



Chas. Mitchell, Glasgow

MR SAMUEL PITT

Photo

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Mr Samuel Pitt.

THE place of honour to-day we give with much pleasure to Mr Samuel Pitt, son of the late Mr John Pitt, for many years the faithful, trustworthy servant of the late Mr John M'Arthur Moir of Hillfoot, the grandfather of the present laird. The portrait is a true likeness. Mr Pitt was born in the fifties at Gloomhill, and, notwithstanding the name, he had a gloriously happy boyhood, "a better than which he would not seek had he to live it over again." He rejoiced in the freedom to roam at will o'er hill and dale, woodland and stream, and thus become familiar with birds and beasts, trees and flowers, as well as every hill top on the Ochils from Bencleuch to Sea Mab. The tangled forest and various-vestured hillside came into the routine of his young life like a sunbeam.

His education began in the Infant School, under Miss Crombie, for whose memory he entertains the highest respect, and speaks of her as that most delightful of infant teachers. From the Infant School he passed on in ordinary course to the Academy, and took the full curriculum. He was what is known as a good all-round pupil, for he stood well in all his classes, and gained prizes and commendations in every subject—Mathematics, comprising Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mechanics; Science, including Chemistry and Physics; English Literature, Latin, German, and Landscape Drawing. No lop-sided training here.

He left the Academy in 1871, and swithered between taking up the study of medicine and entering upon a commercial life. Commerce gained the day; he entered the office of Mr Thomson Aikman, also a native of our little county, his forebears having long owned the Linn Mill at Clackmannan. To Mr Aikman's son, we may mention in passing, the nation is indebted for the handsome gift of Erskine House which has proved so beneficent an institution for the limbless soldiers and sailors. After twenty years with this firm he commenced on his own account, and unbroken success has rewarded his energy, perseverance, and strict attention to duty. Business and pleasure have taken him frequently to various European

countries, as well as to North Africa, and he has thus acquired a wide and intimate knowledge of the laws that regulate the trade and commerce of the different nations.

Beyond some semi-public affairs he has not courted any public office. To quote his own words: "Life with me has pursued its even tenor, with not anything very outstanding; but all the old familiar scenes and escapades of Dollar come back over and over again with keen zest and pleasure." And now, in this eventful year of the School's centenary, he has inscribed his name on the heart of Dollar as one of her self-raised sons and one of her notable well-wishers. When he left her to set out in life his capital, we daresay, consisted mainly of the excellent education he had acquired in his loved *alma mater*. To her he now comes as a most liberal benefactor, bringing with him as a thankoffering the handsome sum of £500 for the purpose of establishing a bursary to aid promising pupils who desire to go in for "Forestry or Farming, Electrical or Chemical Engineering." He has left the Governors full powers to frame regulations for the bursary, mentioning only that he means it for the benefit of pupils whose parents reside in Dollar, preferably for foundation scholars.

The subjects which the founder recommends for particular regard have been selected by a wise and judicious discretion. Agriculture is the most important and fundamental of all industries, one of the most ancient and respectable, which the tide in Britain is now running strongly in favour of. Forestry, too, has come to the front, demanding attention; and Mr Pitt's gift should do much to give Dollar a lead in adding these branches to the School curriculum.

It is true we shall still have many needs for the complete establishment of an agricultural department, and we are ambitious to make our advance in the next decade. We hope that there may be other former pupils prepared to follow Mr Pitt's good example, and that it will not be necessary to wait for one hundred years before another such benefactor will appear.

Mr Pitt increased our indebtedness to him by delivering an able and interesting address to the pupils and their friends on Exhibition Day. It was a happy inspiration, too, that, in the year when women have come to their own by securing the parliamentary vote, a lady should have had, for the first time, the honour of presenting the medals and prizes to the successful pupils. The girls of the School cleverly grasped the situation, and welcomed the new era by gracefully presenting Mrs Pitt with a beautiful bouquet of flowers from their own garden.

“Hey Hindenburg!”

WE are pleased and proud to know that the verses entitled “Hey Hindenburg!” which appeared in our March number, were pleasantly received by Sir Douglas Haig and Sir Julian Byng. They each sent a letter of thanks and compliments to the author, Judge Benet, a former teacher of the Academy. Sir Douglas’s was a charming letter in his own handwriting, signed simply “D. Haig.” Sir Julian Byng wrote that he liked the Scottish verses so much “he had sent them to his wife.” Our valued contributor experienced similar kind recognition from Earl Kitchener regarding the verses entitled “That Little Contemptible Army,” which appeared in Vol. XIV., p. 117. Gentlemen all!

Glen Devon (June).

KEN ye a bonnier green glen
In a’ braid Scotland’s breist?
Nae sweeter howff o’ her hills I ken,
The bonniest, though the least.

Heard ye the Devon an’ the burns
When Venus busks abune,
An’ aye her snood o’ jewels turns
To glimpse the deen’ mune?

I heard them blend their auld, auld sang
To word nae wizard minds,
It’s buried ’neath the fowg sae lang
Whase gray the birk-tree binds.

* * * *

Step up June’s perfumed knowe an’ see
The lowan balmingie len’
White posies wi’ the rowan tree
To the bridal o’ the glen.

Or doun yon heathed, blae-berried brae,
Through the warm gowd o’ the whin,
An’ spy the primrose kep the spray
Ower the thunder o’ the linn.

Heard ye the cuckoo cuil an’ sweet?
The lark i’ the infant sky?
Curled lammies ’mong turf violets greet,
Whar mauve an’ laumer vie?

Met ye on mony a drum’s low crest
The azure moth’s wee heaven?
While scented herbs your foot saft pressed,
The ain breath o’ Glen Devon?

* * * *

A' this I heard, a' this I saw,
 Ere the harebell's troth hung blue,
 An' the bracken crooks had bourgeoned a'
 Whar the auld broon fronds lay true.

I saw yon stacks o' fern unfurl
 In the roadside ranks their green,
 An' the wanderer said in a' the warl'
 Nae bonnier way he'd been.

He saw Queen Mab her throne forsake
 Ere the toll-road's mornin' glower,
 Atween the pink rose an' the brake
 That bent her pageant ower.

He kissed the wee folks' caller cup
 When mist on their bowers was rife,
 An' the scent o' weet birk leaves drank up
 To slocken his trauchlin' life.

SARAH ROBERTSON MATHESON.

The Ministers of Dollar Parish Subsequent to the Reformation.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

(Continued.)

REV. JOHN GRAY.

IN an essay published in this *Magazine* in 1903, the late Rev. Robert Paul informs us that in his judgment only two of the Protestant ministers of the parish were men of such mark as "to merit particular notice, viz., John Gray and Robert Findlay" (*Dollar Magazine*, II., 58). A somewhat sweeping and absolute dictum surely, and one which in my opinion is far too strongly expressed. At the same time I freely admit that it has, at least, this much of justification, that Mr Gray of Dollar, though far from an ecclesiastical leader in the full sense of that term, was beyond question a man who figured in his day somewhat more frequently in the courts of the Scottish Church, and especially in the General Assembly of the Church, than any either of his predecessors or successors appear to have done. I cannot, however, admit the reasonableness of the view to which Mr Paul's language, as above quoted, gives expression, viz., that any attempt, even in a locally published periodical like our own *Magazine*, to give as full an account as is now possible regarding the character and career of the various local clergymen who have officiated among us, is an undertaking neither called for nor desirable. To admit that would be to condemn as at once futile and needless the series of sketches already contributed to this *Magazine* by the present writer, a conclu-

sion from which he naturally dissents, and which he trusts that the majority of his readers will find equally inadmissible. In any case, if a warrant is needed for the publication in such a magazine as ours of the sketches referred to, that warrant has surely been amply supplied by the number and variety of not wholly uninteresting particulars regarding the character and actions of the clergymen whose lives have been outlined in these pages, which have here for the first time been given to the public in a connected form.

