



Robinson, Camberley

Photo

COLONEL D. G. ST CLAIR THOM, C.M.G.

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Colonel G. D. St Clair Thom, C.M.G.

WE have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a fine portrait of Colonel G. D. St Clair Thom, C.M.G., second son of the late Dr Thom, the much respected headmaster of the Academy from 1878 to 1902. Colonel Thom will be remembered by many who were fellow-pupils of the School during the early eighties. A good all-round scholar, he specialised, in his last two sessions, in mathematics and science; and, at the close of his curriculum in 1886-87, shared, with the best boy on the classical side, the honour of carrying off the Milne Medal which is awarded to the Best General Scholar of the year. The marks of the two competitors were equal, and the authorities presented a medal to each. In athletics, as well as in the class-room, he took a foremost place, was a keen football player, and Captain of the School 1st XV. for two sessions, we believe—a clear indication that he was popular with his class-fellows.

On leaving School in 1887, he joined the medical classes of Edinburgh University, and by his ability and perseverance did himself and his School credit, gaining honours in several of his classes—chemistry, anatomy, &c. Here, again, he had the honour of being chosen Captain of the University 1st XV. football team. After graduation he passed into Netley, into the R.A.M.C., taking a good place in the list of the successful candidates. Since he completed his training at Netley, he has served in many fields, and proved his worth in them all. He was all through the South African War, and was twice mentioned in dispatches. In the present great European struggle, he spent a year at Gallipoli, was twice mentioned in dispatches for his services there, and, on his return to London, received the honour of C.M.G.—Companion of the Order of St Michael and St George—a distinction that is conferred for meritorious services and achievements of a very high class. For nine months he had special service at the War Office, and, thereafter, went to “Somewhere in France,” where he is now

He married Miss Kathleen Turner, daughter of Colonel Turner—late Colonel of the Cameronians.

Colonel Thom is a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows, of genial, kindly, courteous manner, and of many tender sympathies which only those who know him intimately can discover. His "old School" is proud of him.

Dollar

IN THE SUMMER OF 1917.

NEAR "the clear winding Devon" there stands a fair town,
Which a stranger might take to be two,
For the picturesque "auld toon" looks smilingly down—
When its smile is not changed by dark skies to a frown—
On that portion we designate "new."

No pretensions it has to a city, indeed,
Though in points bears a likeness to one,¹
A famed seat of learning well south of the Tweed,
Where reposest the dust of St Cuthbert and Bede,
'Neath a nave dimly lit by the sun.

When the world was at peace, young and old could be seen
In the fullest enjoyment of life ;
Rural sport was indulged in with rivalry keen,
On the golf links and courts, and Academy green,
With little or no thought of strife.

Little laughter is heard, our demeanour is grave ;
Many scan the war news in great fear ;
Over beautiful gardens no longer we rave,
But preserves for the larder endeavour to save,
Which shall last us until the new year.

On a limited diet men work with a will,
And the tiny are left to their play ;
Our women have proved they can usefully fill
Many places of men with remarkable skill,
And the old never grumble, but pay.

Here summer is with us, the landscape as sweet
As it was in long decades before ;
There are few to enjoy it, but those whom we meet
Are thrilled when the kiltie lads swing down the street ;
Yet all yearn for the end of the war. J. T. R.

¹ The city of Durham, noted for "wood and water ; old maids and mustard."

Amateur Speculations on Great Subjects.

BY DR STRACHAN.

(Continued from page 67.)

THERE is one well-known source of heat and light which, as a possible cause of that of the sun, seems to my mind less open to objection than any other; I refer to electricity, that mysterious force so abundant in nature and so serviceable to man, and yet of which so little is actually known. Recent observations of solar phenomena conclusively prove the existence of electricity in some form as a constituent of the sun, and of an electric or highly conductive medium connecting us therewith, while our experience with electricity, in the very limited degree possible, points markedly to the possession of sunlike properties as of light and heat, or imparting these to matter, along with inconceivable force as displayed in the destructive and shattering effect of lightning, and as utilised in electro-motive power, &c. Existing knowledge as to the nature and properties of electricity is neither so exact nor so exhaustive as to preclude speculation to some extent beyond what is actually known, provided we do not go counter to known laws. I shall presume somewhat upon this premise, but hope to keep within the condition mentioned in stating the properties of electricity, as I understand them, upon which I venture to base my theory. My use of terms and general treatment of the subject are, no doubt, far from being scientifically accurate; but I hope to make my meaning plain, when the suggestions, if thought worth the trouble, may be worked into scientific form and accuracy by competent hands.

Electricity may be said to be allotropic in its nature, being capable of assuming two distinct states which differ greatly from one another in form and property. These do not correspond with the allotropic states of matter, and the usual terms, or any other terms which indicate matter, do not apply. We may, however, with some approach to accuracy, distinguish them as, 1st, *Ethereal*, indicating electricity diffused through matter and space; and 2nd, *Fluid*, being the concentrated form of lightning and the electric spark, often spoken of as "electric fluid." Let us very shortly consider electricity under these two states.

1. *Ethereal Electricity*.—Diffused through matter and space there exists electricity in, when quiescent, an invisible and impalpable form, varying greatly in density according to laws which are very imperfectly understood. In certain states of the atmosphere that occupying space becomes manifest to the senses.

It is seen in the aurora ; and it is felt, before the bursting of a thunderstorm, as heat and a general sense of oppressiveness, which is relieved after the lightning discharge. Electric manifestations, also, may at all times be induced in matter by chemical and mechanical means. *Ex nihilo, nihil fit.* We do not by such means create electricity, but merely change that existing from a static to a kinetic condition, the supply seeming to be inexhaustible.

Under certain conditions of high density ethereal electricity imparts to matter great heat proportioned to density—as artificially produced, strength of current plus resistance—causing accumulation and consequent density, and evolves light, which, both in intensity and in chemical property, approaches most nearly to sunlight. By mechanical means heat may thus be rendered so great—4,000° F.—as to fuse and vaporise any metal or mineral. That this can be induced and kept up only by continuous supply or “current,” and under certain conditions of insulation, &c., is owing to a very strong tendency to equilibrium as between atmospheric and terrestrial electric density, and consequent strong attraction from the greater to the less dense. What can be thus produced *may* exist under extraordinary conditions; but there, in the absence of all attractive media, density may remain of any degree *consistent with the ethereal state.*

2. *Electric Fluid.*—Under conditions of relatively high density the excess of ethereal electricity tends to concentrate upon a point in the form of lightning, or the electric spark, when it occupies very much less space and assumes entirely new properties. Before the bursting of a thunderstorm the atmosphere, over a large area, feels close and oppressive, and there are other indications of abnormal electric density. With the first flash of lightning relief is felt, and, as flash succeeds flash, density becomes sensibly less and less, till equilibrium is established and the storm is over. Here, manifestly, certain portions of ethereal electricity in the atmosphere change into the fluid state, and so pass to the earth. So also with the charged Leyden jar or other electrified body, the excess of ethereal electricity spread over a considerable surface is, on the approach of an attractive substance in contact with the earth, converted into the fluid state or “spark.” We are not here concerned with any theory or explanation of the process. The facts of the conversion and of the existence in nature of electricity in this fluid state are sufficient for the present argument.

The extreme instability of lightning and the electric spark are due to the proximity of the earth, or some substance in conductive contact with the earth. May we not assume that, in the total absence of all such, the fluid state might be permanent, and remain stationary in space? If we can thus bring our minds to grasp the

idea of such an apparent paradox as stationary lightning, it does not require a very much greater stretch of imagination to conceive of its existing in immense bulk. Size presents, in itself, no difficulty when dealing with the boundless realms of space, where, alone, the above conditions of isolation are possible.

Such, then, is the suggestion I venture to make as to the constitution of the sun's core—a great mass of electric fluid, cold in itself perhaps, and dark as seen through sun spots, but intensely *alive*, quivering, as it were, with a mighty vitality; and, by its action upon the enveloping mass of matter and gas, producing that vibration of the ether which is experienced by us as light and heat. What other conceivable force could account for the wonderful phenomena presented to the spell-bound gaze of astronomers when observing the sun during the brief periods of the moon's passage across its disc, so modifying the intense glare as to render telescopic and spectroscopic observation possible. This, as described by Prof. Young, New Jersey, U.S.A., "is as if countless jets of heated gas were issuing through vents and spiracles over the whole surface, thus clothing it with flame, which heaves and tosses like the blaze of a conflagration." When we consider that these jets, prominences, and flame-like masses attain to altitudes of from forty thousand to three hundred and fifty thousand miles, and are projected at a velocity of "not less than one hundred miles a second" (Sir Robert Ball), we are tied down to the one force in nature which we can conceive capable of producing such results, especially when we are shut out from combustion or other chemical action.

The views of some comparatively recent observers are thus stated by Prof. Young. These "hold that the central portions of the sun are not composed, to any great extent, of the same elements which the spectroscope reveals to us in the solar atmosphere, but of some unknown solid or liquid substance of great rigidity and low density. With this view, generally, also goes the belief that the evolution of solar heat is essentially a surface action produced by some unexplained process." To this Prof. Young objects that "it is evident that it meets the exigencies of the case only by calling in unknown and imaginary substances and operations" ("The Sun," p. 285).

The views of observers thus stated are quite consistent with, and, so far as they go, corroborative of the theory I here venture to propound; while the objections of Prof. Young are met by the substance (electric fluid) and operation (direct electric action) suggested, which are neither unknown nor imaginary. It is not known, and is probably not the case, that electric fluid is, in itself, hot, but it is certain that it is capable of inducing tremendous heat

in such matter as is known to exist in the photosphere. This, I believe, is the desideration wanted to meet the exigencies of the case—a practically inexhaustible and adequate heat source, proportioned in power as between a thunderbolt the size, perhaps, of a golf ball, and the mighty solar mass one million three hundred thousand times the size of this earth.

(To be continued.)

The Ministers of Dollar Parish Subsequent to the Reformation.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

(Continued.)

I HAVE been much interested by finding how many of the ministers of Dollar have been what is called "Sons of the Manse," that is to say, have had fathers who were ministers before them. That was the case, as some of my readers may remember, with the last two ministers whose lives I have sketched, viz., the Rev. Archibald Moncreiff, A.M., and the Rev. Thomas Strachan, A.M., and it is a rather suggestive fact that the next three ministers of the parish had each a similar parentage. In other words, no fewer than five ministers, who in the seventeenth century occupied the Dollar pulpit, were direct descendants of so-called Levitical families. It is true, of course, that the majority of the Dollar clergy have sprung from the laity and not from the clergy. Thus, while there have been twenty Protestant ministers of the parish since 1560, of these only six, including the present minister, the Rev. Robert Armstrong, B.D., have belonged to ministerial families, so that through the whole, both of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, no son of the manse was minister of Dollar. Nevertheless one conclusion, to which the above facts irresistibly prompt, seems to be this, viz., that the proportion of ministerial families from whom the Dollar Church has been supplied is very much larger than would have been the case had only the sons of laymen been as forward to devote themselves to the Christian ministry as the sons of clergymen have shown themselves to be. Now what has happened in Dollar parish has similarly occurred in other Scottish parishes, so much so that I personally believe that if not a third, then at least a fourth or a fifth, of all the Scottish clergy have been derived from our Scottish manses.

This is a fact which speaks volumes regarding the high spiritual tone of the family life which has generally prevailed in the homes of our ministers. For knowing, as the sons of the manse so well did, the hardship and poverty experienced by a Scottish minister, especially when, as was often the case, he was blessed with a large family, I cannot doubt that had it not been for the fact that the children of the manse were shown by their parents, both by precept and example, that the Christian ministry was not an ordinary profession merely by means of which a man might honourably earn his living, but was rather a spiritual vocation into which no one could worthily enter who was not himself a devoted lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, and who did not feel himself drawn to preach Christ's Gospel as the result of that devotion—I say but for this fact, I cannot doubt that the ministers' sons who, during the last three and a half centuries, have served the Scottish Church, would have been much fewer than has actually been the case. For it is a great mistake to imagine that, at any time since the Reformation, the position of a Scottish clergyman has been one of exceptional ease, or has been desirable from a mere worldly point of view. Thus, at all events, there seems no doubt that life in the early Protestant manses of Scotland was somewhat dull and grey. It is known, *e.g.*, that in their reaction against the grand dresses of the Romish priests, the Reformers went to the other extreme, and clothed themselves in hodden grey, wore coloured neckerchiefs, and preached in gowns of blue serge, while by the General Assembly of 1575 ministers' wives were prohibited from using "all kinds of light and variant hues in clothing, as red, blue, yellow, and such like," also "silk hats, and hats of divers and bright colours," also from "wearing rings, bracelets, buttons of silver, gold, and other metal." How long these sumptuary restrictions were in force I have not ascertained; but there is good reason to believe that the somewhat ascetic and Puritanic spirit manifested by the foregoing regulations tended, throughout the whole of the seventeenth century at least, to make life in a Scottish manse far from pleasant to anyone who was not in genuine sympathy with the religious ideals of the time. Moreover, it is a remarkable fact, as revealing the power of the eldership during at least a portion of this period, that, for some time subsequent to the Reformation, the elders selected the ministers' texts, also the portions of scripture to be publicly expounded. They also regulated the hours at which divine service should commence and close. Possibly enough in many parishes the elders would prove somewhat slack and indifferent in the discharge of these functions, and I do not doubt that in most, if not all the parishes, the ministers would speedily recover their personal liberty as regards,

at least, the discharge of their spiritual functions in the pulpit. However, when I recall the constant liability to deprivation, and even to imprisonment, to which every active Presbyterian minister was exposed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, owing to the hostility of the Government of the day to the claims to spiritual independence put forward by the Scottish Church, I cannot but repeat and emphasise my conviction that the large number of ministers' sons who, during that trying time, entered the Scottish ministry, is a convincing proof of the depth and sincerity of the religious life which prevailed in our manse at that period, and of the excellent impression which that life made on the growing families of the Scottish clergy.

