

THE
DOLLAR MAGAZINE

VOLUME XVII.

Nos. 65-68

EDINBURGH
THE DARIEN PRESS, BRISTO PLACE
1918

PRINTED AT
THE DARLEN PRESS
EDINBURGH

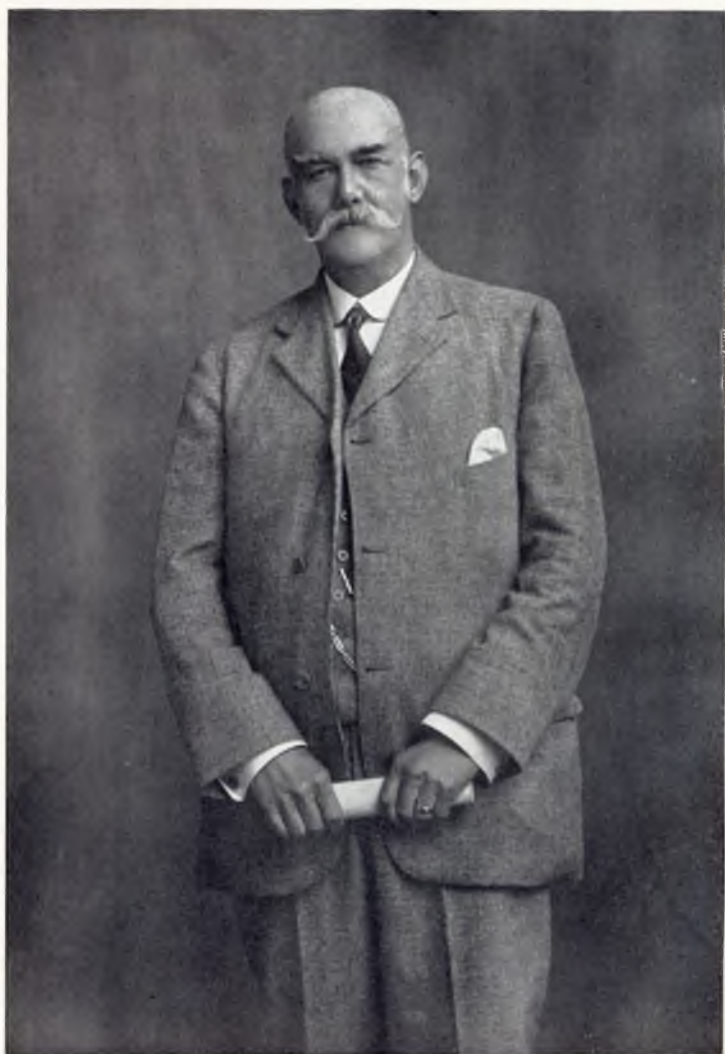
CONTENTS OF VOL. XVII.

Nos. 65-68.

	PAGE
Birth - - - - -	179
Call, A Bugle - - - - -	135
Carnegy, Major-General, P. M., C.B. -	145
Cauld Feet - - - - -	122
Ceylon - - - - -	70, 108
Cruickshank, William Grant, M.A. -	118
Davie, Mr Charles J. F. - - - - -	49
Day, The Flight of - - - - -	154
Dead, The Heroic - - - - -	63
Decorations - - - - -	187
Directory, The Dollar - - - - -	48, 96, 144, 192
Dollar, Ministers of the Parish Subsequent to the Reformation -	10, 59, 100, 155
Dominie, The Haunted - - - - -	16
Driver Potts—A Problem - - - - -	51
Glen Devon - - - - -	99
Hey, Hindenburg! - - - - -	9, 99
Idyll, A Dollar - - - - -	24
In Memoriam - - - - -	34, 58, 132
Kaiser and Kultur - - - - -	113
Knox, John, in Dollar - - - - -	25
Letter to the Editors - - - - -	22
Lioness, The Late Library - - - - -	17
Marriages - - - - -	33, 131, 180
Masterton, Mr William - - - - -	118
Memories, Pleasanter - - - - -	163
Mesopotamia, Notes from - - - - -	119, 150
Mood, In a Reminiscent - - - - -	64
Notes from Near and Far - - - - -	26, 74, 123, 168
Obituary - - - - -	33, 81, 132, 180
Pitt, Mr Samuel - - - - -	97
Prayer, An Earnest - - - - -	147
Pro Patria - - - - -	36, 82, 134, 181
Reminiscences, Rambling, of Schooldays - - - - -	20, 166
Roll of Honour - - - - -	35, 89, 141, 182
School Notes - - - - -	42, 83, 135, 188
Semper Idem - - - - -	62
Shrew, The Taming of the - - - - -	6, 114, 147
Song, A Spring - - - - -	3
Speculations, Amateur, on Great Subjects - - - - -	3, 52
St Swithin - - - - -	123
Tattersall, Mr Henry Vaughan - - - - -	1
Vision, The - - - - -	68
Yarn, The Same Old - - - - -	107

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

[illegible]



Tassell, Carlisle

l'foto

HENRY VAUGHAN TATTERSALL

The Dollar Magazine.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

VOL. XVII., No. 65.

MARCH 1918.

COPYRIGHT.

Henry Vaughan Tattersall.

WE have pleasure in presenting to our readers with this number of the *Magazine* the portrait of an old Dollar resident and F.P. in the person of Mr Henry V. Tattersall, who has been the recipient of many honours by the good people of Carlisle on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. Those of us who can look back upon the sixties of last century have many pleasant memories and associations connected with the Vaughans and Tattersalls who were then prominent members of the community. In the year 1857 Mr Vaughan, who had been resident in Dollar for some years, was so much impressed with its educational and other advantages that he wrote to his widowed sister, Mrs Tattersall, strongly advising her to come here with her family for education. This she did, and her son tells us "we never had cause to regret that advice. In fact I give Dollar Academy the credit of all my success in the banking world; and Dollar will, as long as my life lasts, hold a very dear corner in my heart." The family remained in Dollar for twenty years. Mrs Tattersall returned for a week or so in her eightieth year, and, we are told, "the delight of that visit remained on her memory till her death at the ripe age of eighty-six." Mr Tattersall was for many years an enthusiastic volunteer, and for three successive years held the championship for rifle shooting in his regiment, 1st Forfar Volunteers. For his banking career and the position he now holds in Carlisle we cannot do better than quote the following from *The Carlisle Journal* of 5th October last :—

A CARLISLE BANK MANAGER'S CAREER.

PRESENTATIONS TO MR H. V. TATTERSALL.

Mr H. V. Tattersall, who next February will have been the manager of the Carlisle Branch of the Clydesdale Bank twenty years, recently celebrated his 70th birthday, and received many felicitations from business as well as private friends on his joining the ranks of the septuagenarians.

Mr Tattersall has been connected with the bank for the long period of fifty-five years, and at seventy years of age he is in the enjoyment of excellent

health, and has no intentions of seeking the rest and retirement to which his long services now entitle him. He entered the service of the Company at Alloa in 1863, and held appointments successively at Penicuik, Greenock, and Dundee, where he was chief clerk. In 1874 he went to London, and transferred his services to the Bank of New Zealand; but when the Clydesdale Banking Company opened a branch in the Metropolis, in 1877, Mr Tattersall returned to them in the capacity of assistant cashier, and in the same year was appointed cashier, a position which he held for seventeen years. He received further advancement in 1894, when he was sent to the head office in Glasgow to assist the Assistant General Manager. This post he held till February 1898, when he was sent to Carlisle as manager of the branch here.

Genial and courteous, Mr Tattersall has attracted to himself whilst in Carlisle a large circle of friends, and to celebrate the landmark which he has reached in his life, and to enable him to meet many of his friends, the Mayor entertained him at dinner. Besides receiving the congratulations of those around him, Mr Tattersall was presented with a silver cigar box, on which was 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 Silloth Golf Course. His relations with men with whom he has been brought into contact in connection with business have also been of the most cordial character, and on Tuesday the directors of Carr & Co. Ltd., and Carr's Flour Mills Ltd., entertained him at luncheon at the County Hotel, and presented him with a silver salver, as a mark of the respect in which he is held by them after twenty years' business associations. A presentation prompted by like motives has also been made to Mr Tattersall by Messrs John Laing & Sons, builders and contractors, who availed themselves of the occasion to present him with a silver bowl. Private presents were numerous, but the above are of public interest, and gratifying testimony to the pleasant relations that may grow up in business life.

Mr Tattersall intends to spend the remainder of his days in Carlisle, and has taken Fairholme, on the Brampton Road, Stanwix, where his friends will wish for him still many happy returns of the day that has this year brought him so many expressions of goodwill.

We join heartily with his Carlisle friends in wishing him many happy returns of his birthday.

Mr Tattersall's only son is now fighting for his country in France.

A Spring Song.

I LOVE her well when she comes laughing,
Clad in joyous green ;
Gaily smiling, dewdrops quaffing,
A lily-laden queen.
When flecked with pink and white, she pleases,
Her fragrance, caught and borne by breezes,
Brings forth the bee, who nectar seizes
From her golden sheen.

I love her though I find her weeping
Ere the day is done,
Or on some hillside, calmly sleeping,
Careless of the sun.
I shelter her while still she dozes,
And gaze entranced when she discloses
Her crowning gift—a bed of roses ;
Then—my heart is won.

Amateur Speculations on Great Subjects.

BY DR STRACHAN.

(Continued from page 154.)

HAVING assumed a nebula as the genesis of our solar system, we must now go back upon our previous question of *what* is a nebula? before we can take up the final problem of *how* came the nebula to be resolved into the orderly system of sun and planets which now occupy their allotted space in the starry firmament. It may simplify the question if we begin by supposing a conversion of this earth into a nebula, thus forming a microcosm of the great nebula in question.

By an exceedingly high concentration of electrical power or density, producing a temperature of over 4,000° F., any portion of terrestrial matter can be resolved into its elements and reduced to a state of vapour. What applies to any portion must apply also to the whole, and what can be produced in the laboratory, in the way of exceedingly high electric tension, may exist in nature under extra mundane conditions. If, then, this earth were so charged with ethereal electricity as to raise it to a temperature of over 4,000° F., its whole substance would be converted into a state of

elemental vapour, at the same time being enormously expanded. Leaving out of account all connection with our solar system, we should thus have much the appearance, and, I venture to suggest, the nature and composition, of a simple nebula as seen in the regions of space, a vast glowing mass of incandescent vaporous matter consisting of such elements as go to the formation of this world, and kept in this condition by exceedingly high electric tension. Ethereal electricity of this density is, in our experience, extremely unstable from a strong tendency to assume the fluid form of the electric spark and dart to some object of attraction. In the vacant realms of space, however, it may be that electric affinity for matter is such that electrification will remain of any density *consistent with the ethereal state*; but this may have a limit, on exceeding which the electricity will, as in a thunderstorm, concentrate in the fluid or lightning form which, in the absence of any object of attraction, will remain as an enormous ball of lightning in the centre of the nebula. Such a state of things is seen to exist in the so-called "nebular star," "a bright star often seen in the centre of a nebula" ("Modern Encyclopædia"). Here we seem to have all the conditions necessary for the construction of our supposed microcosm of the solar system. A central sun of electric fluid surrounded by the material from which at least our planet may be made. This material is still in a state of incandescent vapour induced by the heat hitherto derived from high electric tension, but now a steadily diminishing quantity from radiation into space, with the exception of the photosphere, as will be stated later.

An entirely new order of things would now be entered upon and an era of progressive change would set in. The excessive electric force and source of heat would be confined to the central globe of electric fluid, and this, from some property which we have no means of studying, but is suggested by the well-known "circuit," the whirlwind and waterspout, would possess a violent rotatory motion. Assuming possession by ethereal electricity of the property of a fluid, a circling or revolving motion would be communicated to such portion of the surrounding ether as came within the influence of the rotating sun, the extent being determined, perhaps, by the presence of the vaporous matter contained. This, I think, may be held to represent, on a comparatively very minute scale, the great stellar nebula from which we are to suppose our whole solar and planetary system to have evolved, and to which we have now to transfer our thoughts—a central rotating globe or sun of electric fluid surrounded by a revolving sphere of ether, permeated by the incandescent vapour of such elementary matter as this and the other planets are formed; this vapour being steadily parting with the heat which has hitherto

retained it in this state, and consequently assuming progressively greater consistence.

The two opposing forces—first gravitation (or is it magnetism?) to, and second, centrifugal force driving from the sun, would now be brought to bear upon the vapour. The former, being in inverse ratio to distance, would be most powerful immediately around the sun, where centrifugal force would be more than counterbalanced. A certain enveloping sphere of vaporous matter would there be held and be kept in that state by direct electrical action. Thus may have been formed, and such I conceive to be the nature of the photosphere, that radiant envelope which hides from view the central electric globe, but affords astounding demonstration of the tremendous forces emanating from the *primum mobile* of the planetary sphere as thus described by Professor Young, of New Jersey: "The appearance, which probably indicates a fact, is as if countless jets of heated gas were issuing through pores and spiracles over the whole surface, thus clothing it with flame which heaves and tosses like the blaze of a conflagration." "The solar atmosphere," he says again, "is as the flame of a burning fiery furnace raging with a fury and intensity beyond all human conception." When we consider that these jets and flame-like masses attain to heights of from 40,000 to 250,000 miles, and are projected at a velocity of "sometimes not less than 100 miles a second" (Sir Robert Ball), we are tied down to the one force in nature which could be conceived as producing such effects, especially when we are shut out from chemical action of any kind by the temperature existing at the sun, estimated at 20,000° F.

