



W. Whitehead

R. STANHOUSE

Photo

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Mr Robert Stanhouse.

MR ROBERT STANHOUSE, whose portrait we have pleasure in presenting to our readers, has been well known in Dollar, his birthplace, for more than half a century. A few words will suffice to tell the uneventful story of his life. He is the younger son of the late Mr Andrew Stanhouse, who for many years carried on a successful business as tailor and clothier in our midst, a kindly upright man who was held in the highest respect and esteem by all who knew him. From the lowest rung in the educational ladder, the Infant School, to the Rector's class in the Academy, Mr Stanhouse passed in his schooldays. These over, he began his life work as an apprentice to the late Mr Robert Drysdale, family grocer, with whom he ultimately became a partner. As a business man he was noted for his untiring industry and scrupulous integrity, which, backed by a large share of common sense, was bound in the long run to end in success. He adds one example to the numerous instances which go to show that the true secret of effectiveness lies in a love of duty and sympathy with endeavour.

While, as a merchant, Mr Stanhouse has acted well and thoroughly his useful part, he has also given much of his spare time and energy to public matters. Municipal honours he has not sought; but for many years he has been a member of the School Board, and also of the Parish Council, for the duties of which his knowledge of the poor of the parish well qualified him. But perhaps the most notable and fruitful of his services for the good of his fellow-townsmen has been, and continues to be, in connection with the Yearly Provident Society, of which he has been President for the last thirty years. Under his inspiring, provident management, seconded by a zealous, energetic secretary, the annual contributions have steadily advanced, amounting, in the year before the war, to the handsome sum of £1,450. This money is distributed among the members in May of every year—a welcome provision for rent day.

Mr Stanhouse is an enthusiastic member of the craft of Freemasons; and our photo shows him, properly clad with apron and decorated with jewel, as Right Worshipful Master, Lodge Craiginnan, 850, a position which he filled with much acceptance for the period of three years. He is also a member of the Royal Arch Lodge, Strathdevon.

He is a member, too, of the Bowling Green and of the Golf Club, not as a player, but rather as a supporter of pastimes, which are likely to add to the attractiveness and amenity of his much-loved Dollar. It will be seen that he has spent his life there, and is not without honour. At the same time he has seen a good bit of the world's surface; for he made, season after season, good use of his holidays, voyaging to Archangel, on the White Sea; to Cronstadt, Riga, and other towns on the Baltic; to Bilbao in Spain; to Genoa, Citta Vecchia, and other towns in Italy. The trips to the northern seas he found bracing and exhilarating, whereas those to the Mediterranean were relaxing and depressing. He has been through all his life a firm and consistent, but not bigoted, adherent of the Established Church of Scotland; and, following in the footsteps of his worthy father, he is now one of its well-known elders. He has for many years represented the Kirk Session at the meetings of the Presbytery and the Synod.

In private life there is a peculiar charm in Mr Stanhouse's society. He is homely, halehearted; he has acquired a vast and varied amount of information and anecdote upon many subjects, coupled with a knowledge of the various events of interest in the history of the district. His reading has evidently been wide; his memory is good; he is always ready with apt quotations; and he has a fund of good stories, which he tells in a pleasing Scotch accent, and with a pawkiness and unction that are quite irresistible. He has now retired from business and we hope that he may be spared to enjoy his well-earned rest for many years to come.

Wartime Hymn.

O LORD of Hosts and God of Love,
Ruler of earth and Heaven above,
In Jesus' name for help we plead;
Great are Thy mercies, great our need.

Dark clouds of war above us lower;
Grant us the aid of Heavenly power;
We will not fear what may betide
If Thou, O God, be on our side.

Not for vainglory do we go
To war against the ruthless foe :
Fighting for righteous cause and just,
In Thee we put our hope and trust.

Free us from vengeful hate, we pray ;
Vengeance is Thine ; Thou wilt repay ;
Thou wilt help them who suffer wrong,
Nor give the victory to the strong.

Our soldiers on the battle plain,
Our sailors on the perilous main,—
May they be true of heart to fight,
As serving Thee and in Thy sight.

Support the dying, Lord ; and bless
The widows and the fatherless ;
Bind up the broken hearts that mourn
For them who never will return.

Comfort the wounded in their pain ;
The prisoners with Thy grace sustain ;
Not unto us, but unto Thee
Shall be the praise for victory.

May they who govern us fulfil
Their task according to Thy will.
Speed the glad day when wars shall cease,
And all the world may be at peace. Amen.

W. C. BENET.

GRIMSHAW, N.C., U.S.A.

A Soldier's Funeral.

"WE will have the first part of the service in the church," said the padre, purple with cold, like the rest of us ; "their people will like to know of it." One couldn't help glancing round the building and thinking how it compared with the mental picture their people would probably call up.

The larger portion of all four walls was still standing, it is true, and the roof had only three or four shell holes through it ; but nothing more bleak and desolate could be imagined. The painted plaster had been shaken off roof and walls in great patches, and lay scattered and crumbling on the floor ; only a few jagged splinters remained of the window glass ; the crucifix was smashed ; of a statue of St Joseph nothing remained but the wooden frame upon which it was moulded, and the feet. Another, of Jeanne

d'Arc, standing modestly on the floor in a corner, had escaped injury. The doors were gone, and the pews and chairs. It was a bitter grey day, with a drearily savage east wind which swept unimpeded through the gaping holes by which shells had made their entry, and defied our coats' up-turned collars to keep us from shivering. The bodies of the two poor fellows we had come to bury were lying side by side sewn up in their blankets. A dozen of their comrades stood by. In the bitter draught the padre put on his surplice, and the service began, while the guns near and far banged and barked at the enemy, hidden not so far away by yonder low bleak rise in the ground topped by the skeleton of a house. At the appointed place the two bodies were lifted and carried into the open air, along the narrow path that led through the gravestones of the French peasantry buried in times of peace, through the rows of little crosses marking the graves of French soldiers, through more rows of little crosses, bearing dates that should be great in history, which carry the names of England's dead, until it brought us to the spot where half a dozen graves are kept ever ready, for the last row lengthens steadily. And here the padre continued and finished the service, while we stood round the graves shuddering with the cold, and thinking of the rows upon rows of little crosses that never stop increasing; each cross marking a centre of regrets and sorrows and of hopes, and yet to the casual eye merely one amongst so many. . . . The bitter wind was blowing, the British guns were firing intermittently, persistently, and now and then with a whistling moan and a bursting roar, a heavy German shell ended its flight a few hundred yards away.

Amateur Speculations on Great Subjects.

BY DR STRACHAN.

(Continued from page 102.)

THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

THE sun is but a part, but the centre and ruling member of our solar system, which embraces a sphere extending to, at least, the furthest planet, Neptune, and including the eight great planets, and several hundreds of small planets or asteroids, some not exceeding twelve miles in diameter. The whole of this vast conglomeration

of worlds, the individual members of which we may take to be fashioned more or less like this earth, form a mighty but well ordered family ; which, each in its own allotted path and regular pace, wheel continually round the sun from the beginning to the end of time, without confusion or undue interference with one another. *What* is the nature of the force which induces and controls this motion, and regulates the path and pace of one and all? Is each to be regarded as simply a law unto itself, moved by its own inherent property in relation to the sun, and kept in order by the balance of gravitation in the community of worlds? Or may it not be that all are united in, and move as one mass, being driven by the rotatory motion of the sun? I shall not attempt to deal with the facts and arguments which go to support the former and generally accepted view, but I think there is nothing in the nature of things as known to exclude consideration of the latter, to which I now invite the attention of the reader.

Physicists have found it necessary to assume the existence of a subtle and extremely dense medium or "ether" occupying space, to account for the transmission of heat and light. Suppose this ether to possess the property of fluid, in that a swiftly rotating body placed in it would communicate a corresponding wheeling motion to such portion as came within its influence, this motion, from inherent inertia, and slipping of its molecules, diminishing in velocity according to distance. We should thus have surrounding the sun, which is such a body, a mass of revolving ether which would carry with it such planets as it contained, the period of each being according to position in the vortex ; while a contrary rotatory motion would be communicated to each, inter-gravitation acting like the cogs of a wheel. Each rotating planet would also have a revolving sphere of its own, in which would be carried such satellites as it might contain.

Recent observations of the planet Venus, showing that it presents always the same face to the sun, and the like well-known relation to the earth of our moon, seem to me strongly corroborative of the above view of planetary revolution. Such a condition of things may be accounted for in two ways : (1) by supposing that rotation of the planet has come to correspond so exactly with revolution that, even in the course of ages (as in the case of the moon), no change of face has been observed ; and (2) that rotation has, from some cause, altogether ceased, and the planet is simply floating stationary in a circling medium. In the absence of any known law to account for it, the former would have to be regarded as an accidental coincidence, which, in one case, would be very remarkable, but as occurring in two instances is almost inconceivable. According to the latter, assuming the circling sphere, such a relation of Venus to the sun

and of the moon to our earth would be the probable condition of things; gravitation, owing perhaps to cooling and consequent contraction of the planet or satellite, becoming insufficient to drive the wheel, so to speak, but enough to bind the exposed surface to the larger body, leaving the other half of Venus in perpetual night, cold and sterile.

We have next to consider the question of *what* is that ether which fills all space and permeates matter, and to which science is yet forced to impute a mere hypothetical existence? Electricity is also held to be a more or less hypothetical entity which occupies space and permeates matter. May not the two be identical, the ether being, in fact, ethereal electricity? It appears to me that much in meteorological conditions and weather phenomena could be much more satisfactorily explained on the basis of an electric medium than on that of varying temperature as affecting the gases. I may state the following difficulties in the latter case.

1. The atmosphere is held to consist of the two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, in the constant proportion of 21 to 79. Apart from chemical union, as nitrous and nitric acids, I know of no law determining the relative proportions in which these gases would be held together unless as *solution in some menstruum*. If we have them separately they can be mixed in any proportion. 2. Where in the mixture is contained the electricity which in some degree is never absent; and what causes the varying quantity or density as in thunder, &c.? 3. What properties of oxygen and nitrogen do we know of to account for the almost constant movement of the atmosphere—sometimes in gentle breeze, shifting from point to point of the compass; sometimes in fitful gusts and squalls; sometimes in violent storms, hurricanes, and tornadoes of narrow range and terrific force; sometimes in whirlwinds of varying dimensions, from what we see in effect on the dusty road, to such as work havoc in tropical countries; and again, what property of the gaseous mixture will satisfactorily account for barometric change, and the ever varying power of holding watery vapour, and of depositing it as rain, apparently in such capricious and inconsiderate fashion.

If we now reverse the order of things, and consider that our atmospheric basis consists of ethereal electricity in direct contact with the sun on the one hand and the earth on the other, the above phenomena would appear more easy of explanation.

The view most favoured by modern physicists is, according to Blackie's "Modern Encyclopædia," that electricity "is not substance, but simply a state of motion of the particles of a medium which is believed to pervade all bodies and all space—the same medium

whose vibrations constitute light." We need not concern ourselves about terms; but certainly lightning seems fairly substantial when it strikes a house and brings the chimney tumbling about our ears. If the hypothetical medium, or ether, is electricity when in motion, why not electricity always, or as I have termed it, ethereal electricity as distinguished from electric fluid or lightning. It is this that I suggest as our atmospheric basis, and as possessing the following properties:—

1. Varying densities as acted upon by solar and terrestrial influences respectively.

2. A strong tendency to equilibrium of density, with consequent attraction and repulsion of masses of different densities.

3. Holding in solution oxygen and nitrogen gases in the constant proportion of 21 to 79; and watery vapour in varying quantity according to density.

Let us now consider the question under these headings in relation to meteorological conditions with which we are familiar.

1. *Ethereal Density*.—I would here point to the varying atmospheric pressure as indicated by the barometer. We may take it that 30 inches at sea level, and falling by $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch for every 100 feet of elevation, stands for the weight of the gases as affected by gravitation and consequent compression. But how are we to account for a variation of about 3 inches (28 to 31) from this standard? This, as is well known, bears no relation to temperature by which the gases would be affected. It, therefore, clearly points to some other constituent of our atmosphere, and to some other disturbing influence which is in almost continual action. Manifestations of this may also be found in the aurora, in summer or sheet lightning, and, perhaps, in the occasional glories attending the setting of the sun. Does not this "medium" or ether provide us with a ready means of solving this problem? If the steady action of the sun causes vibrations which reach us in the form of light, heat, and electric manifestations, may not other solar activities, which we have seen to be very great and constantly changing, cause other effects, among which may be varying density of our atmospheric ether?

On the other hand, we have terrestrial and subterranean disturbance, as in earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. In less, and to us imperceptible, degree they may be very frequent or almost continual in some part or other of the globe. Distance presents little or no obstacle to the passage of ether waves, as is demonstrated by the seismometer, and illustrated by telegraph and telephone wires.