Positively nothing of any special interest regarding the next Dollar minister has fallen under my notice except the point on which I have already sufficiently dwelt, viz., that he was the son of a minister. It is worth noticing, however, that his father, the Rev. James Edmonston of St Ninian's, being a member of the presbytery of Stirling, to which Dollar also belonged, would doubtless be familiar with the character of the Dollar cure. It is indeed very probable that he had preached again and again in our old parish church. The fact, therefore, that his son elected to serve the Dollar parish as its pastor may very possibly be an indication that at that time the Dollar cure was regarded as being quite a desirable start in the ministry for a young man.

Of the new Dollar minister, who hailed from the St Ninian's manse, almost all that we know is that, like his father, he was named James Edmonstone, and that he studied for the ministry at Edinburgh University, where he graduated in 1639. However, it was not till the year 1644, during the crisis of the great civil war against Charles I., that the ordination of the Rev. James Edmonstone, A.M., took place at Dollar. Early in that year General Leslie, as leader of the Scottish army, had proceeded to England to co-operate with the English Parliamentary army; and on the 2nd July, we are told, the joint English and Scottish forces crushed the royalist army on the bloody field of Marston Moor. It is true that immediately after this period the Marquess of Montrose began that meteoric career in Scotland on behalf of the king which for a moment revived the drooping spirits of the ill-fated Charles. But during the earlier months of his campaign, Montrose's operations were mainly confined to the Highlands and Aberdeen. And accordingly I have no doubt that however anxious the Presbyterian clergy might be as to the results of Montrose's desolating victories, the presbytery of Stirling would arrange quietly enough for the settlement at Dollar of the son of the St Ninian's minister, and doubtless the father would be



Robert K. Holmes

THE BACK ROAD

Photo

appointed to introduce his son as their new minister to his congregation. I have not ascertained yet the precise date of that ordination. As, however, the Rev. Thomas Strachan was translated to St Martin's from Dollar in 1643, I incline to the view that it must have been early in 1644 that the new minister's settlement at Dollar took place.

Unfortunately, however, the young man must have been of a rather delicate constitution, as he only survived till the following year, dying, we are told, some time in 1645. I have sometimes wondered whether the early death of this young clergyman may not perhaps have been hastened, if not occasioned, by the barbarous and devastating raid which was made on the two parishes of Muckart and Dollar by the Highland army of the Marquess of Montrose in the month of August 1645. During that raid, we are told that every house except two in both parishes was burnt to the ground, including, of course, Castle Campbell, which doubtless was one of the first to be assailed and destroyed, as being one of the residences of the Earl of Argyll, who was the chief political opponent of Montrose, and who was, moreover, specially obnoxious to some of Montrose's followers, through having been responsible for the destruction of the "bonnie house of Airlie" in Forfarshire, as well as for other actions peculiarly offensive to the Highlanders, who formed an important part of Montrose's army.

Of another section of this same army, in an earlier raid upon Elgin, it is suggestively said that "they left nothing 'tarsable' uncarried away, and that they broke down beds, boards, insight and plenishing." We can easily picture to ourselves the havoc wrought in the homes of the simple Dollar parishioners by these ruthless plunderers. And as every house in the parish was visited by the greedy depredators, doubtless the parish manse must have been visited among the first; and if the poor young minister was still alive, we can easily understand how the excitement occasioned by such brutal treatment may have done much to hasten his end. It is possible, of course, that consumption or some fatal fever may have terminated the young minister's life before Montrose's myrmidons desolated the parish, and that the parishioners may have been without a ministerial leader and guide when this awful calamity overtook them. If so, all the more reason they had doubtless for the sympathy and aid which they expected and ultimately received from the parishes around and beyond that had not been so ruthlessly despoiled. For we find that when the harassed people of the two parishes petitioned Parliament for what they called "present maintenance for manuring the ground, and interteining the lives of them, their wives and families, in respect

that their whole houses were burnt, their cornis destroyed, their plenishing and beasts all taken away," an Act of that body was passed, dated 25th December 1645, granting warrant to the lairds of Sauchie, Duncrub, and Cleish, together with James Crichton of Wester Aldie, or "ony twa of them, to appryse the wode of Hairshaw belonging to the laird of Rossith, presentlie incarcerat as a delinquent, that the timber thereof may be cuttit for the use of the suplicants and reparacioun of their houses and buildings." The "Hairshaw" or "Hartshaw," which was thus to be despoiled of its timber, was a turreted dwelling situated quite close to the present Bogside station on the railway between Alloa and Dunfermline. One does not know, however, whether the timber thus confiscated would be adequate for the rebuilding of all the dwelling houses that had been destroyed. Only one may feel sure that one of the first houses to be reconstructed would be the ruined and desolate manse, from which its youthful tenant, the Rev. James Edmonstone, had been so recently carried to a premature grave. For we find that the very following year a new minister was ordained to the ministry of Dollar, and without doubt the presbytery must have seen to it that by that time the parish had provided a roof to cover its minister's head.

The place of the young minister's grave in our village God's acre is not known. No tomb with its appropriate inscription enshrines and perpetuates his memory; but I love to think of him as having not only been a lad of parts, who distinguished himself greatly in his college graduate course, but as having been also an earnest and devout servant of God, who, during the few brief weeks of his evangelical labours, shone with undimmed brilliance as a burning and a shining light in the world, holding forth the word of life; and I would fain believe that a fitting memorial of his short ministry might be found in the beautiful and pathetic legend, "*Literarum quæsit gloria, invenit Dei.*"

We are living in an age when, owing to the terrible and ever-renewed destruction of promising young manhood which the present appalling world-war is occasioning, we are peculiarly susceptible to the emotions at once of wistful hope and sorrow which such premature deaths as that I have been celebrating stir within the heart of the bereaved and grief-stricken mourners. And so I do not apologise for calling on my readers here to take courage from the thoughts of comfort which the Christ, who has abolished death and brought life and incorruptibility to light by His Gospel, brings to all who are sorrowing over what is called an untimely end. For to those who know and understand the meaning of Christ's resurrection I believe

"It matters little at what hour of the day
A brave man falls asleep—death cannot come
To him untimely, who is fit to die.
The less of this cold earth, the more of heaven ;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

For my own part, I ever love to think of death as being really but the porter at the gate of life, his mortal enemy. So that on looking on at such early departures from earth as those we are now contemplating, I am fain to cry out with the triumphing believer—

"Is that a deathbed where a Christian lies?
Yes! but not his. 'Tis death itself there dies."

I have read of Blake, poet and artist, that as he neared the end of life's journey he exclaimed, "I am going to a country I have all my life wished to see," while Charles Kingsley once declared, "God forgive me, but I look forward to death with an infinite and reverent curiosity." Moreover, Faraday, that great explorer of physical forces, when he was asked in old age about his theories, characteristically announced, "They are now over, and I am resting on certainties. I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him." Buckland, too, with a humour not far from pathos, and with a true scientific insight of unknown modes of life, once similarly said, "God is so good, so very good to the little fishes, I don't believe He will let their inspector suffer shipwreck at last. I am going on a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curious animals." "When did your father die?" Dr Stewart of Ballachulish having once thoughtlessly asked a rustic parishioner, the good divine tells us he was at once staggered and ashamed when he was answered, almost with indignation, "Men, women, and children do not die, and are not to be spoken of as dead. They shift from this scene; they depart; they change; they sleep, if you like, and are gathered to their fathers." A sublime truth surely, which the late Lord Tennyson undoubtedly knew well when he spoke in his great poem of "Crossing the Bar," of death as but the time when "that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home." Such reflections I cannot but regard as timely at this moment, and I trust they may not be without a message of comfort to those among my readers whose hearts have been, and are still being, wrung by memories of recent bereavement.

(To be continued.)

Letters to Editors.

To the Editors of "The Dollar Magazine."

KHUNTI P.O., RANCHI DISTRICT,
11th July 1917.

DEAR SIRs,—The 100th Anniversary of the old School is approaching. I am anxious, as are many other F.P.'s out here, to know if it is to be celebrated in any way.

I am sure the Old Boys would like to subscribe and make a fitting present to their Alma Mater.

The object of my letter is to ask if any such scheme has been originated ; if so, I shall be much obliged if you will very kindly let me know all particulars.

I think it would be advisable to insert any such plan in the *Dollar Magazine*, at the same time mentioning what the present is to be.

I shall be much obliged if you will send me the *Dollar Magazine*, for which I send the annual subscription ; if it is not enough, kindly let me know, and I shall remit the balance by return.—Yours faithfully,

KENNETH D. CHRISTIAN.

We have pleasure in inserting our F.P.'s well-timed letter, and we shall be glad to give space for a full discussion of this important subject.

It has been suggested that the Centenary of the Academy would be most appropriately celebrated by the purchase of the Cricket Field, and the erection therein of a monument in honour of our brave pupils who have given their lives for their King, their Country, and the triumph of Right over Might in this great war.

EWING'S LANDING, BRITISH COLUMBIA,
21st May 1917.

I HAVE often thought that if we F.P.'s who are scattered over the globe were to send collections of our photographs, to be hung in one of the class-rooms of our old School, they would prove both interesting and instructive, and possibly help some of the older boys to decide upon which country they would like to emigrate to when they leave.

During the seventeen odd years I have been in Canada, I have always carried my camera with me, and now have an interesting collection of photographs representing work, landscapes, and sport, and many of these I should be glad to send, should my idea be considered practicable.

To any boys who think of emigrating, who have grit and energy, and a real desire to go to the Colonies, I do not think they could do better than come to Canada, and Western Canada or British Columbia from preference, and especially the last named.

I was not a boy when I came here, having spent some thirteen years in offices in Glasgow and London, and these same years I now look back upon as wasted ones in my life.

Canada's young manhood is going fast in the war, and young blood will be sorely needed in years to follow, and I do not think that any boys or young men whose tastes lie in the direction of Canada or life in the Colonies could do better than come out West.

Canada is a land of vast possibilities and infinite resources, splendidly healthy, and very beautiful. I do not for a moment say that, like every other place, it has not its drawbacks, and that it is suited for all. Fortunes are not to be made, or not often; the work is mostly hand labour, and hard work at that, for those who have no capital.

A boy should be naturally fond of all outdoor life and work if he would wish to get on out here, and is always the better for knowing some trade or other before coming out.

I have run across a good many old Dollar boys during the years I have been in British Columbia, but none that I know, except two of my brothers, who live in the great fruit-growing district called the "Okanagan Valley." There are lots of Scotsmen here, of course, and there must be some old Dollar boys amongst them.

This is a fruit-growing and farming country, mostly very beautiful, a grand climate, lots of lakes, rivers and mountains, fishing and shooting, &c., and probably more suitable for old countrymen than almost any other part of Canada.—Yours sincerely,

R. LECKIE EWING.

*Extracts from Henry Lechler's letter written 25th to 29th January
1916 from Port Said after the evacuation of Gallipoli.*

(Continued from page 28.)