The article by Mr Paul, to which allusion has been made in the foregoing paragraph, was one entitled "*John Gray and Robert Findlay: Two Dollar Ministers of the Olden Time*," and it contains a rather full and racy sketch of Mr Gray's ministerial career. It is plain, therefore, that in the attempt which I am once again making to frame another account of that worthy gentleman's history, I will be under the necessity of following largely on the lines laid down by my predecessors. At the same time, however, as the Session records of Dollar parish, though far from complete even as regards Mr Gray's ministry, begin from that date to be for the first time available for examination, and as by the courtesy of Mr Begg, the present Session-Clerk, I have enjoyed the privilege of consulting these records in preparing this essay, I am not altogether without hope that I may succeed in improving even upon the admirable narrative that was first published here some fifteen years ago by Mr Paul.

I find, then, that after a rather protracted period of trouble and confusion through which the parish passed subsequent to the Revolution of 1688, owing to the tenacity with which the former Episcopal incumbent, the Rev. George Monro, clung to his cure and his stipend, the Dollar congregation having at last become free to choose a minister, set its heart for that purpose on a young probationer from the South of Scotland, who was then resident in the neighbourhood. I refer to the young man who was afterwards well known as perhaps the most influential evangelical minister of his time in Scotland, and who is still remembered as an author whose writings, for at least three generations, were found in almost every godly Scottish home, viz., the Rev. Thomas Boston, first of Simprin and then of Ettrick.

The choice of a man like Boston for their minister speaks well for the intelligence and piety of the spiritual leaders of the Dollar people at this time, especially when we bear in mind the unsettled religious position of the parish during the previous ten years, and much might have been looked for in the way of a revival of religion there had the people been fortunate enough to secure as their minister the man of their choice. Unfortunately, however, a strong current

of opposition to Mr Boston's settlement in Dollar having arisen in the local Presbytery, and a few influential men in the parish having set themselves to prevent it, if possible, the call, though regularly gone about, did not lead to his ordination, a result which was a great disappointment alike to the young man and his admirers in Dollar. When Boston first preached in Dollar in the year 1698 he was only twenty-two years of age, and not yet a year licensed as a preacher. Even then, however, he was distinguished by the earnestness and fervour of his discourses. As a result he seems to have proved an extremely acceptable preacher in every congregation in which he officiated. In Dollar, in particular, his popularity was general, and ere long the elders, as he tells us, expressed their wish to give him a call, a consummation then greatly desired by Boston himself. It was not, however, till February 1699 that a formal application to that effect was at last addressed to the Presbytery of Stirling. In the meantime, however, a few influential men in the parish who appear to have disliked the severity of the young man's doctrine and the plainness of his speech, set themselves to organise opposition to his settlement, and accordingly "eight or ten" of them sent a letter "bearing their dislike" of Boston to the Earl of Argyll, a somewhat easy-going gentleman who was then the chief heritor in the parish, and who seemingly had already expressed his willingness to concur in any call to which the parishioners and the Presbytery might agree. Nor was this the only opposition which Mr Boston met with. For there were others in the parish, who, though not prepared to take overt action to prevent his settlement, were at least not willing to adhere to his call. One of these, John Burn, Esq., of Easter Sheardale, is specially mentioned by Boston in his autobiography as "an enemy" to his settlement, though he had refused to sign the letter of complaint to the Earl of Argyll on the ground, as Boston himself reports it, that "he regarded him as a servant of God."

I am disposed myself to look upon this gentleman as a descendant of Mr Robert Burn, who acted as first Protestant minister of Dollar from 1567 to 1576. But whether this be the case or not, there is little doubt that he must have been a relative, possibly the grandfather, of a Calcutta clergyman, who was the friend of Warren Hastings, and of other Anglo-Indian celebrities. I refer to James Burn, D.D., one of the chaplains to the British residents in Calcutta, a gentleman who was born in Dollar in 1727 and died in 1794. But probably I will interest my readers even more in this connection when I mention the fact that not only are there two lineal descendants of Mr Burn of Easter Sheardale resident among us to-day, but that at the present moment they are both of them elders in the very church in which their ancestor worshipped more than two hundred

years ago. I refer to Colonel Haig of Dollarfield, and J. B. Haig, Esq., of Kellyside. My authority for this statement is the article by Mr Paul to which I have already referred, in which he informs us that at the very time when Boston preached as a candidate in the vacant church of Dollar, viz., in February 1699, Elizabeth Burn, daughter of the proprietor of Easter Sheardale, was married to John Haig of Orchard, near Alloa, and from this marriage, he tells us, the family of Haig of Dollarfield, to which the two gentlemen above named belong, is lineally descended.

In connection with Boston's candidature for Dollar, I may add that the last two occasions on which he preached here were the 19th February and the 30th March 1699, and his autobiography supplies a graphic and suggestive picture of his experiences on each occasion. Thus on Saturday evening, 18th February, some who were friendly to his settlement visited him and told him that certain persons in the parish had but little liking for him because of the severity of his preaching, and one of the elders, James Kirk by name, spoke to him of St Paul's "catching men by guile," adding that some of the heritors, when asked to concur in his call, had said they would like to hear him again before they did so, and he, *i.e.*, Mr Kirk, therefore "wished they might not be angered any more, for that the elders had enough ado with them already." To this Boston replied that he was resolved "to speak what God should give him without feud or favour." Next morning as he was "going down to the kirk," John Blackwood, another elder, advised him "to hold off from reflections as far as he could," for which, Boston says, he reprimanded the good man. All the same, as the young preacher himself acknowledges, he was for the moment sorely tempted not to preach the sermon which he had prepared, for well he knew that the doctrine contained in it was not less searching and severe than that which had characterised his former discourses. By God's grace, however, as he assures us, he was enabled to resist the temptation. And accordingly he preached, as he had originally meant to do, from John i. 11: "He came unto His own and His own received him not," the Lord giving him freedom to preach His word, whatever was to become of himself. On the occasion of his preaching in Dollar pulpit on the 30th March, the young man, as he tells us, had an impression that it was the last time on which he would appear there—a surmise that proved correct. During this visit Boston lodged with one of the elders, Simon Drysdale by name, who spoke to him with regret of the Presbytery's dilatoriness in the matter of his settlement, while on the Monday James Kirk and other three elders called to express their sorrow at the prospect of his departure for the South, and to assure him that they were still

resolved, if possible, to have him as their minister. They also told him, what was confirmed from another source that week, that the majority of the Presbytery were really at the bottom of the delay, two of the neighbouring ministers, Robert Gourlay of Tillicoultry and John Gib of Muckart, being specially opposed to his settlement in Dollar. That opposition, however, as I have said, finally prevailed. And so, in spite of the fact that a considerable section of the congregation and most of the elders were anxious to secure his services, the young Border preacher, sorely disappointed, was forced to return to his native Borderland on the 8th of May, where I may add that that same year, on the 21st September, he was ordained to the pastorate of his first charge in the small rural parish of Simprin, Berwickshire.