I have dwelt thus upon the problem of what *may be* with the

view of affording a possible explanation of *what is*. I am convinced, by much observation and ocular demonstration, that many, if not all, of our weather phenomena arise from the constant interchange of ethereal density between the earth and the atmosphere as affected by terrestrial and solar disturbances respectively. Thus, to take an extreme case, I believe thunder to be caused by a very low density of a certain portion of the earth's surface, to which the atmospheric ether is thereby attracted, concentrated, and consequently greatly increased in density. Transference then takes place in the form of lightning. The lightning flash I believe to be the sudden conversion of extreme density over a certain area to the fluid form, in which it darts to the earth in, it is estimated, about the millionth of a second, the space previously occupied being left as an absolute vacuum, except for the gases, oxygen and nitrogen, which immediately unite as nitric acid, the surrounding ether at the same time rushing in, with the crash of thunder, to fill the vacuum. The atmosphere is thus greatly reduced in density, with consequent condensation into cloud and rain of the excess of watery vapour previously held in solution. Thus the thunder cloud is not the cause or source, but the *result* of the lightning. All this is, I believe, consistent with our experience of thunder. Before the bursting of the storm the atmosphere over a considerable area is of a lurid hue, and feels close and oppressive. With the first flash relief is felt, and, as flash succeeds flash, electric density becomes sensibly less and less, till equilibrium is established in our neighbourhood; but the thunder may still be heard in the distance, where the same process is going on.

The counterpart to the above is when high ethereal density is in the earth from subterranean disturbance; it may be at a great depth below the surface. The tendency then is to redress the balance by a rush of ether from the ground to the atmosphere in the form, not of lightning, but of wind, of force according to difference, and in the direction of least atmospheric density. I have observed very many evidences confirmatory of this view of the matter, of which we may take the following as examples.

On a bright and gusty winter day, after a recent fall of fine, dry snow, I watched, for a long time, the snow on a field rising from numerous *points* on the ground, sweeping off in one direction with a swaying motion and spreading out in fan shape till merged in the general rush of the wind. I was convinced that the wind was coming out of the ground at these points, and carrying with it the snow in the direction of low atmospheric density. I frequently notice, on a warm summer day, very similar appearances on a dusty

road. "Cats' paws" on a previously calm sea, usually heralding a storm, are, I believe, of the same nature, the wind coming out of the water. Little whirlwinds, carrying the dust perpendicularly in the air with a swaying motion, are also of frequent occurrence on such occasions, and most certainly come out of the ground. Water-spouts at sea, as the result of whirlwinds, can also, I believe, be much more simply explained in this way as originating in the water, than by supposing the meeting of contrary currents of wind as thus: "a north wind blowing side by side with a south wind" (Chambers's "Encyclopædia"), causing a whirlwind which sweeps up from the surface the water or spray, carrying it high in the air. The occurrence side by side of two contrary winds would here require to be explained; then supposing them to cause a whirl in the air, how would that acquire a lifting power to carry up such a quantity of water as is often observed? On the other hand, it seems quite consistent with our very limited knowledge of electricity to suppose that, under certain conditions, it possesses this inherent circling tendency; and that, coming out of the water, as attracted by the lower density of the atmosphere, it would carry up the water just as it carries up the dust on the road. This view of the matter is, I think, borne out by the fact that "the sea at the base of the whirling vortices is thrown into the most violent commotion resembling the surface of water in rapid ebullition" (Chambers). This seems much more in keeping with a force coming up through the water than with one merely acting on the surface. There is, on the Sheardale Braes, near the Haugh farm, an almost circular area of some twenty yards in diameter, where every tree is torn and twisted and some uprooted, while those around are untouched. I can conceive of no other cause of such a state of things than a violent whirlwind coming out of the ground at that spot.

No doubt the action of the sun's rays on the surface of the earth does, by raising temperature, cause certain air currents, as land and sea breezes and trade winds, just as a fire in the grate causes a draught up the chimney; but such a cause seems quite inadequate to account for the intermittent and ever-varying winds on a gusty day, or those violent hurricanes and tornadoes, of sudden advent and narrow range, which work such destruction on land and sea; while it can scarcely be twisted into an explanation of whirlwinds. I cannot think that such are to be explained by any property known to be possessed by the atmospheric gases. These are simply matter in a gaseous state, which all material substances are capable of assuming under certain conditions of temperature. Except in chemical union, either together or with other substances, they are as inert as are the metals and minerals of the earth.

Electricity, on the other hand, whether or not it is substance, is certainly not matter in the sense of being subject to the laws which affect matter; but possesses properties entirely distinct and peculiar to itself alone. Of these I have dealt with the strong tendency to equilibrium of density, and have here only further to refer to its solvent power over the atmospheric gases and watery vapour. The constant proportion of 21 to 79 in which oxygen and nitrogen exist in our atmosphere, and their not uniting chemically as nitric acid, except in the vacuum left by the lightning flash, point clearly to their being held in solution in some menstruum, and, therefore, to the existence of such as the basis of our atmosphere. Watery vapour in solution is also more or less constant in the atmosphere, but in very varying quantity, and with frequent deposit as rain, hail, or snow, of excess for the time being; and, in partial condensation, as cloud, mist, or fog. Such condensation of watery vapour is usually explained on the thermal theory, as a warm, moisture-laden wind coming into a cold region. This, surely, is inconsistent with the theory itself, in making the warm, and therefore light, air flow to the cold and heavier region. It is quite inconsistent also with the well-known fact that the atmosphere is generally bright and clear in a hard frost, and becomes dull and cloudy, and may rain, when a thaw comes on. The change also frequently occurs without any wind. The solution of watery vapour in the atmosphere is clearly demonstrated in observing the steam from the funnel of an engine. This is first partially condensed, by the cool air, into visible steam; but this again suddenly disappears on being absorbed by solution in the atmosphere. With smoke, on the other hand, there is no such sudden disappearance, it being lost to sight only by being gradually dispersed. In certain states of the atmosphere, however, the steam may be seen to reach the ground, and only then to disappear by being absorbed into the terrestrial portion of the ether. I was on one occasion much interested in the appearance of a cloud, in an otherwise clear sky, continuously passing over the top of one of our hills. It was evident that the vapour was being condensed in cloud by the hill, and redissolved immediately on passing it.

The suggestion which I here venture to put forward is that our solar system is embraced in one vast revolving sphere of ether, or as I regard it, ethereal electricity; which again may be but a single vortex among millions in the infinity of space revealed to us by the starry firmament. My next endeavour will be to form some conception of *how* it may all have come about.

(*To be continued.*)

Fed Up.

DEXTER, the erstwhile faithful Gunner Dexter, has grossly deceived me. After months—I could very soon have said years—of devoted service, ministering to my every want, anticipating my most unreasonable whim, sharing all my unavoidable perils, he has at last let me down. It happened like this. From the *dolce far niente* of the battery position they sent me to spend a few weeks amidst the perils and excitements of the Waggon Line, while the Captain changed places with me and went to be fattened by the mess cook at the guns.

"Your servant, Dexter, can cook for you down there, I suppose?" said the Major, and in my foolish innocence I replied, "I'm sure he'll be able to do all I need, sir. It will do me good to live on bully and biscuits for a time." Dexter, on being interrogated, signified rather sheepishly that if I wouldn't be hypercritical he thought he might manage.

One wild, tempestuous afternoon I leapt (with my groom's assistance) to the saddle and splashed the few miles to the Waggon Line, while Dexter with my other necessities followed in the mess cart. My billet I found on the bedraggled fringe of a large town. The "dining-room" opened direct upon a miry road by which endless strings of supply lorries and G.S. waggons bump and grind and jingle about their business. Its door and antique windows of reinforced cardboard peered straight into the eye of the prevailing wind, and it seemed I was to be joint tenant with a young but lusty cyclone. On some of the bright spring days that followed, the steam from my tea cup whirled to leeward like the smoke from a destroyer's funnels, till I shook off my torpor and stuffed up some of the crannies with summer clothing.

Simpleton that I was, I dared the elements again on a trip to the neighbouring canteen and purchased a tin of condensed milk, a box of Bath Olivers, and a soup square, stifling the reproaches of my Spartan conscience by assuring it that this outlay was justifiable when my house-warming was in view.

When Dexter arrived, I told him that I should like "something to eat" (those were my very words) about eight o'clock. Then I went out to look at the horses . . . Looking at horses always exhausts me, particularly if I have to do it under the sardonic eye of a taciturn and capable Sergeant-Major, and I returned to my new home, Boreas Lodge, eagerly anticipating a slice of bully beef and a Bath Oliver in the lee of the cold black stove. At eight o'clock I sat down with a waving candle at my elbow, and Dexter brought in a plate of soup.

"Hullo!" said I, dismayed a little, for I was trying to live on the pay of a subaltern, "you have already used the soup square?" "Yessir," said Dexter. The soup was excellent; it radiated a pleasant internal warmth that seemed to temper the bitterness of the wind that beat upon the surface of my person.

"D'you like fried onions, sir?" asked Dexter, as he whipped away my plate. Now, from childhood I have longed to eat fried onions in large quantities, but have denied myself this pleasure, from cowardice or consideration. The solitude of the Waggon Line seemed to afford the opportunity of a life-time; and I said I did. Two minutes later, after mysterious clatterings in the kitchen, Dexter appeared with an astounding plateful—meat of some unrecognisable variety, such as the poet sings was never yet on land or sea; costly exotic vegetables, the potato, the sprout, the Heinz bean, not to mention the Spanish onion in luscious pungent shavings; smoking islands around which flowed a rich and precious tide of sauces, condiments long since deemed mythical, surviving in name alone in canteen lists and other works of fancy. And from this mounded platter there drifted and tossed to leeward a stream of vapour heavy with savours as the zephyrs of Cockayne. A sweet followed—a nameless lure, an anonymous temptation. . . . As I realised with a start that I had finished it, I determined to reprimand Dexter with the utmost severity, and hailed him in my battery gun-drill tones.

"Yessir," he answered, and dived in with a savoury—not one of your active service savouries, a glutinous, lukewarm splash of melted ration cheese clasping a wedge of damp toast; but a creation in which cheese was represented but as a reminiscence, chastened, etherealised. And then, indignant as I was, Dexter taunted me with a Bath Oliver and butter, and put the flourish to his impertinence with a cup of such coffee as our dreams are made of. . . . So it goes on, day after day. The people at the guns pity me; they send down pencilled notes saying they hope I am all right, and cheerioh, and so forth. Dexter professes a childish diffidence about each forthcoming meal; I meet him returning from the Q.M.S. stores with our rations—his and mine—in their natural state in a sandbag over his shoulder; and he never fails to tell me how poor they are. I have discoursed to him of plain living and high thinking, and his comment is ever "Very good, sir," before he returns to the kitchen to conspire anew against my figure. . . . I am ashamed to accompany waggon loads of ammunition up to the guns; my favourite charger looks at me askance, and grunts as I clamber to the saddle. I ought to return there rather lean and tired—too bright-eyed, and a little gaunt, you know—proving the

wear and tear of life at the Waggon Line, but Dexter has let me down.

His defence is, I daresay, that he is trying experiments upon me—his bloke ; but what excuse is that for me, who show only too plainly that they are all successful ?

W. K. H.

The Ministers of Dollar Parish Subsequent to the Reformation.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

(Continued.)

IN my last instalment of this essay I referred to the prominence of the Sons of the Manse in the ranks of the Scottish ministry, and I observed in connection with this feature of Scottish Church life that it spoke eloquently regarding the excellence of the home training enjoyed by the families of our Scottish clergy. For my own part, indeed, after a careful scrutiny of that wonderful compilation, Dr Hew Scott's "*Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ*," I am personally satisfied that there is probably no home in all the world, which is so likely to produce both talent and character in the children reared within it, as is the home of which a Scottish minister is the head. Nay, I believe I may go even further and assert that a like rule holds good of the Christian minister's home in every land. At all events it is a significant fact, proved, as I believe, by an analysis of the great "*Encyclopædia of National Biography*," of which the late Leslie Stephen was editor, that the families of the clergy have contributed more extensively to the notable names which figure in the numerous volumes of that wonderful work, than has been the case with any other rank or class in the community.

But though in every part of the United Kingdom the children of the clergy have, out of all due proportion, been successful in pushing their way to the front in all departments of the nation's life, this special fertility of clerical families in men of light and leading is, I believe, even more conspicuously discernible in the kingdom of Scotland than it is in the other parts of Great Britain and Ireland. Perhaps an explanation of this distinctive feature of our Scottish clerical life may be found in the greater part played in Scotland's national development by the Presbyterian ministry than can be claimed in England or Ireland for the Episcopal clergy. Certain at least it is that the manse bulks more largely in Scottish life than the rectory does in English ; the reason being, perhaps,

that the former represents the most favourably placed members of one class in the country, the latter the least well-equipped of another. In a word, while the minister may be called a leader of middle class men, the rector, on the other hand, regards himself, and is regarded by others, as more properly an appendage of the upper class. Hence a certain robustness in the one, and a certain invertebrateness in the other type. But whatever the cause, the fact is indisputable that no class of Scotsmen has played a more honourable part in history than the Sons of the Manse have done.