"We found that the R.E.'s had not been able to get the piers finished, so we moved off to W. beach. The Turkish gunners registered on the road junction marked X., and whenever a waggon passed that point it was fired at. But the A.S.C. men were very good, and used to cover the danger-zone at the gallop. One day some Indian drivers stopped short of this spot and left their mule carts standing in a bunch. Soon a shell burst right under the noses of a pair

of mules, smashing their legs in three or four places, and contorting them in the most awful way. When we passed they were breathing, but I think the concussion must have stunned them, because they lay perfectly still. A few yards away lay another mule that had been hit in the stomach by a piece of shell, which had torn a huge hole in the poor beast, which was feebly working one hind leg as it lay on the ground. We hadn't our revolvers with us at the time, but as soon as we got back we sent a man to shoot the poor beasts. There was no work for us at X. beach, so we wandered about the shore and visited Gully beach and V. beach, where the 'River Clyde' was still acting as a breakwater. We saw also the ruins of Sed-el-Bahr fort. This beach was the base for the French troops who, by the way, had been relieved some time previously by British troops, though there were still some of the French '75's' there. Our kits were sent with the servants to V. beach, so on the afternoon on which we moved there we hunted about looking for them. As soon as we arrived the beach and store dumps were given the severest shelling by 'Asiatic Annie' that they had had for a long time. I can tell you it was a nasty experience dodging those shells. Any minute a pile of sleepers or tools might have been hit, and the whole lot sent flying about the beach. A pick-axe moving at fifty miles an hour is not the nicest thing to hit one in the ribs. We were as nervous as kittens after half an hour, and were mighty thankful when it was over. The dug-outs at V. beach are built up against the cliff, and a tunnel is dug into the cliffs, which are only composed of shale and soft sandstone. Here is a rough plan of one. They were some 20 ft. from the top of the cliffs, and the passage ran about 15 ft. in, so in the inner room one was quite safe. On the night of the 7th I was M.L.O. (Military Landing Officer) of one of the piers (No. 4), where heavy waggons were being embarked. A tremendous amount of heavy stuff could not be removed, and quite a lot of artillery ammunition, limbers, and eight or nine motors were left because there wasn't time to move them. I was on duty from 11 to 9 A.M., and during the 8th there were conferences, and we were all given our instructions, so there was no getting any sleep during the day. B. and I were on duty on No. 1 pier, which ran out to two hulks against the outer one; small transports and torpedo boats could be moored. Here is a rough plan of the improvised harbour at V. beach. The first batch of troops arrived at about 7 P.M., and were embarked on a small transport moored on the inside of hulk A. About 1,200 were put aboard, and the 900 on a destroyer on the outer side of hulk A. Then two lighters were filled at the pier with about 400 men each. Soon after the last men were aboard the destroyers, the floating gangway to the hulks was broken by

the sea, which had been rough, and might have stopped the evacuation if it had been a little rougher. As it was, Gully beach could not be used at all. It had been intended to take off the beach staffs and the engineers (who were doing the final work of destroying abandoned stores) in a second destroyer, but when the gangway broke we had to get off in anything that was available, but first we embarked nearly 3,000 men from No. 1 pier by 12.10. Then we hung about till about 3 A.M., when we each rushed off to the nearest pier and embarked in whatever boat was there. I got into one of the motor lighters, which was tugged during the night through a rough sea to Kephelos (the harbour at Imbros). Throughout the evacuation only two shots were fired by 'Asiatic Annie'—one fell short, and the other didn't explode. Some of the officers there thought it was on account of the wind, which would upset the shooting at such a long range. As soon as the boats and lighters had pushed off from the piers, the final engineers left, and soon after a time fuse set the fires going. In a very few minutes there were dozens of fires all along the beach, and in and about the store and ordnance dumps. Suddenly we could hear the small areas ammunition crackling away, and a long thin tongue of light yellow flame shot up well over 100 ft. into the air—the bomb factory had exploded. In one corner of the blaze, which now covered three or four acres, several hundreds of tons of fuel were burning fiercely. When the lighter was about 2,000 yds. out, half the beach area slowly (so it seemed) rose into the air, and in rising mixed with a gigantic sheet of dull yellow flame, speckled all through with great lumps of rock and earth as big as a marquee. The stages of this explosion—bigger than any mine ever dug—were rather curious. First, this vividly yellow flame appeared under a crust of earth, which was instantly hidden in the brightness of the flame. As the flame rose higher it became a darker yellow, and the great lumps of rock, &c., began to appear again, and round the edge of the flame, which must have been 200 yds. wide and about 1,000 ft. high, the inky black smoke of high explosives was forming. Quickly the flame vanished, leaving quantities of this black woolly smoke which extinguished the dozens of fires among the stores. In a few minutes this smoke had all blown away, and the fires again broke out. The magazine, tunnelled deep into the cliff, must have contained some thousands of high explosive shells—practically all the expensive shrapnel had been removed—besides quantities of explosives for demolition purposes. I should think never before has there been such an explosion, because the magazine was never empty—it was the chief and reserve supply for the whole of the Helles front. We had a very rough crossing to Imbros in the lighters, which are merely steel barges propelled by a heavy

oil motor. When we arrived at Kephelos we went off to the officers' rest camp and had breakfast, after which we strolled down to the quay, and there found our servants and kits, which had been dispatched the night before, and whom we had hoped were safely at Mudros. We then inquired for the next boat back to Mudros. There was a transport leaving, and also a cruiser. We saw the Brigadier getting into a steam pinnace to go to the transport, as we thought, so got in too with our kits, when the Brigadier said that he couldn't wait for the servants who had rushed off for their own kits. B. then hopped out to look after the servants, and I was left with two kits and no servant. However, I got on to the transport and was nicely settled down, when we were all ordered aboard the 'Chatham,' so I humped the kits aboard, and was given a jolly good lunch by the ship's officers. In four hours we arrived in Mudros, and were then shifted in a lighter to the 'Minneapolis,' and passed the night there. On the next morning I landed, and got back to the regiment in time for lunch. On the day after (11th Jan.) I went with Captain A. to Therma, and had a jolly good bath in the baths, supplied by natural springs with ripping hot water. The regiment stayed at Mudros for another four or five days, when late one evening we received instructions to strike camp and be ready to embark at 9 o'clock the following morning. The 'Tunisian' (of the Allan Line) took us in a couple of days to Alexandria. There we tied up, and every one except the 13th Division landed. The 'Tunisian' then took us on to Port Said, where we now are (29th Jan.). The Division is camped on the strip of land S. of the town, between the Canal and the sea.

"H. N. LECHLER,
2nd Lieut., 10th Batt., 6th S. Lincs."

Afterwards killed at Falahizeh, Mesopotamia, 5th April.



A. Drysdale

Photo

DOLLAR BURN, SHOWING GOLF CLUB-HOUSE ON RIGHT.

A Very Rare Old Book.

I HAD been looking into one of the rarest books it had been my lot to meet, when a note came to me from the President of the Parish Church Young Men's Guild, asking me to favour him by giving an address to the members. Something unaffected and serene about the book moved me with a sense of reverence, and at once I selected it as my text in complying with the foregoing request.

It is a little book, little known, which, in its day, caused no small stir both in England and Scotland; for in dealing with it the critics "did mingle praise and blame," the former predominating. It is called "*Basilicon Doron*"—a kingly gift. Addressed by Age to Youth, by an affectionate father to his son, by a king to a prince, and full of advice and instruction of the most earnest, heartfelt kind, it admirably suited my purpose. Only the first part of it was treated of then; but a review of the latter half may prove interesting and profitable to readers of the *Magazine*.

The kingly author is James VI. of Scotland and I. of Great Britain, and the prince to whom it is dedicated is his eldest son, Henry, a young man of a most amiable disposition and excellent genius. He died young, and, consequently, never sat on the throne, for which high position his father sought to train him.

Now, those readers who know of King James only from the caricature which Sir Walter Scott has given of him in the "*Fortunes of Nigel*" must to-day put these impressions aside. I speak of his literary, apart from his political character, and I must treat of him as a scholar of the first magnitude and a renowned member of the Republic of Letters. His published books amount to a formidable number—I count more than a score—the best known being "*A Verse Translation of the Psalms of David*," "*A Paraphrase of the Revelation of St John*," "*A Meditation on the Lord's Prayer*," "*A Sonnet on the Book of Job*," "*A Counterblaste to Tobacco*," "*Dæmonology*," poems innumerable, and best of all, "*Basilicon Doron*." In short, it may startle some to hear that more wit and wisdom have been recorded of James I. than of any other one of our sovereigns. Before we can do him justice, we must try to live in the spirit of his age; and it may be conceded that the Archbishop of York, speaking recently in Edinburgh, correctly characterised the age when he said, "In the past, beyond all question, the influence of the Scottish race had made for religion." Religion had been implanted as a national instinct; and the importance of the part that it played in the affairs of everyday life in the time of James may be gathered from two incidents. In the first we are told that the Bishop of Winchester, who wished to collect into one book the

works of his sovereign author, had first to satisfy himself that Scripture warranted the compilation. Having settled this matter to his heart's content, he is confronted with the question, "Whether it may sorte with the Majestie of a King to be a writer of books or no?" He has to meet this argument: "Little it befits the Majesty of a King to turn Clerk, and to make a war with the Pen that were fitter to be fought with the Pike; to spend the powers of his so exquisite an understanding upon paper, which had they been spent on powder, could not but have prevailed ere this, for the Conquest of a Kingdom," and he meets it by again appealing to Scripture and to profane history down to the time of His Majesty's mother, Mary Queen of Scots. "And the Queene, His Majestie's Mother, wrote a Booke of Verses in French of the 'Institution of a Prince,' all with her owne hand, wrought the Cover of it with her needle, and is now of His Majestie esteemed as a most pretious Jewell."

"Therefore since we are compassed about with such a Clowd of Witnesses (albeit these are but a little handful in comparison with the infinite multitude that might be produced). Since we have the examples of all the Mightie-men of the World, even from the beginning thereof unto this day, who have striven as much to get a Name for their writings as fame for their doings, have affected as much to be counted Learned as Victorious, and to be reputed of, as much for their wise Sayings as for their worthy Deeds; Why should it be thought a thing strange in this time, that His Majestie whom God hath adorned with as many rare perfections of Nature and Arte as ever he did any that wee read of, (I except such as were divinely inspired) should lend the world a few leaves out of the large Volumes of his Learning!"

"Having now delivered my opinion," continues the Bishop, "that I think it neither unlawful nor inconvenient for a King to write, but that he hath the liberty that other men have—if he can get the leisure—to show his abilities for the present, to perpetuate his memory to posterity; to advance his praise before his own people, and gain glory from others, but especially to give glory unto God, I will crave leave to give an example of the writings of His Majesty."

First, however, it must be made clear that the "Basilicon Doron" was not written with the intention of its ever meeting the public eye—as His Majesty himself informs us in the preface. "Amongst the rest of my secret actions which have (unlooked for by me) come to public knowledge, it hath so fared with my 'Basilicon Doron,' directed to my eldest son," which "I thought it nowise convenient nor comely that it should be to all proclaimed which to one only appertained," "and therefore, for the more secret

and close keeping of them, I only permitted seven of them to be printed—the printer being first sworn to secrecy—and these seven I dispersed among some of my trustiest servants, to be kept closely by them.” These persons were enjoined strict secrecy as to the existence of such a treatise, for it contained the secret sentiments of James on the character of the clergy, of whom he treats rather more plainly than was agreeable, and on matters of Church government, which he did not wish to be divulged till his plans were a little better matured. Unfortunately, however, Sir James Sempil, who had been employed to transcribe it for the press, showed the original to Mr Andrew Melville, who forthwith selected the passages unfavourable to the Church, and, placing them before the Presbytery of St Andrews, through the agency of an obscure minister at Anstruther, named Dykes, spread a prodigious alarm amongst the clergy throughout Scotland. A general fast was proclaimed, which was rigidly held for two entire days, and the ministers, as was usual on such occasions, thundered from their pulpits—the king instead of the Gospel. James, seeing that these isolated passages gave an impression which the whole was not calculated to convey, then saw fit to consent to the publication of the work, which accordingly took place in 1599.

His Majesty's dedication of the book, “To his dearest son, Henry the Prince,” takes the form of a sonnet, which contains some tolerably sonorous lines :—

“God gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on his throne His sceptre do they sway,
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So Kings should fear and serve their God again ;
If then ye would enjoy a happy reign
Observe the statutes of your heavenly King,
And from His Law make all your laws to spring.
Since His Lieutenant here ye should remain,
Reward the just, be steadfast, true, and plain,
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right,
Walk always so, as ever in His sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane,
And so you shall in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty King divine.”

The volume is a short one, because, according to his own explanation, it is difficult to get princes to read in youth, from the number of amusements that distract them, and equally difficult in mature age, from the perplexities of public business. It is divided into three books, the first “Treating of a King's Christian Duty Towards God,” the second “Of His Duty in His Office,” and the third “Of a King's Behaviour in Indifferent Things.”