The Dollar congregation, after their disappointment in the matter of their call to Thomas Boston, seem to have taken no further steps to secure a minister for at least a year. But when they at last did move in that direction, they were clearly much more successful in obtaining the goodwill and co-operation of the brethren of the Presbytery than they had been in the case of their first choice. This may reasonably be inferred from the celerity with which, in the present case, all the usual preliminaries to a ministerial settlement were carried through in favour of the young man whom the Dollar congregation had once more united to call. That young man, a Mr John Gray, was, I cannot help thinking, a *persona grata* to the brethren of the Presbytery. It seems likely indeed that he had been born and brought up in one of their congregations. It is certain, at least, that as a mere youth, not yet twenty years of age, he was licensed by them to preach the gospel on the 28th February of that same year, 1700. And as we find that only three months after having received licence the young man had not only preached as a candidate in Dollar, but had obtained a call from the congregation there, that the call was sustained by the Presbytery two days after on the 5th June, and that the young man's ordination followed so early as the 18th September, it seems impossible to doubt that for some reason or other the Presbytery did everything in its power to hasten Mr Gray's progress towards the ordained ministry.

I have said that some of the Kirk-Session records belonging to the period of Mr Gray's ministry still survive. Unfortunately, however, these records are extremely fragmentary and incomplete. Moreover, as they do not extend to the date of the young man's ordination, we have no account of the religious services that were conducted by the Presbytery on that important day in our parish history, nor do we know the names of the fathers and brethren who took part in these services. We may be sure, however, that there



Drysdale

MUIR MILL FALL, NEAR SOLSGIRTH

Photo

would be a large gathering of members and friends of the congregation who would convene in the old Parish Church, and look on with intense interest as the ordination vows were laid upon their young minister, and the Presbytery solemnly set him apart to the work of the Christian ministry among them. For Dollar, it must not be forgotten, had at this time been deprived of regular pastoral supervision and comfort for at least twelve years; and though doubtless the ordinances of public worship may not have been absolutely discontinued during the whole of that long period, it seems almost certain that they must have been very irregularly and very unedifyingly conducted. One may, I think, reasonably infer as much as this from the suggestive fact that, when in 1698 the last Episcopal incumbent of Dollar parish was legally and finally dismissed from the cure of souls there which he had so scandalously neglected and abused, there was not a single elder left in the parish. For as I have already mentioned in a previous paper, it was not till 14th December 1698 that the eight gentlemen who acted as elders at the time when Thomas Boston appeared as a candidate for the Dollar pastorate were appointed to the office which they discharged so zealously and well. And in all probability it would be the same eight gentlemen who would form the sederunt of the first Session over which young Mr Gray would be called on to preside. At all events, in the earliest minutes we possess representing the meetings of the heritors and the Kirk-Session, and extending from the 16th April 1702 to 26th November 1711, the names of no fewer than five of the eight original members of Session are recorded, to wit, James Gib, John Fergus (younger), John Blackwood, William Hutton, and John Kirke, the only three who are not named being Simon and Thomas Drysdale and Andrew Harrower.

Referring to the fact that at the date of his ordination Mr Gray was only twenty years of age, Mr Paul has ventured on the remark that "it says much for the young man's ability and force of character that he soon effected a great change for the better in the religious condition of the parish." No sufficient evidence, however, in support of that statement is supplied in Mr Paul's article, unless we except the sentence that follows the above declaration, where we read, "It is evident from the records, both of the Presbytery and Kirk-Session, that for a long time previously that condition had been anything but satisfactory." Now, though I am perfectly prepared to believe that the religious condition of Dollar at the beginning of the eighteenth century was in all probability very cold and dead, yet as we have really no Session record, technically so called, for the parish of Dollar prior to Mr Gray's settlement there, and as, moreover, the only minutes of Session which actually record and reveal the moral and spiritual condition of the parish in that

minister's time extend only from May 1742 to Mr Gray's death in 1745; and further, as these minutes unfortunately disclose an unusual and even bewildering moral laxity as then characteristic of the resident population, I am compelled to think that the allusion made in the passage quoted to a great change for the better having been effected by Mr Gray in the religious condition of the parish is, to say the least of it, rather strongly expressed. I heartily endorse, however, the estimate formed of Mr Gray's ministry by Mr Paul, which describes that gentleman as "a diligent and energetic pastor, a strict disciplinarian, and an efficient and acceptable preacher." He may not, possibly enough, have been one of the earnest evangelicals of the time like Thomas Boston. But it is clear that he belonged to the orthodox rather than to the New Light party in the Church, though with a leaning in Church politics to the party who subsequently were known as "the Moderates." He was much esteemed, however, by some of the evangelical party. Thus, according to Mr Paul, Dr John Erskine, of Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, called Mr Gray "one of the most esteemed Gospel ministers of his day," and added, "he excelled in preaching on experimental religion, and the influence of the Holy Spirit."

I have referred to the prominent part which Mr Gray took in Church debates, particularly in those of the General Assembly. This feature in his character was specially noticeable in connection with the famous heresy case of Professor Simson, of Glasgow. That case was one which agitated the Church for years, and which created the keenest feeling over the largest part of Scotland. On this question, as the narrative of the proceedings in the case given in "Wodrow's Correspondence" clearly shows, the Dollar minister spoke repeatedly and with great force and acumen in support of the policy of relieving the obnoxious professor from discharging the duties of his chair, while continuing to him the emoluments of his office. Moreover, that Mr Gray was reckoned a man of sound and impartial judgment, who was likely to take a reasonable course in the settlement of such a difficult matter as the Simson case emphatically was, is proved by the fact that, by the appointment of the Supreme Court, he sat on more than one of the committees which in successive years had to deal with that case, and in particular by the fact that he was one of the special committee of eighteen who brought in the healing overture which finally disposed of the case by a resolution which merely suspended the offending brother in perpetuity from his office, instead of deposing him, as many all over the Church desired to do, and among them Thomas Boston of Ettrick, who also was a member of this Assembly. The above decision, it will be observed, while it delivered the Divinity Hall of Glasgow from a professor whose prelections were considered

dangerous, had at least this advantage in the eyes of Mr Simson's friends, who were numerous, that it saved the repentant heresiarch from starvation. Considering that Mr Gray of Dollar not only helped to frame the healing compromise above described, but spoke in the Assembly in its support, it is interesting to see how Thomas Boston acted in regard to that same question, the man, as we have seen, who, but for the opposition of the members of Stirling Presbytery, would undoubtedly have then been the minister of Dollar instead of Mr Gray. For when at the close of a long discussion the sentence was read and the question put, "Did the Assembly acquiesce in it?" there was, we are told, a profound silence all over the house for a minute or two, and then Thomas Boston rose and said: "I find myself under a necessity of declaring my dissent from the decision of the Assembly, as I think the censure inflicted by it is not adequate to the offence given. I cannot help thinking that the cause of Jesus Christ, as to the great and essential point of His Supreme Deity, has been at the bar of this assembly requiring justice, and as I am shortly to answer at His bar for all I do or say, I feel myself obliged on this occasion to offer a protest against it, and therefore, in my own name, and in the name of all who shall adhere to me, and if none will, for myself alone, I crave leave to enter my protest against the decision of the Act." It was a brave utterance, worthily expressed, and was an ominous sign of that growing dissatisfaction with the spirit which seems to have animated the leaders of the Scottish Church at this epoch in its history, that was already beginning to manifest itself in many quarters, especially among the more evangelical of that Church's members and office-bearers, and that four years later led to the rise of the Secession Church, under Ebenezer Erskine and the few stout-hearted ministers who then adhered to him in their strenuous advocacy of the rights of the laity to exercise a free choice in the appointment of their ministers.