There is, indeed, a vulgar prejudice still sometimes heard to the effect that a minister's sons very often turn out badly. Now it is true, of course, and cannot be denied, that birth, even in a Scottish manse, does not guarantee either excellence of moral character or conspicuous success in life. For black sheep do appear occasionally even among the well-tended flock, whose place of nurture has been the singularly favourable domicile of a Scottish minister's home. Such ruined careers, in the case of manse children, though not really numerous, are always painful and impressive. As I think of them, I am reminded of the diverse courses of two Alpine streams of which I have read. High up in the Alps, it is said, there are two small lakes lying so close together that it is possible to throw a stone from the one to the other. The one lake is called Lago Bianco, or the White Loch, because its waters are light green in colour. Its neighbour, on the contrary, is named Lago Nero, or the Black Loch, on account of its somewhat gloomy and forbidding appearance. Now it is a remarkable feature in the topical position of these two lakes, that though in such close juxtaposition, they are yet respectively situated in different inclines of the watershed. And so while Lago Bianco sends its overflow to the Adriatic, Lago Nero, on the other hand, is connected with the Black Sea. We look at the one lake, and think of the sunshine of Italy; we turn to the other, and are transported to the wintry Crimea. How like all this is to the case, unhappily not unknown even in Scottish clerical circles, in which two lads who, though they started life in what seemed equally favourable circumstances—though, for instance, they were bred and born in adjoining manses, though they spent, moreover, most of their early years in the closest union and fellowship, enjoying, indeed, precisely similar initial advantages and opportunities, and doubtless also animated in each case by identical hopes and aspirations, yet were nevertheless found at the close of the day to have followed strangely sundered courses—

“One going down to darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the crystal sea.”

The first proving the guilty breaker, and the last the honoured builder of God's eternal law.

But while, in the presence of such sad eventualities and painful experiences as those which I have endeavoured to indicate in the above paragraph, it is comparatively easy to account for the false and misleading opinion still entertained even in the twentieth century regarding the alleged frequency with which the sons of ministers make shipwreck of their lives, I am personally very glad to think that all the available evidence which has come under my notice tends to contradict and overthrow this injurious but mistaken conclusion. The rule, indeed, as I have already asserted, has been found, on adequate scrutiny, to be precisely the reverse. That is to say, it now is a generally acknowledged fact that the families of ministers, as a rule, prove both a credit and a comfort to their parents, and not unfrequently, indeed, even attain to positions of great eminence and distinction.

I have been led to make these observations because, in dealing with the career of the next Protestant minister whose name appears on the roll of our Dollar clergy, I am compelled, at the very outset of my remarks regarding him, to acknowledge that, son of a minister though he was, and born in the Kinross-shire manse of Orwell, he must nevertheless be described as being, if not in all respects a thoroughly bad stick, at least as being a very unsatisfactory and disappointing specimen of a minister of the gospel. The particular minister whose career, I believe, warrants the above unfavourable comment was a certain Robert Gedde, or Geddes, M.A., who was a son of the Rev. Patrick Geddes, of Orwell, and was born about 1617.

Young Geddes, Dr Scott informs us, studied at St Andrews, and graduated there in 1635 when about eighteen years old. Now graduation at such an early age seems to me to suggest naturally, not only that the father of such a promising student must himself have been a competent scholar, who had in all probability personally supervised his son's education, but that the lad too must in all likelihood have shown a considerable aptitude for learning, and in point of fact must have been somewhat precocious and advanced for his years. If this supposition be held to be both rational and credible, then the fact that Mr Geddes was twenty-nine years old before he was ordained at Dollar in 1646 may possibly suggest, either that he felt that he had no special call to the ministry, and was accordingly in no hurry to enter upon its duties, or that he was not a popular preacher, and had therefore some difficulty in getting a call. If the latter be the explanation of the somewhat prolonged period of his probationership, possibly the fact that the Dollar manse,

and perhaps even the Dollar church, had been burned by Montrose's Highlanders the year before his settlement, may have so curtailed the number of candidates for the Dollar cure that the young Orwell divine may practically have had a walk over. The one unquestioned fact, indeed, regarding the incumbency of Mr Robert Geddes, which Dr Scott records in his "Fasti," is that some ten years after his settlement in the parish he was deprived of his charge and deposed from the ministry for the unclerical offence of fighting. It would be very interesting now, were I able, to give an account of what led to the brawl that had such an unfortunate issue in the case of the Dollar minister. And certainly one would like to know whether it was one of his parishioners, or one of his co-presbyters, with whom he ventured to engage in fisticuffs. One also would be glad to learn whether Mr Geddes's pugnacious escapade was merely the expression of a natural irascibility or violence of temper on his part, or more probably was the outcome of some unhappy orgy of intemperance, breaking out into a disorderly fracas. But, unfortunately, Dr Scott gives his readers no information on these matters ; and as unfortunately I have no access either to the Session or the Presbytery records, which might be able to cast light on this mysterious affair, I am perforce confined to the bald statement that, as the result of a quarrel ending in a pugilistic encounter, the Dollar parson was publicly condemned as unfit for the ministry, and deprived of his official status by the Presbytery with which he was connected.

(*To be continued.*)

Facile Princeps.

No phantom of delight was she ;
Superbly tangible she stood,
Endowed with great vitality,
Fresh as Diana in the wood,
Delightful, certainly, she was,
And of much jealousy the cause.

No awkward angles marred her lines,
Which were, *de facto*, nobly planned ;
In every feature there were signs
Of the consummate master-hand,
Soul stirring, lovable, men said,
Yet to no altar had been led.

Sylph-like she moved through lines of trees,
 Emitting light as on she went ;
 Skimmed upland paths with stately ease,
 So little energy was spent.
 No sound was heard of stronger power
 Than that of bees around a flower.

Since first the sun changed night to day
 Her force occult eluded man,
 As did rare gems in mines of clay—
 For such is Nature's subtle plan.
 Then science, with magician's key,
 Evolved *the perfect car* you see.

Rambling Reminiscences of Schooldays.

BY ARCH. G. GIBB.

WITH the mercury flirting round the zero mark, and a blizzardly "north-easter" driving the snowdrift against the window-panes, it is pleasant to get before a birch-log fire and dream of the past. Often have I sat thus, with my faithful old briar pipe between my lips, and my thoughts have invariably turned to my schooldays, and incidents long forgotten come trooping into my thoughts one after another.

We are told that our brain is simply a "memory box" on which, from our earliest years, are recorded impressions and thoughts. These impressions never wholly disappear, and only require kindred associations to recall them to our mind. Although many of these impressions were faint when the particular circumstances occurred which they record, others were deeply impressed on the "memory box," and oft-times, unbidden, come to our mind with vivid clearness. That is why, when one looks back on the past, those incidents which impressed one most at the time are apt to recur more frequently in later years.

Some "memory boxes" are, of course, more receptive than others, and on them the impressions are deeper and more lasting, and this accounts for the wonderfully retentive memories of some people, as compared with others, on whom the same events may have made very little impression.

* * * * *

Schooldays are, perhaps, the periods on which the memory is most apt to linger, as they are, probably, the happiest and most free

from care. The average schoolboy does not worry much about external things. His thoughts are mostly occupied in trying to get as much enjoyment out of the present as he possibly can, and with little to trouble about the future.

And so, as I sit by my fire on a winter's night, with the other members of the household preparing for their night's rest, I dream of my happy schooldays of long ago.

My boyhood was spent in one of the loveliest spots in broad Scotland. The little town of Dollar, which nestles at the foot of the Ochils, in the valley of the river Devon, is beautifully situated. Nature has been kind to this district, which abounds in hills, dales, and glens, while through the valley winds the "clear-winding Devon" immortalised by Burns :—

"How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair ;
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud rose :
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows."

In a deep ravine, at the northern slope of Dollar Hill, lies the glen, and perched on a high wooded hill at the head of the glen is a castle, originally called Castle Gloom, but since 1489 known as Castle Campbell. This castle in bypast days was one of the strongholds of the chieftains of the Clan Campbell, and is now one of the most popular view places in that district.

From an educational point of view the Academy at Dollar is admitted to be one of the best in Scotland. This handsome building, a fine example of the Grecian style of architecture, was founded by John MacNab, an old Dollar boy, who had amassed a fortune in London. MacNab died in 1802, and after sixteen years' litigation the building of the Academy was commenced. As the legacy by this time amounted to seventy-four thousand pounds sterling no expense was spared in the erection of the building.

At the time I speak of, pupils were prepared for the Civil Service, and we had many boys from overseas. During my sojourn there, we had them from China, East India, West Indies, South Africa, Egypt, Spain, the United States, Newfoundland, and other countries. Many of these were sons of Scotchmen in business in other lands, who wished their boys to have a good commercial training. There were others, however, who came not knowing one word of English.

We had, for instance, three lads from China (Wong Yong Ching, Wo Assi, and Wei-ai-Yuk). The latter became the best writer in the Academy, taking the highest honour—the silver pen, while Wo Assi became the most daring cyclist we had.

Then we had several Parsees from Central India, grown-up men they were, who, when they arrived in Dollar, wore frock coats and fez caps, and were naturally objects of great interest to all the other boys. I can only remember the name of one of these Parsees, Boman Gee Dadabhoy. Another, whose name I have forgotten, died while in Dollar, and a difficulty arose regarding the disposal of his remains. It was said that in his own country he would have been “buried” on a tree-top. As some doubt, however, existed about the procedure, this plan was not adopted, but whether he was planted in the “Auld Kirkyard,” or his body embalmed and shipped to his own country, I cannot now recall.

* * * * *

There were generally about sixteen masters in the Academy, besides assistants. The names of those who were in power during my sojourn there were Dr Barrack (Principal); Dr Lindsay; Messrs Symmers, Douglas, Leitch, Brown, Macdonald, Montgomery, Malcolm, Spence, Christie, Bonne, Snowden; and two or three assistants.

Many famous men were educated in Dollar Academy, and the names of not a few will be found amongst the pages of “Who’s Who.”

The favourite games on the playground were cricket, football, “shinty,” rounders, prisoners’ base, and “smuggle the button.” During the summer months the river Devon was daily availed of for swimming, and it was no uncommon sight to see, on a fine day after school hours, a crowd of forty or fifty boys disporting themselves in the favourite swimming pool—the “Dam Head,” belonging to Haig’s Bleachfield. In the winter time skating was indulged in at the Dead Waters or on the Devon when the ice was strong enough to bear.

One particular event comes to my memory connected with skating. At the “Dead Waters” there were two ponds adjacent to each other, one for curling and the other for skating. The former was higher by about two feet than the latter, and was protected by an embankment, along which was a path perhaps three feet wide. On the occasion I refer to, the famous traveller and author, R. M. Ballantyne (author of “The Coral Island,” “Ungava,” &c.), who was to lecture in the Academy Hall that evening, was skating on the curling pond and doing some fancy figures. Suddenly he came up swiftly to the side of the pond, took a flying leap over the embankment and over the patch and landed safely on the other pond, much

to the admiration of all who witnessed the performance. Needless to say, none of us tackled the job successfully.

* * * * *

Ten miles from Dollar lies the famous field of Bannockburn, where six hundred years ago the Scots fought and won a battle that ever since has been regarded as one of the most notable events in the history of Scotland. To-day, the descendants of the men who won that battle are in the firing line on the banks of the Somme, showing the same grit and determination to win as their forefathers did in the days of old.

The happiest recollections of my schoolboy days are the bird-nesting expeditions. The whole valley of the Devon, the plantations and the hills and glens around were ideal building-places for the feathered tribe, and there was scarcely a tree, a clump of bushes, or a marsh I was not acquainted with. On Saturdays we used to go off in parties of six or eight, and with our lunch in our pockets would spend the entire day bird-nesting in the woods or amongst the hills. In the evening we would return with our spoils. Nearly every boy in the Academy had a collection of eggs and great rivalry prevailed as to who would find the rarest.

As I sit and dream, with the fragrant clouds of "Old Chum" floating around, the names of many of these birds come to my mind. Some of these names, possibly, were "local"; others are common all over Scotland. Just as they occur I jot them down, some with their English cognomens:—

Mavis (Thrush), Blackie (Blackbird), Feltie (Missel Thrush), Yite (Yellowhammer), Butteroxie (Oxeye Tit), Shilly or Shilfa (Chaffinch), Chermuffit (Sedge Warbler), Lintie (Linnet), Wibinnie (Hedge Sparrow), Bully (Bullfinch), Watercrow (Waterouzel), Water Waggie (Wagtail), Coal-head (Blackcap), Patrick (Partridge), Peasweep (Lapwing), Whaup (Curlew), Lavrock (Lark), Cushie Doo (Wood Pigeon).