The sun's core of electric fluid, as seen through the vortex of a sunspot, may be, in itself, cold and dark, but is intensely alive; quivering, as it were, with a mighty vitality, the dynamic source of all the heat, the light, and the life of this world and of the other planets of our sphere. It is not, however, directly, but by its action upon matter, that this effect is produced, much as is the case with our electric lighting. The material photosphere seems thus a special provision for transmitting that vitality to the ether, inducing those waves or vibrations on which the life and well-being of all organic nature entirely depends. Its composition is proved by the spectroscope to be of such matters as we are more or less familiar with, and which are entirely inert except under chemical action, which, as has been said, is ruled out of consideration by excessive temperature. Yet the photosphere is seen to be, at all times, in violent disturbance, which can be only from some extraneous force acting upon it as here suggested.

Outside the region of extreme solar attraction the two forces

would be more equally balanced, and weight of material be a determining factor. Thus the heavier matter would be more or less held by gravitation, while the lighter would be projected to the greater distances. Beyond and surrounding all matter would be the atmospheric gases, and at such distance as to sufficiently modify temperature, life germs would carry on a rudimentary existence as do the infusoria in our atmosphere.

We may now, I think, have before our mental vision all the elementary conditions from which we may suppose our planetary system to have evolved, which I may summarise as follows :—

1. A central globe or sun of electric fluid, possessing intrinsic, infinite, and, so far as we can tell, perpetual powers of a tremendous vitality, with

2. A revolving sphere of ether, containing, in a state of incandescent elemental vapour in process of cooling and solidifying, all the materials which go to the formation of the planets.

3. Immediately surrounding the sun a material photosphere, which may act as an intermediary in transmitting the vital energy of the sun to the ethereal sphere.

4. Surrounding the whole nebula an atmosphere of oxygen and nitrogen gases and watery vapour with the germs of animal and vegetable life.

(To be continued.)

“The Taming of the Shrew.”

“THE TAMING OF THE SHREW” is one of the ten Shakespearean plays founded, not on prose tales, or chronicles of history, or classic sources, but directly on older and anonymous dramatic works. In this case the original play is still extant, and is entitled, “A Pleasant Conceited History called the Taming of a Shrew as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants.” It was published in 1594, and reprinted in 1596 and 1607.

This play is of peculiar interest to the Elizabethan student because it originates the method of eradicating bad temper, which Shakespeare, in “The Taming of the Shrew” (published for the first time in the folio of 1623), has more fully elaborated. Swinburne refers to it as “a brilliant and powerful comedy of unknown authorship,” and Raleigh asks, “But who wrote the play of 1594? Among the authors who were then writing we know of only one

man who was certainly capable of writing it, and that man is Shakespeare himself. If his authorship could be proved it would be a document of the highest value as a sample of the work that he did in his early time."

The Petruchian method of taming a shrew, even when developed and refined by Shakespeare, is still considered by many critics as over-drastring and even brutal, but in the age in which it was written it would appear extremely mild as well as ingenious. In that stirring, eager, dashing time but little self-control was exercised. Men quarrelled at the first word, settling the dispute by the ever-ready sword, and severe penalties were necessary to prevent such scenes occurring even in the presence of royalty. Nor were ladies behind their lords in this respect. Many highly placed women, such as Bess of Hardwick, Lady Bacon, who was "little better than frantic in her old age"; Lady Russell, who beat her son almost to death; Lady Pakington, whose quarrels with her husband were notorious; nay, Queen Elizabeth herself, have come down to posterity as notorious shrews.

Before the appearance of either of the dramas in question popular fancy had been caught and held by an anonymous poem with the title, "A merry jester of a shrewde and curste wyfe lapped in Morelle's skin for her good behaviour." The "shrewde wyfe," Morley tells us, when kindness fails, is whipped mercilessly in a cellar and then tied in the salted hide of an old horse Morel, that keeps her wounds smarting. So she is forced to yield the supremacy to her husband, who is then kind to her for the rest of her days. Such was the standard of the time, and no doubt the husband was considered magnanimous for his kindness after the subjugation, and the relations thus established between them quite satisfactory.

Shakespeare, in his "Taming of the Shrew," elaborates and refines, even if he did not originate, a different method, and if in this, as in so many other moral questions, he can teach us a useful lesson, it may be worth while to look beneath the farcical envelopment and seek it out. The danger is a real one, now as then, for an uncontrolled temper in a single member may ruin the happiness of a whole household, and often affects most injuriously the character of others, inducing deceit, timidity, nervousness, or, in higher natures, perpetual voluntary self-sacrifice for the sake of peace. It is a noxious plant that ought to be nipped in the bud. Most unhappy of all is the luckless owner of the temper, who is often pining for affection even while driving it away by bitter words and violent actions.

Professor Henry Morley, in his introduction to the play [Cassell's National Library], probably expresses the real spirit of the dramatic

story when he writes: "Petruchio is a gentleman who tames a woman of bad temper by showing her in himself the inconvenience of such violence, while he is so far from any possibility of striking her [this refers to the traditional whip carried by the stage Petruchio] with a whip, that he does not even strike her with his tongue. As Katherine herself puts it:—

"— I, who never knew how to entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waiting and with brawling fed,
And, *that which spites me more than all these wants,*
He does it under name of perfect love.'

There is not a word or an act of Petruchio towards Katherine, in all his boisterous assumption of a temper like her own, that can live in her mind and spoil the happiness of after days with the sting of unkindness."

In Katherine the Shrew we have presented to us a young woman

"With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman,"

with a brilliant intellect, as may be seen when at last she accepts Petruchio's challenge, and almost out-does him in his own humour, and kind-hearted, as appears in her defence of Grumio and the ewer-bearer from their master's blows. Yet all these advantages are more than cancelled by her ungovernable temper. Instead of being the mainstay of the motherless home, she is the curse of it; instead of being surrounded by friends and courted by the eligible men of the city, she is shunned and made the laughing-stock of all.

Shakespeare makes it apparent that Bianca's meek silence and submission provoke her, and the garrulous helplessness of her father is a still greater irritant. Such expressions as

"Sister, content you in my discontent,"

and

"What you will command me I will do,
So well I know my duty to my elders,"

while no excuse for Katherine's tyranny, give us some touch of sympathy with her, and also prepare us for the final scene when Bianca, safe in the position of wife, flouts the husband for whom she has but little respect.

Into this family enters Signor Petruchio, a man of strong will, keen sense of humour, and chivalrous instinct. He wants a wife, has indeed come to Padua to look for one. The account of the two sisters piques his fancy, and the high spirit of the elder, although ill-directed, appeals to him more than the conventional type of the

younger sister. Dowry and parentage, the first consideration in those days whether in England or in Italy, are satisfactory, and he determines to make the venture.

It may be taken for granted, in spite of his exaggerated assurance to the contrary, that if Petruchio had found Katherine antipathetic or altogether unlovable, he would have romped out of the adventure as boisterously and as humorously as he had romped into it, but this was not the case. She was undeniably beautiful, and he was evidently in earnest when he uttered the dainty oath :—

“By this light whereby I see thy beauty—
Thy beauty that does make me like thee well.”

The first display of her temper, when she so sharply punished the music-master who had presumed to “bow her hand to teach her fingering,” won his hearty admiration. The whole idea was a sudden impulse born of confidence in his own strength of will, power of self-command, and wholly chivalrous intention, and it was only while waiting for his first interview with her that he sketched out his plan of attack :—

“Say that she rail—why then I’ll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as the nightingale . . .
Say she be mute and will not speak a word,
Then I’ll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence,” &c.

The spirit of this resolve he carries through to the end, refusing to admit any imperfection in his bride, but there were many and greater demands upon his ingenuity before he had transformed the violent and tyrannical daughter and sister into a sympathetic, courteous, and loyal wife.

H. H. S.

(*To be continued.*)

Hey, Hindenburg !

Tune—“Hey, Johnnie Cope.”

HEY, Hindenburg, are ye wauken yet?
Come, see a sicht ye’ll ne’er forget,
For ye’re gaun to get it guid an’ het
Frae Haig an’ his tanks in the mornin’.

Thae elephants o’ steel an’ fire—
A’ day they fecht an’ never tire;
Deil haet they care for your strong barbed wire,
Your forts an’ your trenches scornin’.

Ahint them come Haig's gallant men,
 Frae mony a toun an' hill an' glen ;
 They've beat ye before, an' they'll do't again,
 Or die for the lands they were born in.

They are English, Scottish, an' Irish too,
 Bauld Anzacs, an' Canadians true ;
 Ye'll think ye have met wi' your Waterloo
 When ye hear their slogan in the mornin'.

What will ye say to Wilhelm Hun
 When ye have failed juist like his son—
 That daft young chield doun at Verdun ?
 He'll aiblins gie ye your warnin'.

Then here's a health to Haig an' Byng ;
 Baith loud an' lang their praise will ring,
 Blest by the Empire an' the King
 For the victory won in the mornin'.

W. C. BENET.

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

The Ministers of Dollar Parish Subsequent to the Reformation.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

(*Continued.*)

I HAVE ventured to describe "the fight," which had such a tragic end in the case of the Dollar divine, as a pugilistic encounter, because I presume it was with fists and not with sword or pistol that the offended parson contended with his adversary, and so proceeded to prove—

"His doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks."

It was perhaps unfortunate for Mr Geddes that this explosive outburst of temper took place in the year 1656, and not some years later, during the milder regime of Episcopacy. For it cannot be ignored that in that year, when Mr Geddes's prosecution before the Stirling Presbytery terminated in his deposition from the office of the holy ministry, not only was Presbyterianism still dominant in Scotland, but the more sternly Puritanic section of his co-presbyters, belonging to the party then known as "The Protesters," under the leadership of James Guthrie of Stirling, had

gained the upper hand in the judicatory court which had to deal with the offending Dollar minister.

Whether there may not have been some strong provocation received by the unfortunate divine which, had it been duly considered, might have tended, if not to justify that irascible individual in taking the law into his own hands, at least to mitigate the character of his offence in doing so, it is impossible, of course, for me now to say. I may perhaps, however, in this connection warrantably remark, that since five years afterwards, in the year 1661, on the triumph of Episcopacy in Scotland at the Restoration of Charles II., Mr Geddes, though he was not reposed in the Dollar cure, had yet his ministerial status restored to him by the ecclesiastical authorities of the day, and was permitted to resume his interrupted functions as an authorised preacher of the gospel, it seems evident that whatever was the nature of Mr Geddes's offence, it was not then regarded as of an unpardonable description. I may perhaps also add here, that it is doubtless suggestive of the ecclesiastical leanings of the unfortunate clergyman with whom the Puritan Church leaders of the revolutionary period had dealt so sharply, that the moment that Episcopacy was re-established in Scotland as the authorised form of Church government, he seems straightway to have appealed, and to have appealed with success, to have his clerical status restored.

On the other hand, when one remembers how very numerous must have been the parishes left vacant all over Scotland by reason of the hundreds of Presbyterian ministers who declined to acquiesce in the new Episcopalian Church establishment, the fact that four whole years passed away before the dispossessed Dollar minister obtained another settlement would seem to suggest either that Mr Geddes was not a *persona grata* to the Church authorities with whom the appointment to vacant charges lay, or that he found it difficult to obtain sufficient popular approval within those parishes in which he had officiated to justify these authorities in proceeding to a settlement. One would think, however, that since, when that settlement did occur, it took place in Arngask, a parish closely adjoining to his own native parish of Orwell, where, therefore, his personal character and past history are likely enough to have been well known, there cannot have been anything in either the one or the other so scandalously bad as to have created a widespread prejudice against him. For had this been so, it seems reasonable to infer that the authorities who had waited four years without finding a nook in which to fix the expectant minister, would not even in 1665 have proceeded to intrude against the people's wishes an obnoxious presentee on

an unwilling parish. Moreover, this must also be said to Mr Geddes's credit that he seems to have laboured quietly in his rural parish till the Revolution of 1688 once more shook the Scottish Church to its foundations, and permanently overthrew the endowment of the Episcopalian order in Scotland.