(To be continued.)

The Same Old Yarn.

THE Battery was out at rest, so there was lots to do,
For guns and gear were very old, and gunners very new ;
One afternoon we nerved ourselves minutely to inspect
Such remnants of equipment as our heroes could collect.

A sad and spirit-breaking task that dragged from lunch till tea,
Ere "F" Sub's Limber Gunner named his last deficiency,
With fluent reasons for the loss, that made the Major weep,
And filled with wildest fantasy, that night, my restless sleep.

I clanked in steel from head to foot, inspecting rows and rows
Of varlets armed with funny kit like halberds, pikes, and bows ;
But half of them had lost the things, and wondered at the doubt
With which I heard that fond excuse, "They hadn't been served out."

Brave bowmen, they had lost their bows, their halberds, halberdiers ;
Stout spearmen "since they left the Base, they never had no spears" ;
And when I found a Company without one scrap of kit,
The Sergeant swore that's how it was when he took charge of it.

Each time I marked a cross-bow sprung, a rusty lance or greave,
The bearer *never* was to blame—the owner was on leave ;
And when I vowed that scamps like those should miss a sennight's loot,
The bristly faces dumbly said I was a callous brute.

One brave who lacked an arquebus expected I'd believe
It was destroyed by arrow-fire upon St Crispin's eve ;
Then down the anxious ranks there breathed a soft, heart-easing sigh,
As knave by knave adopted that infectious, fatuous lie.

I lost my patience, I'm afraid, I bit a B.S.M.,
Which gratified the other Ranks—and I'd have bitten them,
But that I saw a lad salute and plainly heard him say,
"Beg pardon, Sir, I pawned my pike, but hope you'll let me pay."

The whole parade dissolved in cheers—they mobbed me in a trice,
Confessing how they lost their kit, and proffering the price ;
Whereat a stalwart Quarter-bloke fell senseless with a scream,
And shuddering, shouting for my man, I started from my dream !

W. K. H.

Ceylon.

(Continued.)

TIME flies, so we must reluctantly leave Colombo and describe the interior of the country. To reach it we journey by rail in luxuriously fitted carriages, which are much broader than those in this country, the gauge being 5 feet 6 inches as compared with only 4 feet 8 inches here. Refreshment cars are attached to all the principal trains where the hungry, but more often thirsty, traveller can have his wants supplied. Travelling is cheaper in Ceylon than here, first class return fares costing no more than third in this country, as return tickets are issued at a fare and a half.

Our present objective is Kandy, the mountain capital, 74 miles from Colombo. For the first 50 miles the train traverses the low country at practically little above sea level. The scenery is there-

fore very flat and at no time extensive, consisting mostly of paddy fields, coconut palms, and a few rubber plantations.

At Rambukkana the ascent into the Kandyan mountains begins, and the beauty of the landscape approaches the sublime. If Ceylon presented no other spectacle of interest to the traveller it would still be worth his while to visit Kandy, if only to see the panorama that unfolds itself as the train moves slowly up the Kaduganawa Pass, overlooking the lovely Dekanda valley. At one moment on the edge of a sheer precipice we are gazing downwards some thousand feet below, at another we are looking upwards at a mighty crag a thousand feet above. Fresh views appear at every turn, as the train twists its way up the side of the mountains. The Dekanda valley lies a thousand feet below us, with its terraced rice fields, beautiful trees, plants, and creepers, while in the distance the picture is filled in by the Bible and Camel rocks and the prominent peak, Utuwan Kanda. This view may without contradiction be stated as one of the finest in the British Empire, and brings forcibly to one's mind the line in Bishop Heber's hymn, referring to Ceylon, in which he says, "Where every prospect pleases." Incidentally, however, I may mention that I do not agree with the worthy Bishop where, in the line following, he says, "And only man is vile." Had he lived like myself through thirty S.W. monsoons he would have coupled the weather with man, for during four or five months of each year, when the rains are on, the climatic conditions can only be described as villainous.

The train has now arrived at Kaduganawa, situated at the top of the Pass, having climbed 1,400 feet in the last 13 miles, the average gradient being the very steep one of 1 in 45.

Another 9 miles of running brings us to Kandy, 1,600 feet above sea level. This town is incomparably beautiful, or I should rather say the surroundings in which it is situated. The formation of the town itself may be described as a basin in the hills, the bottom being occupied in one part by native quarters, temples, and pansalas, and the rest by a picturesque lake around which many carriage drives and walks at various elevations line the hillsides, which are studded with pretty bungalows. Standing on one of the hillside walks and looking down on the town the view is surpassingly lovely in extent, brilliancy, variety, and splendour of colouring—a veritable Garden of Eden.

The population of Kandy is about 25,000, of whom only about 100 are British. It is the headquarters of the Ceylon Planters' Association, one of the most important bodies in the island, and at stated times many planters come to Kandy to take part in the Association's deliberations affecting the planting interests. At such

times the sleepy town wakes up, for the planter off his estate is a lively soul, and when a crowd of them foregather, things begin to hum!

The most famous building in Kandy is the Dalada Maligawa—the temple of the sacred tooth of Buddha. On entering, one passes through a quadrangle, and up a flight of stone steps to the temple. The most noticeable features are grotesque and highly coloured frescoes, representing torments in store for various classes of sinners.

A hideous noise is kept up by the beating of tom-toms and various so-called musical instruments. The votaries all bring fragrant flowers, the perfume of which makes the atmosphere of the temple overpowering.

The entrance to the sanctuary, which contains the jealously guarded tooth, is guarded by doors elaborately inlaid with silver and ivory. Within the chamber is a solid silver table, on which is a bell-shaped shrine, with six inner shrines protecting the tooth.

The tooth of Buddha is an object of unbounded reverence to 400,000,000 of people. The shrines are all of pure gold, ornamented with magnificent rubies, pearls, emeralds, and cat's eyes.

There is one festival connected with the Temple of the Tooth, which takes place every year in August—the Perahéra. It is a night procession, and forms one of the most weird sights to be seen in any country. Attached to the temple is a stud of some forty fine elephants, which are brought into a large quadrangle in front of the temple. The finest elephant is taken into the temple by the main entrance, and caparisoned with gorgeous trappings covering his head and body. The shrine of the tooth is removed, and placed within the howdah, the whole being surrounded by a large canopy supported by rods held on either side by natives. Two lesser elephants are now brought up and decorated in a similar manner to form an escort for the large elephant. The other elephants follow, all mounted by headmen and their attendants. Between each section are rows of other headmen in gorgeous dresses, and groups of devil dancers in fantastic costumes, dancing and contorting themselves, and producing the most hideous noise by beating tom-toms, blowing conch shells, and clanging brass cymbals.

Nothing more *outré* can be pictured than this procession about a mile long, consisting of thousands of natives gaily dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and all gesticulating round the forty elephants by the dim red light of a thousand torches. This August Perahéra, which lasts several days, has been regularly held for upwards of 2,000 years.