I may say here that our principal authority on eggs was a book called "British Birds and Nests," by, I think, the Rev. T. H. Wood, a book we always referred to when there was any doubt about the eggs we found, which wasn't often. Probably the best book ever written on the habits of British birds is White's "Natural History of Selborne." I have a copy of it now, and still find it extremely interesting. Though published in 1770, it is still the authority amongst naturalists.

* * * * *

So long as boys are boys, bird-nesting will go on in the same



A. Drysdale

PASTORAL PLAY

Photo

way ; so that where animals or birds are to be killed, men will be found to participate in the sport. The element of danger of which I have spoken was not, however, confined to climbing trees and scaling precipices. We had frequently to run the chance of being captured by a gamekeeper or an irate farmer who objected to a gang of boys passing through a field of oats and barley. There were many gentlemen's estates in the neighbourhood, who made their plantations into "preserves," where they and their friends would amuse themselves during the shooting season. We had often to employ the tactics of the Indians when we made a raid on these preserves after the nests of the partridges or pheasants, and if it taught us nothing else, it taught us to be observant and cautious when we were in the enemy's country.

(*To be continued.*)

Tea: Its Cultivation and Manufacture.

BY H. LAURIE BLACKLAW (F.P.).

THOUGH tea is a beverage universally drunk, very few of the partakers of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" have any idea of how the plant is grown and the leaf made into tea. A short account, therefore, of the industry by one who has spent thirty years tea planting in Ceylon may be of interest to readers of the *Dollar Magazine*.

The word "tea" is derived from the Chinese "tcha" or "tha," and the plant is closely allied to the genus *Camellia*.

In its wild state it is a bushy shrub, but often a small tree growing to a height of from 20 to 30 feet ; but in cultivation it is kept down by regular pruning to a bush 2½ to 3 feet high.

It is grown principally in China, Japan, Java, India, and Ceylon, and is indigenous to upper Assam and parts of China.

Tea is planted in fields previously roaded, drained, lined, and holed, as seed, but more generally as plants taken from a nursery and in lines or rows 4 feet apart, each plant having about 12 square feet of soil, so that an acre would contain about 3,600 plants.

It greatly depends on the elevation as to when the bushes are ready for plucking, those planted up to 2,000 feet maturing more quickly than those growing at a higher elevation. Roughly speaking, in the low country tea would be ready to pluck in about two years' time, while up country it would take double that.

A year or so before plucking the plant is cut down to 6 or 9

inches from the ground to allow lateral branches to develop, and so obtain a plucking surface.

In due time it is ready for light plucking, and as the bushes grow older they are plucked on an average once every nine or ten days throughout the year in Ceylon. I say Ceylon advisedly, as in Assam, Northern India, and China there is a wintering season when for some months the tea has a rest.

The plucking of the leaf is one of the most important of the field operations. Each coolie is provided with a basket in which is deposited the leaf plucked. Generally the bud and two leaves are taken, but great care has to be shown not to pluck down to what is called the "fish" leaf, but leave one leaf above this from the axil of which a new shoot will grow and which will be ready to pluck on the next round.

When the baskets are full the weight of leaf in each is duly noted against each coolie's name in the pocket check roll. Generally two weighings take place in the field, and the third at the factory when the coolies stop work at 4 P.M. Before weighing up, however, each coolie has to empty his or her basket and spread the leaf on their cumblies or blankets, and pick out all coarse leaf which they have either accidentally or intentionally put in their baskets.

The leaf is now received into the factory when the important process of manufacture begins. Before describing it, however, the writer may mention that when he has taken visitors from the old country over his factory they have expressed astonishment at the amount of machinery and the many processes the leaf had to go through before it was ready to be packed.

He has been gravely informed by some that their idea of tea-making consisted in plucking the leaf and then spreading it on newspapers in the sun, whose heat curled up the leaves and turned them black!

When the leaf is brought into the factory it is spread in an upper storey and very thinly on tats of jute hessian in order to be withered. The success of this operation depends greatly on a dry current of air circulating through the withering lofts. In dry weather naturally the leaf will wither quicker than in wet. This operation is necessary in order that the sap and any moisture on the leaf should evaporate and allow the leaf to assume a degree of softness and flaccidity to render it susceptible to a good twist in the roller. When this stage is reached the leaf is knocked off the tats and brought to a shoot connecting with the roller in which it undergoes the operation called rolling.

This machine consists of a lower part named the table, with cylindrical ribs attached to its surface and a trap door in its centre.

Suspended above the table is a box which holds the leaf, and the two surfaces are revolved in opposite directions by a crank with an eccentric motion, thus giving a twist to the leaf. The lid of the box is gradually screwed down as rolling proceeds, the pressure on the leaf being thus regulated.

The appearance of the "roll," as it is called, when taken out is a mass of mashy lumps which are put through a roll breaker, which not only breaks up the lumps but also sifts the fine or small leaf through a sieve on to a cloth placed below. The leaf passing over the sieve is put back into the roller for further rolling and then resifted.

The next operation is fermentation or oxidation, the rolled leaf being spread about a couple of inches thick on glass-topped tables and covered with wet cloths. The time taken for this varies much with the season of the year and the state of the atmosphere, but it is essential that the fermenting room be kept cool, the temperature not being allowed to exceed 70° F. if possible. When the leaf has attained a more or less coppery tint—this applies, of course, to black tea as green tea is manufactured differently—it then undergoes the process of firing, where in machines at a temperature of 180°-200° F. the tea is dried, emerging dry and brittle and of the familiar black colour.

It may here be stated that, speaking generally, 100 lbs. of green leaf dries down to about 23½ lbs. tea. The actual manufacture is completed with the firing of the tea. It is then weighed and put into bins which hold about 1,000 lbs.

The following day it is sifted in order to separate the different grades of tea.

The sifter is a machine consisting of a series of sieves one above the other in the form of sloping trays with wire meshes. The top tray has a mesh large enough to allow all but the coarsest leaf to pass through, while the mesh of the one immediately under is smaller and the third smaller still.

This arrangement practically allows the tea to sift itself, each sieve arresting a particular grade. The smallest leaf, dust, and fannings fall through all the sieves, which are made to oscillate rapidly by the motive power driving the factory machinery. The tea is automatically ejected from the spouts of the different sieves.

The reader will have observed that during all the operations of tea-making everything is done to avoid handling the tea, in contrast to the methods of the "heathen Chinese" which, if witnessed, would put the gentle reader off drinking China tea.

The grades into which the tea is sifted are Broken Orange Pekoe, Orange Pekoe, Broken Pekoe, Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong, dust

and fannings, the first named being the finest and containing the familiar golden tip, while the Pekoe Souchong is the coarsest.

A large quantity of dust and fannings is bought by Russian buyers and made into brick tea much used by the Russian peasantry.

The next operation is "bulking," which, though simple, is most important. The contents of three or four bins, say Broken Pekoe, are emptied on the floor, while coolies with wooden shovels thoroughly mix the tea so that the whole will be a thoroughly even grade. Buyers are entitled to reject a break unevenly bulked, and teas found to be so on arrival in London are liable to be rebulked at the expense of the grower before removal.

The final stage is packing, but immediately before this and after being bulked the tea gets a final firing at a temperature of about 120° in order to expel any slight traces of dampness and to give it a good "nose."

Each chest is lined with lead and carefully weighed along with its lid and nails in order to obtain the tare weight. It is then placed on a packer consisting of a platform which oscillates at 1,000 revolutions per minute, and the tea gradually poured in is thus thoroughly shaken down, and the utmost capacity of the chest utilised. When 100 lbs., say of Broken Pekoe, are in the chest, a sheet of lead is placed on top and soldered down to protect the tea from air and moisture. The lid is then nailed on, the chest hooped, and the grade of tea, number of pounds, and the name of the estate stencilled on it.

Now it is ready to be taken to the nearest railway station, whence in due course it reaches the port of shipment for London. Arrived there it is examined and weighed by the Customs, while the brokers draw samples for tasting and valuing purposes preparatory to the tea being put up at auction in Mincing Lane where weekly sales are held.

There it is purchased by the wholesale buyers, who, after blending several estates' or countries' teas, dispose of them to the retail grocer. The British public can scarcely ever obtain the tea of one estate only, and as blending is a big industry, it is of course to the interest of the blender to assure the public that the best tea is a blended one. For over thirty years the writer has never had a blended tea in his house, as he prefers drinking the "Simon pure"; but when so many million people have to be supplied a blended article may perhaps be a necessary evil.

Before concluding, a few hints on the proper method of infusing tea may not be out of place. A spoonful of tea for each breakfast cup is sufficient, assuming, of course, that one of the better grades is used. Immediately the water boils it should be poured

by the cupful into the pot, and the tea not allowed to infuse longer than five minutes, at the end of which time the liquor should be poured into another pot previously heated. By doing this the tea can stand for an indefinite time, as, being free of leaves, no tannin is absorbed. The habit of leaving the pot to simmer on the hob with the leaves in it, or to refill it with water for the second cup, is a pernicious one, and injurious to one's nerves and digestion. Instead of obtaining a refreshing and flavoury cup of tea, one drinks a bitter decoction.

By following the above directions, the reader will better appreciate those conditions in which perchance he may be a participator, and which are so finely described by that sweet singer Cowper :—

“ Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.”

Notes from Near and Far.

IN introducing to our readers and to the public generally the sixteenth volume of the *Dollar Magazine*, it will not be deemed inappropriate if we offer a few observations on the work to which we have addressed ourselves during the past year, and the mission which we hoped to fulfil. The amount of silent influence which our united labours are exerting it is not for us to estimate; but we have the means of knowing that it is widespread, powerful, and beneficial. While questions of lasting interest and moment have been considered in full, the incidents of the day—those of present interest and permanent importance—have been briefly yet appositely treated in “Near and Far” and the “School Notes,” so stated as to irritate none, but inform many. They form a compendious digest of the local history of current topics.

There is not much, perhaps, in the present volume that in its distinctiveness requires special notice. It will speak for itself wherever it goes. Its appearance is prepossessing, and its contents varied, interesting, instructive. If it does not equal our wishes, it does not disgrace our intentions.

To “Pro Patria,” with its brief descriptive notes and its finely executed portraits, we have given a prominent place—paying, as

it were, to those brave youths the last honour which we had hoped they might one day pay to us. What sweet and hallowed memories will those words and likenesses awaken in the bosoms of mother and wife, and sister and loved one, lovelier in her tears!

Were this volume in any large measure the product of the Editors' pens, it would ill become us to speak its praise; but it is the conjoint labour of a body of contributors, who have supplied, in many instances, the flowers and fruit of which we, as Editors, have had the selection, the arrangement, and the exhibition, and hence it is not self-flattery when we call attention to the merits of the contents.

We have but one word more to say. The difficulties of the times have not been unfelt by us; for the cost of production has well-nigh doubled since the war began, and we have not hesitated to appeal to our readers for voluntary aid. And having advanced thus far, it becomes us to anticipate the future; and this we are doing by arrangements which we have no doubt will be satisfactory to every subscriber. The old Lydians had a tradition which stated that one of their kings had the good fortune to discover, in the bowels of the earth, a ring which had the marvellous property of rendering him who wore it invisible to the eyes of his fellows. Such a ring all editors consider themselves privileged to wear, and we are not indifferent to the occasional advantages of this privilege. But, recently, we were contented to leave our ring in the sanctum, so that we might be able to appear amongst our readers in proper person, and, by a special effort, to bring our *Magazine* under more general attention, and thus to aid in increasing its circulation. The course was novel, but not unwise; for the meeting with the members of the Dollar Academy Club was of the most pleasant and stimulating character. Mutual interest was felt and increased; and energetic measures were spontaneously resolved upon for furthering the interests of the *Magazine*, by endeavouring to secure for it the desiderated circulation of one thousand copies.

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MUNICIPAL.—At the monthly meeting of the Town Council on Monday, 12th November, the members did Provost Mrs Malcolm the honour of again re-electing her to the Chair for the current year. This honour was enhanced by the pleasing unanimity which prevailed, and by the kindly encouraging speeches of Bailie M'Diarmid and others regarding the good work done by the Provost, not only on the Town Council, but also as a member of the Parish Council and the School Board. At every public function in which she had

taken a part, as their chief, she ably maintained the dignity of her office and the honour of the burgh.