The first is entirely devoted to the exposition of Scripture

doctrine, parental injunction, religious duties, and moral responsibility. One extract here will suffice:—"Remember that as in dignitie God hath erected you above others, so ought ye in thankfulness towards him goe as farre beyond all others. A moat in another's eye is a beam into yours; a blemish in another is a leprous byle into you; and a veniall sinne (as the Papists call it) in another, is a great crime into you. Think not, therefore, that the highnesse of your dignitie diminisheth your faults, much less giveth you a licence to sinne, but by the contrary, your fault shall be aggravated according to the height of your dignitie; any sinne that ye commit not being a single sin, procuring but the fall of one, but being an examplare sinne, and therefore drawing with it the whole multitude to be guiltie of the same."

In the "Second Booke" the author treats first of the making of good laws, and their just execution against all breakers thereof without exception; and here he relates his own dear-bought experience, which may serve as a lesson. "For since ye come not to your reigne *precario*, nor by conquest, but by right and due discent; feare no uproares for doing of justice, since ye may assure yourselfe the most part of your people will ever naturally favour Justice, providing alwaies that ye doe it onely for love to Justice, and not for satisfying any particular passion of yours under cloud thereof; otherwise how justly that ever the offender deserve it, ye are guiltie of murther before God: For ye must consider that God ever looketh to your inward intention in all your actions. And when you have by the severitie of justice once settled your countries, and made them know that ye can strike, then may ye thereafter all the daies of your life, mix Justice with mercie, punishing or sparing as ye shall find the crime to have bene wilfully or rashly committed, and according to the bye-past behaviour of the committer. For if otherwise ye kyth your clemencie at the first, the offences would soone come to such heapes, and the contempt of you grow so great, that when ye would fall to punish, the number of them to be punished would exceed the innocent, and ye would be troubled to resolve whom at to begin; and against your nature would be compelled then to wracke many whom the chastisement of the few at the beginning might have preserved. But in this my oure deare bought experience may serve you for a sufficient lesson. For I confesse, where I thoughte (by being gracious at the beginning) to win all men's hearts to loving and willing obedience, I by the contrary found the disorder of the countrie, and the losse of my thanks to be all my reward." In the last sentence of this rather lengthy extract we have the key to what was at first termed James's "weak" government.

He tells us at another place that he ever found the persons who had taken his mother's part against himself in his minority become, afterwards, his own best friends; an insinuation that he believed it possible to make the English Catholics good subjects.

There is much common sense and much kindly feeling in his discourse on "the trew glorie of kings": "And, although the crime of oppression be not in this rank of unpardonable crimes (as treason is) yet the over-common use of it in this nation, as if it were a virtue, especially by the greatest rank of subjects in the land, requireth the king to be a sharp censurer thereof. Be diligent therefore to trie and awfull to beate downe the hornes of proud oppressours: embrace the quarrell of the poore and distressed, as your owne particular, thinking it your greatest honour to repress the oppressours; care for the pleasure of none, neither spare ye anie paines in your owne person, to see their wrongs redressed; and remember of the honourable stile given to my grandfather (James V.) in being called *the poore man's King*. And as the most part of a King's office standeth in deciding that question of *Meum* and *Tuum*, among his subjects; so remember when ye sit in judgement that the Throne ye sit on is God's, as Moses saith, and sway neither to the right hand nor to the left; either loving the rich or pitying the poore. Justice should bee blinde and friendlesse: it is not there ye should reward your friends or seeke to crosse your enemies."

The Third Book is devoted to domestic regulations for the prince, respecting his manners and habits; which the king calls "the indifferent actions of a man." Many amusing and many wise instructions occur here. "A king is set as one on a stage whose smallest actions and gestures all the people gazingly do behold; and, however just in the discharge of his office, yet, if his behaviour be light or dissolute, in indifferent actions, the people, who see but the outward part, conceive pre-occupied conceits of the king's inward intention, which, although with time, the trier of all truth, will envanish by the evidence of the contrary effect, yet, *interim patitur justus* and prejudged conceits will, in the meantime, breed contempt, the mother of rebellion and disorder. Besides," the king adds, "the indifferent actions and behaviour of a man have a certain holding and dependence upon virtue or vice, according as they are used or ruled."

The prince is not to keep regular hours: "That any time in the four and twenty hours may be alike to you; thereby your diet may be accommodated to your affairs, and not your affairs to your diet." . . . "But beware of with using excess of meat and drink; and chiefly beware of drunkenness, which is a beastly vice, namely in a

king, but specially beware with it, because it is one of those vices that increaseth with age."

He tells the prince "to take no heed of his dreams"; to wear his clothes "in a careless but comely form," to use, in common speech, "no book language, or pen and ink-horn terms," and in games, "to play always fair precisely."

Of the exercise of the body he warmly approves, but in one particular he condemns present-day practice: "Yet certainly bodily exercises and games are very commendable, as well for banishing idleness (the mother of all vice) as for making his body able and durable for travel, which is very necessary for a King. But from this count I debar all rough and violent exercises as the football, meeter for laming than making able the users thereof." "But the exercises I would have you to use (although but moderately, not making a craft of them) are running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, dancing and playing at the caitch or tennis, archery, palle maille, and such fair and pleasant field games."

In his gestures "he is neither to look sillily, like a stupid pedant, nor unsettledly, with an uncouth morgue, like a new-come-over cavalier; not oversparing in your courtesies, for that will be imputed to incivility and arrogance; nor yet over prodigal in jowking or nodding at every step, for that form of being popular becometh better aspiring Absaloms than lawful kings; forming ever your gesture according to your present action, looking gravely and with a majesty when ye sit upon judgment or give audience to ambassadors; homely when ye are in private with your own servants, merrily when ye are at any pastime or merry discourse; and let your countenance smell of courage and magnanimity when at the wars. And remember (I say again) to be plain and sensible in your language; for, besides, it is the tongue's office to be the messenger of the mind; it may be thought a point of imbecility of spirit, in a king to speak obscurely, much more untruly as if he stood in awe of any in uttering his thoughts."

Should the prince incline to be an author, he reminds him with dignity and truth, "Your writings will remain as the picture of your mind to all posterity; if you would write worthily choose subjects worthy of you." His critical conception of the nature of poetry is its best definition: "If ye write in verse, remember that it is not the principal part of a poem to rime right, and flow well with many pretty words; but the chief commendation of a poem is, that when the verse shall be taken sundry in prose, it shall be found so rich in quick inventions and poetic flowers, and in fair and pertinent comparisons, as it shall contain the lustre of a poem although in prose."

My review has already outgrown its intended limits, so I finish

by another rather whimsical extract from one of the concluding paragraphs: "And for conclusion of this my whole treatise, remember, my son, by your true and constant depending upon God, to look for a blessing to all your actions in your office, by the outward using thereof, to testify the uprightness of your heart, and by your behaviour in all indifferent things to set forth the vive image of your virtuous disposition; and in respect of the greatness and weight of your burden to be patient in hearing and constant in your resolution, taking the pattern thereof from the microcosm of your own body, wherein ye have two eyes signifying great foresight and providence, with a narrow looking in all things; and also two ears, signifying patient hearing and that of both the parties; but ye have but one tongue for pronouncing a plain, sensible, and uniform sentence; and but one head and one heart for keeping a constant and uniform resolution according to your apprehension; and having two hands and two feet with many fingers and toes for quick execution in employing all instruments meet for effectuating your deliberations. And, above all, let the measure of your love to every one be according to the measure of his virtue, letting your favour to be no longer tied to any than the continuance of his virtuous disposition shall deserve."

It is an historical fact that this very "Basilicon Doron" communicated to the English people an impression of the author's abilities and character which was highly favourable to his views of becoming their sovereign. Camden has recorded the strong sensation it excited: it was not only admired, but it entered into and won the hearts of men. Spottiswood says that it was well accepted in England, and raised an admiration in all men's hearts of his piety and wisdom. Certain 'tis that all the discourses that came forth at that time for maintaining his right to the crown of England prevailed nothing so much as did this treatise.

The style is remarkable for its profuse sprinkling of Scottish and French words, and there is in it a degree of nervousness, precision, and smoothness which marks it as the production of a good intellect. At times, too, there is play of fancy that reveals the wit and the poet. Piety is abundant; but it has the merit, rare in that age, of being a tranquil, rational sort of piety, the piety of a gentleman and a man of genius. Good sense and a shrewd observation of life and its ways are predominant features; and, assuredly, it would be difficult to point out any code of morality in that age, or for a century and a half later, which is either purer in its sentiments or more elegant in its diction. Indeed, but for the limited nature of its object—the instruction of a young prince—even at this day it might be put into the hands of youth, as a safe guide to virtue and happiness.

R. M.

The Old Sundial.

LINES ON A SUNDIAL AT SUNNY BANK, MURREE, INDIA.

As by the old sundial I stand,
And, thoughtful, watch its shadowy hand
Creep round, while slow the hours expand,

I view life by day's measure.
In meditative muse I scan
The vista of life's earthly span ;
I ponder o'er the ways of man,
And what's his pain and pleasure.

In life's gay morn when steps are bright,
And hopes rise high with rising light,
The soul is strong for every fight,
And conquest is life's yearning.
And oft youth's eager, wondering will
Doth lead him on to paths of ill,
Where knowledge hurts, and pleasure's thrill
Leaves but a vain heart-burning.

Ere manhood doth his burden bear,
Youth travels light and free from care ;
And life's long day starts clear and fair,
That life may save its sweetness.
And happy he who sets his eyes
In early days on Virtue's prize ;
For many a snare around him lies
To rob youth of his fleetness.

When life is near its noontide age,
The way grows harder, stage by stage,
And greater tasks the soul engage,
That prove the soul's true testing.
But on the way shines fuller light,
That so the soul be guided right,
And journey far, ere darksome night
Shall bid the soul be resting.

Oh, soul, do not thy strivings waste
On sham delights, tho' sweet they taste,
Lest with regret thou must make haste
Thy lost hopes to recover.
Thou may'st choose Right instead of Wrong,
And still find joy, tho' ways seem long ;
Thou may'st tread light with sweetest song,
And glad heart like a lover.

They travel slow who travel late,
And tired their feet when near the gate ;
But mercy kind for them doth wait,
As they make tracks for heaven.
The sun ne'er sets on ends ungained,
Or wisdom sought, yet unattained ;
For always has a chance remained
To all who've nobly striven.

As by the old sundial I stand
When sunset beams steal o'er the land,
I feel a sense of peace at hand—
The peace of Benediction.
And as God closes in the day,
I seem to hear His angels say,
"May all come Home who've gone astray,
Love knoweth no restriction."

L/Cpl. C. H. HUNTER (F.P.)

A Stunt with the Guns.

BY W. K. H.

"THAT raid is to come off on Tuesday," said Morland the Captain, Acting Battery Commander. "Will you come up to the trenches with me and register the old bundooks on the Boche front line this morning, Peter?"

"Righto," said Peter dutifully, as became a Second Loot, although his name was Raymond.

"We'll go and see the infantiers first of all, and get 'em to clear their people out of those saps before we fire. If you've finished your prolonged and enormous breakfast we'll get a move on at once."

"Going to observe from the front line?" asked Peter, as he put a brace of naked ration biscuits in the pocket of his British Warm.

"From a sap in front of it, my boy—sap 99. I went nosing round there yesterday afternoon, and could see quite a lot of their wire about forty yards away across a crater. We shall want the periscope, and tell Bombardier Clew to bring about half a mile of D. III. with him."

It was a fine hard frosty morning when Morland and Peter, followed by a pair of signallers, set out from the ruined farm which was their residence, upon an expedition of most evil import for the Hun. Each man of the four was burdened with equipment of some kind; all of course wore "tin hats" and carried box respirators. In addition, the captain carried field-glasses and a revolver, the subaltern field-glasses and the big No. XIV. periscope in its case; one of the signallers had a stout reel of telephone wire slung across his shoulder, and the other a telephone instrument.

Their first place of call was Battalion Headquarters—a subterranean stronghold where the two gunners, an infantry major and his signalling officer, put their heads together over a trench-map, and where the necessary arrangements were authorised. Thence with an infantry orderly to guide them, the party set forth to thread the

maze of trenches towards the front line. The trenches were in an ideal state, as hard and dry as granite. "Gum boots thigh," those necessary evils of winter war, were abandoned even by the infantry, while the gunners completed their long walk without marring the shine of their brown field-boots. Local assistance for their plan, in addition to that of the potent authority at Battalion Headquarters, was required, and the two gunners presently dived backwards into the ground to interview a cheerful infantry captain all by himself with a candle in a bottle and a cake from home, in a cavern well beneath the daylight and the distractions that hurtle from the opposite trenches at the most inconvenient hours. He was very happy, as far as the gunners could see; persuaded them to taste his cake, and told them not to show themselves too much lest one Bun-face—a noted Teuton in the habit of sniping from a post within a hundred yards of sap 99—should draw a bead on them. (The infantry don't mind taking risks themselves, but they try to protect the innocent and necessary gunner from their own habitual peril and discomfort.)