Time will not allow me to dwell further on the beauties of

Kandy, but before leaving it I must say a word about the Royal Botanic Gardens at Peradeniya—4 miles off. They extend to 150 acres, and within this space is contained one of the finest and most comprehensive collection of tropical trees and shrubs in the world. There are several beautiful drives within the gardens, some bordered on each side by Talipot palms, others by Palmyra palms, and so on. In short, they contain the most lavish display of tropical flora that has ever been brought together. A large scientific staff of botanists, agricultural chemists, and mycologists have their headquarters here, headed by a Director of Agriculture.

From Kandy we can easily proceed to Nuwara Eliya, the mountain sanatorium of Ceylon, situated 6,200 feet above sea level. A railway journey of 60 miles, during which the train climbs 4,600 feet, or a greater height than Ben Nevis, takes the traveller through some of the principal tea districts, and during the whole journey practically nothing is seen but a sheet of tea bushes.

Nearly midway between Kandy and Nuwara Eliya we get a distant view of Adam's Peak, 7,200 feet, a name no doubt familiar to most of you as one of the most sacred mountains in the world. It may be said without fear of contradiction no mountain in the world has stirred the superstitions, veneration, and emotions of so many of our fellow subjects as Adam's Peak. The Buddhists, Hindus, and Mohammedans, to the number of 800,000,000, hold it as sacred, and pilgrimages are annually made to its summit, on which there is a Buddhist temple presided over by a high priest. The veneration shown by the followers of these three different religions undoubtedly takes its rise in the mark on the summit of the peak resembling the impress of a gigantic human foot. This the Buddhists devoutly worship as the sacred footprint of Gautama, while the Hindus equally claim it as that of Siva, and the Mohammedans as that of Adam. According to Mohammedan tradition, when our first parents were driven out of the Garden of Eden they were separated, Eve being put down in Mecca, while Adam was transported to Ceylon, travelling over Adam's Bridge, landing on the top of Adam's Peak, where his footprint is seen to the present day. After thousands of years Adam was allowed to bring Eve to Ceylon, where, let us hope, they lived happy ever afterwards. As Buddha's so-called tooth in the Kandy temple is about 4 inches long, and Adam's legendary footprint several feet long, there must have been giants in those days, these two personages averaging between 40 and 50 feet in height.

After a five hours' rail journey from Kandy we reach Nuwara Eliya. This town possesses a remarkable combination of attractions. Here we can enjoy the purest and most invigorating air, and yet behold a luxuriant tropical country at our feet. In the morning

we can leave the tropical heat of Colombo, and by the evening revel in a climate often colder than Dollar in summer.

It is one of the chief health resorts of the East, and invalids from India, Burma, and the Straits Settlements resort to it, where in a short time, owing to the wonderful influence of the pure mountain air, the fever-stricken patient shakes off his illness and regains health and strength.

The town is situated in a mountain valley, the plateau being 6,200 feet above sea level, or 2,000 feet higher than Ben Nevis. It possesses fine hotels, clubs, and a large number of bungalows, which are all crowded during the season extending from January to May. During Easter a race meet is held, and the golf and tennis championships of Ceylon are played for. Here, as at Kandy, is a fine lake with a circular carriage drive. The mountain streams around Nuwara Eliya have been stocked with trout, and fine sport can be obtained with the rod. Those who prefer hunting can have their wish gratified, as elk in large numbers are found around Nuwara Eliya, and packs of hounds kept for hunting them.

I will not have time to describe the other chief towns of Ceylon, such as Galle, the former port of call for the mail steamers before the Colombo breakwater was built; Batticaloa, the capital of the eastern province; Trincomallee, the former headquarters of the East Indies Squadron, which possesses one of the largest and safest natural harbours in the world, capable of holding all the British fleet of pre-war days.

Jaffna, which lies at the extreme north of the island, is a fair sized town of 35,000 inhabitants. Owing to its equable and very dry climate it is specially beneficial to those suffering from lung diseases.

The three principal products of Ceylon are tea, rubber, and coconuts, though a large quantity of rice is also grown by the Sinhalese for their own consumption.

In 1914, 193 million lbs. of tea, 15,000 tons of rubber, and 110,000 tons of the produce of the coconut palm were exported.

Ceylon is celebrated for its precious stones, especially rubies, sapphires, pearls, and that wonderful stone of which Ceylon has a monopoly, the cat's eye. I am sorry I have not a supply of these fine stones to hand round for your examination, but should any of you visit Colombo, as some of you probably have, you will be pestered by native jewellers not only to examine but to buy their stones. But beware, for if you are not careful, and have not gone to a thoroughly trustworthy jeweller, you will find when too late, if you have made a purchase, that what the jeweller swore by all his gods was a fine and genuine sapphire, turns out to be only a bit of beautifully tinted blue glass manufactured no further from here than Birmingham.



Mrs Leckie Ewing

BANK BURN

Photo

Before the war Ceylon was a favourite winter resort from the old country, and all my friends who have paid it a visit were charmed with its scenery, the variety of races to be seen, and above all, by the hospitality of the tea and rubber planters, English and Scotch, who form three-fourths of the white population.

I spent thirty years in dear old Ceylon, and its happy memories and pleasant times will never fade from me while life lasts.

H. L. BLACKLAW (F.P.).

Kaiser und Kultur.

GOSPEL OF HERR VON TIRPITZ.

THE God of War ist unser Gott ;
 Our Kaiser his vicegerent here ;
 His chosen people we ; our lot
 To rule the world by force and fear.
 War is the plan approved by heaven
 To purge the earth of worthless dross,
 And to the Prussian folk 'tis given
 To count a life of peace but loss.

Let our affrighted foes revile
 Our great All-Highest—call him Hun ;
 We fight to win for him the while
 His proper place—a place in the sun.
 To terrify and horrify
 The enemy peoples is our aim ;
 Therefore from land and sea and sky
 Our bolts are sped to kill and maim.

With frightfulness on sea and land,
 Under the sea and in the air,
 By God's help, with unsparing hand,
 We'll smite our enemies everywhere.
 And so we slaughter young and old,
 Women and children in their sleep ;
 We pounce like wolves upon the fold,
 To rend the lambs and silly sheep.

Murder and rapine, fire and sword,
 Poisonous gases, liquid flame—
 By means of these our Warrior Lord
 Will blaze our way to power and fame.
 Our shark of war, our Submarine,
 Dreaded assassin of the seas,
 The unconquerable Ocean Queen,
 Will force Britannia to her knees.

Unchristian, say you? Be it so ;
 The creed of Christ has had its day :
 The good old German God we know
 Now leads us in a bolder way.

War is our gospel; Might our creed;
 Cruelty, treachery, and wrong—
 On such strong fare must warriors feed,
 God gives the battle to the strong.

The corner stone of German strength
 Is in the army and the crown;
 Our Kultur shall prevail at length—
 Before us shall the world bow down.
 What are your solemn treaties worth?
 Mere scraps of paper to be torn;
 A Kaiser born to rule the earth—
 What cares he if he be forsworn?

Small States? What right have they to live?
 Too weak to grow or stand alone;
 To them protection we will give
 When they to us allegiance own.
 Ambassador—(what's in a name?)—
 In Kultur's lexicon means spy;
 Diplomacy, a trickster's game;
 And plighted faith a crafty lie.

Begone with international law!
 The Hague Convention's an old song,
 The rights of neutrals an old saw;
 A Kultur State can do no wrong.
 France crushed, and Russia held on chain,
 With England from her high place hurled,
 Kultur o'er all will rule and reign—
 Our Kaiser Master of the world.

