaten team nine times out of ten. With Tuckwell in the van, supported by some—let us hope for seven—hard workers, we look for splendid results. Good luck to them!

*A. Drysdale*

Back Row—J. Manson (Alloa); W. Driver (India); R. Drummond (Ayrshire); *R. Gordon (Dorset)*; *W. Morrison (Stirlingshire)*; *R. MacIntyre (Ross-shire)*; J. Spence (Aberdeenshire); E. Shackleton (Yorkshire); W. Stell (Yorkshire).

Second Row—C. Bruce (Fife); M. Stewart (Argyll); C. Wrighton (Yorkshire); J. M'Innes (Alloa); G. de Birrell (Chile); *R. Pereira (Brazil)*; *J. M'Clelland (Argentine)*; *R. Soga (S. Africa)*; *R. Black (Edinburgh)*; M. Soga (Glasgow); D. Leonard (India); R. Bennet (India); A. MacDonald (Rhodesia); S. Wilson, Half-back (India).

Sitting—A. Watt (Fife); J. Annand (China); M. Bywe, Forward (India); *H. Foston (India)*; *J. Leach (Yorkshire)*; *J. Tuckwell, Forward (Argyll)*; *E. Davidson (India)*; *J. Bennie (Spain)*; B. Stokes (Rhodesia); R. Heyworth, Forward (Birkenhead); W. Leburn (Fife).

On Ground—H. MacLuskie (Argentine); K. Watson (Lanark); I. Davidson (India); A. Cruickshank (Inverness); *J. Shaw (Dollar)*; *W. Muckersie (Fife)*; *R. Stokes (Rhodesia)*; D. Cruickshank (India); M. Johnson (India); A. Young (India); H. Bodeker (B. E. Africa).

Absent—T. Stewart, Three-quarter Back (Fife), 2nd XV. M. Bruce, Forward (Fife), 3rd XV.

The first game of the season against the R.A.M.C. team from Tillicoultry ended in a win for the School. The R.A.M.C. played all out, but were far from being in the best of condition, so that the XV. never had much to fear. However, the return fixture, played on 1st November, gave the School more trouble. The medicos had a much heavier team, and practice had welded them together in better working order than in the first game, so that it was not surprising to find the School having as much as it could do to keep the enemy from their line. Private Johnstone, an "old boy," opened the scoring for the R.A.M.C., and the kick was successful. Shortly afterwards another try was added by the visitors. The School wakened up, and before half time Bennie had taken two tries, and so brought the score up to within two points of the R.A.M.C.

In the second half the visitors broke down before the superior play of the School backs, and never got within striking distance all the remainder of the game. The School threes had a rich harvest through Shaw (2), Tuckwell (2), Bennie (1), Foston (1), and de Birrell (1), who converted his own try. The game ended in a comfortable win for the School.

Against Glasgow Academy there seemed to be a want of cohesion throughout the team. The School XV. were quite fit to take the majority of points, but somehow each player seemed to be doing just the wrong thing. No doubt the players had not shaken into their grooves, but we still think that a little more head and a little less feet would have paid them better in the end.

At no time did Academy look the better team, but they snatched every opportunity, whilst the School XV. missed most of theirs.

Although heavily penalised the School played hard and fast, and we could not but think that the penalties were all heaped on the one side, instead of being more evenly distributed. Bennie scored for the School in the second half.

In the Glenalmond match the School threes were dangerous from the very start, but a good defence kept them out.

In spite of repeated trials, our threes failed to break through, and half-time arrived with no score to either side.

The second half was a repetition of the first until Shaw broke away and scored between the posts. Leach brought out full points. Tuckwell got away for the School just before time, and passing to Shaw, allowed the latter to get across far out. Leach again converted with a fine kick.

Royal High School were completely outplayed, and our XV. revenged themselves well for last season's beating. The first half was well contested, but in the second half the XV. had the game in their hands practically all the time. Scorers for the XV. were

Shaw (3), Tuckwell (2), Bennie and Foston (1 each). Davidson converted all the tries except the last, and with his last kick he hit the upright.

The best game of the season so far was played against George Watson's College. At no time did the visitors look like winning.

The School XV. played a splendid game, and the combination of forwards with backs was one of extreme brilliance, and worthy of first-class football. Foston's try was a piece of brilliant individual work, and deserved the applause which came from the ropes. But for the heavy going and the greasy ball, our threes would have been over many times.

During the whole of the second half the play was in Watson's territory, and the threes, aided by a top-form pack, bombarded the visitors' line, but splendid defence and a spice of luck on the visitors' side kept their goal safe.

If the XV. can keep up this form there is not a school side playing that can touch them.