At this crisis in our national and ecclesiastical affairs many regrettable disorders and riots occurred all over the land, especially in those parishes in which "the curates," as the Episcopal clergy were scoffingly named by the disaffected Presbyterians, had rendered themselves unpopular with their parishioners. And as this seems to have been the case with Mr Geddes at Arngask, I may perhaps have judged his ministry there too favourably when I spoke of it as having proceeded quietly, and to all appearance with acceptance, up till the Revolution of 1688. Certain at all events it is, that the Episcopal minister of Arngask received rather scurvy treatment at the hands of his parishioners, or some of them at least, during the disturbed months subsequent to 1688, when all the institutions in the land were in the melting pot. For to quote the suggestive words of Dr Scott on this subject, the unfortunate minister of Arngask was roughly rabbled one night in his own manse by a riotous party of Presbyterian dissenters, who, after "putting his own gown upon him in derision, forthwith proceeded to tear it off again in the most barbarous manner, giving him at the same time many reproachful words and other bad treatment in his own house." Moreover, in consequence of having been thus violently excluded from his regular ministry, we are told, that the ousted clergyman petitioned the Privy Council for redress, and that he also wrote privately to George Leslie, Earl of Melville, then one of the chief managers of Scottish affairs, soliciting his interest on his behalf, and mentioning that he was now seventy-three years of age, that his family was numerous, and that he had only a stipend of £16. 13s. 4d., surely a singularly small sum for a parish minister's stipend even in that primitive age. But clamant as might be the family needs of the ousted Arngask divine, and energetic and varied as might be his endeavours to regain his lost position, unhappily Mr Geddes had by this time so utterly lost caste with his clerical brethren of the Presbyterian persuasion that all his efforts proved futile. For we find him almost immediately thereafter officially deposed for a second time from the ministry, "as guilty of gross and abominable scandals." What these scandals were I have never seen specified. But if the late Mr Paul is correct in stating (*Dollar Magazine*, I. 117) that for several years prior to his death as an old man in Dollar in 1696, he discharged ministerial duties in that parish, then this irregular intrusion of his into his earliest

cure would seem to be not the least scandalous incident in Mr Geddes's extraordinary career. Referring to this amazing incident, which he seems to have believed did actually occur, Mr Paul has remarked: "This man, whose moral and spiritual qualifications cannot have been of a high order, could have intruded thus so long as minister of Dollar only with the consent of the superior, the Earl of Argyll, and the leading men of the parish, some of whom, it is believed, were partial to the former Episcopal rule, and its less severe doctrine and discipline. Indeed there is evidence that while some of the inhabitants were strongly attached to Presbyterianism, and refused to wait on the ministry of the Prelatical 'curates,' most of the leading persons among them were quite content with the old order of things."

It seems difficult, however, or rather impossible to believe, that Mr Geddes, though doubtless resident in Dollar till his death after he removed from Arngask in 1690, could really have performed any regular clerical duty in that parish, except, of course, acting possibly as occasional pulpit supply, in view of an important statement made by Mr Paul himself in a later issue of this periodical (*Dollar Magazine*, II. 58). For when referring there to the long period, extending from the Revolution to 1700, during which Dollar had no resident Presbyterian minister, Mr Paul declares categorically concerning Rev. George Monro, who was the last Episcopal minister to hold the Dollar cure, that though he was one of the hundred and seventy-nine ministers who, in 1689, were deprived of their benefices for refusing to conform to the new order of things, and though a process of ejection was by and by instituted against him before the Privy Council, yet he continued to act for a long time in a fashion as minister of Dollar, and to draw the stipend. And he adds the further significant fact, that it was not till 1698, nearly two years after Mr Geddes was buried, and indeed while the process against Monro was still pending, that "that minister finally relinquished his post and demitted office."

In view of this latter statement it is clearly impossible that any intrusion of Mr Geddes into the Dollar cure, in any proper sense of that term, could ever have taken place. Probably, therefore, what really occurred was something like this. When Mr Geddes, about 1690, took up his abode in the parish of Dollar, in which, as we know, he had begun his ministry, where probably he got his wife, and where, too, in all likelihood he had relatives still residing, on finding that his brother Episcopalian minister, Mr Monro, was obstinately clinging to his benefice, he may not only have sympathised with and encouraged him in his resolute attitude, but possibly enough may have frequently assisted him in his clerical duties, or

even have temporarily discharged the entire duties of the charge in the necessary, if occasional, absence of the incumbent, Mr Monro. But that Mr Geddes was for a second time, in any right sense of the word, the minister of Dollar, I do not believe.

I agree, however, with Mr Paul in thinking that the evidence is conclusive that towards the end of the seventeenth century religion was at a low ebb in Dollar, as, indeed, I fear it was in many other parts of the country. It is certainly highly suggestive of this state of things, as Mr Paul points out, that at the time of Monro's removal there was not a single elder in the parish, and that the first step taken by the Presbytery of the bounds to prepare the way for the settlement of a new minister was the election under their supervision of eight persons to fill that office, to which they were admitted on the 14th of December 1698.

Let me record their names here, as doubtless there are readers of the *Magazine* who will be glad to know the names of the worthy men who were chosen 200 years ago to preside over the reinstallation of Presbyterian worship and discipline in Dollar. The names are as follows:—Simon Drysdale, Thomas Drysdale, John Fergus (younger), John Blackwood, James Gib, William Hutton, James Kirk, and Andrew Harrower.

During the period which extended from the exclusion of Mr Geddes from the Dollar pulpit till the opening of the eighteenth century, a period of much disturbance and agitation in Scotland, the ministers who officiated in the parish of Dollar seem to have been less noticeable than either those who preceded or those who followed them. At all events, as yet I have been unable to glean many items of information regarding their personal history and character.

The first of the four whose joint ministry fills the gap between 1656 and 1700 was a Mr John Craigingelt, a man noteworthy, if for nothing else, at least for his name, which I have never elsewhere encountered. It is also a somewhat remarkable circumstance that, like his four immediate predecessors, Mr Craigingelt was a son of the manse, his father at the time of his settlement being minister of the neighbouring parish of Alloa, though he had commenced his ministry in the Highland parish of Aberfoyle, where presumably therefore his son must have been born. Young Mr Craigingelt was born in 1629, and must have been carefully educated by his father, as he began his studies at Glasgow University at the age of sixteen, and graduated at Edinburgh in 1649, when only twenty years old, his student career having thus proved unusually varied. It was not, however, till 1656, when he was twenty-seven years of age, that he was successful in finding in Dollar the congenial sphere in which his brief ministerial life was spent. I presume, therefore, that Mr

Craigingelt must early have developed the constitutional weakness which was to cut his ministry short in 1659, at the early age of thirty, after but three years' residence in the parish. The premature termination of the career of a child of promise, such as no doubt Mr Craigingelt was, whose life work had thus closed almost as soon as it was begun, must have left a sad sense of incompleteness in the minds of those who loved him, had they not possessed the solace that Christian faith and hope supplied, and by which they were assured concerning their departed friend, that

"To him the rare felicity was given
To fall asleep on earth and wake in Heaven."

And so conscious that having won his immortality, and taken his place among the blessed dead in the heavenly home which henceforth no sorrow could ever more invade, they doubtless lost that sense of emptiness and vanity which so short a life must otherwise have created, and rejoicing rather to think of him as having thus early and satisfactorily fought the good fight, and finished the course, and kept the faith, I am sure that they could not have wished him back for any cause whatever. For—

"Who would wish back the saints upon our rough
Wearisome road?
Wish back a breathless soul
Just at the goal?
My soul, praise God
For all dear souls which have enough.
I would not wish one back to hope with me
A hope deferred,
To taste a cup that slips
From thirsting lips.
Hath he not heard and seen
What was to hear and see?"

Why, therefore, for him, or for any others, as men call it, "prematurely called away," should we speak regretfully, as if they had not fulfilled their course, or as if God's will in summoning them so early to their rest and reward had not been for the best? For then, how indeed—

"Could we stand to answer the rebuke,
If one should say,
O friend of little faith
Good was my death,
And good my day
Of rest, and good the sleep I took."

(*To be continued.*)

The Haunted Dominie.

THE bairns are tired and restless, and the schule-room's a' a-hum,
 I'm sick mysel' o' history and dates ;
 I see their lips and fingers busy figuring the sum,
 I hear their pencils scartin' on the slates.

They are busy wi' their coontin' : I can leave them for a wee,
 The last half'oor or so afore they skell ;
 And tho' some o' them are dreaming, as I canna help but see,
 I am seein' dreams and visions for mysel'.

Sitting up before my desk, on the high three-legged stool,
 I am watchin' no' the bairns there at work ;
 It's the laddies I am seein' wha hae lately left the school,
 And are gane to meet the German and the Turk.

To their places on the benches I can see them shachle in,
 Wi' mirth and mischief in their very gait,
 Wi' orra nips and scratches, and wi' kicks upon the shin,
 As they settle doon to copy-book and slate.

Guid kens they were a worry wi' their plaiskies and their steer,
 I hae skulted them and leathered them fu' sair ;
 Yet I'd gie my hopes o' pension could I only ha'e them here,
 And could watch their cheery caiperin' aince mair.

There was Georgie Sherp, a laddie wi' a pooch aye fu' o' bools,
 Wha'd never heed a single word I'd say,
 Wha could never maister grammar, nor mind the parsin' rules,
 And wad sell his soul for shinty ony day.

But he made a splendid sodger—so at least the Colonel said,
 When he wrote to tell his mither he was killed :
 He was cheerin' on his fellows, when a sniper laid him dead ;
 But they carried back his body frae the field.

And there was Tammie Taylor too, a thoctfu' little chap,
 Wha's coontin' was the pride o' a' the schule ;
 The Germans got his section somehow kep'd intil a trap,
 And Tam was made a prisoner—is ane still.

And Sandy Duff, a rascal just as cunnin' as a tod,
 For every kind o' mischief he was ripe ;
 He wad keep the ithers at it wi' a passin' wink or nod,
 But he'd stand a mighty lickin' ere he'd clype.

In the ancient Chersonesus, jist fornenst the gates o' Troy,
 Amang Australia's miracles o' men,
 Lauchin' at the roarin' death, as gin it were a ploy,
 Young Duff gae'd doon, and never rose again.

And Georgie Fyfe—a sodger frae his very mither's knee,
 Wha's nieves were doobled aince or twice a week,
 Wha's een were aften bleckened, wha aince tried it on wi' me,
 Doesna ha'e his scraps an' scartins noo to seek.

For he's actin' as a sergeant in the Scottish Fusiliers,
 Whar he gets his fill o' fechtin' ony day ;
 Whar, wi' his gun and bayonet, he can work off his arrears
 Upon his country's foemen in the fray.

Jist ower there by the blackboard, Jamie Rogan used to sit,
 A stracht-limbed lad as ever took the e'e ;
 Noo he's hirplin' on his crutches wi' a splinter in his fit,
 A broken man for a' the years to be.

And there was my ain Alec too, a lad o' mony a pairt,
 Wha at College led in Greek and Latin baith ;
 Wha never gar'd me blush for him, nor suffer a sair heart
 Till I got the wire that telt me o' his death.

"A gallant officer !" they said, and weel I ken 'twas true ;
 His men wad follow ony gait he led.
 But it's gey and weary waitin' ; I feel auld and dune the noo,
 As I see his sunny face amang the dead.

And there's a curn ithers, wha were schuled amang us here,
 Wha rushed to war like beaters to the hunt :
 The lads were keen on fechtin', and had little troke wi' fear,
 And needed nae pressgagin' for the Front.

And some o' them are sleepin' aneath Flanders' bloody sod,
 And some in Syrian sands hae found a bier ;
 But I'll meet my laddies some time, when the Registers o' God
 Bid the maister and his pupils answer "Here !"

GEORGE BLAIR (F.P.)

The Late Library Lioness.

RETURNING to Dollar after a longish absence, the natural thing for a fellow to do first is to inquire after the well-being of the Library Lioness. Judge, then, of my feelings when, on doing so, I was informed that she had disappeared ! All over the world, when this news circulates, I know that Dollar boys will foregather in grief and consternation to exchange memories of the departed creature, and to ask each other, vainly but insatiably, for further information. She meant so much to us. She stood for the larger interests of our budding lives—for Empire, Heraldry, and the Unlikely. . . . I do not know whether the Dollar boy of to-day goes mourning for her loss, but I speak with confidence for my generation. She was no ordinary wild animal. What other denizen of jungle, bush, or forest has a detachable tail ? What other can claim so fearful a symmetry ? Her body was cylindrical, and remember her legs. And now the library knows her no more. The boys who go to borrow a Henty or a Ridgwell Cullum will never know the thrill which we in times past experienced as we felt her glass eyes marking us down : their

imaginations, their credulity, will never know the challenge of her presence. . . . Her fascination was complex. Her appearance was arresting, certainly, but it was the mystery of her origin that claimed our reverence and excited our conjectures. Had she escaped from a menagerie or a coat-of-arms? Why was she hen-toed in death? Had she lived and died with a detachable tail? Was the convenient peculiarity of that member a testimony to the scientific integrity of some forgotten taxidermist, or had it been simply pulled off in derision by some impatient and vandal visitor to the School, jealous of our glories or waiting for the "Red Fairy Book"?

As her disappearance is a mystery, so was her origin.