Finale.

Good-faith and honour, justice, right,
 Our Kultur ruthlessly extirpates.
 Old laws and creeds must yield to might.
 Onward with frightfulness!

VON TIRPITZ.

Note by the Translator.—The above sounds better in the original. The harsh, guttural German tongue fits the subject. It is no easy task to render the gospel of Von Tirpitz in decent English.

W. C. BENET.

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

The Taming of the Shrew.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 9, No. 65.)

KATHERINE MINOLA, the Shrew whom Shakespeare has immortalised even in the act of robbing her of her right to the title, was, as we have seen, utterly defiant of the conventionalities of life. She was not one of those who preserve a sweet exterior towards society,

and keep their tempestuous moods for the privacy of home. We have found her flouting her sister, defying her father, and bandying insults with Bianca's lovers in the public street. She breaks her lute on her music-master's head, and strikes the gentleman who has come to woo her as a test of his manners. But it was a new experience to her to meet with the same superiority to custom in another, and when, with half-willing, half-rebellious steps, she enters the room where Petruchio awaits her, she is petrified by the unexpected greeting :—

“Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.”

With extreme dignity she replies :—

“They call me Katherine that do speak of me.”

But the still more unexpected response is a flat, but perfectly truthful, contradiction :—

“*Pet.* You lie, in faith ; for you are called plain Kate,
And bonnie Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.”

It was undeniable, and, as he went on to express his personal and more flattering opinion :—

“But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,” &c.,

she is fain to waive her first challenge and plunge into a battle of wits.

For once Kate has met her match, and the battle is carried on in equal terms, save that her weapon is insult and his good humour ; but before it is over our Shrew begins to find herself being addressed in the language of admiration and flattery such as had hitherto fallen exclusively to the lot of Bianca. Kate is too shrewd to be altogether blind to the exaggeration and humorous irony of Petruchio's praise ; still it is pleasant. Her retorts become fewer and milder, and finally she permits him to declare without interruption his determination to marry her.

Her father's entrance again awakes her wrath, but her wooer is equal to the occasion, and she makes little or no protest while he gives utterance to the bold assertion :—

“’Tis bargained ’twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company ;
I tell you, ’tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me,” &c., &c.

At this stage in the older play Kate is made to say in an aside :—

“But yet I will consent and marrie him,
For I methinks have lived too long a maid.”

These words are wisely omitted in the revised version, and we are thus left at liberty to suppose that her submission to Petruchio's claims and her docile preparation for the wedding point to a secret attraction towards this masterful wooer.

But a still greater shock awaits our poor heroine when the wedding day arrives, first in the long-delayed arrival of her bridegroom, and then in the extraordinary costume he has donned. It must, of course, be borne in mind in reading the description of Petruchio's appearance (and it would be more really effective if it were remembered on the stage), that the description of Petruchio's appearance comes from the lips of Biondello, as do the details of the homeward journey from those of Grumio, and allowance must be made for the extravagant exaggeration of his servants, whose duty consisted largely in foolery. Probably Franio is nearest the truth when he remarks :—

"Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparelled."

The same might be said of many a country gentleman when patrolling his estate, yet few would care to go direct from the field to the altar.

For once in her life Katherine was cowed and alarmed, yet not by any menace to herself worse than a resounding kiss.

When Petruchio, now her husband, insists on starting on their journey before the feast begins, she tries conclusions with him once more, but he adroitly turns the tables as though acting in her defence. It is to the guests, not to his wife, that he addresses his defiance :—

"Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My house, my ox, my ass, my anything ;
And here she stands ; touch her whoever dare," &c.

He was perfectly right. This apparently outrageous statement of a wife's status was simple law. The bald utterance of it by Shakespeare was more likely to pave the way for its repeal, however slowly it might work, than to rivet the bonds.

We are unfeignedly sorry for Kate when she is hurried fasting from her father's house, and still more when she is robbed, first of supper, then of sleep, after her long and exhausting journey, but surely the game was worth the candle ! Twenty-four hours of hunger and wakefulness against a lifetime of loveless misery.

At length she bends her proud will to say, "I thank you, sir," and thus secures a meal, but her temper is again in arms when, still "under name of perfect love," first cap and then gown elude her grasp. One small thrust had been administered by her husband without any disguise. Quoth Kate, when the new cap is condemned :—

"Gentlewomen wear such caps as these."

"When you are gentle you shall have one too,
And not till then,"

was the gentle answer.

Again, when it is decided that they shall go to her father's "even in these honest, mean habiliments," and Kate naturally enough corrects Petruchio as to the time of day, he varies his scheme and lets something of his own weariness and distress appear :—

"Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it,"

and the journey is given up.

When next we see them, after the scene in which the old Pedant acts the part of Vincentio, and Lucentio and Bianca are secretly married by "the old priest at Saint Luke's Church," they are actually on the road, and the horses waiting for them at Long Lane End. During the interval Katherine has apparently been quiescent, and has had time to consider her husband's conduct, which was doubtless chivalrous and kind during the calm, but once more her angry and impatient spirit is aroused by his crazy ejaculations :—

"Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon !"

Instead of retaliating with good humour, she again rudely contradicts :—

Kath. The moon ! The sun : it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or e'er I journey to your father's house.
Go, one, and fetch our horses back again,
Evermore crossed, and crossed ; nothing but crossed !"

And then Katherine sees the game, and sees that, as she is playing it, she is bound to lose. Not only her common sense, but her sense of humour, of which she had as good a fund as her husband, is at last aroused. Wholeheartedly she accepts the challenge, neither in anger nor in sulkiness ; she now, not cowed, surrenders with all the grace and dignity of a queen :—

"Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please,
Or if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie : it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blessed, it is the blessed sun :
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is ;
And so it shall be so for Katherine."

There is neither fear nor resentment in this. She meets him on his own level, but frankly surrenders to him her will—and her temper.

(*To be continued.*)

William Grant Cruickshank, M.A.

A SORROWFUL duty incumbent upon us to-day is to chronicle the death of our esteemed friend and colleague, Mr Cruickshank. He passed away at Glen Cottage, Burnside, Dollar, after a short illness. We know how futile it seems to say anything at such a time; but it is something to look back on his life and see how full of useful work it was. To his friends, Dollar will never seem quite the same again without his vivid personality and cheery presence.

He graduated M.A. at Aberdeen University in 1875, and came to Dollar in 1877 as a general assistant in the Academy; but soon thereafter he was promoted to the more important and responsible position of English master of the girls' classes. As a teacher he was very successful, was well liked by his pupils, who, under his encouragement, worked willingly to please him, and always spoke of him with unfailing affection and respect.

We have known him longer and known him better than any other member of the Staff has done, and we feel sure that his work will remain, that he will long be remembered gratefully, and that his influence will be felt by those with whom he worked, and those for whose intellectual and moral and spiritual good he laboured so consistently. Boys who were boarders of his house, and who have achieved a name for themselves in the world at large, speak of the mutual sympathy and perfect understanding that existed between him and them, when they were under his guardianship and care. Others of earlier years, as Drs James and David Huskie, Messrs Robert and William Norfor, and many more, cherish the happiest recollections of the days when he was their tutor, and rejoice to think that for well-nigh forty years their friendship was unbroken. We must be content to add these notes as our tribute of affection for an old friend, and of admiration for a life of long-continued, hard, unselfish work.

Our sympathy is with his widow, his daughter and son, in their heavy bereavement.