The 2nd XV. had a hard struggle in their first game against Glenalmond, and although they lost, it was no dishonour, as it afterwards transpired that the visitors had been trying some of their 1st XV. players before definitely giving them their places.

In the return game at Glenalmond the 2nd XV. showed that they could hold their own and more, for a close, keen game ended in their favour by 9 points to 6.

Against 2nd Glasgow Academy the School 2nd XV. had rather hard luck to lose by a try. Watt was well on the way to open the scoring when he was tripped up, and the opportunity lost. We fancy that the second could play that game again and reverse the score easily.

Hillhead 1st proved too heavy for the 2nd, and after a very plucky game the second retired losers by 8 points to 21 points. Watt played well and scored twice.

Appended is a list of results up to date :—

1st XV.

Date.	Team.	Ground.	Points.		Result.
			For.	Against.	
Oct. 4.	Royal Army Medical Corps - -	Home	14	0	Win
" 7.	Glasgow Academy - - -	Away	3	11	Loss
" 21.	Glenalmond - - -	Away	10	0	Win
" 28.	Royal High School - - -	Home	33	8	Win
Nov. 1.	Royal Army Medical Corps - -	Home	29	8	Win
" 4.	10th Officer Cadet Battalion -	Away	3	9	Loss
" 11.	George Watson's College - -	Home	5	0	Win

2nd XV.

Date.	Team.	Ground.	Points.		Result.
			For.	Against.	
Oct. 7.	Glenalmond - - - -	Home	0	33	Loss (see notes above)
„ 14.	Glasgow Academy - - -	Home	0	3	Loss
„ 21.	Glenalmond - - - -	Away	9	6	Win
„ 28.	Hillhead High School, 1st XV. -	Home	8	21	Loss
Nov. 11.	George Watson's College - -	Away	0	41	Loss

The place kicking competition is being carried out as usual.

In this number we give a photograph of the first three fifteens, as these were constituted in early October, *plus* an extra forward in each of the younger teams, and *minus* two absentees. In each team the October forwards are standing, and the backs sitting, with the exceptions noted on the margin.

The Scottish-born and those traditionally, though nowadays especially so inaptly, termed "Foreigners" (*i.e.*, born beyond the British Isles), each as usual number about a score, viz., 19 and 22 respectively. The English-born make up the remainder. Of the "Foreigners," exactly one-half are again from India; the rest are divided nearly equally between Africa and South America, with a representative each from Spain and China. Dollar has its usual single native.

Of last year's group, thirty members are still with us, *i.e.*, half as many again as the average yearly number of survivors. This in itself augurs well for our strength this year; and since, of the survivors, seven were grouped in the first XV. a year ago, whilst nearly every other member of the first XV. in the present group did battle last season in the striped jersey, we have, on paper at least, one of the strongest teams that have ever represented Dollar.

Thus having found falsified the rather pessimistic prediction of a year ago, based upon the youth and lightness of the junior teams at that time, we are encouraged to hope that next season also will find Dollar championed by stalwart sons, notwithstanding the anticipated departure from school life before then of nearly every present member of the 1st XV., and the again under-average figures, given below, for the junior teams, somewhat better though these figures are than last season's figures.

So far indeed from the first team being a young one, as predicted, it is actually older on the average by 3 months than the previous oldest recorded (Tong's, 1908-09), and 16 months older than the youngest recorded (Reid's, 1904-05). It is probable that this is partly due to the approach of military service for several of

its members, and to the desire of their parents to prepare them for the army, and for the commercial struggle thereafter, in the best possible way, by an extra year at school. Irrespective of the war, however, we find that during the last 10 years only three teams have been below the average of the 18 years for which we have age figures, viz., 16 years 8 months (these teams being Fox's, MacColl's, and Watson's), whilst during the preceding 8 years only one team was above that average.

Some explanation of this is to be got from the fact that it is precisely during these last 10 years that the football group has appeared in the December number of the *Magazine*, and that from the group the composition of the teams about the beginning of the season (*i.e.*, mid-November) has been ascertained. In the case of some of the earlier teams, on the other hand, their composition was ascertained from the end-of-the-season photographs in the pavilion : and how the March team may differ from that of November, to the disadvantage of the former, is exceptionally well seen in last season's figures for these two months (mid-September figures in both cases), which are given below. Never before last year possibly have such heavy losses of men been sustained in the course of a season ; for, in addition to those due to casualties and commissions before mid-November, which were referred to in last year's notes, the two mighty men of the 1st XV., D. Ferguson and D. Gordon (with G. Driver in the 2nd), all of whom were from 12 to 13 stones, and Bush, nearly 11 stones, were also lost during the season. Temporary losses also occurred ; thus it is not altogether surprising that the team hardly fulfilled the high expectations formed of it.