In my time we felt that we must not press our inquiries regarding her. The masters avoided any reference to her in their lectures, we noticed: no picture of her was ever published in the Prospectus, the *Magazine*, or elsewhere. Why was this? There were those amongst us who, in consequence of this conspiracy of reticence, entertained the darkest suspicions. It was even whispered that John Macnab himself, in his young and reckless days, emboldened possibly by the familiar example of William Shakespeare's poaching adventures, shot the animal in the Scotchie, contrary to all local contemporary game laws. (Out of place though the observation may be, is it not certain that the poetical habits of Shakespeare's later life are, in the eyes of many people, condoned very largely in consideration of the earlier proclivities which brought him into contact with the neighbouring gamekeepers?) The Scotchie is no more, but in my time lions were common enough in the vicinity, as were tigers, wolves, panthers, pirates, and Red Indians, but though we shot large numbers, we never stuffed any. The only species of wild animal we went to the trouble of stuffing were small schoolboys, to preserve whose shape we made use of cake, confectionery, and potatoes roasted by our own camp fires on the spot. The departed denizen of the library does not look to me like the genuine Scotchie lion. If you remember, every lion you hunted in the Scotchie was of the magnificent black-maned type, just as the tigers were invariably man-eaters, and the savages exclusively cannibal. We should not have thought of firing at a creature whose physique deprecated and disarmed violence, whose dignity was so purely intellectual. . . . Another theory was that she had been caught by the tail in a trap, and that indignant at the outrage, she had pulled and pulled till she parted company with it, and could turn round to release it. Not content with mere escape, she determined on revenge if redress were impossible, and carrying the severed member in her teeth, laid it down in mute reproach at the august feet of the then rector of the School, acting upon the immemorial tradition that all local out-

rages are the work of the Academy boys. Some concluded the story by saying that, having thus expressed herself, she fell dead from nervous shock—a theory which her appearance, as we knew her, certainly supported. Others again believed that in the guise of a silent accuser, an emaciated claimant for retribution, she haunted the class-rooms and corridors searching for the wretched lad who had set the snare; and that when she died, her skin was cured and stuffed and set up as a tangible conscience. There were many who insisted on fixing the tail in its conventional position, thereby robbing her tragedy of its moral; others placed the tail, reverently enough, on the stand, making the lioness appear to be mounting guard over it. But some of us had deeper insight, and when the librarian's back was turned, gently placed the tail in her jaws, where, whatever was the truth, it certainly seemed most at home. Wherever she came from, she is gone, and a mystery hangs over the manner of her disappearance. By some it is regarded as a portent. Was not the fall of Julius Caesar fore-shadowed by the appearance of lions in the streets of Rome—harmless lions, such as ours—which merely glared at people, as ours did all the time I knew her—"and went surly by"? It would be interesting to know if anyone saw the library lioness padding down the Burnside with her tail in her mouth, awakened from her long trance at last, for some fateful and mysterious purpose.

Incredible as it may seem, inquiry amongst present Dollar boys elicits the painful fact that many of them have never heard of the lioness. Why this secrecy about her? Why again, this conspiracy of silence? None can, or will, inform me whether any attempt was made to follow her; this would surely have been an easy matter, since the spoor of great hen-toed felidæ are not common in the neighbourhood. We of the bygone generation, who frequented the library acquainting ourselves with literature beneath her patronage, feel towards her as Romulus and Remus must in their declining years have felt towards the wolf who was their foster-mother. . . . The woods around Dollar are being levelled to the ground, rabbits, squirrels, and owls driven further and further back, hidden dells and hollows bared to the light of common day. Possibly some evening the woodcutters will be surprised to see the library lioness returning contemptuously before their sacrilegious axes carrying her tail in her mouth and followed by a chubby family of cubs—each with the hereditary detachable tail. Or perhaps, without such disturbance, we may see her marching proudly through the gates, bringing her family to School, once more to occupy the library. . . . Till she returns, it seems to us that her spirit haunts the place, a gaunt, moth-eaten, hen-toed, weak-kneed, sausage-bodied lioness, carrying

in phantom jaws her phantom tail—the ghost of a creature misunderstood and unexplained, a mystery threatened with the reputation of a myth.

W. K. H.

Rambling Reminiscences of Schooldays.

BY ARCH. G. GIBB,

(Continued.)

DAN REID and the late Alick Bryden were my companions the day we got the kestrel hawk's nest. Dan's father had a farm at Milnathort (about twelve miles from Dollar) and Alick and I had gone out by train to spend a Saturday with him. The hawk's nest was on a very high Scotch fir tree, with very few lower branches and a twisted, knotty trunk, a difficult tree to climb. Dan, however, who like most of us was a good climber, accomplished it, though attacked by the parent birds, who seemed to resent his presence on their tree.

No better chum for a day's outing in those days could be had than my old friend Alick Bryden. Always full of fun, merriment, and good nature, he was an ideal companion for a day's outing, and on this occasion especially did much to make the holiday a success. Like myself, he was ardently fond of tramping about the hills and glens and many a pleasant outing we had together.

* * * * *

Another chum who often accompanied me on those days was a curly-headed New York boy, Jim Buchanan by name. He and I spent many a pleasant hour on the banks of the Devon, or searching the glen for nests. I remember rather a funny incident that happened, in which Jim played a very prominent part.

We had agreed to get up at five o'clock on a certain morning to go off on a good hunt before breakfast. Jim lived next door to me, his bedroom window overlooking our back garden, where we grew apples, pears, strawberries, and other fruit, and which was enclosed by a ten-foot high stone wall. My chum was rather dubious about being able to wake at such an early hour, so I suggested that he should tie a long string to his foot, to the other end attach a stone which he could throw over the garden wall, and by this means of communication I could "connect" with him and rouse him from his slumbers.

Somewhere about the appointed time I hurried into the garden, and there spied the stone dangling from the string. Taking hold of it I gave a gentle tug, but as there was no response, I gave a

sharper pull and then another, till I found I was drawing the string towards me with some considerable weight behind it! Suddenly it stopped, the string was loosened and I heard Jim's shout and knew he was up. It seems he could not have felt the first gentle tug I gave, and as I continued to pull harder and harder he had to jump out of bed and hop on one foot across the floor to the open window before he "brought up"! Then and only then could he untie the string from his ankle.

He also informed me that his first attempt at pitching the stone and line over the wall had been a failure, as the stone slipped off and went down through a skylight into a club room below. These little accidents, however, did not prevent us having a good morning's outing.

* * * * *

Talking of Jim Buchanan reminds me that twenty years after that incident I was in New York, and one of the first things I did was to call on my old chum at his office, where I was introduced to his father, an old Scot, who had spent many years in New York and who had "made good" as a contractor. He invited me out to supper with them, and I gladly accepted the invitation. After supper Jim took me up to his bedroom. Arriving there we got our pipes going and settled down for a long chat about our escapades in Dollar. Then rising from his chair, Jim went to his dressing-table, and unlocking a drawer, took out a flat box that somehow had a familiar look. Opening it, he disclosed to view his collection of eggs which he had brought from Dollar and had kept carefully all these years! The sight of these eggs brought back the recollections of many happy days, and I could easily recall the particular circumstances under which we got many of them. Amongst them was one of the kingfisher's of which I have already spoken, and which I daresay he still retains.

I might go on and on with these bird-nesting yarns, but space will not allow me.

It is rather remarkable how the habits of one's schooldays cling to them in later life. Even now I never go in the country in the early summer that I do not scan the bushes and trees I am passing, to see if there are any nests. There is quite a variety of birds and many excellent nesting places round St John's, although most of the birds are migratory. The familiar brown sparrows were unknown here twenty-five years ago, but are now thoroughly acclimatised, and are with us in their thousands all the year round.

* * * * *

Some people there are who dislike country life. They find it lonely and yearn to be back in the rush and excitement of the city.

Personally I have felt more lonely on the Strand in London or on Broadway in New York, where perhaps thousands are passing and repassing, each apparently on an important errand, than ever I did in the country. In the city you feel that you are only an infinitesimal unit of a mass of moving humanity, while in the country with the trees and birds around you you feel you are part of it and that for the time being you are lord of all you survey.

* * * * *

But here my meditations are interrupted. A familiar voice comes from the upper regions, "Are you going to sit up all night?"

Reluctantly I lay my pipe aside, put out the lights, lock the front door, and it's me for the eiderdown!

The "St John's Daily Star," St John's, Newfoundland.

Letter to the Editors.

DEAR SIRs,—In your December 1916 issue you were good enough to insert Miss J. C.'s pioneer attempt at play-writing—"Thomas à Becket"—which, I have reason to know, was well received and commended. Encouraged thereby, I now enclose that of Miss E. F., who stood second in the competition. She was the younger girl of the two.

THOMAS À BECKET.

PART FIRST.

Scene—A Chamber in Canterbury Cathedral, Thomas À Becket's mother, musing on her deathbed.

Mother: Well do I recollect the time, when I
 Was in my native land and breathed my native air.
 There was a prisoner there, dear to my heart,
 And I one night unloosed his galling bonds
 And bade him flee to his loved land again.
 He went, and I was left alone to mourn.
 But ere he went he promised to return
 To marry me, and then go back once more.
 But years rolled on, and still he did not come.
 To find him I resolved. I only knew
 Two English words, which acted as a charm,
 Because they brought true happiness to me.
 The first was—London—in a ship, it gained
 For me a passage. By crying Gilbert
 In the streets, I found him whom I loved
 With all the fervour of an early love.
 He did fulfil his vow, and I was wed,
 And Thomas was my son, my only one.
 I am about to die, yet I have seen
 Him raised to dignity, and I'm content.

PART SECOND.

*Scene—The Council Chamber.**Enter PEMBROKE.*

Pem. : My Lord, have you yet heard how Becket has
By skill and wicked craft the people won?
A priest was by the law condemned to die,
But Becket spoke and said that they did wrong,
That law had no right over them.

King : What ! does that vile priest himself against me set ?

Pem. : Yes, my Lord.

King : Then I will call a council, and they shall
Decide who's in the right or in the wrong.

PART THIRD.

After the Council—the King musing.

King : And have they banished him, well, I am glad.
That rascal of a priest shall no more vex me,
But what if he again returns to claim
The title and estates which I did give ?
No matter though he come ; he shall but reap
The fruit of all that he himself has sown.

PART FOURTH.

*Scene—King's Chamber.**Enter PEMBROKE.*

Pem. : My Lord, that priest's once more returned.
He comes to claim his rights and all his lands,
And swears
To bar heaven's gates 'gainst those who hold
His lands ; and even now, he's on his way
To execute the vengeance he has sworn.

[Enter Becket.

Becket : My Lord, wilt thou now restore my lands
Which thou hast given to others ?

King : Vile traitor, dost thou think that I'll recall my word ?—
No ! Thou hast ruled too long,
But, now my rights I will assert.

Becket : Ha ! Dost thou think that I will give
To thee such loyalty as I once did ?
No ! I have learned a lesson I never knew
Till I was banished all these weary years.
I once did love thee, with that love with which
A man adores his mistress ; but the times are changed.

King : Take away the wretch—

[Exit Becket.

Will none of those who eat my bread rid me
Of this vile priest, who long has vexed my thoughts ?

Tracy : Brave comrades, wilt thou tamely stand
And hear thy king insulted by a boasting priest ?

Fitzurse : No, by St George ! ere to-morrow's dawn I'll silence him.

Tracy : I'm ready, even now, to seal the traitor's doom.

Moreville : And I.

Brito : I also pledge my word.

[Exit the four knights.

PART FIFTH.

*Scene—The Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral.**Enter FOUR ARMED KNIGHTS.*

Fitzurse : So we have found thee out at last, thou fool,
Too long hast thou our king provoked ; but now
Our oath we shall fulfil.

[Draws his sword and the rest follow his example.]

Becket : Hast thou no mercy ?
Thou mayest shed my blood, but still
My curse shall rest upon thee ; do thy work
And let the steel end all my cares.

Fitzurse : Go to, thou fool ; prepare thyself to die,
Thou dost but waste our time.

Becket : O ! spare me yet a little while
For I have much to do and say.

Fitzurse : Hold ! Prepare. For we'll no longer wait
Thy muttered prayers.

Becket : Yet, acquitted I shall stand,
And England's fairest dames shall bend the knee
In lowly adoration at my shrine,
And even Henry, proud prince that he is,
Shall pay me honour at my tomb.

[After the deed.]

Fitzurse : 'Tis done—
Make haste to meet the king and hear him praise
Our worthy deed.

[Curtain falls.]

By E. F.

Only one more was commended ; but the subject was different—
“ Death of Richard I.”—Yours, F. T.

A Dollar Idyll.

In the woods near the river the songsters are calling,
On the meadows morn's jewels profusely are spread ;
Were there elves keeping vigils while dewdrops were falling ?
Perhaps, but at cock-crow the fairies had fled.
Yes, off to some cool, mossy grotto's seclusion,
Not fearing intrusion,
Though the world is agog in the light overhead.
Behold winsome Bella to pasture is bringing
The kine she had milked as the sun rose this morn ;
Her head tilts to the lift, where she hears a lark singing
Far above where its mate nestles in the young corn.
And her mother looks out from the door of the dairy,
Left speckless and airy,
While she—blonde and buxom—is far from forlorn.