"You're not in a hurry, are you?" he asked them. "Have a bit more cake. I wish you'd stay to lunch if you don't mind bully stew."

"Thanks immensely, but we must get on with our job," said the Captain, knowing quite well that the infantryman's offer to share his one-man ration amongst three was perfectly sincere.

"I'll eat one of my ration biscuits here if you don't mind," added Peter; "have one, skipper?"

Morland turned apologetically to their host. "Don't notice him. He hasn't the power to stop eating. He has yielded to his voracity so long that now, as you see, he lurks in the darkness of other people's dug-outs and gnaws—what did you secrete about your person to-day?—yes, gnaws even ration biscuits. I apologise for him, and hasten to remove him from your hearth. Peter, proceed up those stairs."

"Well, if you won't stay, look in on your way back and have another slice of cake," said the tenant of the burrow. "I've ordered Sergeant Wigley to withdraw his men from 98 and 100 saps. Good luck and cheer oh."

"Good-bye and thank you," said the gunners.

Sap 99 was a sort of large furrow with built-up battlements of sandbags,—each as hard and solid as cement, in the grip of the frost. The usual garrison, a handful of cheerful infantrymen wrapped up in the queerest, most comfortable assortment of knitted devices for conserving warmth, had withdrawn a short distance, and now watched the gunners' clamber, bending low into their stronghold

with a look of sympathetic interest. After all, though they were gunners and didn't sleep in the mud or go over the top as a daily routine, they were the useful people who were responsible for barrages and their reassuring racket.

Bombardier Clew, after a few moments' juggling with the telephone instrument, was heard "calling up" the battery. A faint buzz acknowledged his efforts. "Hullo, B77? O.K. We're through, sir."

"Right. There's the kennel all right, Peter." The Captain was kneeling behind the sandbags with his eye to the periscope. The "kennel" was a cottage famous amongst local gunners as an excellent point upon which to register their guns—or zero point. Once upon a time it may have resembled the object from which it was named, but all that Captain Morland saw in the centre of the little clear picture of the periscope was a pyramid of red bricks.

"The Jock Emmas are firing on the front line also, ain't they?" inquired Peter, nibbling at his second ration biscuit. "Nice for us to get a short one behind the ear."

As he spoke the ground trembled beneath them, and in an instant a terrific explosion split the air, and a column of debris and black smoke shot high into the sunshine sixty or seventy yards in front of them.

"Good burst," commented Morland. "Hope Fritz won't retaliate on No. 99 sap." Fragments of the trench mortar shell flew humming and whirring after their manner all round the point of impact well over the heads of the little group in the sap.

"No. 2 action, zero line," said the Captain to the signaller, who was squatting on his haunches with the instrument at his chilblained ear. Word for word the man repeated the orders as Morland uttered them. "Not too loud, Clew," he warned, "the Boche is almost at your elbow."

"Les oreilles ennemis vous ecoutent," added Peter. "Crash!" shouted another trench mortar shell and "Strafe," said the signaller as a humming chip whacked him on the biceps. As he spoke there was a metallic pop far away behind them, heralding the whizz of something overhead, and another and louder pop far in front. Morland's practised eye picked up a little white cloud at one edge of the brilliant little landscape visible in the periscope. A few figures which passed from him to the telephonist, and from that worthy to the battery, brought that puff of smoke into the centre of the picture next round, obscuring for a second the red bricks of the kennel.

"That's better," he grunted, and gave out some more figures. The next shell whizzed past and burst within sixty yards. "Right

into the trench first go," said Morland. "Stand clear, No. 2. Fire, No. 3." No. 3 behaved very nearly as well.

"Now you carry on, Peter, you lazy hound you," said the Captain: "I'm permanently knotted from the position I'm in. Now don't wave the periscope about. It's not a semaphore." (*Crash!*—emphatic—from a trench mortar shell, and a chip rang on the Captain's tin helmet.)

Peter, hastily engulfing the remainder of his biscuit, settled himself in the Captain's place, and called on No. 4 for a display. After a few corrections, No. 4's shell whizzed slap into the Boche front line, as a well-educated shell ought to do. (Crash again, and earth tremors.)

"Go on with No. 1," said Morland, and Peter fired No. 1 at the kennel till he hit it three times running, and saw the tormented bricks leap shattered into the air. And then he gave the necessary switch to drop the shell where the others had dropped.

"Fired, sir," reported Bombardier Clew, as the battery-end telephonist's message raced the projectile. Next moment something happened; Peter's hat fell over his eyes, the periscope was knocked sideways; hard things hit Morland in several places, dust, earth, and stones sprinkled the pair of them.

"Are you hit?" asked Morland.

"Not I," grinned Peter, "but I'd better give the gun thirty minutes more left—and the periscope's dented."

"You've spoilt a sandbag, anyhow." The frozen sandbag just above the subaltern's head was smashed into fragments. "And these are what hit me, I suppose." Morland picked up a few warm shrapnel bullets from the frozen ground. "Must have burst short, or hit the saphead. Anyhow we won't repeat on *that* line."

Crash! The earth trembled to another Jock Emma, and the chips and splinters sailed wailing back over their heads.

Each gun was registered satisfactorily and with meticulous care, and the party tramped off home to lunch, Peter endeavouring all the time to force the pace, and Morland trying to make his junior realise the difference between a fuze with a blue nose and one with a green.

Tuesday, the morning of the "stunt," was almost too typically wintery. The snow squeaked under foot, the lather froze hard on shaving-brushes before the shaver had dried his face. The junior subaltern, Flossy (so-called from his pretty complexion), set forth across the glistening fields to a distant farm where Group Headquarters had ordered a meeting of representatives from every battery taking part in the show, to synchronise watches. Flossy had been

entrusted with a collection, and was carrying one on each wrist and one in each pocket of his nice light riding-pants. The earth was white, the sky blue; starlings were producing their strange musical mixture from the tall bare elms. Half a dozen British planes went humming Hunwards. Not a Boche machine was in sight; hardly a gun disturbed the morning's peace. Second-Lieutenant Flossy met quite a bunch of acquaintances at headquarters—there were officers from the heavies, the hows, the 18-pounders, the Jock Emmas, all with the solidest time-pieces of their unit. He felt the responsibility of setting his watches to the very second, but preferred it to the mental labours of the Captain and senior subaltern, whom he had left immersed in calculations, humouring the thermometer, the barometer, and the wind, not to mention the various idiosyncrasies of each gun and the particular brand of ammunition to be used.

The world was very beautiful and peaceful five seconds—four—three—two seconds before “zero hour”—the hour for the guns to open and create the zone of hell behind which the infantry would enter the Hun trenches. It was in the late afternoon, when the distant trees turned ethereal blue, and one felt the approach of evening's hush. And anxious gunner officers stood watching the jerking minute-hands of their watches; the gun detachments in their places, the black gun-muzzles yearning towards the distant hidden foe. “Ten seconds to go—nine—eight—seven,” called Morland, a signalling flag aloft in his right hand, a watch in his left. Three seconds too soon a 4.5 howitzer battery loosed off its first round, and then the tempest broke. Fire and thunder burst from surroundings of idyllic beauty; death, invisible and swift, screamed across the splendid sky. But with the fall of Morland's flag the men of his battery were deaf to all the uproar but the stunning crack and concussion of their own pieces. A faint smell of burnt explosive drifted along the freezing air. Each subaltern stood with his own pair of guns, watching, checking, one eye for the Battery Commander, the other for his sergeants. Within the gun pits the shock of the firing was almost stupefying, but the officers outside could hear the incessant voices of the other batteries near and far, the passage of the shells—the little ones that whizzed in venomous haste, and the big ones soaring far above them, whispering or moaning on their dreadful journey—and concentrated on one little stricken area of the German position the tumultuous and awful “crump, crump, crump, crump” of the bursting shells,—a sound like the boiling of a sea of molten metal.

“Hullo, Fritz won't take it sitting,” Flossy exclaimed to Peter. The air above them sighed to the passage of some unseen monster,

and half a mile behind they heard a dull explosion. "He's looking for the heavies," answered Peter. Half a dozen more followed the first, and then the Hun gave all his attention to the British trenches. For half an hour the uproar continued, then slackened, and presently ceased, save for the chatter of a vain machine gun and the sullen crash of spasmodic minnies. Silence and the winter evening came upon the earth like a benediction. Slowly the sun sank behind the azure trees, and soft colours touched the sky above him. "A real old picture post-card of an evening," remarked Peter the philistine, as he superintended the cleaning up of his two guns, or "bundooks" as he more often called them.

The mess cook made a special effort that evening; he manufactured some fiery soup and patés of tinned salmon, and treated the ration meat in so drastic a fashion that it reminded Flossy of home. Further, he had devised a sweet from tapioca and ration jam, and the coffee was extra good.

"Wonder if the Boche will retaliate," remarked Peter, as he poured himself out a good mugful of coffee.

"He must be saving up his stuff," said Morland; "I should like to hear the result of the raid, though." (At the same moment, had they but known it, an excited infantry captain was telling his Brigadier that the barrage had been so close and accurate that the men, elated by their capture of a score of prisoners at very little cost, said they could have taken their wives over the top with them.)

"We shall hear to-morrow—hullo, what's that?" Flossy's quick ears were the first to hear the shout from the sentry.

"S.O.S.!"

"Oh, strafe—don't forget your gasbags!" Morland was out of the door before he had finished speaking; and the others were at his heels. Already the night was rent by the pulsing glare of gun flashes and the bang of the reports.

"Where were the rockets?" Morland shouted in the ear of the sentry who had given the alarm.

"There, sir," said the man, pointing to where a tortured flicker of angry light showed through the trees like an infernal dawn, above which every other instant a Verey light soared up and sailed along like a fresh-made star of hope, white and radiant. After their first furious gust of rapid fire, the guns settled down to a steady rate, and kept it up. Morland was in the telephone pit awaiting information and instructions, the subalterns were with their sections. And then with a steady rush like a train in the distance came a 4.2 shell, crash between Nos. 2 and 3 guns. The gunners took not

the slightest notice, firing in their order, and crash, crash, crash came a salvo. Twenty or thirty high explosive shells fell all about the battery; the air stank with fumes and sang with flying splinters; but the guns kept on with their allotted programme till the order, "Cease fire," brought silence. The Germans had made a counter-attack which, under the storm of artillery and machine gunfire which welcomed it, failed on the British parapet. Not a gunner was hurt, No. 4 gun pit had been hit—a beam split and a couple of rails twisted—and that was all the damage.

"Quite a good day's work," said Morland, as they returned to drink their warmed-up coffee—all but Peter, who, as orderly officer, kept a lonely vigil in a tiny dug-out adjacent to the telephone pit, and within speaking distance of the sentries.

"Yes, quite a good day's work, but we can't always expect it all our own way like this," answered Flossy. And then they drank their coffee, and settled down to write home, while the uneasy night deepened and the moon looked down as coldly as she looked upon the siege of Troy.

Notes from Near and Far.

IN our last number we spoke of the dilatory approach of spring weather and of the marvellous burst of bloom when it did come. And what shall we say of the summer which has followed? In its earlier weeks it proved one of the sunniest, driest, hottest that we have had for some years, and full of delights for all our senses. But in the latter part of the month of August dull, depressing, unsettled weather conditions have prevailed, and many are anxiously watching the weather-glass and the morning and evening sky; for the harvest fields are nearly ripe and ready for the sickle, cheering the heart of man with the prospect of food enough and to spare. Cultivation has done her utmost, and the fruits of high farming are shown in every field.

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KEEP TO THE WALKS.—Some time ago, as our readers will remember, the Governors of the Academy set themselves to remove all traces of footpaths over the grassy sward, which disfigured the grounds in the very homeland of the beautiful. To this end they kept the gate at the top of Academy Street locked for a session and successfully effaced the most unseemly track. Recently the gate was reopened; and, with deep regret, we notice that an attempt is being made to restore the eye-offending short-cut. Now the grounds were laid out and improved, as we before pointed

out, at a cost of £618. 17s. 6d.; and surely it behoves the present generation of teachers, townspeople, and pupils to see that their amenity is preserved, that the order "Keep to the walks" is strictly obeyed. Otherwise more drastic restrictions may be the result, when, unfortunately, the well-disposed will suffer along with the trespassers.

In the Statutes and Rules drawn up by Dr Andrew Mylne, the first Rector of the Academy, this subject is dealt with. "All the Masters, it is expected, will cordially unite with the persons having the more immediate charge of the Buildings and Grounds in exertions for their preservation against the thoughtless or disorderly conduct of the children and *others*." And again, "Within the precincts of the Institution Buildings and Grounds it may naturally be expected that the Masters" (and others) "should feel the same desire to check disorderly or mischievous conduct that they would feel within their own dwellings and gardens."