In returning, by letter, her grateful thanks for the renewed expression of their confidence, the Provost said that it had been her good fortune to have an excellent Board, every member of which had done his duty with much care and ability, keeping in view at all times the best interests and highest good of his constituents. Words failed her to express adequately her gratitude, and how proud she was of their fresh mark of kindness.

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EARLY WINTER.—On Sunday, 7th October, we were startled by a heavy fall of snow which covered hill and dale with a layer two or three inches deep. Trees, yet in full foliage, presented a novel appearance, their branches being borne down by the weight of the white mantle on the leaves. We are led to record this, as we understand that even the "oldest inhabitant" has no recollection of a storm equally severe so early in the season. The fall began early in the morning, and kept going, softly and gently, in thick flakes until midday, when it suddenly ceased. A fresh wind sprang up, and soon it was beaten in the valley; but for days it held out on the hills.

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HIGH PRICES.—In a former number we mentioned the fact that Mr Kerr of Harvieston Castle had received the large sum of £950 for an Angus bull calf, thus beating the record; and we learn now that at a recent sale he paid £650 for a seven-year-old cow. Surely this again beats the record. Mr Kerr is to be commended for his steady efforts to improve the breed of farm stock.

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HONOUR TO A F.P.—Mr H. V. Tattersall, who has been connected with the Clydesdale Bank for the long period of fifty-five years, and manager of the Carlisle Branch for close on twenty years, was recently entertained to dinner by the Mayor of Carlisle and friends, and presented with a silver cigar box, on which is an inscription expressive of the esteem in which he is held by his friends, and especially those with whom he spends much of his leisure time on the golf course.

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WE have pleasure in intimating to our readers that an arrangement has been made with the Dollar Academy Club whereby the

Club and the *Magazine* will be mutually supporting and promotive of the objects which both have in view, namely, the union and good fellowship of all past pupils and others connected with the Academy past and present; and in the case of the *Magazine*, of all who have at one time resided in, or are otherwise specially interested in Dollar. In this connection a short statement of the origin and scheme of the D.A.C. will be of interest, and helpful in carrying out the new arrangement.

In the year 1870 it occurred to some F.P.'s then in Dollar that a means of giving permanent effect to the bond of comradeship formed in our schooldays, and, to some extent, carried into after life, was greatly wanted. At a meeting called to consider the question it was decided to form a Dollar Academy Club, consisting of former pupils and past and present teachers of the School, the subscription being one shilling per annum, or one pound sterling for life membership. The scheme arranged for was as follows:—Wherever, in any part of the world, two or more F.P.'s were within reach of one another, a social meeting should be held on M'Nab's birthday in April, and a report of such meeting, along with the annual subscription or life membership fee, be sent to the general secretary in Dollar; all such reports to be embodied in pamphlet form, and a copy sent to each member. The scheme was very favourably received, but resulted in such an amount of correspondence that the general secretary was overwhelmed with the work entailed, and great difficulty was found in overtaking it. The general scheme was thus, after a time, found to be unworkable and fell into abeyance, although very successful and enjoyable meetings continued, up to war time, to be held in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London. A number of years ago the annual subscription was given up, and life membership reduced to five shillings. On this footing a considerable number, on completing their school education and leaving Dollar, have obtained a nominal life membership by paying five shillings to the central fund, which now amounts to about forty pounds. From this fund seasonable greetings have been sent to many Dollar lads who are or have been fighting for their country in foreign lands; but otherwise life membership of the D.A.C. has been without practical benefit. By the arrangement now made the life membership fee of five shillings will include a year's subscription to the *Magazine*; the same to apply to all those now on the list so far as their addresses are known.

The *Magazine* will in future make it a special object to promote the original scheme of the Club by urging the holding of annual meetings, and by publishing reports of the same along with the names and addresses of members. The advantage of

such meetings to lads going out into the world is very great. They will thus be brought into intimate relationship with men well established in the business and social life of a town to which it may be their fate to go as perfect strangers.

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HONOUR TO A F.P.—It gives us much pleasure to learn that Mr John Burton Foster, Green Lake, *via* Big River, Sask., has been appointed a Justice of Peace in and for the Province of Saskatchewan.

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THE STEWART BOUNTY.—We learn with pleasure that Mr Stewart of Millera, N.S.W., is still not forgetful of the poor of his native parish, and has again sent his usual "hand-grip across the seas" in the form of his cheque for £25 to provide Christmas cheer to needful cases. Notwithstanding high prices and war restrictions, the committee in charge of the money have been enabled, by this most generous and seasonable gift, to distribute to thirty-one of the most needful cases a cart of coals and a large currant loaf, which will ensure to them a comfortable and happy Christmas-tide. This will, we are sure, be accompanied in every case by heartfelt blessings on the head of the generous and large-hearted donor.

We observe, from papers sent, that Mr Stewart still maintains a foremost place in the agricultural world of Australia, his heifers and other cattle usually topping the market, and also that his benevolence and generosity are extended also to the land of his adoption in the way especially of treats to the young.

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PROMOTION.—We are pleased to notice that Mr John C. Christie (F.P.), who has for some years acted as a district superintendent of the N.B. Railway, has been appointed to the responsible position of assistant chief goods manager. Mr Christie is a son of the late Mr James Christie, headmaster of the Public School.

* * * * *

FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB.—The opening lecture of this Club for the winter session was given on Monday, 29th October, by the President, Dr Strachan, who took for his subject "The Bird in Relation to Man." The audience was a large one, including many of the junior members.

DOLLAR ASSOCIATION.—The first lecture for the session was given on the 30th October by Mr Allsopp, whose subject was S. Coleridge-Taylor, the composer. The second lecture was given by Miss Haig of Dollarfield, on "The Red Cross and Its Work," a most fitting subject for the times. The lecture in January, we understand, will be given by Mr H. L. Blacklaw (F.P.) on "Ceylon," a subject which he is well qualified to speak about. We bespeak for him a large audience, especially of the younger members.

* * * * *

FRANCO-SCOTTISH SOCIETY.—We are delighted to learn that this Society has commissioned Mr James M'Ivor M'Leod, C.M.G. (F.P.), British Consul at Fez, to make a lecturing tour throughout England and Scotland with the view of bringing home to the British a knowledge of the extraordinary "work France has done in Morocco." He cannot, he says, find in history anything to match *it within so short a time as five years*. He has already lectured to the African Society, London, to the Anglo-French Society, London, and he comes to Scotland to speak in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Dundee. He would have liked to sandwich in Dollar, but time is against him.

* * * * *

DOLLAR WAR WORK PARTY.—Dollar War Work Party still continues its useful work. During the year ending 30th September 1917, the members made and dispatched 2,718 comforts for the troops. Of these, 1,562 articles have been sent to the County Depot, Alloa, 1,036 to the Red Cross at home and abroad, and 120 have been given to Dollar men.

The committee desire to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have helped to bring about this admirable result, and venture to hope that they will continue their generous efforts as long as the needs of our sailors and soldiers remain as clamant as they are at *present*.

* * * * *

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

Private FRED. W. CAMPBELL, 1st Auckland Company, writes:—

"Our New Zealand Expeditionary Force arrived at Plymouth on the 16th August. Four transports and two cargo boats, we steamed out of Wellington on 13th June, going a long round-about trip taking nine weeks. We were kept fit and well, as much as

possible, by regular drill and guard duties. Now we are hardening down to our drill, and getting used to our new camp and new instructors. We have learned more in a week, including discipline, than in all the six weeks' training we got at Trentham Camp, Wellington. We have to turn out with full web equipment and pack. It is weighty enough now. What it will be with a hundred rounds of ammunition and a few bombs we have yet to learn. It's a case of survival of the fittest."

Captain THOMAS L. BLACKBURN, R.A.M.C., writes from 1st South African General Hospital, B.E.F., France :—

"DEAR SIRs,—Will you kindly note my change of address from Port Elizabeth, South Africa, to the above, and forward my copy of the *Magazine* to me here? If my subscription is overdue, let me know how much it is and I will forward the amount. I left Dollar in 1884, so expect there are not many left that I know; but I read with much interest the F.P.'s letters, as several were at school at the same time as myself—Charlie and Willie Davie, Jim and Davie Huskie, &c."

The Rev. J. L. FINDLAY writes from London :—

"I am sending you a guinea for the *Magazine* funds. There must be hundreds like myself who would give much more rather than see it go under, owing to the immense rise in the cost of production. I am with the Salonika Expeditionary Force, and have been since 1915."

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"COPYRIGHT Receipt Office, British Museum, this 1st day of October 1917.—Received for the use of the British Museum a copy of *The Dollar Magazine*, Vol. 16, No. 63. By authority of the Trustees. "G. F. BORWICK."

Pro Patria.

1. ROBERT JAMES MUIL.—Lieutenant, 78th Canadian Battalion, elder surviving son of Mr and Mrs H. I. Muil, Ravensdowne, Dollar; left School 1909; wounded at Hooge, 2nd June 1916; died on 30th October 1917, of wounds received in action the same day.

2. WALTER FRANK B. STEEL.—2nd Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry, only son of Captain and Mrs J. W. Steel, 73 York Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow, and formerly of Dollar; left School 1911; killed in action, 21st October 1917.

3. THOMAS HUNTER.—2nd Lieutenant, S.M.R.E., elder son of the late Mrs Hunter, Sobraon, Dollar; left School 1891; killed in action, 16th July 1917.

4. WILLIAM SPENCELEY CLARK.—Captain, York and Lancaster Regiment, youngest son of Mr William Clark, Director of Messrs Vickers, Ltd., of Whiteley Wood Hall, Sheffield; boarded with the Headmaster; left School 1910; killed in action, 1st July 1916.

5. JOHN MURRAY.—2nd Lieutenant, King's Own Scottish Borderers, only son of the Rev. George Murray, T.D., of Troquhain, formerly minister of Sauchie, and now of Balmacellan, Kirkcudbrightshire; left School 1910; killed in action, 16th August 1917.

6. FRED. J. MUNRO.—2nd Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery, eldest son of the Rev. Robert Munro, B.D., formerly of Kincardine-on-Forth, and now of 165 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh; left School 1901; M.A., St Andrews University; died on 12th August 1917, of wounds received in action.

7. JOHN BROWN.—Private, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr D. Brown, Craigend, Cambuslang; boarded with Mr Cruickshank; left School 1905; died on 1st May, of wounds received in action, 23rd April 1917.

8. ROBERT SPEEDEN MACFARLANE.—2nd Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry, third son of Mr Wm. Macfarlane, J.P., Edina Lodge, Rutherglen; boarded with the late Mr Levack; left School 1902; reported wounded and missing, 3rd July 1916; later officially concluded killed.

9. ROBERT GOLDIE MILLER.—2nd Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached R.F.C.; second son of Mr William Miller, 100 Bath Street, Glasgow; boarded with the Headmaster; left School 1905; killed in France, 17th March 1917.

10. ROBERT DORNIN FORSYTH.—Lance-Corporal, Highland Light Infantry, elder son of Mr and Mrs R. W. Forsyth, Corrie Hotel, Arran; boarded with the Headmaster; left School 1914; died on 22nd May 1917, of wounds received in action the previous day.

11. DAVID A. M'CORQUODALE.—Private, Gordon Highlanders, son of Mr and Mrs M'Corquodale, Bahia Blanca, Argentine; left School 1910; boarded with the Headmaster; died of wounds, July 1916.

12. ROBERT A. MACDONALD.—Corporal, Royal Garrison Artillery, son of Mrs Macdonald, and grandson of Mr Robert Cumming, Old Manse, Kinross; left School 1912; killed in action, 19th July 1917.



Roll of Honour.

ADDITIONS TO ROLL OF HONOUR.