Where the sun lights the hillside, sheep browse and lambs gambol,
To the joy of the shepherd who treads the soft grass ;
With his scrutiny o'er, comes a pause in his ramble
To muse on his prospects and dream of a lass.
More alive to its beauties, he scans the green valley,
Where to-night he will dally,
For to-morrow he knows to the ranks he will pass.

John Knox in Dollar.

A TRADITION OF HIS INFLUENCE.

THE following incident from an old Kinross-shire publication purports to narrate an incident which took place during Knox's visit to the fourth Earl of Argyll at Castle Campbell in 1558. "One evening while the Reformer was residing in the castle, the good man chanced to take shelter, for the purpose of meditation, in the wooded ravine between the castle and the village. While thus engaged two young men, who were wending their way upward to the castle, chanced to turn their conversation to the then much-agitated subject of the reformed doctrines. Knox, concealed by the shady foliage and the dim twilight, and interested in the discussion, followed in their footsteps. One had heard the Reformer, and had zealously espoused the tenets of the Protestant leaders. But the other, influenced by the teaching of the then Romish vicar of the parish, was prejudiced in favour of Holy Mother Church, and bigoted in error. The youths at first talked mildly and persuadingly, till gradually the debate warmed ; gentle solicitation on either side gave way to vehement remonstrance ; amicable counsel to frenzied declamation. In the course of the discussion it appeared that they were speedily to be connected in marriage, the one being about to be married to the sister of the other ; yet this did not check the keenness of their controversy, and the impetuous warmth of their mutual recriminations. Hot words were at length succeeded by furious blows ; blows were followed by determined grappling. The Reformer now suddenly appeared, and commanded them to separate, a command which, from the venerable aspect of the man who now stood before them, operated like a charm. The combatants were instantly freed from each other's grasp, and listened to the stranger who, admitting his having heard their conversation, requested them, before they should further differ, to become his auditors next evening at the castle. Both promised compliance, and both were found among the assembled auditors next evening on the sward ; while

such was the effect of the great Reformer's discourse on that occasion, that the zealous supporter of Popery of the previous night announced, along with his friend, his belief in the Protestant version of the Christian faith, by immediately partaking of the chief of the Gospel ordinances on the invitation of Knox himself, who had arranged that the service should close with a solemn observance of the Lord's Supper. It is needless to add that the two young men were forthwith and permanently reconciled."—*Extracted from an old local Journal.*

Notes from Near and Far.

CHANGE OF NAME.—The Governors of the School at their last meeting, acting on the opinion of counsel, resolved to apply to the Education Department and to the Court of Session for powers to change the official name, Dollar Institution, to Dollar Academy. This movement has met with very general approval, for it has for some time been brought home to the authorities that the word institution carries with it a shade of meaning which is not applicable to John M'Nab's School in these days.

The verdict of nations is not unfrequently to be discovered by the unconscious change which comes over words in the course of time. As the years pass, and the associations of men concrete around the words and phrases, there comes to be attached to them an indirect but irresistible suggestion of ideas which were not in the least related to the original term. Such terms are numerous; and abundant evidence exists that institution, when applied to a school, has acquired a special connotation by an almost imperceptible gathering around it of associations which have been attached to it by the frequency with which they are thought together. Associations—like ivy, sometimes growing more noticeable than the original on which it has fixed or round which it twines itself—come to have prominence in our minds, and indicate by their suggestions the ideas we usually attach to them. To clear away all ambiguity by adopting the name Academy in place of Institution is, as we have said, the object of the appeal to the law courts.

If we glance for a moment at the origin and significance of the most common educational terms, we find that these have come down to us, like many other good things, from the ancient Greeks. We do not simply mean that we have formed these names from Greek roots, as has been done in almost every branch of science and philosophy, but that the words are wholly Greek, and have been transferred bodily, if we may so speak, from the Greek language, with only a slight colouring of the Latin medium through which

they have passed. One of the oldest among the words to which we have just referred is "gymnasium," a term not unknown in Dollar. We learn from a native of Athens (F.P.) that after a walk of less than a mile from the "double gate" of the city we reach a beautiful grove, in which the plane and the olive are especially conspicuous. There, embowered amid the lofty trees, we behold a building, or rather a series of buildings of great extent and elegant proportions. There are long porticoes furnished with numerous seats, and along the open walks that branch out in different directions among the trees there is a similar provision for rest and comfort. Inside are spacious rooms of various kinds. It is scarcely necessary to say that we are in a Greek gymnasium, in its origin simply what we call a school—a place for the training of youth. The Greek idea of such training, however, differed from ours. Their curriculum of school education consisted of three branches—grammar, music, and athletic exercises—the last by far the most prominent.

Our guide has conducted us to none other than the famous Academia, the "grove of Academus," where Plato lectured on the philosophy of his master, Socrates, and from which that philosophy subsequently derived its name.

The word academia passed from Greece to Rome, and was applied by Cicero, for example, to the portico which he built and adorned with treasures of Grecian art, near his villa at Tusculum. And thus, from the Greeks to the Romans and from the Romans to the nations of modern Europe, has descended the word "academy," by which we are wont to designate a certain class of schools, of which John M'Nab's School is one. In every-day speech and in local history academy has been its designation from its early years, and it is only right that it should also be the official name.

We mention, with pleasure, that the cost of the appeal is to be met by a loyal, generous former pupil, now one of the governors.

* * * * *

10TH CRUSADE.—"History repeats itself" is a saying, the truth of which may be attested by reference to many events and movements in Church and State. What is happening now in Palestine is, in its object, a repetition of what took place more than eight hundred years ago, when Peter the Hermit mounted his ass, and, with bare head and feet, carrying a huge crucifix, traversed western Europe, rousing everywhere the uncontrollable indignation which devoured his own soul. His vehemence carried all before him; and expedition after expedition, each man wearing a red cross in sign of his religion, set out to rescue the Holy Land and its sacred

places from heathen hands, and put an end to the insults and injuries constantly inflicted on Christian pilgrims. The enthusiasm thus fostered gave birth to convictions which no calamities could destroy or even shake. The soldiers of the cross laid by the very shirt they wore when they entered Jerusalem that they might be buried in it, believing that this would carry them straight to heaven. The motives of the army to-day are more disinterested, and are free from the superstition of the earlier time.

Little, we daresay, did any of our brave young fellows, who are now distinguishing themselves under General Allenby's skilful leadership, think when, a few years ago, they pored over the narrative of the Crusades in their history book, or revelled in the tales of chivalry and derring do, as told in the "Talisman," or took part in the pros and cons of the debate, "Were the Crusades beneficial to Social Progress?" that they themselves would one day be helping to wrest the Holy Land from the infidel. Yet so it is. And it is interesting to know that our district had its representative soldiers of the cross in the early crusades. The lords of Fossoway, allured by the chance of military renown, joined in the conflict between the Crescent and the Cross, to sweep the accursed Saracen from the holy soil. And thereby hangs a tale, for from this fact came the tradition regarding Meg the witch of Aldie and the Laird of Aldie, who made an expedition to the Holy Land with the special purpose of effecting, in addition, the ascent of Mount Sinai. Meg accompanied the laird, but used her powers to prevent the fulfilment of his vow as regarded the ascent of Sinai. Awaking one morning, so says the tale, the laird found written on his arm :—

"The Laird of Aldie you may be,
But the top of Mount Sinai you'll never see."

And so he never did, though he returned safe and sound to his native land.

Tasso, in his "Jerusalem Delivered," has thrown the witchery of his genius over the holy wars, and given them the *éclat* which cannot fail to attach itself to any series of events on which one of the poems of the world has been written. Fairfax's translation is the best.

* * * * *

INQUIRER writes: I have a little vest-pocket book entitled "Who Wrote That," and by its means I have been most successful in finding the authors of quotations which in my reading I have chanced to come across. The following verses, however, not inapplicable to the present time, I have not been able to trace. Perhaps some of your learned readers may be able to help me.

"Our Fatherland ! and would'st thou know,
 Why we should call it Fatherland ?
 It is, that Adam here below,
 Was made of earth by Nature's hand ;
 And he, our father, made of earth,
 Hath peopled earth on every hand,
 And we, in memory of his birth,
 Do call our country ' Fatherland.'

At first, in Eden's bowers, they say,
 No sound of speech had Adam caught,
 But whistled like a bird all day—
 And, maybe, 'twas for want of thought !
 But Nature, with resistless laws,
 Made Adam soon surpass the birds ;
 She gave him lovely Eve—because
 If he'd a wife, they must *have words*.

And so, the native land I hold
 By male descent is proudly mine ;
 The language, as the tale hath told,
 Was given in the female line.
 And thus, we see, on either hand,
 We name our blessings whence they've sprung—
 We call our country Father *land*
 We call our language mother *tongue*."

Yes, young friend, we could tell you, but *telling* is not *teaching*.
 Try again—across the Irish Sea.

* * * * *

POEMS BY MRS BARBAULD.—We had the good fortune, the other day, to pick up from a bookstall a copy of Mrs Barbauld's poem, "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," a work rarely met with now. It gives a gloomy view of the state and prospects of England a century ago ; and it is believed that one of its passages suggested to Macaulay his famous vision of a New Zealander standing "on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's." Fain would the Huns make the Cathedral their target in their reiterated air-raids, and prepare it for the artist's pencil. Let us hope that they will fail.

Mrs Barbauld was a most prolific writer (1743-1825), and at least one critic appraises her as "the greatest poetess, if not indeed the greatest female writer, England has produced before the nineteenth century." Now she is practically forgotten. One poem entitled "Life" is to be found in many anthologies. It was greatly admired by Wordsworth, Rogers, and Charles James Fox. The last stanza runs :—

"Life! we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not Good-night; but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good-morning!"

* * * * *

THE RECORD BEATEN AGAIN.—In a former number we were able to congratulate Mr Kerr, of Harvieston Castle, on his beating the record by gaining for his Aberdeen-Angus bull calf the large sum of £950, and now he has gone one better, for his Elileanach, a bull calf of the same breed, brought at M'Donald & Fraser's sale at Perth, on 6th February, the almost incredible sum of £1,400. As was the case last year, Mr Kerr won the championship and the group prize. For his shorthorn calves, too, Mr Kerr got very high prices. Gallant brought £600, Gay Gallant £480, Grandee £330. Mr Kerr farms on an extensive scale, and is a thorough believer in all kinds of pure stock, as a judge of which he has no compeer in Scotland.

* * * * *

LIEUTENANT HENDRY writes to Mr Dougall: "I was highly pleased a few nights ago, on returning from a rather exciting patrol, to find that a long-expected mail had at last arrived, and more than pleased to find among it the card of Christmas greetings from Dollar. Ever since I came out here Dollar has been cropping up in unexpected places. At the Base Depot I met W. R. Ovens. He is with the K.O.S.B. Now I find that our N.O. is a brother of Mr Frew. The most curious thing of all happened two days ago in Jaffa. I was walking along 'Sauchiehall Street' (no need now to ask what regiments were responsible for its capture), and seeing a book on the footpath I stopped and picked it up—reading matter is worth its weight in gold up here. It was a *Dollar Magazine* of a date later than the last one which reached me. It was impossible to discover the owner, but I can assure you that if he could know what pleasure he gave me he would not regret its loss. I recently met in ——— Lieutenant Ferguson, of the Highland Light Infantry, son of Mr J. Ferguson, of Alloa, and another old Dollar boy."

* * * * *

YOUNG MEN'S GUILD.—We have been favoured with a copy of the syllabus of the Dollar Branch of the Church of Scotland's Young Men's Guild, and we very heartily congratulate the president, Mr Alexander, on the excellence of the session's programme.

Addresses are forthcoming from the Rev. Dr Clark, Dr Cullen, and J. C. Ritchie, B.D., from Messrs Dougall, Cruickshank, Saunders (Alloa), Begg, Brown, Heron, while papers are promised from the younger members, J. Crawford Shaw (*vice-president*), G. Dudgeon, John Begg, M. W. Jack, D. Gordon, W. Driver, A. Watt, and D. Watt. It is satisfactory to know that there is no falling off in the number of members.

* * * * *

GLOWING TRIBUTE TO A F.P.—Our readers may be able to recall the able, racy article which Tom Cosh contributed to the *Magazine*, Vol. XV., p. 38. He is a well-known architect—a member of one of the principal firms of Sydney. We take the following eulogium from the *Sydney Arrow*: “Tom Cosh was born in the New Hebrides, and the fresh clean air of the Pacific blowing across coral islands and palm groves filled him with a sweetness of soul that has survived and endears him to hosts of friends. Or perhaps it is simply an inheritance of the qualities that had made his father, Dr Cosh, a Presbyterian missionary, one of the most respected divines of his period. Tom was always full of energy, and at Dollar Academy, and later at the University, showed nippy qualities and plenty of dash in the football field. He played in many a battle. . . . Any attempt to describe him as a speaker would seem exaggerated. He has a wonderful gift for speech-making. As he warms to his theme the audience is fairly carried away by the golden flood. In profound thought, and with rare powers of expression, he grips his hearers and holds them spellbound. Yes, it sounds exaggerated—but only to those who have not heard him.” Mr Cosh is a keen supporter of the *Magazine*, and a warm friend of his old School.