Reminiscences spring up like flowers; and we recall a plentiful, pleasing crop associated with the days of the much respected John Westwood who ruled in his domain with unflinching firmness and gave no quarter to law-breakers.

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PREPARATORY SCHOOL.—This school, conducted by Miss Bremner, has again been proved well fitted for, and very successful in the important work of, preparing younger girls and boys for entrance to the Academy. All the pupils of the sixth class were presented, and all passed the preliminary examination with distinction. The session was brought to a close on Wednesday, 27th June, when prizes were presented to the duxes. The "blue ribbon" for the year was gained by Ena Radford, a pupil of much promise.

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EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.—During the session which ended last June, the following pupils of Miss Olive K. Holmes, L.R.A.M., were successful in gaining certificates in the examinations held under the auspices of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., London:—Pianoforte Playing, Local Centre Examination—Advanced Grade, Miss Patricia Thom. School Examination—Higher Division, Margaret Walker; Elementary Division, Elena Wilson, Nellie Robertson; Primary Division, Jacobina D. Jack, Margaret Forbes. Grammar of Music—Division III., Margaret Walker; Division II., Eva Cairns.

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OLD LANDMARKS GOING.—Many of our old boys, we daresay, will be able to recall some escapade of their school life which was associated with the "Scott's Plantin'" ("Scottsie") on the western



THE DEVON BELOW THE DEVIL'S MILL.

border of the burgh; and it may interest them to learn that the woodman's axe is now "lifted up on the tall trees," and soon all will be swept away. Already the straight-trunked conifers have fallen, and their place knows them no more. The windings of the Quarrel burn, with its thread of water single and slim and the coltsfoot carpeting of its sloping sides are now open to the view from the "Brewer's Brig" on the highway. Little more than a hundred years ago, tradition tells us, the Quarrel burn was a famous rendezvous of the witches of Dollar. They met in the evening, and, when the necessary preliminaries had been entered into, they mounted their broomsticks and rode through the air, until they reached "Lochy Faulds," situated at the foot of Gloomhill:—

"In Quarrel burn
The witches meet,
Syne through the air
They scour fu' fleet.
They flee! and they flee!
Till they reach Lochy Faulds,
Whaur Auld Nick in person
His tribunal haulds."

The "Ladies' Plantin'," lying to the west of "Ewing's Pond," is also cut down and carried away.

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RED CROSS EFFORTS.—Where does all the money come from? is a question which passes from mouth to mouth, as the results of one after another of the efforts put forth in behalf of the Red Cross and other schemes for the benefit of our soldiers are made known. Take a few recent ones:—A single month—jumble sale, £70; fête at Dollarfield, £41; tennis tournament, £14; bowling tournament, £10. 10s.; flag day, £18; sale of waste paper, £9. 6s.; concert, 10s.; in all £164. 8s. 2d.

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VEGETABLES FOR THE FLEET.—Handsome consignments of fresh vegetables and fruit for the fleet have been forwarded by the Dollar Branch of the Vegetable Products Committee during the month of August. As many as twenty-one boxes, the gifts of thirty contributors, we understand, were dispatched on the 23rd; and the Secretary, Mrs Gibson, Burnbank, has received acknowledgment of these, with the grateful thanks of the recipients.

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NURSING ASSOCIATION.—In our last number we intimated that an effort was to be made to secure the services of a fully qualified nurse for the parish and district. Steps were at once taken to establish a guarantee fund, and it is satisfactory to learn that close on £90 a year—for two years—has been promised. The

subject was fully gone into at a public meeting held in the Masonic Hall, on 19th June, under the presidency of Miss Haig, of Dollarfield, when it was unanimously agreed to proceed with an appointment. The following office-bearers were elected :—*President*, Miss Haig; *Vice-Presidents*, Mrs Easton Spence and Miss Millen; *Secretary*, Mrs Steel; and *Treasurer*, Councillor William Annand.

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FÊTE AT DOLLARFIELD.—As we have already pointed out, a fête on behalf of the funds of the British Red Cross, which had been organised by Miss Haig, took place on the afternoon and evening of 21st June. A fine programme of events which had been prepared could not be carried out in the grounds, as was intended, owing to the unsettled state of the weather. Fortunately, in anticipation of this drawback, a commodious granary had been fitted up and was in readiness. The entrance stair was rather trying for the old and obese; but the building itself had ample room and verge enough for the large company that gathered, as well as for the attractive amusements which Colonel Haig superintended, and which the young people entered into with much liveliness and merriment. A pipe band discoursed excellent music. The ladies of the V.A.D., who were in attendance, had their hands full in satisfying the many demands for tea. Nor must we forget the exhibition in one of the rooms of the mansion house of war relics—Belgian, French, German—in addition to interesting souvenirs from South Africa. These were most instructive, as objects and weapons which visitors had known only by name could be examined and handled, and a clear conception of their form and use carried away.

The very creditable sum of £41 was realised.

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Mr JAMES MAILER (F.P.), writing of Second-Lieut. Tom Hunter, whose name appears on the Roll of Honour, says :—

“I well remember his remark to me, when he came back from the Argentine to join up. He was just the same old cheery chap as ever; but in his quiet way he said, ‘Well, Jim, it is up to me and others like me to come to the help of the Old Country when she is in danger.’ . . . I don’t believe he ever made an enemy, and he was extremely popular wherever he went, and a genuine sportsman. I cannot help thinking that his death is just the sort that he would have wished.”

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PRIMROSE DAY.—Our readers may remember that, in a former number of the *Magazine* (Vol. IX., p. 94), we pointed out that our distinguished former pupil, Sir George Birdwood, claimed the honour—if honour it can be called—of founding Primrose Day. In order to substantiate this claim, *The Graphic* of 7th July 1917

devotes a full page to the subject, with the imposing heading, "The Man who Founded Primrose Day. The Wonderful Veteran, Sir George Birdwood."

Sir George, says his friend, Mr Demetrius Boulger, was one of those rare men to whom the epithet of genius may be truthfully applied. Dr Johnson's words on Oliver Goldsmith, "he touched nothing without embellishing it," might be applied to him; yet his one definite achievement in originating Primrose Day may hereafter be deemed his claim to fame. How necessary then to place the truth in this matter on record!

Lord Beaconsfield died on 19th April 1881. The first anniversary was close at hand when, on 11th April 1882, I received a letter, dated the same day, from Sir George Birdwood containing this passage:—

"This is the confidential part of my letter. The 19th is the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death. It should not pass without observation, but it should not be degraded by a political demonstration. The primrose was his favourite flower; let us all order primroses for our tables and button-holes on that day, and have them on our club tables, *i.e.*, Conservative clubs. When it becomes known, it is sure to grow into a fashion, and so Lord Beaconsfield and primroses will be for ever associated together. It will serve to keep his name sweeter in memory than anything else."

The practical result of the efforts made for the first anniversary was that a good many people wore primroses, and that there were a great many more demands for them than the shops could supply.

In 1883 Sir George was early in the field. "I have done the trick this morning," he writes, "and so won't act on your suggestions. It would look like a party move. I want it to be spontaneous and popular, and the thing is in itself *so taking* that it only has to be kept in the popular mind to succeed, and after this year it will keep itself in mind."

To keep it before the public, recourse was had to a very clever ruse. With the co-operation of Miss Solomon, florist, Covent Garden, the following advertisement was inserted in the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Standard*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Morning Post*, and *Daily News* towards the end of March: "Primrose Day, April 19th.—Lewis Solomon, Covent Garden, begs to give notice that owing to the demand for primroses for April 19th, the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death, orders, particularly for general decoration, should be given as early as possible."

In anticipation of rival pretensions, Sir George wrote to Mr Boulger: "From the general observance of Primrose Day in London, under the most trying circumstances, and from what one sees of its observance elsewhere in the papers, and hears from

private sources, it has evidently been a great success, and may now be said to have established itself. It will require no more advocating, and it's far too pretty a thing, once it has been regularly started, ever to pass out of use. . . . I ask you to preserve on record in my behalf the following facts. The phrase, 'Primrose Day,' which is so natural that it seems as if it had been used for ever, was used by me in print for the first time this year over Solomon's advertisement. I used it last year in dating my preface to Vincent Robinson's book on carpets, but Colonel Yule struck it out in the proof as calculated to injure me with my Liberal masters in the India Office. . . . I feel bound to assert the absolute originality of my idea, of which you hold in the documents you preserved last year the full proof."

See also Vol. VII., pp. 105, 106, and Vol. XIV., p. 94, for further particulars of our illustrious F.P. In his honour we hope to wear a primrose on Primrose Day.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

LETTERS from our brave boys at the front, which are so full of interest to our readers, have not been so numerous since the big push in the West began. This was to be expected. Subaltern WM. SOMMERVILLE, 8th Scottish Rifles, writes from Palestine :—

"I arrived in Egypt about the end of last November, and have been with my battalion ever since. We have, as you will see from the heading, left Egypt long behind us, and are now in the Promised Land. At present we are near Gaza, that place where Samson did such wondrous deeds; and I have heard the blatant wish that, when he pulled the temple, &c., down, he might have completed the job and pulled the whole town down—it would have saved us the trouble. Such a cold-blooded thought! you will say; but this cruel war has killed all finer feelings and reverence for places of Biblical interest, for example. Still, every Tommy Atkins knows what we are out for—'Right against Might.' To talk of us waging a 'Holy War,' especially out here, would be a great mistake. Most of the natives under our rule in Egypt are followers of Mahomet, as also our enemy the Turk, so you see how careful we have to be in the use of the phrase, 'A Holy War.' Russia's battle cry was 'A Holy War'; but, in view of recent happenings in that awful country, an offensive on her part at the present moment would, I think, finish the Central Powers. I heard a Tommy put it rather aptly the other day in regard to Russia: 'Less o' the Holy War and some fechtin', and we'll be home for Hogmanay.'

"But you'll think my letter all 'growse' so far, but all sodgers growse even when they are having good times. It really doesn't mean anything, and good 'growzers' are always good fighters.

"Well, to continue, you would read in the papers of our fighting out here, about six weeks ago; and I am glad to say I came through it all with only a very slight scratch on the neck—not bad enough for me to leave my unit; and keeping in mind that I had two winters in France unwounded, I may still sing '*Juventutis veho fortunas*.'"

"... We are out of the desert now, and away from that everlasting sand, for which we thank goodness. It got into everything—your eyes, your ears, your hair, your food, and sometimes even your thoughts. We are not far from the sea at present, and the great heat is easier to bear, consequent on the cooling breeze from the water. The worst of all our troubles is the Fly: he's here in millions, and, at the moment of writing, I swear there are more in my little bivouac than in all Scotland. But with all our cares and worries we are a happy band of campaigners."

ALEXANDER COWAN, R.A.M.C., writes from "Somewhere in France":—

"I thank you very cordially for the cigarettes and chocolate you so kindly sent out to me from the Committee of the *Dollar Magazine*. I need not tell you that they were very much appreciated. . . . We are back at a small village just now resting; but I don't think it will be long before we will be on the move again. It is a nice quiet spot, and a welcome change from what we had for about three weeks. The country is looking lovely, and the crops are all in a forward condition. The weather is fine, and every one is fit and well. We are billeted in a fairly comfortable barn; and there are plenty of birds' nests on the top of our humble dwelling. Every morning a lark gets up just outside and merrily carries its song to heaven itself. Up the line the effects of our intense bombardments are so tremendous that one often wonders whether any creature is left alive. Yet one sees that practically everything is as alive as ever. The birds live their life just the same; and field mice and other small creatures make their homes, and play about in the shell holes. Swallows fly overhead; magpies hop about on trees and ruined buildings as cheekily as possible. One day I was startled by a whirr of wings, when a brace of partridges rose and whizzed across the shell-torn ground. Another evening a hare rose from amidst the wreckage of an aeroplane and made a straight line in the direction of the trenches, but I have no doubt he would discover his mistake before he reached them. Please excuse these rambling remarks; they may interest some readers, and it is only such things as these that we are allowed to tell."