			OFFICERS.	
Name.			Rank.	Unit.
ELDER, THOMAS	-	-	2nd Lieutenant	6th (Res.) Rifle Brigade.
HARTUNG, CARL	-	-	Captain	A.O.D.
Imrie, Daniel M.	-	-	2nd Lieutenant	Highland Light Infantry.
LOWE, J. S.	-	-	Lieutenant	I.A.R.O., attached King's Own Gurkha Rifles.
MAIR, W.	-	-	"	Royal Army Medical Corps.
OLIVER, JOHN	-	-	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Flying Corps.
WESTWATER, CHARLES H.	-	-	"	Royal Flying Corps.
WADE, JOHN A.	-	-	"	West Yorkshire Regiment.
WALKER, ERIC	-	-	"	West Riding Regiment.
WHITE, W. BLOMFIELD	-	-	Major	Central India Horse.
			MEN.	
BORTHWICK, W. HUGH	-	-	Driver	M.T., A.S.C.
BOSTOCK, J. R.	-	-	Pioneer	Royal Engineers, Signals.
BRAID, JOHN	-	-	Private	286th Infantry Battalion.
CAMPBELL, F. W.	-	-	"	1st Auckland Coy., N.Z.E.F.
CARMICHAEL, JAMES	-	-	"	The King's Liverpool Regiment.
CONDIE, GEORGE	-	-	"	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
CONNELL, JOHN	-	-	"	Seaforth Highlanders.
CRAWFORD, NORMAN	-	-	Driver	Royal Field Artillery.
DICKSON, R. S.	-	-	Private	Machine Gun Reinforcements, A.I.F.
DRIVER, GORDON C.	-	-	Lance-Corporal	41st Training Reserve Battalion.
DRYSDALE, EWART G.	-	-	Trooper	Surma Valley Light Horse.
DUNCAN, C.	-	-	Lance-Sergeant	77th Training Reserve Battalion.
FAICHNEY, WILLIAM	-	-	Private	Cameron Highlanders.
FARMER, R. S.	-	-	2nd Air Mechanic (Wireless Operator)	Royal Flying Corps.
FORGIE, JOHN	-	-	Private	Seaforth Highlanders.
GULLEN, FRED	-	-	Gunner	Royal Garrison Artillery.
GULLEN, GEORGE S.	-	-	Private	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
HENDERSON, ALEXANDER	-	-	Pioneer	Royal Engineers.
HUNTER, JAMES	-	-	Private	Army Ordnance Corps.
LAIRD, J. REID	-	-	"	Artists' Rifles.
LOWE, G. S.	-	-	"	Canadian Infantry.
M'HOUL, A. S.	-	-	Driver	Army Service Corps.
MARSHALL, DAVID GORDON	-	-	Lance-Corporal	Cameron Highlanders.
MORRISON, CHARLES C.	-	-	Signaller	Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.
ROBERTSON, A. Y.	-	-	Sergeant	Highland Light Infantry.
ROBERTSON, JOHN	-	-	Corporal	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
RUTHERFORD, ANDREW	-	-	Pioneer	Royal Engineers.
SAUNDERS, ARCHIBALD	-	-	Private	286th Infantry Battalion.
WADDELL, ROBERT	-	-	"	R.F.A.

PROMOTIONS.

ANDERSON, ALEXANDER F.	-	2nd Lieutenant	Rifle Brigade.
ANDERSON, ANDREW	-	"	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
ARMISHAW, CHARLES S.	-	"	Royal Flying Corps.
BLACKIE, ALFRED A.	-	Captain	London Electrical Engineers.
BONTHRONE, GEORGE	-	2nd Lieutenant	Tank Corps.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.
BOOCOCK, LAURENCE	Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
BROWN, J. M.	"	Black Watch.
CARMENT, A. G.	Captain	Royal Army Medical Corps.
CHRISTIE, W. MELVILLE	"	Royal Army Medical Corps.
CRAIGIE, KENNETH B.	"	Scottish Rifles.
CROW, HENRY PATERSON	"	Royal Army Medical Corps.
DOBBIE, ARTHUR JAMES	Lieutenant	Leinster Regiment.
FAIRGRIEVE, J. M.	2nd Lieutenant	East Lancashire Regiment.
FINDLAY, D'AUVERGNE, D.S.O.	Lieutenant-Colonel	Canadian Army Service Corps.
FLEMING, THOMAS	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Artillery.
FLEMING, STEPHEN	"	R.S.F., attached R.F.C.
FOX, JOHN B.	"	Royal Flying Corps.
	(Flying Officer)	
HETHERINGTON, GEORGE M.	Captain	Royal Army Medical Corps.
HOGGEN, JOHN W.	Lieutenant	Royal Scots, attached R.F.C.
HUTTON, GORDON C.	2nd Lieutenant	K.O.S.B., attached Indian Army.
LAMMIE, J. DEWAR	Lieutenant	Gordon Highlanders.
LEACH, JAMES R. C.	2nd Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
LUCAS, LESLIE, M.C.	Lieutenant	Highland Light Infantry.
MACFARLANE, DONALD	2nd Lieutenant	Scottish Rifles.
MACFARLANE, A. J.	Captain	Highland Light Infantry.
MACKAY, A. L.	Major	Army Service Corps.
M'LAREN, JAMES D.	Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
MACNAUGHT, ERIC N., M.C.	"	Northumberland Fusiliers.
M'NIVEN, JOHN	2nd Lieutenant	Tank Corps.
MATTHEWSON, R. W. B.	"	Royal Flying Corps.
	(Flying Officer)	
MAUGHAN, G. K. K.	Captain	
MAXWELL, JAMES M.	2nd Lieutenant	King's Royal Rifle Corps.
MIDDLETON, JAMES	Captain	Royal Engineers.
MILNE, CHARLES N. GORDON	Major	Canadian Engineers.
MORRISON, W. M'L.	2nd Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
NEILL, JOHN	Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached Machine Gun Corps.
ROBERTSON, WM. M.	2nd Lieutenant	King's Shropshire Light Infantry.
ROBIESON, WILLIAM D.	"	Gold Coast Regiment.
SIBOLD, G. M.	"	King's African Rifles.
SOGA, R. ROSS	"	Rifle Brigade.
SOUTER, JAMES S.	"	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
Steel, W. Frank B.	"	Highland Light Infantry.
SUTHERLAND, J. FORBES, M.C.	Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
WILKIE, GEORGE	2nd Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Since last number of the *Magazine* appeared, six more brave Dollar boys have joined that vast army of heroes who have proved themselves faithful unto death.

JOHN BROWN, Private, A. & S. H., was the son of Mr D. Brown, Craigard, Cambuslang. He boarded with Mr Cruickshank, and left School in 1905. He enlisted in November 1915, and proceeded to France in August 1916, where he saw much trench work. Immediately after the action of 17th April he was transferred to a Trench Mortar Battery, with which he was serving

on 23rd April when he received the wounds which resulted in his death on 1st May. No particulars have been received from his officers or comrades, for the unhappy reason that few of them returned from the fight in which he fell.

DANIEL M'LACHLAN IMRIE, Second-Lieutenant, H.L.I., grandson of Mrs M'Lachlan, 2 Dalkeith Avenue, Dumbreck, boarded with Miss Watt. He left School in 1906, and entered the employment of Messrs James Findlay & Co., Glasgow, by whom he was sent to Assam to take charge of a tea plantation. Shortly after the outbreak of war he came home and was commissioned in the Yeomanry. Latterly he was attached to the H.L.I. At 10 o'clock on the night of 15th November he was lying asleep when a shell burst near him, and wounded him so severely that he died early next morning. His body was laid to rest in a beautiful cemetery behind the lines.

ROBERT JAMES MUIL, Lieutenant, 78th Canadian Battalion, was the eldest son of Mr and Mrs H. I. Muil, Ravensdowne, Dollar. He left School in 1909, and was apprenticed in the Alloa branch of the Royal Bank of Scotland. He was in the Yorkton (Sask.) branch of the Bank of British North America when he joined up, and came over with reinforcements for Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. He was wounded at Hooze on 2nd June 1916 while with his regiment. In January 1917 he received a commission in the 78th Canadians (Manitoba Regiment), and afterwards came through the Vimy and Lens fighting. On 30th October he was severely wounded at Passchendaele, and died without regaining consciousness. His C.O. writes: "Your boy lived, fought, and died like a gallant gentleman, honoured by his men, loved by his fellow-officers, and respected by those above him. He was one of the best soldiers we had in the old battalion, and personally I have always found him to be a great favourite among them all." His Captain writes: "We all miss him very much, he was such a fine fellow, so cheery all the time—the life of the mess. In the line he was fearless, and the men thought the world of him. When word was received that Bob Muil had passed away there was genuine sorrow throughout the whole company."

GEORGE DOUGLAS MOORHEAD, Driver, Motor Transport, was the youngest son of Mr Robert Moorhead, Craighielin, Paisley. He boarded with the late Mr Levack, and left School in 1901. He joined the Motor Transport in 1915, and had been in France for eighteen months when he was killed.

WALTER FRANK B. STEEL, Second-Lieutenant, H.L.I., Glasgow

Highlanders, was the only son of Captain and Mrs J. W. Steel, 73 York Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow, and formerly of Dollar. He left School in 1911, and was training as an accountant with Messrs Alex. Sloan & Sons, C.A., Glasgow. He enlisted in the H.L.I. about three years ago, and was given his commission in the same regiment in March of this year. He had only been eleven days in France when he was killed instantaneously by a shell in the front line trenches on 20th October. It was his first time in the line, but his senior officers speak highly of his coolness. Shortly before he was killed he was out in front putting up barbed wire. His commanding officer writes of him: "I had not the pleasure of knowing him long, but I know well what an excellent fellow and promising officer he was, and we all mourn his loss." A brother officer who had been with him since he joined, writes: "Now I want to express, on behalf of all ranks of the Glasgow Highlanders, their deepest sympathy in the loss of so faithful, honourable, dutiful, and splendid a soldier son. His name will always be associated with the good name of the Glasgow Highlanders. I must say your son was a typical example of the worthy men in this famous regiment."

JOHN KNOX WATERSTON, Private, Cameron Highlanders, was the last surviving son of Mr John Waterston, 4 Dolphin Road, Maxwell Park, Glasgow. He boarded with Mr Wilson, and left School in 1915. He was killed in action on 21st September 1917.

We have already referred very briefly to the deaths of Captain W. S. Clark, Lieutenant Fred. J. Munro, and Second-Lieutenant John Murray. The further information we have now received will interest our readers.

Many former pupils of Dollar have kindly recollections of Willie Clark, and remember his prowess as full back in the 1st XV. of 1909-10. After leaving Dollar he served as an engineering pupil in Messrs Vickers' Works, Sheffield, and attended Sheffield University. On the outbreak of war he hastened back from a holiday and joined the Sheffield University O.T.C. He took a part in forming the 12th York and Lancaster City Battalion, and was commissioned in that battalion in September 1914. He was promoted Captain in November 1915. The battalion went to Egypt in December 1915, and returned to France early in March. Captain Clark was killed in action on 1st July 1916. Many of his comrades wrote to testify to his excellent qualities as a soldier. His Colonel said that he "was a good, brave lad, worthy of the uniform he wore, and a credit and example to the Sheffield

battalion." The senior Major wrote: "A braver or keener boy never lived." A brother officer told how "he was killed on the parapet of the German line, where he was first on, leading his men with cheerful and encouraging words." The following poem was written to his memory:—

WILLIE CLARK.

1st July 1916.

Boy of my heart—my soldier boy! How short the years
Since close against my breast I felt the gentle beat,
Making a happy echo of my own—a sweet,
Low, tender rhythm, compelling smiles and tears.

It seems but yesterday since I thy faltering step
Did gently guide—but yesternight since last I bent
Me o'er thy cot, listening, as it came and went,
The measured fragrance of thy breath. I longed to keep
Thee always thus, to shield thee from the toil, the fret,
The strife, to smooth thy way even as my hands the tiny coverlet.

But when God's trumpet called, and thou did'st answer "Here
Am I, Lord," would I have bade thee stay, or bound
Thee fast with cords of mother love? Nay! ere the sound
Of that dread trump had died away, and though a fear
Possessed my heart, I faltering said, "Surely the Lord
Hath need of thee. Go, gird thee on thy sword."

And now thou sleepest, nor may I touch the coverlet of earth,
So lightly laid on thee, but this I full well know,
That God hath given an Angel charge concerning thee, and lo!
A morn shall dawn, and thou again come forth,
With all the brave true hearts who fought and won,
To hear the Great Commander say "WELL DONE!"

H. P.

In last number of the *Magazine* we referred to the brilliant academic career of Frederick J. Munro, and also to his success in the career which he chose to follow. He was on his way home to take up work in this country when war broke out, and at once he joined Lord Kitchener's Army as a private in the R.G.A. After a few months' active service in France he was recommended for a commission, and justified his recommendation by proving himself to be a most efficient and well-informed officer. Indeed he was strongly recommended for a captaincy by the Major commanding, who, after his death, wrote of him: "A most gallant fellow! He was more than a comrade to us all, who feel that he can never be replaced—a man of whose sort too few exist."

John Murray, Second-Lieutenant, K.O.S.B., was engaged with a party of men laying tapes to guide an attack which was to take place early in the morning of 16th August, when he was detected by an enemy sniper, who shot him through the head, killing him

instantaneously. He was a universal favourite in his battalion. "His pawky humour, his mature views of life, his twofold conviction of the madness of war, and of the rightness of our cause, and his quiet, cheery, natural bearing towards everybody, were bound to link everybody to him."

Among F.P.'s who have been recently wounded are Captain Walter Bartholomew, Canadians, and Lance-Corporal Charles B. Chapman, Royal Engineers. Both are in home hospitals and progressing favourably.

Only those who have suffered the dreadful suspense that follows the intimation that one of their dear ones is "missing," can fully realise how terrible it is, and we record with much sympathy and sorrow the fact that the roll of Dollar boys missing continues to grow. We have spoken already of Captain W. Gordon Pender, M.C., Lieutenant Douglas Gordon, and Private D. M. Ritchie, Alas! there is no news of any of them yet.