* * * * *

HONOUR TO A F.P.—The King has been pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on Mr W. H. Raeburn on the occasion of his retiring as President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom. This announcement has given profound pleasure to Mr Raeburn's friends, and to the teachers and pupils of his old School. We congratulate Sir William on the well-merited distinction. (See *Magazine*, Vol. XI., pp. 166 and 171.)

* * * * *

HONOUR TO F.P.—We learn with great pleasure that Mr Walter Mungall, B.Sc. (F.P.), Provost of Crieff, has been appointed one of the governors of Morrison Academy.

* * * * *

THANKS.—The Committee beg to return their sincere thanks to Mr Charles Davie, Buenos Aires, for his handsome donation of

four guineas, odds, to their funds, and also to other readers who have added to their annual subscriptions.

* * * * * * *

The Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., sends us the following :—

We notice Miss E. Langley Spence's name in the *Gazette* of the 7th February as Assistant Administrator in the W.A.A.C., to date from 21st November 1917. She is now O.C. messing at a Receiving Depôt Hostel in Birmingham, where there are 200 members of the W.A.A.C. Miss Spence, who is the youngest daughter of the late Dr Spence, Woodcot, Dollar, has an interesting war record. At the outbreak of hostilities she engaged in nursing, and in her spare time did canteen work in the Y.M.C.A. at Rumbling Bridge. Having nursed at the County Hospital, Arnsbrae, for a couple of months, she took the fourteen weeks' war course general training in the Adelaide Hospital, Dublin. Subsequently she was appointed a war probationer at the Scottish Red Cross Hospital in Glasgow. In January 1917 she joined the Women's Legion, being posted to Folkestone, where she acted as House Matron of two Rest Camps. In June of the same year Miss Spence volunteered to go to the Anglo-Russian Hospital in Petrograd, but failing to obtain the necessary passport on account of the unsettled state of that country, had to relinquish the idea. While acting temporarily as Lady Supervisor at a gas helmet factory in London, where 200 girls were employed, Miss Spence was "called up" by the W.A.A.C. and sent to Denham Camp, where she did duty as head waitress in an R.F.C. cadets' mess. She not only acted in this capacity, but assisted the officers in the camp to get up Pierrott concerts, frequently playing the part herself of "Pierrette." Having been recommended for promotion, Miss Spence was appointed Assistant Administrator, and shortly afterwards was transferred to the Central Siege School of Gunnery at Lydd, Kent. Here she gained invaluable experience in conducting three officers' messes, a sergeants' mess, and two residential hostels for the W.A.A.C.s. At present Miss Spence is stationed at a Receiving Depôt Hostel in Birmingham, where she holds the position of Household Administrator, catering for some 200 of the members who are recruited at the Labour Exchange. We think this is a record of war work of which any young woman may well be proud.

* * * * * * *

THE following articles have been held over :—"Ceylon," by H. L. Blacklaw, and "The Work of France in Morocco," by James M'Ivor M'Leod, C.M.G.

Marriages.

M'CUAIG—CASSELS.—On 22nd August, at St Mary Magdalene, Enfield, Middlesex, by the Rev. J. Thomas, Norman M'Cuaig, Glasgow, to Bertha Winifred, fourth daughter of Andrew Cassels, Esq., of Oporto, Portugal.

FREW—LAUDER.—At Institution Place, Dollar, on 1st December 1917, by the Rev. Dr John Clarke, Alexander Howie, eldest son of Mr and Mrs William Frew, Drumossie, Paisley, to Agnata Marion (F.P.), eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs P. Dunlop Lauder, Dollar.

MOFFAT-PENDER—SMITH.—At St Mary Abbot's, Kensington, on 27th December 1917, Captain Ian M'Allister Moffat-Pender, Seaforth Highlanders and Royal Flying Corps (F.P.), youngest son of Mr and Mrs Pender, Onich, Great Bookham, Surrey, to Lorna Ledlie, younger daughter of the late William Smith, of Ravenswood, East St Kilda, Melbourne. The ceremony was performed by Colonel J. W. Griffiths, S.C.F., Woolwich, cousin of the bride, who was given away by her uncle, Gunner Herbert Wilson, Australian Artillery.

ISDALE — M'LAREN. — At Bridge Street, Dollar, on 5th January, by the Rev. A. Easton Spence, assisted by the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, Matthew, eldest son of the late James Isdale, Howe Street, Edinburgh, to Margaret Lamond (F.P.), eldest daughter of Duncan M'Laren, Bridge Street, Dollar.

LAMMIE—KNIGHT ROCHE.—At St Mary's, Cadogan Gardens, London, on 16th February, by the Rev. J. Penn, Lieutenant Dewar Lammie (F.P.), the Gordon Highlanders, youngest son of Mrs A. E. Lammie, 8 Blackford Road, Edinburgh, and of the late John Lammie, 18 Eglinton Drive, Glasgow, to Gwendolyn Knight Roche, youngest daughter of Mrs Knight Roche, 71 Anglesea Road, Dublin, and of the late Thomas Knight Roche, "Avonmore," Stillorgan Road, County Dublin.

Obituary.

ALEXANDER.—At Station House, Dollar, on the 11th December 1917, Robert Clarke, aged $3\frac{1}{2}$ years, son of Mr and Mrs Alexander.

BRASH.—At Duntulcan, Monreith Road, East Cathcart, Glasgow, on 21st December 1917, Annie Couper Roxburgh (F.P.), wife of Mr James Brash, J.P., agent, Union Bank of Scotland.

BARTHOLOMEW.—At Brooklyn, Dollar, on the 16th January, Grace Storrar, widow of Alexander Bartholomew, late of Blairingone.

ANDERSON.—At Classlochie, Kinross, on the 21st January, David Brodie Anderson (F.P.), aged 40 years, fourth son of David William Anderson, Classlochie, formerly of Lambhill, Dollar.

CALLANDER.—At Madras, on 7th February, of enteric fever, William Ramsay Corson Callander, I.C.S. (F.P.), aged 28.

In Memoriam.

THIS intimation of the early death of Ramsay Callander will be felt by a wide circle of friends at home as a personal loss of the saddest nature; while to pupils, of the early years of the century, all over the world, the passing away of one so well known and loved will cause a blank that cannot readily be filled. By many of his companions who boarded in the same house with him, seeing him daily, and learning more and more to admire his generosity, courage, manliness, uprightness, never-failing good humour, coupled with the beautiful simplicity of a child, his death will be deeply mourned.

As a pupil he displayed ability above the average, worked with a will, was greatly interested in all forms of sport, and was a keen player of lawn tennis and golf. He had a brilliant School course, winning one or more honours every session, and the medal for classics in his last year, 1906.

After leaving School he entered St Andrews University, gaining the fourth bursary in the open competition, and the Ramsay bursary of £135 a session. Here his career was a distinguished one, and he graduated with first-class honours in classics and moral philosophy—a double-first rarely reached.

After graduating, he studied for the Indian Civil Service, which he duly entered, and he seemed likely to have a brilliant future before him. He went to India in November 1913. He was a fine specimen of British manhood, tall, well-knit, agile, of splendid physique, and "with those qualities of mind and soul which he possessed as a boy, broadened and developed." He remained a loyal son of his old School, which he loved to designate "that famous home of learning." His contributions to the *Magazine*—"On Learning a So-called Language," "Writing about Nothing," and "Side Lights on Shikar," are felicitous in style, full of pleasantry, and reveal a versatility of descriptive power, always fresh, individual, distinct, and a fine taste, elegance, and easy mastery of words.

We have only to add the expression of our own deep sorrow; his death touches a tender chord in our heart; among our vivid memories no name has continued to grip our affections more firmly than his.

R. M.

Roll of Honour.

ADDITIONS TO ROLL OF HONOUR.

OFFICERS.		
Name.	Rank.	Unit.
BOSTOCK, A. G.	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Garrison Artillery.
CAIRNS, CHARLES A.	"	Indian Cavalry.
CAMERON, ALAN HAY	"	Royal Engineers (Signals).
M'INTYRE, ALEX. G.	Lieutenant	Royal Army Medical Corps.
WRATHALL, J. S. G.	Sub-Lieutenant	R.N.V.R., attached R.N.A.S.

MEN.		
BRYDIE, D. WILSON	Private	Seaforth Highlanders.
BUICK, CHARLES G.	Signaller	H. M.S. "Opposum."
DALGARNO, ERIC	Private	53rd Y. S. Gordons.
KENNEDY, S.	Gunner	Royal Field Artillery.
LYON, JOHN	Private	Scottish Rifles.
MUCKERSIE, WILLIAM	"	Seaforth Highlanders.
NEILSON, JOHN S.	"	Scottish Rifles.
ROBERTSON, JAMES G.	"	58th Labour Company.
SCOTT, J.	Sergeant	A.S.C., M.T.
SIMPSON, JAMES S.	Private	Machine Gun Corps.

PROMOTIONS AND TRANSFERS.

ANDREWS, J. B.	Captain and Adjutant	Army Service Corps.
ARCHIBALD, R. G., D.S.O.	Major	Royal Army Medical Corps.
BROWN, EGERTON G. S.	2nd Lieutenant	Attached S. Lances. Reg.
CAMPBELL, R. B.	"	Indian Labour Corps.
CLINK, C. W.	Lieutenant	Scottish Rifles.
DARBY, DOUGLAS	"	Scottish Rifles, attached R.F.C.
ELLIOT, WALTER	"	Cameron Highlanders.
FERGUSON, JOHN	2nd Lieutenant	Royal Garrison Artillery.
FOX, JOHN B.	Captain	Royal Flying Corps.
	(Flight-Commander)	
Garlick, John M.	Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
HARRIS, JOHN H.	"	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
HILL, ANDERSON C.	Captain	Royal Engineers, att. Tank Corps.
HILL-MURRAY, S. W. H.	2nd Lieutenant	Seaforth Highlanders.
HOLMES, R. KERSLEY	"	Army Service Corps.
LOW, W. CAMPBELL	"	Royal Field Artillery.
LUCAS, LESLIE, M.C.	Captain	Highland Light Infantry.
MACANDREW, RONALD M.	2nd Lieutenant	Border Regiment.
M'LAREN, GEORGE	"	Yorkshire Regiment.
MARSHALL, R. R.	Lieutenant	Cameron Highlanders.
MIDDLETON, JAMES	Major	Royal Engineers.
MILLER, GEORGE R. B.	Lieutenant	Rajputs.
MILLINGEN, R. E. C. VAN	2nd Lieutenant	London Scottish, att. Tank Corps.
MORGAN, A. J.	Lieutenant	Black Watch.
MUNRO, J. C.	"	Scottish Rifles.
PAULIN, GEORGE H.	"	Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.
PURDON, R. B., M.C.	Captain	Cameron Highlanders.
ROBERTSON, W. T. GRAY, M.C.	"	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
STUART, J. M'ARTHUR	2nd Lieutenant	Special Brigade, Royal Engineers.
SUTHERLAND, G. W. S.	Lieutenant	Seaforth Highlanders.
SWANSTON, J. D.	Captain	Black Watch, Prisoner of War
	(Commandant)	Depôt.
WEIR, JAMES G., C.M.G.	Lieutenant-Colonel	Royal Field Artillery and Air Board.
WILKIE, GEORGE	2nd Lieutenant	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached Machine Gun Corps.
WILSON, NORMAN M.	Major	Indian Medical Service.
WOLFFSOHN, A. N.	2nd Lieutenant	Tank Corps.

Pro Patria.

1. DOUGLAS GORDON.—Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached Royal Flying Corps, third son of the late Captain and Mrs V. L. Gordon, East Wemyss and Inverness; boarded with Dr Butchart; left School January 1916; killed in action, 14th August 1917.

2. DANIEL M'LACHLAN IMRIE.—2nd Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry, grandson of Mrs M'Lachlan, 2 Dalkeith Avenue, Dumbreck; boarded with Miss Watt; left School 1906; died on 16th November 1917, from wounds received the previous day.

3. WILLIAM ROBERTSON GRIEVE.—Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry, Managing Director of Messrs W. R. Grieve, Ltd., 450 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; boarded with Mrs Gibson; left School 1901; killed in action, 28th April 1917.

4. ALEXANDER CUTHBERT LINDSAY.—Lieutenant, Inland Water Transport, R.E., son of the late Mrs Lindsay, Birnie Cottage, Dollar; left School 1884; died at Basra, 10th February 1918.

5. WILLIAM NEILSON.—Captain, Scottish Rifles, attached K.R.R.C., eldest son of the late Mr Hugh Neilson, Clydebridge Steel Works; boarded with Mrs Millen; left School 1896; killed in action, 20th November 1917.

6. DONALD CULBARD.—Sergeant, A.I.F., youngest son of the late Mr Wallace Culbard, tea-planter, Soongal, India, and of Mrs Culbard, Soongal, Neston, Cheshire; boarded with Mr Malcolm; left School 1911; killed in action, 28th August 1917.

7. WILLIAM SIMPSON.—Private, Royal Scots, eldest son of Mr John Simpson, Cemetery Lodge, Dollar; left School 1899; died on 5th August 1917, of wounds received in action the same day.