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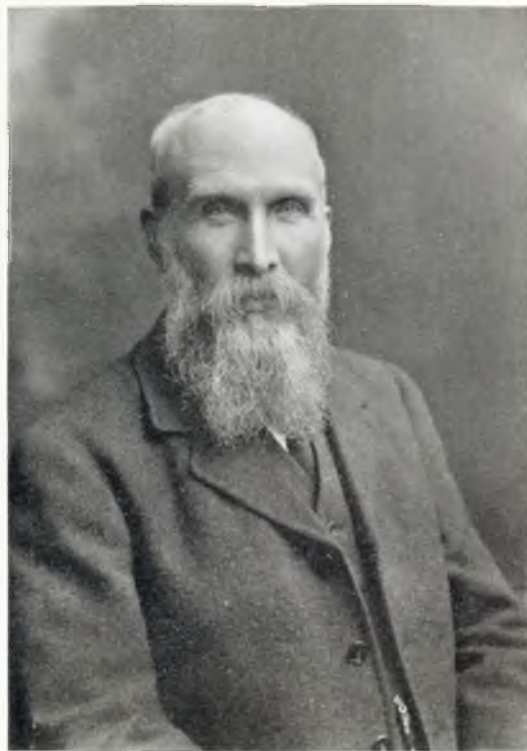
MR WILLIAM MASTERTON.—We were unable at the time of Mr Masterton's death to insert his portrait; but we have pleasure in presenting it to our readers to-day, as we feel sure that many of his pupils and friends will be glad to have it. We need not repeat here what we said "In Memoriam" at the time of his death, or the affectionate tribute paid to his memory by the Rev. Mr Armstrong in his funeral sermon. They are recorded on pages 186 and 187 of Volume XV.



Whitehead, Alva

Photo

MR JAMES WM. MASTERTON



Whitehead, Alva

Photo

MR WILLIAM GRANT CRUICKSHANK, M.A.

Notes from Mesopotamia.

BY MAJOR WALTER LECKIE-EWING.

MESOPOTAMIA as a whole is the lowland portion of the basin of the ancient rivers Euphrates and Tigris, and may, we are told, be regarded as a northern extension of the Persian Gulf, which at one time probably reached almost to the Mediterranean. Mesopotamia can be divided into Upper and Lower Mesopotamia, the former extending south as far as Bagdad, and the latter continuing to the Persian Gulf. The following notes are confined to my two years' experience on the Tigris side of the lower portion of this historical land of Biblical celebrities. Bagdad from the sea by river is about 560 miles, and its approximate height above sea level is only 112 feet. On approaching the mouth of the Shatt-al-Arab (which is the river formed by the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates at Qurnah, about 100 miles up) from the Persian Gulf, one's first impression of Mesopotamia is that it is one vast sea of palm trees, any bare ground there is being so low and flat that until comparatively close one does not notice it. On entering the river we pass Fao on the left, a small village which was the late terminal station of the Turkish land telegraph line connecting with the British cable to India.

Having entered the river, the banks are very low on each side, and are intersected by numerous irrigation canals between date plantations, and the country is often under water except for small raised banks. The belt of land near the river is exceedingly fertile, and extends from half a mile to two miles back. Large quantities of dates are produced. Outside the palm area, however, is only waste desert or swamp. About 40 miles up on our right we come to Muhammarah, which is in Persian territory, with its numerous buildings in connection with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Here the Karum river from North Arabistan joins the Shatt-al-Arab. Next we come to Basra, 20 miles further on. Funnels and masts of numerous steamers moored in the river, wireless telegraph masts, and tall chimney stalks are seen above the palm trees for several miles before reaching Basra. The scenery, as viewed from the steamer, of date groves, creeks, mud huts, &c., is at first rather interesting, but soon becomes monotonous. When one has seen half a mile of the river banks there is nothing very different for the next 60 miles. Here and there on the river bank one sees a two-storied flat-roofed house of some wealthy Arab, with perhaps a shady tree or two, but there is little to vary the monotony.

Some distance from the mouth of the river one comes to the funnel and masts of a steamer which the Turks sank early in the war in order to block the channel against the British. Fortunately they made an error of judgment somewhere, and there is no difficulty in circumventing the sunken wreck. By no stretch of imagination could Basra and vicinity be called a salubrious spot. The houses are built of mud and sun-baked bricks, the streets narrow and winding, and crowded with Arab children and donkeys, &c., extremely hot and dusty in the summer and slippery and muddy in the winter. As there is practically no stone to be found below Bagdad, there are no metalled roads or streets in the country beyond those recently made by the British, and as stated, the houses are mostly made of sun-dried bricks, which absorb the heat during the day and give it out again when the sun goes down. The best houses generally consist of a quadrangular shell of rooms built in two stories round a square courtyard which slopes towards a small hole in the centre. This hole is the entrance to the cess-pool, and the whole system seems most insanitary, for in the flood season the subsoil water rises and the courtyard is flooded. I do not assert that *all* the houses are insanitary, but the above may be taken as a sort of standard. The country round Basra is quite flat, and outside the palm area there is nothing but barren desert. From Basra to Ma'gil, about 3 miles up river, are appearing numerous wharves, quays, engineering and shipbuilding yards, and such-like perquisites of civilisation, and one would not now recognise that part of the river as the same as that of two years ago.

My first arrival at Ma'gil camp was on an extremely hot evening. The ground had not been drained, and the place was a hot-bed of mosquitoes, sand flies, and croaking frogs. Fortunately I had a mosquito net, but others less fortunate got little sleep. From Basra to Qurnah, about 46 miles on, there are palm groves similar to those below Basra, but with here and there open patches of swamp and tall reeds which vary the monotony. Qurnah is a collection mostly of mud houses—at the former junction of the Euphrates and Tigris—and is said to be the site of the Garden of Eden. I read an article in a well-known magazine not long ago, in which the writer, in mentioning this place, said something about “the sweet odours of a thousand flowers,” and “trickling water clear as crystal,” &c.!!! Personally I smelt nothing sweeter than the smoke out of some incinerator, and as for the Tigris being as “clear as crystal”—perhaps some had been boiled and filtered. In its natural state it could appropriately be described as liquid mud. Above Qurnah we get away from the palm trees, and find mostly extensive marshes with tall reeds. During the flood season

(April and May) the marshes are quite impassable, though dry strips of ground are found in the intervals between them. The "flood season" has nothing to do with the rains, but owes its being almost entirely to the melting of the snows in the Caucasus and highlands of Asia Minor hundreds of miles away. Nearly all the water-courses connected with the Tigris are distributaries and not tributaries, most of the water flowing from it being absorbed by large marshes, such as the Suwaikieh. Even the streams which flow from the Persian mountains lose themselves in such-like places. The river in the flood season is kept within its banks by means of "bunds," almost from Bagdad to the sea. These bunds are composed of loose earth just heaped up at the edge of the river three or four feet high and five or six feet wide. When one goes up the river during the floods on the shallow draft river steamers, and observes that the water on which the steamer floats is a foot or two above the level of the surrounding country, the importance of the bund strikes one forcibly.