Another part of the recent increase in average age and weight is certainly due, as has been stated in former December *Magazines*, to the greater importance now attached to these factors in the qualifications of the backs. At one time "Once a forward, always a forward," seemed to be the rule, and undiscovered talent, combined with age and weight, bullocked it in the scrum, whilst young and light backs were moved up automatically from the junior teams. Nowadays the first backs are generally little lighter than the forwards, both averaging about ten stones ; whereas in the six teams for which we have figures before 1910-11, the forwards differed little in weight from the present ones, but the backs averaged more nearly nine stones, and in Leonard's team (1902-03) they were even 2 lbs. below that figure.

Drawing a line through the match results of recent years, and allowing for the improved position of certain other schools also, we may safely claim that the present policy of stalwart backs has, in spite of an occasional lapse, been justified by results. No discussion of Dollar's improved position would be complete, however, without

acknowledgment of the great part played for so many years by Mr MacMaster (the part performed for town schools by their many experienced F.P.'s on the spot), viz., that of keeping the teams in touch with the developments in first-class football. Without this, mere heftiness would have availed little.

In the following tables the figures, derived from the Gymnasium records, generally refer to the middle of September, but this year the heights and weights were not taken till the end of that month. The averages in the first line of each table include the present year.

1ST XV.

	Age.		Height.	Weight.	Backs.	Forwards.
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft. In.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.
Average* - - - -	16	8	5 7½	9 11½	9 7	10 2
Last year (Nov. team) -	16	9	5 9	10 5	10 0	10 8
„ (March „) -	16	5½	5 8	9 9	9 8	9 9
This year (Nov. „) -	17	5½	5 8½	10 1	9 13	10 3

* Age, eighteen years; height and weight, thirteen years.

2ND XV.

	Age.		Height.	Weight.	Backs.	Forwards.
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft. In.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.
Average (10 years) - -	15	10	5 6	8 10	8 3	9 2
Last year (Nov.) - -	15	7½	5 4¾	8 2	7 10	8 7
This „ „ - -	15	9	5 5½	8 7	8 2	8 12

3RD XV.

	Age.		Height.	Weight.	Backs.	Forwards.
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft. In.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.
Average (7 years) - -	15	2	5 3½	7 9	7 1	8 2
Last year (Nov.) - -	14	6½	5 2¼	7 5	6 10	8 0
This year „ - -	14	10½	5 3	7 6	6 7	8 2

Since the photograph was taken the slight changes in the teams up to mid-November have made little difference in the averages. The changes in the 1st XV. are Black for Muckersie at half, and de Birrell for Black as forward.

The *average* age figures have been dealt with already. In the first team the ages vary between 17 and 18½ years, whereas boys of 15 or less have been not uncommon in the past. As the members near the upper limit have been rejected for the army meantime, owing to defective eyesight, there is good prospect of the team's remaining intact for some time yet.

In height only last November's team has equalled or excelled this year's: nevertheless, only two members, Gordon and Morrison, are within an inch of 6 feet, as is Shackleton in the third.

Two teams have been heavier : last November's by 4 lbs. per man, and Watson's by 3 lbs. per man ; and Heyworth's just equalled this year's in weight. The backs are almost equal to the heaviest backs recorded (Heyworth's), but the forwards are half a stone per man lighter than the previous heaviest forwards (Watson's).

Tuckwell, the heaviest member, is practically 12 st., Morrison and Gordon are nearly 11½ st., and Leach is over 11 st. Two members are about 10½ st., three about 10 st., five are 9 to 9½ st. The lightest, Soga, is only 8½ st. ; and, so much having been said above in praise of weight, we may add that, notwithstanding his lack of it, he ranks as second forward in the team. Amongst first forwards, only himself last year, 8 st. 3 lbs., and San Miguel, 8 st. (1909-10), have been lighter, but several backs have been under 8 st.

A. D.

HOCKEY.

So far there have been only two Hockey matches this season. The first on 28th October, at Dollar, against Dunfermline High School, proved successful for Dollar, the home XI. winning comfortably by 7-0. The goal-getters were M. Walker, 3 ; M. Gibson, 2 ; A. McDonald, 1 ; and K. Ferguson, 1.

The second game against Falkirk High School at Falkirk proved rather disastrous to our XI. No doubt the ash pitch and the irregularity of the surface helped to bring about the heaviness of the score of 10-0 against us.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Since our last report work has proceeded in the usual manner, and at the monthly examinations on the work done extremely satisfactory results have been obtained. The N.C.O.'s are putting their hearts into the work, with the result that all sections are improving rapidly.