Private MATTHEW JACK, A. & S. H., son of the late Mr Robert Jack and Mrs Jack, Gowanbank, Dollar, was reported missing on 20th September, and no definite news has yet been received of him.

Private BRUCE SNOWDOWNE, Black Watch, son of Mr and Mrs Wallace Snowdowne, Dollar, was reported missing on 26th September, and his parents still anxiously await news of him.

WILLIAM D. FERGUSON, Lieutenant, Norfolk Regiment, who was reported wounded and missing on 2nd August, is a prisoner of war at Langansalza, Germany. He received four wounds, but it is hoped that he will make a complete recovery.

ROBERT W. B. MATTHEWSON, Second-Lieutenant, R.F.C., is the elder son of Mr R. N. Matthewson, Calcutta, and Mrs Matthewson, 9 Clarendon Terrace, Dundee. He boarded with Dr Butchart, and left School in 1911. After serving for some time in the ranks, he received his commission in the R.F.C., and was reported missing on 12th October. Hopes were always entertained of his safety, as several machines were lost on that day, and, as there was no fighting, it was supposed that they had gone astray in the very cloudy weather. Word was received early in November that he is a prisoner at Karlsruhe.

We are proud to have to record a goodly number of honours and decorations gained by former pupils since the September issue of the *Magazine*.

Major G. LAURIE WILSON, M.C., was admitted a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order on 19th October. Major Wilson

is a son of Mr and Mrs John Wilson, the Schoolhouse, Tillicoultry, and was apprenticed as a mining engineer when war broke out. He joined Lochiel's Camerons in September 1914, but was only three weeks in the ranks before he got a commission in the A. & S. H. At the battle of Loos he was promoted Captain on the field. He afterwards went through the Somme push, and was wounded at Martinpuich, his majority dating from that battle. Since he returned to France in June he has seen much active service.

Probably no two brothers have gained greater honour in this war than the two distinguished sons of ex-Provost Scott, Tillicoultry, Captain Alex. Scott, A. & S. H., and Captain (temp. Lieut.-Col.) James Morrison Scott, D.S.O., A. & S. H., both former pupils of Dollar. The latter has been appointed "Officier de l'Ordre de Leopold" by the King of the Belgians. The honour conferred on the former by the French President was mentioned in our last number.

The following former pupils have been awarded the Military Cross. In a future number we may be able to give some particulars of the gallant conduct which won for them this coveted distinction.

Second-Lieut. ERNEST S. FOX, West Yorkshire Regiment.

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

Second-Lieut. JAMES MILLER, Cameron Highlanders.

Captain EDWARD MYERS, West Yorkshire Regiment.

Second-Lieut. RICHARD B. PURDON, Cameron Highlanders.

Lieutenant W. T. GRAY ROBERTSON, A. & S. H.

Everybody remembers the great cricket XI. captained by Eric MacNaught in 1912. Four of the greatest men in that team, Ernie Fox, Gerry Hallifax, Eric MacNaught, and Eddie Myers, have now been awarded the Military Cross. What was that saying about battle fields and playing fields?

Second-Lieut. STEPHEN FLEMING, R.S.F., attached R.F.C., has been awarded the Ribbon of the R.F.C. School at Hythe for daring feats, this being only the second award. Shortly after he transferred to the R.F.C. he was the passenger in a machine when the pilot fainted at 10,000 feet. Although he had never flown a machine, Lieutenant Fleming decided to try at least what he could do. Throwing his heavy flying coat out of the machine, to the horror of those below, who mistook it for a man, he crept along, caught his pilot by the shoulders and, although he was a heavy man, managed to tumble

him into the observer's seat head first, and by dint of the greatest possible self-control made his first landing, thereby averting what would have been a fatal accident for both.

CHARLES C. MORRISON, Signaller, H.M.S. Monitor 25, nephew of the Rev. T. F. Best, Union U.F. Manse, Broughty Ferry, was presented by Admiral Bacon with the Royal Humane Society's Medal and Parchment for saving life. While on signal duty on Dover Pier, on 24th November 1916, he went over the end of the pier and saved a man from drowning. He boarded with the Headmaster, and left School in 1913.

It was briefly recorded in a former issue that Captain ARTHUR G. M. MIDDLETON, R.A.M.C., had been awarded the Military Cross, and was among the wounded. Captain Middleton is now in this country recovering slowly from his very severe injuries. He received twelve wounds, and was badly gassed in France during May and June. He recovered from his first injuries in May, but at Messines on 7th June he was wounded again in eight places, besides having his right eye completely destroyed by fragments of a shell which burst near him. Had it not been for the cigarette case in his breast pocket he would have undoubtedly lost his life.

The following are extracts from the reports by the Officer Commanding the 7th Field Ambulance, recommending Captain Middleton for the Military Cross: "For conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty during the period from 9th to 14th April 1917. Prior to the attack he made himself familiar with our front line by frequent reconnaissances, and during the battle went forward many times to the regimental aid posts to ensure that his bearers never lost touch with the Infantry. This had often to be done under heavy shell fire and sniping. On the morning of 9th April, about 7.30 A.M., he helped to carry a wounded man through the enemy's barrage to a place of shelter quite regardless of all personal danger, and again at about 10 A.M. performed a similar action under heavy shell fire. His conduct throughout the operation was characterised by extreme bravery and energy. By his untiring zeal and masterly handling of the bearers, the wounded were cleared to the advanced dressing station with the utmost celerity."

"For conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty. On the night of 2nd and 3rd May 1917, during an intense bombardment by shell gas at his bearer post below Monchy, he removed his box respirator in order to see better to dress the wounded, well knowing the serious risks he ran by this action. He suffered very considerably from the effects of gas poisoning, but insisted on remaining at duty until relieved by another unit about 6 A.M. on the morning of the 14th

inst. Previously recommended for the Military Cross for his bravery on 9th April 1917."

MEMORIAL TO LIEUTENANT FARISH.

A white marble tablet of chaste design has been placed on the east wall of Kirkmichael Parish Church to the memory of Lieutenant Samuel Farish, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, only son of Mr and Mrs S. T. Farish of Todhillmuir; and it was unveiled on Sabbath, 14th October, by the Rev. John Bremner, B.D., minister of the church, in presence of a crowded congregation.

The tablet, which is the work of Messrs J. W. Dods & Son, Dumfries, is a beautiful piece of work, and is surmounted by the arms of the regiment, which are the same as those of the city of Edinburgh, with the mottoes, "Nisi dominus frustra," "In veritate religionis confido." It is very appropriate that it should be placed in Kirkmichael Church, as the family were two centuries ago tenants of the carse lands of Kinnel, and have ever since been associated with the parish.

At the close of his sermon Mr Bremner said:—

"It is not well that the memory of the noble dead should perish, but that after generations should read and be inspired by the simple record of their bravery, heroism, and devotion even unto death. And so I now proceed to unveil this memorial to one such, whose parents and grandparents worshipped in this church for many years. It reads as follows:—

"To the glory of God, and in memory of SAMUEL FARISH, Lieutenant, 1st Battalion, K.O.S.B.; only son of Samuel Thomas Farish of Todhillmuir. Born at Kirklands, Kirkmichael, 27th May 1895. Enlisted 4th August 1914. Wounded at Tartali, Serbia, 8th December 1915, and at Ypres, 21st August 1916. Killed in action at Monche-Le-Preuse, Arras, France, 24th April 1917.

"He lived in deeds, not words."

"He enlisted on the very day of the declaration of war, and was among the first forty in Glasgow to do so, writing home: 'I hope you don't object, but I really could not wait to ask permission.' That was characteristic of the spirit that animated him all through—self-denying, devoted, eager—the soldier's noblest qualities. After being wounded the second time, he was soon invalided to the base, but with the courage and unselfishness that were natural to him, refused an offer of employment there, saying, 'it was a soft sort of job, more suitable for an older man than for him.' Ten days later he was killed in action."

A tablet in memory of Second-Lieutenant Walter N. Russell, R.S.F., has been placed on the wall of Glendevon Church. A short account of its dedication will appear in our next number.

Decorations.

1. ALEXANDER SCOTT, Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Staff Captain, attached 154th Infantry Brigade; mentioned in dispatches, January 1917; awarded Croix de Chevalier, June 1917.
2. JOHN K. CORSAR, Engineer-Lieutenant, R.N.; awarded Distinguished Service Order for gallantry and distinguished services in the battle of Jutland.
3. MARY EVELYN THOMPSON, Matron, 29th Casualty Clearing Station, Salonica; three times mentioned in dispatches; awarded the Royal Red Cross Decoration, First Class, January 1917.
4. ROBERT G. ARCHIBALD, Captain, R.A.M.C.; mentioned in General Wingate's dispatch of October 1916; awarded Distinguished Service Order, January 1917.
5. GAVIN LAURIE WILSON, Major, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; awarded Military Cross, January 1916; Distinguished Service Order, October 1917.
6. ROBERT PHILP, Captain, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; awarded Military Cross, September 1916.
7. LESLIE LUCAS, Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry; awarded Military Cross, May 1916.
8. WILLIAM BURTON FORSTER, Major, Canadian Infantry; mentioned in dispatches, January 1917; awarded Military Cross, June 1917.
9. RICHARD BALFOUR PURDON, 2nd Lieutenant, Cameron Highlanders; awarded Military Cross, October 1917.
10. WILLIAM GORDON PENDER, Captain (Flight Commander), Royal Flying Corps; awarded Military Cross, January 1917; reported missing, 12th August 1917.
11. WILLIAM THOMAS GRAY ROBERTSON, Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; awarded Military Cross, October 1917.
12. NORMAN JAMES MACDONALD, 2nd Lieutenant, The Royal Scots; awarded Military Cross, May 1917.
13. GERALD OWEN HALLIFAX, 2nd Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; awarded Military Cross, July 1917.
14. J. FORBES SUTHERLAND, Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; awarded Military Cross, January 1917.
15. ERNEST SIDNEY FOX, 2nd Lieutenant, West Yorkshire Regiment; awarded Military Cross, October 1917.
16. RALPH E. C. VAN MILLINGEN, 2nd Lieutenant, London Scottish; awarded Military Medal, August 1916, while Corporal in the same regiment.
17. JOHN CAMPBELL, Major (C.F.); twice mentioned in dispatches.
18. EDWARD MYERS, Captain, West Yorkshire Regiment; awarded Military Cross, September 1917.
19. ERIC NORMAN MACNAUGHT, Lieutenant, Northumberland Fusiliers; awarded Military Cross, January 1917.
20. ALEXANDER IZAT WALKER, Captain, Royal Engineers; mentioned in dispatches, May 1917.



Marriages.

HAYCRAFT—MILLER.—At the Parish Church, Dollar, on the 15th of September, by the Rev. Dr Cullen, Lieutenant Stanley Muirhead Haycraft, M.C., R.E., third son of Samuel Willets Haycraft and Mrs Haycraft, Medmenham, Sutton, Surrey, to Jean Smith, seventh daughter of the late John Miller and Mrs Miller, Ashburn, Dollar.

MAUGHAN—MAUGHAN.—At St Mary Abbot's, Kensington, on 20th September, by the Rev. C. A. Maughan, brother of the bridegroom, Major Francis Gilfred Maughan, D.S.O., D.L.I., third son of the late Rev. J. Collingwood Maughan, of Prudhoe, Northumberland, and Mrs C. Maughan, Margate, to Grace Collingwood, only daughter of the late T. A. Maughan, P.W.D., India, and Mrs Maughan, late of Dollar.

WILSON—CUNNINGHAM.—At Camden, Bridge of Allan, on the 20th September, by the Rev. A. Easton Spence, Dollar, the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, Dollar, to Cecilia Cunningham, third daughter of the late John Cunningham, Pitlochry.

SCOTT—MACGREGOR.—At St Andrew's U.F. Church, Edinburgh, on the 3rd October, by the Rev. W. M. Macgregor, D.D., and the Rev. A. W. Calder, M.A., Tillicoultry, Captain Alexander Scott, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr Alexander Scott, J.P., Tillicoultry, to Mona Dorothy, daughter of the late Rev. John Macgregor, M.A., Glasgow, and of Mrs Macgregor, 29 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh.

BRUCE—MURRAY.—At the Parish Church, Haddington, on 3rd October, by the Rev. G. Wauchope Stewart, B.D., S.Q.M.S., Robert Bruce (F.P.), Yeomanry, second son of John Bruce, Esq., Easter Langlee, Galashiels, to Alma Mary, elder daughter of William Murray, Esq., solicitor, Haddington.

Obituary.