Sergeant DON. CULBARD,¹ C Company, 52nd Battalion A.I.F., also writes from "Somewhere in France" :—

"I have just received two *Dollar Magazines*, which I was very much pleased to get, so as I could see how the old boys were getting on. I am sorry to see that so many have fallen at the front. Tell Mr Dougall that I am sorry to learn that Charlie is a prisoner in Germany. . . . We were in that charge at Messines in the beginning of June, and it was a great success in every way in my estimation. The New Zealanders went over the top in the morning, and we went through them about two in the afternoon for our objective. The only time we got shelled at all was when we were on the top of the Messines ridge. On the whole we had very few killed. Again I got out without a scratch; I hope my luck keeps with me. We got a good few machine guns and one or two field guns. . . . The best of it was, we got two bicycles in very good order in one of his dug-outs. . . . We had to do another stunt three nights after this, as there was about three hundred yards of trench that Fritz managed to hold on to, so it was given to our battalion and part of another to get. It was worse in a way than the first one we took, as Fritz saw us coming into position, and when our artillery opened up he was prepared, and he did put a nasty taste into our mouths, but we got there for all that.

"I have been promoted to sergeant since the start, coming up by degrees!"

[For the moment the sergeant must have been back to the schoolboy when he wrote "*The best of it was.*"]

Captain EVAN CAMERON CROSS writes from Peshawar, N.W.F.P., India :—

"As I have taken the *Magazine* ever since I left Dollar, I feel I must write to you to let you know how much I appreciate the good work you are carrying on. I didn't realise until I came out to this country what a godsend the *Dollar Magazine* is. The March copy has just arrived, and you have no idea what a relief it is to look at photos like 'Vicar's Bridge' and 'Dollarbeg Brae,' after one has been on the hot parade ground all morning. I am afraid there is no chance of my battalion going to any of the Fronts now. We have been here since the war broke out, and I suppose we shall stay here for some time to come. It is very hard to be cheerful, as a good number of our fellows have been sent to France in ones and twos. However, those of us who are left are still hoping. Now that I have my third star, I shall be the next for it

¹ Just as we had finished revising "proof" of this letter on 11th September, we received the sad news that Sergeant Don. Culbard was killed in action on 28th August.

when they call for more regular officers. Of course the men are really worse off. They will never go, and they are getting old soldiers now. We have our periodical scraps with our friends, the Mohmands, still that is not quite the same as having a go at the Boche. . . . I was very sorry to see the announcement in the papers of Alan Izat's death. He was a splendid fellow. I saw a good deal of him in Lahore before the war started. The School Roll of Honour seems to get heavier and heavier. It is very sad ; still it is splendid the way the old School has played up. It gives those like myself, who haven't done things yet, heart to carry on until our chance comes along. I notice that you have me down in the *Magazine* as belonging to the K.O. Liverpools. We are the King's (Liverpool Regiment). The King's Own are the 7th Foot (Royal Lancaster Regiment). We are the old 8th Foot."

Lieutenant HARRY BURTON FORSTER, of the Strathcona Horse, writes from "Somewhere in France" :—

"Our experiences here are quite interesting, but, of course, we cannot write of them. The weather has been first-rate since we came 'in,' and this part of France looks splendid. We have our rest billets in a village that has been blown up by the Huns in their retreat. Not a whole house in it, and all the fruit and shade trees cut down. On the one standing garden wall there has been painted 'Gott Strafe England,' in letters two feet high. Puerile, isn't it? Sleep is rather scarce at times, and, as I have to be out in the moonlight in two hours' time, I must turn in."

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PUBLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITION.—Anyone who wishes to see the young children of Dollar at their bonniest, best, and brightest should attend the Annual Exhibition of the Public School. This year it took place on Wednesday, 27th June, a bright, genial day, and, as usual, there was a large gathering of parents and friends.

Mr M'Diarmid, Chairman of the School Board, presided over the day's proceedings ; and other members of the School Board present were Provost Mrs Malcolm, Mr Cram, Mr Stanhouse, and the Rev. Mr Wilson. As heretofore, the pupils delighted the audience with songs and recitations. Appropriate addresses were given by the Chairman, Provost Mrs Malcolm, Mr Stanhouse, and the Rev. Dr Cullen.

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DOLLAR WAR WORK PARTY.—Even in the holiday season the members of the Dollar War Work Party were not idle, and as a result of their labours the **Committee** were enabled to dispatch, when the meetings were resumed, 327 articles to the County Depôt and the Glasgow Red Cross Centre.

Pro Patria.

1. DAVID BUCHAN.—Lieutenant, Gordon Highlanders, eldest son of Mr David Buchan, Kellie Place, Alloa ; left School 1903 ; M.A. of St Andrews University ; killed in action, 9th April 1917.

2. ARTHUR HAMILTON COLLYER.—2nd Lieutenant, Gordon Highlanders, younger son of the late Mr A. H. Collyer, Music Master in Dollar Institution, and of Mrs Collyer, Norwood, Peterhead ; left School 1909 ; died of wounds, 23rd April 1917.

3. FRED. W. HARLEY.—Lieutenant, Black Watch, attached R.F.C., youngest son of Mr John Harley, Blinkbonny, Kirkcaldy ; boarded with Mr Cruickshank ; left School 1904 ; reported missing, 3rd June 1917 ; later officially presumed killed on that date.

4. PETER HANNAY.—Driver, 3rd Field Artillery Brigade, second son of Mr and Mrs Peter Hannay, Willowbank, Tenterfield, Australia ; left School 1902 ; died of wounds, 21st August 1916.

5. DAVID CHRISTIE BLACK.—Captain (Acting Major), Canadian Infantry, second son of the late Mr Henry Black and Mrs Black, Springburn House, Alva ; left School 1906 ; M.A., LL.B. of Edinburgh University ; mentioned in dispatches, 9th April 1917 ; awarded Military Cross, July 1917 ; reported missing, 27th April 1917 ; subsequently officially presumed killed on that date.

6. CARREL W. FIDLER.—Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached R.F.C., only son of Mrs Fidler, Westray House, Alloa ; left School 1903 ; killed in action in France, 19th May 1917.

7. ALAN J. REID.—Lance-Corporal, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mrs William Robertson, Lower Mains, Dollar ; killed in action in France, 23rd April 1917.

8. WILLIAM COOPER RADFORD.—Private, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, second son of Mr and Mrs Radford, Faerwood, Dollar ; left School 1913 ; died of shrapnel wound, 22nd July 1917.

9. JAMES LOW FRASER.—Private, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, only son of the late Mr and Mrs R. M. Fraser, Dollar ; left School 1913 ; killed in action in France, 15th May 1917.

10. JOHN JACK.—Sapper, R.E., only son of the late Mr Robert Jack and Mrs Jack, Drysdale Cottage, Dollar ; left School 1898 ; died on 14th June 1917 of wounds received in action the previous day.

11. ARCHIE STIRLING DOUGLAS.—Private, H.L.I., youngest son of the late Dr Douglas and Mrs Douglas, San Domingo ; boarded with Miss Marshall, Islay Cottage ; left Parkfield Preparatory School in 1906 ; killed in action, 1st July 1916.

12. PETER DUDGEON.—Private, Seaforth Highlanders, eldest son of Mr and Mrs George Dudgeon, Upper Mains, Dollar ; left School 1911 ; killed in action, 23rd April 1917.



"PRO PATRIA"

Marriages.

PENDER—HUNTER.—At Grange Parish Church Manse, Edinburgh, on 27th July, by the Very Rev. David Paul, D.D., Adam Bennet Randolph (F.P.) (late of Fife and Forfar Yeomanry), second son of Mr and Mrs John Pender, Onich, Great Bookham, Surrey, to Janet, elder daughter of Mr and Mrs John Hunter, 100 Warrender Park Road, Edinburgh.

WILSON—RITCHIE.—At Cairnpark Street, Dollar, on 13th August, by the Rev. Dr Cullen, Sapper Gordon Wilson, Royal Engineers, to Jane (F.P.), second daughter of Mr and Mrs Alex. Ritchie.

GARLICK—WILSON.—At Muircot, Tillicoultry, on 8th September, by the Rev. Alfred W. Calder, John M. Garlick, B.D. (F.P.), Second-Lieut. A. & S. H., to Agnes Miller (F.P.), fourth daughter of James L. Wilson.

ANDREW—M'INTYRE.—At 709 Second Avenue, Sunnyside, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, the home of Mr and Mrs Walter Vesey, Alexander Andrew, late of the 10th Battalion C.E.F., son of the late Mr W. S. Andrew, Monkton, Scotland, to Jean M'Intyre (F.P.), daughter of the late Mr Lewis M'Intyre, Dollar.

Obituary.

JACK.—“Somewhere in France,” on 14th June, of wounds received on 13th June, Sapper John Jack, R.E. (F.P.), beloved husband of Annie M'Intosh, Valleyfield, Dollar.

ARMSTRONG.—Suddenly, at 18 Melville Terrace, Stirling, on 30th June, the Rev. Robert Armstrong, M.A., late minister of St Matthew's Parish Church, Glasgow. The rev. gentleman, the father of our esteemed Parish minister, was well known in Dollar, and was warmly welcomed when on several important occasions he occupied his son's pulpit. Our sympathy goes out to his bereaved family.

KNIGHT.—At Almanarre, Garelochhead, on 12th July, the Rev. George Halley Knight, late of North United Free Church, Bearsden, formerly of U.F. Church, Dollar.

BLAIR.—At Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, on 16th July, James Ramsay Blair (F.P.), of Longlea Cottage, Dollar, aged 47 years.

ROBERTSON.—At 17 Ward Street, Alloa, on 31st July, David Robertson (F.P.), flesher (late of Dollar), beloved husband of Eliza Pearson.

CONSTABLE.—At Edinburgh, on Tuesday, 28th August, Nelson Briggs Constable, Writer to the Signet (F.P.), second son of the late William Briggs Constable of Benarty, in his 64th year. (See *Magazine*, Vol. XIII., p. 57.)

School Notes.

SESSION 1916-17 came to an end on 28th June, when there was the usual exhibition of work and distribution of prizes. In his report the Headmaster referred to the fact that forty-three former pupils had gained distinctions, and eighty-five had fallen in the service of their country. He also made suitable reference to the deaths of three members of the staff, Messrs M'Culloch, M'Geachen, and Masterton. Professor Scott Lang, Chairman of the Governors, presided and presented the prizes. He gave an excellent address to the pupils. The principal prize-winners were William Muckersie, who gained the medals for English, French, Latin, and Mathematics, as well as the Milne Medal, and Margaret Wilson, who was awarded the Milne Medal on the girls' side.

The Simpson Tennis Cups were won by Margaret Wallace and J. Crawford Shaw. The O.T.C. completed a most successful session with the award of the following prizes.

Dewar Lammie Cup for Best All Round N.C.O.: Cadet Officer Henry W. Foston.

Leckie Ewing Cup for Shooting at Range: Cadet W. R. M'D. Stokes.

Scott Lang Cup for Miniature Shooting: Cadet Fred. C. Laing.

Prizes were also given for drill, musketry, bayonet fighting, and tactics, and a high standard of proficiency was reached by the winners in the various classes. At the O.T.C. camp, held at Barry in July, the School contingent maintained its record by again securing the Sports Championship.

COMPETITION RESULTS.

1. *A. Drill for N.C.O.'s below Rank of Sergeant.*

1. Lance-Corporal D. Leonard, now Corporal.
2. Lance-Corporal Muckersie and Acting Lance-Corporal Annand, now Lance-Corporal.

B. Drill for Cadets over 15 years of age.

1. Cadet A. M'Laren, now Acting Lance-Corporal.
2. Cadet H. Bodeker and Cadet R. Drummond, *prox. acc.*

C. Drill for Cadets under 15 years of age.

1. Cadet J. Donaldson.
2. Cadets J. Spence and A. Young.

2. *Musketry.*

N.C.O.'s. 1. Sergeant J. M'Clelland.
2. C.S.M. H. Foston.

Cadets. 1. Cadet R. Macintyre, now Acting
Lance-Corporal.
2. Cadet W. Dickson.



A. Drysdale

POTATO PLANTING IN ACADEMY GROUNDS

Photo

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| 3. <i>Bayonet Fighting.</i> | <i>N.C.O.'s.</i> | 1. Corporal H. Macluskie, now Sergeant. |
| | <i>Cadets.</i> | 1. Cadet R. Drummond, now Acting
Lance-Corporal. |
| 4. <i>Tactics.</i> | <i>N.C.O.'s.</i> | 1. C.S.M. H. Foston.
2. Sergeant J. C. Shaw. |
| | <i>Cadets.</i> | 1. Cadet R. Macintyre, now Acting
Lance-Corporal.
2. Cadet W. Dickson. |
| 5. <i>Best Dressed.</i> | <i>N.C.O.'s.</i> | 1. C.S.M. Foston and Lance-Corporal
Annand, equal. |
| | <i>Cadets.</i> | 1. Cadet Macintyre.
2. Cadets Wrathall, Laing, Stokes. |

In memory of Sergeant James M'Geachen, our late Gymnastic Instructor, a handsome tombstone has been erected in Dollar Churchyard by his pupils and colleagues.