8. JOHN ROBERTSON.—Trooper, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, only son of Mr and Mrs John Robertson, Alva; left School 1911; died on 4th January 1918, as the result of wounds received in action in Gallipoli.

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

10. DONALD SCOTT ELLIS.—Corporal, Canadian Expeditionary Force, youngest son of the late Mr David Ellis, wood merchant, Fossoway; left School 1902; killed in action, 31st March 1916.

11. GEORGE DOUGLAS MOORHEAD.—Driver, Motor Transport, A.S.C., youngest son of Mr Robert Moorhead, Craigielinn, Paisley; boarded with the late Mr Levack; left School 1901; died of wounds on 15th October 1917.

12. NORMAN CLAYTON.—2nd Lieutenant, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, Master in the Academy, 1910-11; killed in action, 23rd July 1916.



“PRO PATRIA”

It is our sad duty to record the loss of eight more Dollar boys who have fallen in the service of their King and country.

JOHN MUNRO GARLICK, Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was the only son of the late Mr Garlick and Mrs Garlick, Infant Mistress, Coalsnaughton School. He was a most distinguished student, and in 1908, his last year at School, stood first in the medal examinations for English, Latin, and Mathematics, but unfortunately was debarred from holding those medals on account of his not having spent two full sessions at School. After a most successful Arts Course in Glasgow University, he graduated with honours in Mental Philosophy, and gained the Ferguson Scholarship as the most distinguished student entering the Divinity Hall. Throughout his three years' course in the Hall he retained the first place, and finally graduated B.D. in 1915, being awarded the Findlater Scholarship, the Jamieson Prize, and the Cleland and Rae-Wilson Gold Medals in Divinity and Church History. Shortly after graduating, Mr Garlick joined the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders as a private, but soon was put forward for a commission. He saw some hard service in France, and was invalided home for a time. Before returning to the front he married a former pupil of Dollar, Miss Nancy Wilson, daughter of Mr J. L. Wilson, Muircot, for whom the deepest sympathy is felt in her great loss. Mr Garlick died of wounds on 2nd December 1917.

HARRY A. C. GEARING, Lieutenant, Australian Army Service Corps, boarded with Mrs Gibson, Argyll House, and left School in 1903. He came over to Gallipoli with the Australian Expeditionary Force, and there contracted a serious illness. In November 1916 he wrote that he was in hospital, and that for seventeen months he had been an invalid. News has been received from his brother, Harold, that Harry died in March of last year, but no particulars have yet been received.

DOUGLAS GORDON, Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached Royal Flying Corps, was the third son of the late Captain V. L. Gordon, D.S.O., of East Wemyss and Inverness. He boarded with Dr Butchart, and for several years took a very prominent part in the life of the School. For two sessions he played in the First Rugby XV. He was gifted with great dramatic talent, and year after year took a principal part in the School entertainments, perhaps his greatest success being in "Vice Versa," in which he appeared along with his elder brother, Gilbert. On leaving School in January 1916 he received a commission in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and afterwards was attached to the Royal Flying Corps. In February of last year he went as a pilot to France, and did a great deal of excellent work in artillery

observations, photography, and bombing. For one of his exploits he received the personal congratulations of his Brigadier. On 14th August 1917 he was heavily shelled by enemy anti-aircraft guns, and probably received a direct hit as his machine was seen to crash to the ground out of control. On 24th December it was officially notified that he was presumed killed.

ALEXANDER CUTHBERT LINDSAY, Lieutenant, Inland Water Transport, Royal Engineers, was the elder son of the late Mrs Lindsay, Birnie Cottage, Dollar. He left School in 1884, and is still remembered for his prowess on the athletic field. After serving his apprenticeship as an engineer, he spent nine years in Australia, and subsequently became an engineer in the Union Castle Line, his first voyage being on the "Tantallon Castle" when she was wrecked. On the outbreak of war he received a commission as an Engineer Lieutenant in the Navy, and for thirteen months was engaged in this work. He afterwards transferred to the Royal Engineers, and was employed in Mesopotamia on Inland Water Transport. The very severe weather conditions to which he was exposed brought on a serious illness, and he died at Basra on 10th February.

W. MALCOLM MERCER, Lieutenant, King's Own Scottish Borderers, was the youngest son of the late Mr James Mercer, timber merchant, Galashiels. He boarded with Mrs Gibson, and left School in 1899. He was associated with his brother in the business of Messrs Adam Paterson & Co., timber merchants. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, and was well known as a member of the Gala Football Club 1st XV. He enlisted in the King's Own Scottish Borderers (T.F.) in September 1914, and received his commission in May of the next year. In August 1915 he proceeded to Gallipoli, and took part in the evacuation. With the exception of one month's leave, he was with his battalion in Egypt and Palestine for nearly two and a half years, and was never off duty either through wounds or sickness. He was killed in action in Palestine on 28th November 1917. His C.O. wrote to Mr George Mercer: "Your brother was so popular, and such a good officer, that he will be tremendously missed." Other officers wrote: "We all miss him terribly. . . . I saw him during the action in which he was killed, leading his company on, absolutely cool and collected, and one is grateful to think that he died without suffering. He was a great favourite with us all, and he was loved by all ranks." "As the only officer left in Malcolm's company, I feel I would like to write and give you a few particulars regarding Malcolm's gallant death while urging his company forward in an attack against the Turks. I was close beside Malcolm when he fell mortally wounded through the throat with machine-gun fire, death

taking place almost instantaneously. . . . The few who are left behind miss poor Malcolm, not only as a brother officer, but as a dear friend who will always be remembered for the gallant way he fell, after many strenuous days of marching and fighting."

WILLIAM NEILSON, Captain, Scottish Rifles, attached K.R.R.C., was the eldest son of the late Mr Hugh Neilson, Clydebridge Steel Works. He boarded with the late Mrs Millen, Argyll House, and distinguished himself on the athletic field, being in the 1st XV. of 1895-96, and the 1st XI. of 1896, and secretary for both Football and Cricket Clubs. He left School in 1896. He was killed by a shell on 20th November 1917. His Colonel wrote to his wife that Captain Neilson was the best commanding officer he had under him, in his opinion the best he had ever come across, and they could ill afford to lose him. He was loved by all his men, and could have led them anywhere. At the time of his death he was at the head of his men, leading them into action. We regret to learn that his brother John has been reported wounded and missing since 5th May 1917.

JOHN ROBERTSON, Trooper, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, was the only son of Mr and Mrs John Robertson, Alva. He left School in 1911, and before the war was in the employment of Messrs Speedie Bros., cattle salesmen, Stirling. He joined the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, and was discharged some time ago on account of wounds received in Gallipoli. It was hoped that he would in time recover, but he died suddenly on 4th January 1918.

WILLIAM HERBERT WARDEN, Trooper, Yeomanry, was the eldest son of Mr and Mrs Thomas Warden, 5 Seaview Terrace, Joppa. He boarded with Mr Cumming, and played in the 3rd XV. during his only session, 1912-13, at Dollar. He was reported missing on 27th November 1917, and is now officially concluded killed.

* * * * *

Major HARRY GARDINER, D.S.O., West Riding Regiment, was reported gassed on 21st January.

Lieutenant A. J. RAMSAY, Royal Scots Fusiliers, Acting Adjutant, was wounded early in December 1917.

Captain JOHN FERGUSON, R.A.M.C., has been missing for some months. His brother, Lieutenant W. D. Ferguson, Norfolk Regiment, is a prisoner of war in Germany, and is recovering from his wounds.

Since the war began, former pupils and teachers of Dollar Academy have won the following distinctions: 38 "mentions in dispatches"; 31 Military Crosses; 8 D.S.O.'s; 1 C.B.; 2 C.M.G.'s; 2 Foreign Decorations; 3 Military Medals; 2 D.C.M.'s; 1 R.R.C. (first-class); 2 C.B.E.'s; 1 O.B.E.; 2 M.B.E.'s; 1 Hon. Brigadier-

Generalship; 1 R.H.S. medal for saving life at sea; and 1 Hythe R.F.C. School Ribbon for daring feats—a total of 96.

We are now able to give particulars of the gallant deeds which led to the award of some of the Military Crosses recorded in our last number.

Temp. Lieutenant J. A. M'KINLAY, Highland Light Infantry, for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. During an attack he showed remarkable personal courage and fine leadership, rallying his company time after time under very heavy fire, and although severely wounded in the arm, continued to cheer the men from where he lay, until they had successfully assaulted the position.

Temp. Second-Lieutenant JAMES MILLER, attached Cameron Highlanders, for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He organised and led a raid against an enemy machine gun position, showing the greatest personal courage and coolness in leading his party over ground which he had no opportunity of examining beforehand. He personally secured the machine gun, captured a prisoner, and shot the rest of the team as they retired. It was largely owing to his skilful leadership that the enterprise was carried out with very few casualties.

Lieutenant (Acting Captain) EDWARD MYERS, West Yorkshire Regiment. On 31st July and 1st August 1917 he led the company of which he was temporarily in command with great energy. While being attacked, after consolidation, he raised such a successful defence that the enemy withdrew from his front posts to a line further back.

Temp. Lieutenant RICHARD BALFOUR PURDON, Cameron Highlanders, for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He led his platoon in a counter-attack with great gallantry, fearlessly moving about under heavy fire, and showing no regard for his personal safety. By his energy he was the means of taking several of the enemy prisoners, and assisted very materially in the success of the counter-attack.

Since our last record appeared, the following honours have been gained. We hope to be able to give particulars in a future number.

There have been mentioned in dispatches:—

Lieutenant H. E. M. BERESFORD, Royal Engineers, Survey Corps (Topographical Section).

Captain ERIC T. BURR, Gloucester Regiment, and Staff.

Captain J. F. C. HASLAM, R.A.M.C.

Lieutenant JOHN NEIL, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached M.G.C.

Captain (Acting Colonel) J. M. SCOTT, D.S.O., Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Major G. LAURIE WILSON, D.S.O., M.C., Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

The following have been awarded the Military Cross :—

Captain A. R. BAIN, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Second-Lieutenant HENRY HERBERT DARBY, Rifle Brigade.

Captain JOHN F. C. HASLAM, R.A.M.C.

Captain JOHN H. INNES, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Lieutenant JOHN NEIL, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders,
attached M.G.C.

Captain CHARLES ROBERTSON, Gordon Highlanders.

Captain ALEXANDER SCOTT, Argyll and Sutherland
Highlanders.

Second-Lieutenant SIDNEY S. M. SIBOLD, Royal Field
Artillery.

Captain A. I. WALKER, Div. Sig. Corps, Royal Engineers.

Captain PERCY WALTON, Gordon Highlanders.

Major WILLIAM RENNIE IZAT, R.E., has been admitted a
Companion of the Distinguished Service Order.

Colonel Sir ROBERT CRANSTON, K.C.V.O., C.B., has been made
an Honorary Brigadier-General.

Major (Temporary Lieutenant-Colonel) JAMES GEORGE WEIR,
Royal Field Artillery, who holds an important position in the
Technical Branch of the Air Board, has been admitted a Companion
of the Most Distinguished Order of St Michael and St George.

Lieutenant-Colonel DAVID WALLACE, C.M.G., Red Cross Com-
missioner for the Eastern District of Scotland, and Honorary Secretary
for the County of the City of Edinburgh Committee of the Red Cross,
and Mr JOSEPH HARLING TURNER, J.P., Factor and Commissioner
to the Duke of Portland, and for a time Director of the Agricultural
Section of the National Service Department, have been admitted
Companions of the Order of the British Empire. Mr ANDREW
AGNEW RALSTON, Land Agent to the Marquess of Linlithgow, and
Vice-Convener of the County of West Lothian, has been appointed
Officer of the Order of the British Empire.

Membership of the British Empire Order has been conferred
upon Mrs KATHERINE SWAN PAULL (*née* Drysdale) in recognition
of her work, since the beginning of the war, as Commandant of
Willesden District Auxiliary Military Hospital. This hospital takes
cases direct from the front, and has treated 600 cases. For twenty-
five years Mrs Paull and her husband, Mr Alan Paull, J.P., F.S.I.,
have been officers of St John's Ambulance Association, and for
their services they hold the rank of Hon. Serving Sister and Brother
of the Order of St John of Jerusalem in England. Captain DAVID
M. P. RIACH, Royal Flying Corps, who holds a responsible post on
the Air Board, has also been admitted a member of the same order.

School Notes.

RONALD GORDON, who took a high place in the entrance examination for the Indian Army, has now left for training at Quetta. William M. McCreery has been successful in gaining a King's India Cadetship, and is on his way to Wellington Military College, India. We congratulate both.

We are pleased to observe that Miss Margaret H. Simpson has graduated M.A. in Glasgow University, with honours in Latin and French.

We extend congratulations to Mr Edwin Alexander (F.P.) on his admission to the rank of Academician of the Royal Scottish Academy.