M'DONALD.—Suddenly, at Cairnpark Street, Dollar, on the 20th September, Ann Hunter, widow of William M'Donald, late gardener, Aberdona.

LAWSON.—At Rose Cottage, Lower Mains, Dollar, on the 14th October, Peter Lawson, late of Blashy Burn, in his 78th year.

SMITH.—At Mumrills Farm, Falkirk, on the 18th October, Samuel Smith, late at Haugh Farm, Dollar.

BLACK.—At Edinburgh, on the 20th October, James Black (F.P.), eldest son of the late John Black, Boa Vista, Kirkcaldy, aged 41.

REYNOLDS.—At Barnet, early in November, Susan Reynolds, (F.P.), daughter of the late Major Reynolds, formerly of Ochilton House, Dollar.

HALLEY.—At Burnbrae, Dollar, on the 11th November, Margaret L. R. Wallis, wife of Edward Halley, Jr.

MARSHALL.—At Gowanlea, Dollar, on the 20th November, Jane Bauchop, widow of James Marshall, Alloa.

School Notes.

THE GIANT PUFFBALL.

THE other day we had the pleasure of showing to most of the pupils in the School a splendid specimen of the Giant Puffball, kindly left with the headmaster by Dr Strachan.

Without hesitation we may say that every one in Dollar has at one time or another seen many of the small white puffballs and thoroughly enjoyed giving them a real goal-scoring kick, sending into the air a cloud of fine yellowish dust. Unthinkingly the kicker in his attempt spreads far and near the rich spores of the puffball, thus finishing its life-work somewhat prematurely. The example we viewed, however, would have made the most glorious kick possible, but would in all likelihood have covered its aggressor with a thick coating of dust.

Imagine a dark brown, roughly rounded mass, with a leathery skin, in diameter about eighteen inches, full to the brim with fine brown snuff-like dust, and you get some idea of the size and appearance of the monster. Here and there the leathery skin had burst, exposing the contents, and showing that in a very few days the whole mass would have been scattered far and wide by the wind.

Had we been able to see our puffball earlier we should have been less ready to handle or peruse it closely, for then it would have been filled with a loathsome pulpy mass. This mass, however, as the puffball reaches maturity, becomes dry and spongy, as we saw it, and so much resembles the brown snuff so dear to the beaux of years gone past that the peasant desirous of explaining the resemblance had recourse to the majesty of the lower regions, and aptly designated the puffball as the "Devil's snuff-box."

Certainly no human being could have used, far less carried about, such an enormous one. In spite of this designation, however, the contents of the puffball can be used for purposes of a more useful kind.

The fumes given off when burned have a stupefying effect upon bees, and we pass it on to the apiarists of the neighbourhood as an easy and efficacious method of getting their honey. Not only in this respect is it useful, but we believe that the fumes have

been used as an anæsthetic instead of chloroform, whilst the dry contents are exceedingly useful for staunching wounds.

The puffball grows to a width of several feet in some places, and differs from the common toadstool or mushroom in the absence of a stem, and in the continued globular shape of the spore case.

The accompanying photograph of the first three Fifteens (*plus* one extra man) was taken in early November. As usual, it has the forwards standing and the backs sitting, with the exceptions noted on the margin.

The Scottish born in the group number the almost constant twenty (though one or two of them are rather "Foreigners" by early upbringing). Three members were born in England. These bring the proportion of "British" up to exactly one-half. Of the 23 "Foreigners," rather more than the usual half, viz., 13, were born in India; 5 were born in Africa; 2 each in China and South America; 1 in Spain. Dollar, in its usual single native, has this year the unusual distinction of providing the School captain.

Of the 47 members named in last year's group, 27 again appear; *i.e.*, 6 or 7 more than the average number of survivors. Of these survivors, 6 wore the 1st XV. colours a year ago, and 2 others became entitled to them by the end of last season. Consequently, even after the recent departure of Foston for a sterner game, the premier team has that good foundation of men tried and true, which in last year's notes we piously hoped for, notwithstanding the not too cheerful prospect at that time; and thus we entertain the hope that next year also will find Dollar not wanting in spite of the again unpromising figures for the junior teams.

By Foston's departure the averages for the 1st XV. have been considerably reduced, however the team may be ultimately rearranged, he being the oldest and heaviest in the group (18½ years, and 11 stone 3 pounds).

The table given below shows how the present team compares in height and weight with that of last year. The figures are for mid-September. The averages in the first line of each table include the present year:—

1ST XV.

	Age.		Height.		Weight.	Backs.	Forwards.	
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft.	In.	St.	Lbs.	St.	Lbs.
Average*	16	8	5	7 ² ₈	9	11	9	7
Last year (Nov. team)	17	5 ¹ ₂	5	8 ³ ₈	10	1	9	13
„ (March „)	17	0	5	7 ³ ₈	9	11	9	11
This year (Nov. „)	17	0	5	7 ¹ ₂	9	7	9	7

* Age, nineteen years; height and weight, fourteen years.

2ND XV.

	Age.	Height.	Weight.	Backs.	Forwards.
	Yrs. Mths.	Ft. In.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.
Average (11 years)	15 10	5 5 $\frac{7}{8}$	8 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 3	9 1
Last year	15 9	5 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 7	8 2	8 12
This year	15 10	5 5 $\frac{1}{8}$	8 5	8 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 8

3RD XV.

	Age.	Height.	Weight.	Backs.	Forwards.
	Yrs. Mths.	Ft. In.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.
Average (8 years)	15 1	5 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 9	7 1	8 2
Last year	14 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 3	7 6	6 7	8 2
This year	14 8	5 2 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 4	6 9	7 11

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

The School contingent continues in a very flourishing condition. Considerable time is now devoted to training, and cadets leaving for O.C.B.'s ought to be well equipped for the work before them. Since last issue of the *Magazine*, Leach, Morrison, Soga, and Cruickshank have been granted commissions, and several other former cadets have been promoted.

Physical training is under the special care of an army instructor, and in this branch the cadets are exceptionally good and keen.

Musketry under Mr Frew maintains its former high character, and the cadets are well grounded in that very important branch of training.

Drill, engineering, tactics, map reading, interior economy, and military law all form part of the weekly time-table laid down and carried out by the senior cadets.

The usual field operations will be carried out during the term, and it is hoped that one or two night operations may be arranged before Christmas.

Regarding Cadet-Officer Foston, who has been posted to No. 13 O.C.B., the O.C. writes: "Whilst congratulating him on his advancement, I regret the loss of such a capable and trustworthy officer. At all times he proved himself worthy of the trust and confidence placed upon him. He stands high amongst those devoted cadet officers and N.C.O.'s who have done so much to make the contingent one to be proud to belong to. The officers, N.C.O.'s, and cadets wish him the greatest good fortune and success, and feel sure he will worthily uphold the honour of the old School wherever he goes."

Sergeants Shaw, Bennie, and Macintyre have all been accepted

THE FIRST THREE FIFTEENS (WITH BIRTH-PLACES OF MEMBERS)
(SECOND XV.) THE FIRST FIFTEEN ARE NAMED IN *Italics*

(THIRD XV.)



A. Drysdale

Insets—M. Bywe, Forward (India); H. Foston, Three-quarter (India); M. Johnson, Half-back (India).

Back Row—J. Spence, 3rd XV. (Aberdeenshire); D. Leonard (India); C. Wrighton (Yorks.); R. Heyworth (Birkenhead); *W. Driver (India)*; *R. M'Intyre (Ross-shire)*; *R. Drummond (Ayrshire)*; R. MacLaren (Fife); J. Hayter (India); M. Soga (Glasgow); E. Shackelton (Yorks.), extra man.

Second Row—G. Mallis (Perthshire); W. Smellie (Glasgow); T. Cameron (Argyll); P. Bush (China); *J. M. Stewart (Argyll)*; *J. McClelland (Argentine)*; *J. Wilson (Ayrshire)*; *P. Tommie (India)*; A. Stewart (Fife); K. Dawson (Burma); A. Ferguson (S. Africa).

Sitting—D. Watt (Forfarshire); H. Bodeker (Brit. E. Africa); R. Stokes (Rhodesia); *I. Annand (China)*; *J. Bennie (Spain)*; *J. C. Shaw, Capt. (Dollar)*; *A. R. Black (Edinburgh)*; *A. Watt (Fife)*; C. Watt (Forfarshire); K. Collie, Forward (S. Africa); D. Cruickshank (India).

On Ground—D. K. Watson (Lanarkshire); I. Davidson (India); A. Young (India); A. Macdonald (Rhodesia); *R. Armour (Argyll)*; *H. MacLuskie (Argentine)*; E. Gwilt (India); Thakin (Burma); J. M'Millan (Greenock); J. Speirs (Arran).

for nomination to O.C.B.'s, and await posting instructions once they are 18½ years of age.

The following promotions have been made :—

Sergeant J. McClelland, to be Cadet Officer.

Corporal A. R. Black, to be Sergeant.

Corporal R. Macintyre, to be Sergeant.

Lance-Corporal R. Drummond, to be Corporal.

Lance-Corporal I. Annand, to be Corporal.

Cadet A. Watt, to be Lance-Corporal.

Cadet R. Heyworth, to be Lance-Corporal.

Cadet D. K. Watson, to be Lance-Corporal.

Cadet J. W. Donaldson, to be Lance-Corporal.

SPORTS.

The office-bearers of the football this year are :— *Captain*, J. C. Shaw ; *Vice-Captain*, J. H. Bennie ; *Secretary*, A. R. Black ; *Committee*—J. C. McClelland, R. Macintyre ; *Captain 2nd XV.*, H. W. Bodeker ; *Captain 3rd XV.*, K. N. Collie.

Owing to the increased train fares and the restricted travelling facilities it has been found impossible to arrange the usual fixture card for this session, with the result that there is very little to report on.

Under the tuition and guidance of Mr Colin MacMaster the team have made excellent progress, and in the only School game played so far against Glenalmond, there was never any doubt as to the result. From the start the School threes were all over their opponents, and gave as fine a display of football as anyone could wish. It was impossible to single out any one of them as shining above the others, and although Shaw and Foston each had a brilliant run and score, Bennie and Watt were equally good, though not quite so spectacular.

Several games of a very friendly nature have been played with the 42nd T.R.B. with varying success. The soldiers were losers to begin with, but extra practice, superior speed and weight have turned the tables, and the last game was a complete turning the tables upside down as compared to the first game.

The XV. played a very fine game against an A. & S. H. team and only just failed to win. Macintosh, an old Glenalmond boy and well-known sprinter, &c., quite outran every one on the field, and was responsible for the last score which turned what looked like a win by one point into a loss by 4. The game ended School, 14 points, A. & S. H., 18 points.

The committee express once more their thanks to Mr MacMaster for all his kindness in coaching them in the various intricacies of the game.

The Hockey team has no away games, and only one or two home matches.

The officer-bearers are :—*Captain*, Minnie Gibson ; *Vice-Captain*, Margaret Walker ; *Secretary*, Sheila Locker ; *Committee*—Dorothy Thomson, Meta Napier.

So far practice games have been well attended, and quite useful work done. One game against a scratch team of boys ended in favour of the stronger side, and certainly showed that with some further practice the XI. would hold their own against quite the average XI. at school Hockey.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—The Girls' Literary and Debating Society commenced with a very interesting lecture by Mr A. Drysdale. The lecture was illustrated by photographs taken by the lecturer, and as might be expected, proved highly instructive and interesting. An excellent syllabus has been arranged, and it is fully expected that the high literary standard of previous years will be worthily upheld. Mr Craig, as usual, has given himself much work in this respect as in former years.

DOLLAR INSTITUTION WAR FUND.—At the commencement of the War Fund there was a balance of £8. 18s. 4d. ; since then, apart from the weekly subscriptions from the pupils, £3. 3s. 10d. has been received for sale of paper ; £6. 10s. from the proceeds of a flannel dance ; and £30 from a donor who prefers to remain anonymous.

The average weekly amount subscribed has been 15s. 8d. over a period of thirty-four weeks. The lowest week's amount was 11s. 6d. on 9th January, just after School opened, and before all the pupils had returned ; the highest was 18s. 5d. in October 1916, and strange to say, this year October again tops the list with 18s. 1d.

The amount disposed of to charities has been £64. 5s. 6d., and there is a balance at present of £10. 18s. 7d.

The charities aided were as follows :—

Bellahouston Hospital	-	-	-	£10
Hospital for Limbless Soldiers and Sailors	-	-	-	20
Scottish Women's Hospital for Foreign Service	-	-	-	4
Blinded Soldiers and Sailors' Fund (Scottish)	-	-	-	20
Arnsbrae	-	-	-	4
Dollar War Work Party	-	-	-	4

In each case the donations have been received and acknowledged in the kindest terms, and the thanks of the various bodies are due to all who have so willingly given to the Fund.

Muskenie 19
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6/17