Mr Masterton's long association with the School has been commemorated by the foundation of special prizes in arithmetic, the subject taught so well and so long by Mr Masterton.

School work was resumed on 5th September, and is now in full swing. Although there will be few football matches against other schools, there is no intention to let the practices drop.

The vegetable plots planted by the boys in the school ground have proved a great success, and good crops are assured.

The following further additions to our Casualty Lists fall to be recorded in this number. The task of going through the lists published daily by the War Office is very great, and omissions are certain to occur. Will the friends of any Former Pupils of Dollar who have suffered for their country's sake kindly send particulars to the editors of the *Magazine*, or the Headmaster of the School?

DONALD CULBARD, Sergeant, A.I.F., was the youngest son of the late Mr Wallace Culbard, tea-planter, Soongal, India, and of Mrs Culbard, Soongal, Neston, Cheshire. He boarded with Mr Malcolm, along with his two brothers, and left School in 1911. He afterwards emigrated to Adelaide, South Australia, where he was engaged in farming. He joined the Australian Imperial Force immediately after the outbreak of war, and saw active service in Egypt and Gallipoli. He had been six months in France when he was killed in action on 28th August 1917.

CARREL W. FIDLER, Lieutenant, A. & S.H., attached R.F.C., was reported killed just as our last number was going to press. Since

then a letter has been received from his Squadron Commander, from which we take the following extract: "He showed great promise at his work. . . . Perhaps it will bring some consolation to you to realise that not only did he love his life out here, but he was almost beloved by every one who came in contact with him. . . . I am taking the liberty of sending you the observer's badge—which I know he was looking forward soon to wear—as he had richly deserved it."

FRED. W. HARLEY, Lieutenant, Black Watch, attached Royal Flying Corps, was the youngest son of Mr and Mrs John Harley, Blinkbonny, Kirkcaldy. He boarded with Mr Cruickshank, and left School in 1904. He enlisted in the Royal Scots, and shortly afterwards obtained a commission in the Black Watch. After serving in France, and being severely wounded, he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps as an observation officer. On 3rd June 1917 his squadron engaged in an air fight over the German lines, successfully driving off the enemy. Two of our machines were lost. On 26th June a German airman dropped a list of names of our airmen who had come down in the German lines, with the words "dead" or "prisoner" opposite each. On this list was the name of Lieutenant F. W. Harley, with "dead" written opposite to it. The War Office has accepted this as official intimation of his death.

THOMAS HUNTER, Second-Lieutenant, S.M.R.E., was the elder son of the late Mrs Hunter, Sobraon, Dollar, and brother of Mrs Robertson, Holmglen, Carmunnock, Lanarkshire. He left School in 1891, and became a mechanical and electrical engineer. When war broke out he was in the service of Messrs Armour & Co., Chicago, and was superintending work for them in Buenos Aires. In 1915 he returned home to take a commission in the Royal Engineers. He was engaged in laying a railway siding at an artillery position very near the front line, on 16th July 1917, when he was instantaneously killed by an enemy shell. His commanding officer writes of him: "The company sustains a very severe loss by his death. . . . His considerable experience, unfailing cheerfulness, and perseverance would in any case have marked him, but the fact that in the best sense of the word he was a gentleman in every fibre of him, made him not merely an efficient officer, but a highly prized member of the mess, which owed as much to his character as to his work, and above all enabled him without apparent effort to get the best out of his men, whose interests were so obviously his own. . . . The value of a life like your brother's is not to be measured by its length. It has been an inspiration to many of

us to know him—and an inspiration at a time above all times when it is of importance to his country that such an influence should be felt.”

JOHN JACK, Sapper, Royal Engineers, was the only son of the late Mr Robert Jack and Mrs Jack, Drysdale Cottage, Dollar. He left School in 1898. He was working on the 13th June, when a shell burst about 10 yards from him. He was seriously wounded, and died the following day. His officer writes: “Some of his comrades are making a cross for his grave. Though your husband had been with us less than six months he was a universal favourite, and all the section is very grieved at losing him. There was no better worker in my section, and I assure you I feel his death as a personal loss.” His wife has received many letters from his comrades, expressing the high estimation and regard in which he was held.

ROBERT A. MACDONALD, Corporal, R.G.A., was the son of Mrs Macdonald, and grandson of Mr Robert Cumming, Old Manse, Kinross. He left School in 1912, and was killed in action in France on 19th July 1917.

FRED. J. MUNRO, Second-Lieutenant, R.G.A., was the eldest son of the Rev. Robert Munro, B.D., formerly of Kincardine-on-Forth, and now of 165 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh. He left School in 1901, and was a graduate in Arts and a medallist of St Andrews University. He adopted journalism as his profession, and was for some years a reporter on the staff of the *Scotsman* in Edinburgh. Subsequently he obtained a good appointment on the *Times of India*, and later did newspaper work in Australia. He died on the 12th August 1917 of wounds received in action.

JOHN MURRAY, Second-Lieutenant, K.O.S.B., killed in action on 16th August 1917, was the only son of the Rev. George Murray, T.D., of Troquhain, formerly minister of Sauchie, and now of Balmaclellan, Kirkcudbrightshire. He left Dollar in 1910.

WILLIAM COOPER RADFORD, Private, A. & S.H., was the second son of Mr and Mrs Radford, Faerwood, Dollar. He left School in 1913, and had been serving with his battalion since early in the war. On the night of his death he had been up the line with a working party. A shell burst among them, and he died before reaching the dressing station. His officers write of him: “He was always so quiet, strong, and reliable. He had done excellent work with the company in action, and was much thought of by all ranks. He was a splendid soldier, and will be greatly missed in the company.”

WILLIAM SIMPSON, Private, Royal Scots, eldest son of Mr John Simpson, Cemetery Lodge, was severely wounded in action in France on 5th August, and succumbed to his wounds on the same day. While he and some others were holding a front line trench, a shell burst among them, killing two and wounding the rest. He left School in 1899, and was employed in Kilmarnock until September 1916, when he joined the Royal Scots.

DAVID CAMERON, Second-Lieutenant, R.F.C., elder son of the late Mr Cameron, Tarbert, Harris, boarded with Dr Butchart, and left School in 1913. He was reported missing on 3rd June 1917, and is now a prisoner of war in Freiburg, Germany. He had been engaged in an air fight. On his return journey he was caught in a bad fog bank, and, as his compass had been shot away, he lost his way and was forced to land in enemy territory.

WILLIAM D. FERGUSON, Second-Lieutenant, Norfolk Regiment, son of Mr John Ferguson, Fairyknowe, Alloa, was reported wounded and missing early in August. Letters have been received from his fellow-officers, who seem confident that there is every hope of his being a prisoner in German hands.

DOUGLAS GORDON, Lieutenant, A. & S.H., attached R.F.C., third son of the late Captain V. L. Gordon, D.S.O., of Wemyss, Fife, also boarded with Dr Butchart, and left School at Christmas 1915. He had been flying for six months in France, and early in August he was brought down in the enemy lines by a direct hit from an anti-aircraft gun. Nothing further has been heard of him, but there is still hope that he may be a prisoner in Germany.

W. GORDON PENDER, M.C., Captain, R.F.C., eldest son of Mr and Mrs Pender, Onich, Bookham, Surrey, and formerly of Dollar, who was awarded the Military Cross in January 1917 for his magnificent work in the air, was reported missing on 12th August 1917. No further news of him is yet available, but we hope that he too is a prisoner.

We regret to record that no further news has been heard of Private D. M. RITCHIE, A. & S.H., who was reported missing in the last number of the *Magazine*.

WILLIAM M'N. SNADDEN, Lieutenant, A. & S.H., of whom we wrote as "missing" in our last number, is reported a prisoner of war. He is now at Ströhen, Bavaria, and writes that he has completely recovered from his wounds. He shares a hut with Lieutenant C. R. Dougall, R.F.C., who is also almost completely recovered from his wounds.

The following Former Pupils are among the wounded :—

Second-Lieut. FRANK A. ABBEY, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Sergeant J. BRUNTON, R.G.A.

Private ALEXANDER M. COWAN, R.A.M.C.

Lieutenant JAMES A. FERGUSON, H.L.I.

Second-Lieut. THOMAS L. GILLESPIE, Worcester Regiment.

Lieutenant BRUCE GRAY, R.E.

Second-Lieut. JOHN H. HARRIS, A. & S.H.

C.S.M. J. LAURENCE HEYWORTH, Liverpool Rifle Regiment
(gassed).

Captain W. KERSLEY HOLMES, R.F.A.

Second-Lieut. RONALD S. MACFARLANE, Gordon Highlanders,
attached R.F.C.

Captain DUGALD M'KECHNIE, Gordon Highlanders.

Lieutenant JOHN A. M'KINLAY, H.L.I.

Second-Lieut. HARRY S. MATSON, A. & S.H.

Captain ARTHUR G. M. MIDDLETON, M.C., R.A.M.C.

Second-Lieut. JAMES MILLER, Cameron Highlanders.

Lance-Corporal ROBERT MILLER, Gordon Highlanders.

Lieutenant R. J. MUIL, Canadians.

Captain EDWARD MYERS, West Yorkshire Regiment.

Captain J. M'A. M. PENDER, Seaforth Highlanders, attd. R.F.C.

Lieutenant CHARLES SCOTT, A. & S.H.

Second-Lieut. ANDREW SNADDON, Cameron Highlanders.

The following distinctions have been gained by Former Pupils since our last number appeared :—

The Military Cross has been awarded to Second-Lieutenant (Temp. Lieut.) ALEXANDER CARNEGIE BAXTER, Scottish Rifles, attached M.G.C. (killed in action 17th April 1917), "for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He was sent forward with his machine guns to consolidate a certain position. While advancing he discovered that a great portion of the line was still occupied by the enemy. He at once consolidated just short of the line. His foresight enabled him to occupy the line later on."

Second-Lieutenant GERALD OWEN HALLIFAX, A. & S.H., Special Reserve—"For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He showed great initiative and resource in leading a successful attack upon the enemy's line. Though severely wounded whilst making a further reconnaissance, he remained with his platoon, and later, whilst being removed on a stretcher, he rendered an accurate report to his company commander."

Captain ALEX. SCOTT, A. & S.H., son of ex-Provost Scott, Tillicoultry, and brother of Lieut.-Col. James M. Scott, D.S.O., has been awarded the Croix de Chevalier.

Captain JOHN BRUCE, R.S.F., has been mentioned in dispatches.

ADDITIONS TO ROLL OF HONOUR.

Name.	OFFICERS.		Unit.
	Rank.		
BAXTER, JOHN	2nd Lieutenant (Technical Officer).		Royal Engineers.
M'CORQUODALE, RODERICK	2nd Lieutenant		Black Watch.
MACGREGOR, CLAUDE	Midshipman		Royal Naval Reserve.
SMEATON, P. W.	Lieutenant		Army Pay Corps.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.

BAXTER, ROBERT T.	Gunner	1st Canadian Siege Battery.
ENGLAND, ALFRED T.	Private	Black Watch.
GORDON, DOUGLAS	Driver	H.L.I. (Transport).
LAMBERTON, DAVID	Sapper	Royal Engineers.
MACGREGOR, PATRICK	Bombardier	Royal Field Artillery.
MILLER, ROBERT	Lance-Corporal	Gordon Highlanders.
MORRISON, FRANK	Private	Mounted Transport, A.S.C.
MORRISON, LEWIS ALBERT	Private	Highland Light Infantry.
Robertson, Peter G.	Bombardier	Royal Garrison Artillery.
Simpson, William	Private	Royal Scots.

PROMOTIONS.

OFFICERS.		
BAIN, H. J. B.	Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached Royal Flying Corps.
BLACK, R. G.	Captain	I.A.R.
DARBY, DOUGLAS	2nd Lieutenant	Scottish Rifles, attached Royal Flying Corps.
Fidler, Carrel W.	Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached Royal Flying Corps.
GORDON, DOUGLAS	Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached Royal Flying Corps.
LAMBERTON, J. K.	Lieutenant	Scottish Rifles, attached M.G.C.
MACARA, DUNCAN	Staff-Sergeant	Tank Corps.
MACFARLANE, RONALD S.	Lieutenant	Gordon Highlanders, attached Royal Flying Corps.
MACGREGOR, IVOR G.	Lieutenant	Royal Naval Reserve.
M'KECHNIE, DUGALD	Captain	Gordon Highlanders.
MATSON, HARRY S.	2nd Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
MILLER, DAVID	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Flying Corps.
MYERS, EDWARD	Captain	West Yorkshire Regiment.
ROBERTSON, CHARLES	Captain	Gordon Highlanders.
WALKER, JAMES	2nd Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
WALKER, T. G. S.	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Scots.