During the term there have been several field exercises. One big scheme was carried out under the supervision of Lieuts. Frew and Allsopp, and proved a most successful day's work. The O.C. desires to express his thanks to those gentlemen over whose farms the corps was allowed to manœuvre.

The scheme was the outcome of the opposition of two large forces of all arms operating north and south of the River Devon.

A detachment of Mounted Infantry were supposed to have forced a crossing of the Devon at Dollar and repulsed the northern cyclists in the village, causing them to retire towards Muckhart.

This M.I. detachment was ordered to push along the Muckhart road and make a flank attack on the northern force, which was engaged in a struggle for the bridge crossing at Rumbling Bridge.

In order to check this movement, and aid the retreating cyclists, a company of Northern Infantry was sent to hold the road about Cowden.

Platoon 1, over 70 strong, represented this force, and Platoon 2, about the same strength, represented the M.I. coming up from Dollar.

The northern company took up a very strong position along a sunken road and a well sheltered hedge and ditch commanding the approach from Dollar.

The Southern M.I. from Dollar were well used by the N.C.O.'s in charge, and the attack opened from the right.

For a time the right progressed quickly, but they were soon brought to a standstill by the strongly posted defence along the sunken road leading to Muckhart Mill. However, after a time the left flank by careful work advanced so far as to make the road untenable, and the defenders had to withdraw to a small copse further east. This withdrawal was well carried out, and reflected much credit on the N.C.O. in charge.

A further attempt on the part of the troops on the left flank of the M.I. was almost a disaster, as they struck a hornet's nest of northern troops and were forced back in disorder.

A position of stalemate was reached, and for a time neither side had any advantage.

The northern troops, however, were re-distributed with the object of trapping the M.I., and a weakening of the position opposite the M.I.'s left flank permitted them to make up for their disastrous mistake previously made, and force the northern troops south of the road.

At this point, however, the right flank party of the M.I. pushed forward too rapidly and suffered severely, and once more the advance was checked.

Darkness now drew on, and the Cease Fire sounded.

The handling of the sections, &c., was left entirely to the N.C.O.'s, and all of them worked intelligently and well. The O.C. was very pleased with the work done.

On Saturday, 4th November, all the senior cadets, thirty-five in number, journeyed to Gailies, and were shown over the trenches of the 9th Officer Cadet Battalion. Captain T. MacRae of the 9th kindly explained the construction of the trenches, the dug-outs, the methods of riveting and of making wire obstacles.

All ranks thoroughly enjoyed the tour, and Captain MacRae was warmly thanked for his kindness.

Shooting has started, and so far some very fine results have been obtained.

BOYS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

A meeting was held in Mr Junk's room, and was presided over by Mr Dougall.

The following office-bearers were elected for this session:—*Hon. President*, Mr Junk; *Hon. Vice-President*, Mr Heron; *President*, Tom Burns Begg; *Vice-President*, J. C. Shaw; *Secretary*, R. Black; and R. Stokes, W. Morrison, and F. Laing as a committee.

Mr Dougall is to give the opening lecture about the beginning of December, and we understand the office-bearers and committee are arranging a very attractive syllabus.

GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Society has begun work this session under the happiest auspices, and with a membership that beats all former records. The opening lecture was delivered by Mr Dougall on 6th October; the subject, "A Visit to Durham and York," was treated in a most interesting way, and was illustrated by a large number of beautiful photographic slides. "Hat Night" on 20th October was the occasion of some lively discussion on a large variety of subjects. The junior members' papers this year were given by Miss Williamson, who read a paper of great interest on Lord Nelson, and by Miss Ferguson, whose essay on a railway journey from Cape Town to Pretoria opened what was entirely new ground for most of us.

The debate fixed for 17th November is on the subject: "That Travel is of Greater Intellectual Value than Reading," and should give an opportunity for effective oratory.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

NEW ADDRESSES.

SCHNARRÉ, EDWIN G. H.	}	Ootacamund, India.
SCHNARRÉ, ALFRED		
DAVIDSON, JAMES		
TAYLOR, Rev. ARTHUR F., St Cyrus, Montrose.		
HALL, Dr W. W., 6 Burnaby Road, Westbourne, Bournemouth.		
BELL, JAMES	}	Alexandria, Dumbartonshire.
BELL, WILLIAM		
BELL, HARRY		
TAYLOR, HUGH A., Plantation, "Non Pareil," East Coast, Demerara, B.G.		

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

STEWART, A. R., Clydesdale Bank, Greenock.
 JOHNSTON, Col. H. H., A.M.S., MacKay's Hotel, Stromness, Orkney.
 TAYLOR, Mrs J. (*née* Marjory Grant), 272 Main Street West,
 Hamilton, Ontario.