We also congratulate Mr James M'Innes, F.P., dental student, on his gaining the Physics Medal at the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

There died at Madras, of enteric fever, on 7th February, William R. C. Callander, I.C.S. "Ramsay" Callander, as he was called at School, was a member of the notable class of 1904-05. In my room there hangs a photograph of that class, and by a strange coincidence, sitting side by side in the front row, are Robert Beveridge and Ewart Munro, two brilliant students whose untimely deaths we still deplore; and standing together in the back row are Rae M'Intosh, who laid down his life in France, and Ramsay Callander, whose loss we now mourn. Charlie Robertson occupies the right-hand lower corner, and Jack Haslam the left-hand upper corner in that photograph, and both have been decorated with the Military Cross. Ramsay Callander boarded with Mr Malcolm. He was a distinguished student, and graduated at St Andrews with double honours before entering the Indian Civil Service. He was a keen sportsman, excelling in tennis, and in his school days his singing was a feature of the boys' concerts. Our sympathy goes out to those near to him in their sad bereavement.

During the quarter the out-door life of the School has been of the usual type. Whilst the restrictions in travelling have undoubtedly affected the attitude of the fifteens towards the Rugby game, the boys have not failed to keep up enthusiasm for sides. Sundry east and west sides have kept alive ambition, and a mixed side with the Tillicoultry men showed that the fifteen were still



A. Drysdale

AN ALI BABI GROUP



A. Drysdale

A HOCKEY GROUP

able to hold their own against a heavier team. Only one School match has been played this term, and naturally it aroused intense excitement. Against Allan Glen's the fifteen had a good fight, and came out top with points to spare.

Allan Glen's played a boisterous game, with very few delicate touches, whereas our threes made rings round them, and but for the very heavy going the score would have been a tall one. Once or twice hard pressure by the opposing forwards brought the game dangerously near the School twenty-five, but good defence soon relieved, and the fifteen carried the attack to the other end.

The visitors failed in the three-quarter line, but held their own at the line-outs, though our pack had them beaten in the scrum and the open. Long distance kicking once or twice gave the visitors unexpected and haphazard openings, which never realised any gain. The scorers for the fifteen were Macintyre, Bennie, and Shaw, and Drummond converted two of the tries. The visitors scored once only in the first half of the game.

Result.—School, 13 points; Allan Glen's, 3 points.

A game was arranged between the 2nd XV. and Strathallan House, but through unforeseen circumstances the latter team was unable to travel, thereby causing much disappointment to the second string.

Cross-country runs and extra gymnastics have kept all in good condition, and should circumstances permit Shaw and Bennie to be at School till the seven-a-sides come off at Edinburgh, we hope to see the School seven give a good account of itself.

The more junior teams are making rapid progress, and some very promising players can be seen among the younger boys. It is up to them to go at it and learn all the tricks of the game, so that in future years they may help the fifteen to victory in many hard fought fights.

The Boys' Club continues its useful work. Much of the success of this club depends upon the good attendance of the members, and we hope that in years to come the attendance will keep up to this year's record. To Mr Donald and Shaw the boys must feel indebted for the success of the club.

During the Christmas vacation, and for some time after School opened, the frost enabled the skating pond to justify its existence. Merry groups of skaters and shinty players were seen hurrying to and from the pond, and in spite of one or two heavy falls of snow there was scarcely a day lost. A skating half holiday was given as usual, and a rare afternoon every one made of it.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Since our last report the following promotions have been made : Sergeants Shaw, Bennie, and Macintyre to be Cadet Officers.

The three newly promoted Cadet Officers have been attending a Lewis Gun Class under Lieutenant Smith, of the Cameron Highlanders, and we are pleased to learn that their progress has been exceedingly satisfactory.

The work done this term has been more or less at the mercy of the weather, but a considerable portion of the time has been fit for out-door work. The company has finished close order work and started extended order work, preparatory to the tactical training which commences soon. Musketry, map reading, and general lectures and demonstrations have been given every week. Physical training and bayonet fighting are under the charge of a qualified army instructor, and it is expected that one of the officers of the contingent will proceed to the school at Aldershot this summer to qualify in this important branch of training. The healthy rivalry between platoons, and the good tone pervading the whole contingent, point to the excellent results of military discipline and training in schools. When it is realised that the officers only interfere when things look like going wrong, the excellence of the training can be grasped. The senior Cadet Officers and N.C.O.s do the actual work, and thus learn to carry themselves through difficulties, and face unexpected situations, as British officers always do. The officer commanding informs us that at present he has an excellent set of Cadet Officers and N.C.O.s, and that the contingent ought to keep up its excellent traditions once more.

The annual inspection takes place either on 14th or 21st June. The exact date is left open for the inspecting officer to decide, and we are certain that, as last year, the contingent will give an excellent account of its abilities in all branches of military work.

It is with great pleasure that the contingent congratulates its late second in command, Captain P. Walton, on his gaining the Military Cross. Before the war broke out one of the inspection reports contained the following reference to Captain Walton : "He is a smart and very promising young officer," and we can now say the writer has been fully justified.

It is expected that the senior cadets of the contingent will have the training in bombing, similar to last year's, during the next term, and several field days, particularly one with the volunteers, will be arranged. The open shooting will commence after the Easter vacation, when the annual cup competitions will take place.

The contingent had the honour of supplying a guard for the machine of the aviator who made a forced landing near Dollar on

Sunday, 10th February. The officer commanding received a very kind letter of thanks from the squadron headquarters for his help to the pilot. Cadet Officers Shaw, Bennie, and Macintyre controlled the guard, and the first named saw the machine pegged down and made perfectly safe for the night before handing over the guard duties to the volunteers of the local platoon commanded by the Headmaster.

GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The office-bearers for the current session are as follows :—

<i>Hon. President</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr CRAIG.
<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss D. BRERETON.
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss NAPIER.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss M. WALKER.
<i>Committee</i> :—Misses FRASER, GIBSON, MACDONALD, WADDELL.					

The opening lecture this year was delivered by Mr Drysdale, who took as his subject his experiences during a "Fifteen Months' Stay on the Summit of Ben Nevis." Mr Drysdale dealt in a most interesting way with the life of the scientific staff in the Observatory, and illustrated his remarks by a series of very fine lantern slides.

The "Hat Night" and the junior members' papers were very enjoyable, and showed that there is plenty of talent to carry on the work of the Society in the years to come. The debate, "That this Country should Adopt a Policy of Reprisals against German Towns," gave rise to a very lively discussion. The leaders were (affirmative) Miss Henderson and (negative) Miss Fraser. The affirmative was carried by a large majority.

The *Magazine*, read on 18th January, though not so bulky as on former occasions, was of higher quality, and contained a much larger proportion of original matter. From this *Magazine* we have permission to quote the following poem by Miss Calder (F.P.).

JERUSALEM.

Proudly she stands, sombre, and bleak, and grey,
 Breathing the spirit of ages far away.
 A gloom hangs o'er her as of misty years,
 Which speak of strife and warfare, fire and tears.
 Saddest of cities, wrung by wildest woes,
 Thy voice a sob, or helpless crushed by foes !
 The sun creeps o'er thy hills with hope of morn ;
 Afar, thine exiled children weep forlorn.
 Through thy dark streets the Saviour passed to die ;
 Thy frailty wrung from Him a mournful cry.
 Yet loved thou art ; and ever hearts were strong,
 To suffer and to save thee from the wrong.

And now thy darkness turns to glorious light,
 As o'er thy hills breaks forth a dawn most bright ;
 No longer art thou harsh and without grace,
 But softly steals a sweetness o'er thy face.

The centre of the earth with Heaven above !
 From thee shine forth bright rays of joy and love.
 Tear-stained and scarred with pain, yet thy release
 Speaks to a weary world of rest and peace.

On 25th January Miss Brereton, the President, gave a racy and most entertaining account of a tour through the Scottish Highlands. And on 8th February Mr Dickson lectured on "Present-Day Novels," and by a judicious blending of appreciation and criticism of the best-known writers of to-day, sought to direct the minds of his audience to the best productions in modern fiction.

On 23rd February the Society debated the issue, "That Standardised Clothing should be made Compulsory for all." After a lively debate, in which Miss Williamson led for the affirmative, and Miss E. Robertson for the negative, the affirmative was carried by the casting vote of the chairman.

On 14th and 15th December successful performances of the comic operetta, "Ali Baba," were given by the pupils and some of the staff in aid of the funds of the Athletic Club. The drawings broke all records. Miss Isa Henderson was charming as the masterful slave of Ali Baba, represented first as a poor woodman, and afterwards as a *nouveau riche*, by Robert Macintyre, who portrayed both sides of the character with realistic humour. Rowland Drummond made an excellent Head of the Cassim Boarding School for Girls, the principal pupils of which, Fatima (Miss Alice M'Donald), Zuleika (Miss Margaret Walker), Polly (Miss Dorothy Thomson), and Mineenah Hazar (Miss Betty Dougall), all filled their rôles admirably.

Mr J. M. C. Wilson led his forty thieves with characteristic skill and *abandon*. Alan Young, D. King Watson, and John Donaldson ably supported him in their respective characters as Lieutenants of the Band, and indeed all the performers played their parts in a way that reflected the greatest credit on Mr Allsop. The success of the play was greatly enhanced by the beautiful stage decorations, designed and executed by Miss Paterson.

The performance was repeated on 15th February, in aid of the Y.M.C.A. Music Fund.

THE HOCKEY GROUP.

Tune—["*Regular Tramps are We.*"]

DOLLAR girls, Hockey-Club girls are we ;
In us you the genuine article see :
We are the speedy, sure-at-need-y,
Margaret, Alice, and Edie,
And Dollar's whole redoubtable thirty-three.

Long hours through hard in the class work we,
Duty's slaves shaming the busy bee :
Never a poena gets an Ena,
Cathie or Nellie or Bina,
Or Dollar's whole immaculate thirty-three.

Euclid's props. in lofty contempt hold we ;
Probs. we solve in the $(n+1)^{th}$ degree ;
Plato and Pliny reads each Minnie,
Dorothy, Meta :—no ninny
In Dollar's whole remarkable thirty-three.

School work done, off to the Pav. troop we ;
Gaily group under the Tulip-tree,
May and Maisie, Elsie, Gracie,
Jean, Eliza, and Jessie,
And Dollar's whole delectable thirty-three.

Hockey then ! Skim we the turf with glee,
Like Dian chase, like Atalanta flee ;
Hilda, Sheila, Eleanor, Ella,
Peggy, and Betty, and Bella,
And Dollar's whole unmatchable thirty-three.

Dollar girls, regular trumps are we ;
Hockey girls, none of us frumps you see ;
Katherine, Annie, Lottie, Janie,
Nora, or Evelyn, or any
Of Dollar's whole superlative thirty-three.

A. D.

Part of the notes on the personnel of the football teams having been crowded out of the December *Magazine*, we now summarise the omitted matter in order to bring the record into line with past years.

As they stood, the notes did not make clear that Stokes was included in place of Foston in the averages of the November First Fifteen, otherwise the team would have averaged more by 2 months and 2 lbs. (The September measurements are referred to, as always, when not stated otherwise.) At $9\frac{1}{2}$ st. the team was one of the lightest we have had. The deficiency was chiefly amongst the forwards, who were absolutely the lightest pack recorded. Only

three other packs have averaged under 10 st., whilst our heaviest recorded pack, Watson's, averaged 10 st. 10 lbs.

The backs, lighter though they were in November by the loss of Foston (who after Hanbury, 12 st., is our heaviest back recorded, being 1 lb. heavier than Leach's 11 st. 2 lbs. of the previous year), were still 7 lbs. per man heavier than the lightest backs recorded, but 9 lbs. per man lighter than the heaviest (Heyworth's). The loss at Christmas of Black and Watt has considerably reduced the weight of the backs. The forwards, however, have received added weight, equal to 2 lbs. per man, by the inclusion of Wrighton, who with his fellow-Yorkshireman, Shackelton, was, after Foston, the heaviest of the group photographed (11 st. each in September). After Wrighton in the 1st XV. come Bennie ($10\frac{3}{4}$ st.), MacIntyre ($10\frac{1}{2}$ st.), Shaw, Driver, Stewart, M'Clelland around 10 st., three members about $9\frac{1}{2}$ st., four about 9 st. Armour, just under 8 st. in September, captured the record for the lightest forward hitherto held by the men mentioned in the notes for December 1916.

Shackelton, 6 ft. $2\frac{1}{4}$ in., was the tallest in the group, and measured $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. more than the previous tallest player, F. Sibold. A. Watt, the tallest in the 1st XV., was 5 ft. $10\frac{3}{4}$ in., as was Spence among the juniors.

The ages of the November 1st XV. varied from $15\frac{1}{4}$ to $18\frac{1}{3}$ years in September, and three members at least are likely to be lost to us ere long for the army in addition to those already named.

The 2nd and 3rd teams have of course suffered greatly by the promotions referred to and by other losses: less, however, than might have been expected, since the vacant places have been partly filled by bigish boys who had been learning the game in lower teams.

A. D.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

TAYLOR, HUGH A., Plantation Anna Regina, Essequibo, British Guiana.

GIN, LIU SHI, Lung Chi Leather Co., Moukden, China.

DICKSON, Miss HETTIE F., Imtanga Military Hospital, Malta.