About 30 miles above Qurnah is Ezra's Tomb, which consists of an oriental looking brick building with a dome of blue glazed bricks, surrounded by a few palm trees. Whether that celebrity was buried there or not I do not know, but his tomb with the trees affords the first relief to the monotony of the treeless marshes. About 60 miles further on is Amara, a town of about 10,000 inhabitants, of whom a fair number are Jews. There are date plantations in the vicinity, but beyond these is only waste desert. The houses are similar to those of Basra. Between Amara and Sheikh Sa'ad, about 110 miles on, are several marching posts, temporary camps surrounded by barb-wire entanglements erected to keep out marauding Arabs. Regarding the Arabs, some of them are most daring and clever thieves, who think nothing of risking their lives to steal rifles or ammunition, or in fact anything they can find in a British camp. They will come for miles at night and break through a perimeter barb-wire fence in which spring rifles and bombs are set to go off on the slightest touch. In addition there are sentries posted at intervals. Still they manage to get through, though of course some are killed, which fact does not seem to stop others from trying their luck. Between Amara and Sheikh Sa'ad the country is very desolate. Sheikh Sa'ad is alleged to be the most God-forsaken spot in Mesopotamia, and I can well believe it. For heat and dust it would be hard to beat. At certain times of the year a strong wind rises about 9 A.M. and does not die down till sunset. During these windy days one cannot see the next tent, perhaps ten yards off, for dust. The temperature, too, may be anything from 115° to 120° in the shade, and the dust sticks on

one's face, neck, and arms, and turns to mud with the perspiration. I once asked a friend where he thought this pleasant breeze came from, and he promptly answered, "Straight from the bars of hell." From all accounts of that place, he did not seem far wrong. To my mind the one redeeming feature of Sheikh Sa'ad is the view one has of the Pusht-i-Kuh Hills in Persia, about 30 miles off. From Sheikh Sa'ad to Kut in places the river banks are comparatively high, and there are patches of ground covered with scrub and low bushes. Not far below Kut are the Sanna-i-Yat trenches, which stretch from the river side to the Suwaikieh March, and which the Turks held on to for so long. Kut itself is a mud-walled town with a certain number of palm trees in the vicinity, and shows considerable signs of the recent fighting. A mile or so from the town on the river side stands a monument erected by the Turks to commemorate their capture of General Townshend's force in 1916. When we recaptured the place about a year later, the monument was completed but had not been unveiled. The distance from Kut to Bagdad by river is 213 miles, and by land, neglecting the sinuosities of the river, only 128. The most interesting feature between Kut and Bagdad is the Ctesiphon Arch, a large brick structure of great age, and I believe a gateway into the ancient town.

(To be continued.)

"Cauld Feet."¹

O' a' the ills ye tak' the toll.
 'The bully-beef, the want o' coal,
 'The daylight in your stocking-sole,
 The trenches weet ;
 There's nane you'll find sae ill to thole
 As jist cauld feet.

If e'er you're trampin' up the line
 Your leefu' lane, and hear the whine
 O' German shell come doon the win',
 You may be bauld,
 But though your hert be duntin' fine,
 Your feet are cauld.

'The sentry, on the step, will dicht
 His drowsy e'e at dead o' nicht ;
 A rottan, rattlin' oot o' sicht,
 Soaks him wi' heat
 From head to heel, frae left to richt,
 Except his feet.

¹ To have "cold feet" means in military language to be somewhat nervous.

When huddled in the trench you sit,
 Afore ye spiel the parapet,
 To hit, or maybe to be hit
 By deadly sleet,
 Your language may be warm a bit,
 But no' your feet.

If e'er you see a neighbour chap
 Gae spinnin' like a dozin' tap,
 Syne to the yird a' lifeless drap,
 Thowless and auld,
 'The red-hot death that on him lap
 Leaves your feet cauld.

If, when you leave the trenches hale,
 And thinkin' on the lang, lang trail,
 Fritz starts to pepper you wi' shell,
 You're clean appalled ;
 Ye wadna jist say feared ; but, well—
 Your feet are cauld.

G. BLAIR (F.P.)

Notes from Near and Far.

ST SWITHIN.—It is interesting by the aid of imagination to visit the past, and fill its days and years with scenes which tradition and historical incidents have brought into prominence. Such journeys to the homes and haunts of our ancestors will be as profitable as pleasing, and may occupy many an idle hour with thoughts and feelings worthy of our nature. Taking this for granted, we shall now visit some regions of the past, and let us suppose our first excursion to be to Winchester, the ancient capital of England, about 15th July 971. At the cathedral dedicated to the apostles Peter and Paul, we find a large assembly of clergy and laymen preparing to remove, with great pomp and ceremony, a body from one of the graves, which for a hundred years had been trodden by the feet of man, and on which raindrops from the eaves had fallen. It was the body of St Swithin, who was Bishop of Winchester from 852 till his death in 862. It was laid thus in the open in compliance with his dying wish :—

“ Ah ! humble saint, who made a last request
 Before his spirit turned again to God,
 That after death his buried bones should rest
 Beneath the eaves, where every passer trod ;
 And so, within his ancient Abbey's shade,
 He who had lived in peace, in peace was laid.”

Now, according to tradition, this saint, displeased at the intended infraction of his dying injunctions, sent heavy rain for forty days to prevent the translation which was to have taken place; and hence the common adage regarding St Swithin, which, as every one knows, is to the effect that, as it rains or is fair on St Swithin's day, the 15th July, there will be a continuous track of wet or dry weather for the forty days ensuing:—

“St Swithin's day if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain!
St Swithin's day if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.”

This theory, that the saint marked his displeasure towards those who were removing his remains by sending rain, is historically worthless, and is at variance with the tenth century writers, who are all agreed that the translation took place in accordance with his desire as expressed in vision, and was accomplished with the utmost éclat and success. More probable is the Rev. John Earle's suggestion that, in the legend as now current, we have the survival of some pagan or possibly prehistoric day of augury, which has sheltered itself and preserved its vitality under the protection of an ecclesiastical saint. Such adaptations, it is well known, were very frequent on the supplanting throughout Europe of heathenism by Christianity—many of our popular customs and beliefs can, indeed, be only satisfactorily explained by tracing them to such a source.

How then, we may be asked—for the questioning spirit, the disposition to demand the *why* of everything, is in these days thoroughly aroused—how did the resolution to disturb the relics of the saint arise? It is a question which it would take long to answer. Suffice it to say that the cathedral had been rebuilt and dedicated to St Swithin, and that it suited the policy of Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, to revive the popular veneration for this saint in furtherance of his own schemes for the establishment of monastic discipline in the Church, of which change St Swithin in his day had been a zealous supporter. Their aim was to turn out the *secular* clergy, who had become very ignorant and probably very irreligious also, and put monks in their places. Fuller owns that the clergy were not so good as they ought to have been, but he thinks, and probably he is quite right, that the monks were much worse. “The hive of the church was in no whit bettered by putting out *drones* and placing *wasps* in their room.” All the same, many rules for the conduct of the clergy were put forth at this time, some of which were very good ones. They were bidden to take care of their churches, and give all their time to their sacred work. They were

not to indulge in idle speech, idle deeds, or excessive drinking; nor were they to hunt, hawk, or dice. They were to distribute alms, and to urge the people to be charitable; they were also to be diligent in teaching the young. They were to preach every Sunday to the people, and always to give good examples. With these injunctions and in many other ways did St Swithin strive to restore piety, learning, and purity; and he earned a most enduring mark of distinction by being the first to get introduced the system of tithes as a provision for the clergy. Writers of the tenth century agree that in his own life he gave a good example to his flock. In Chaucer's words:—

“But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve.”

J. L. Crommelin Brown writes:—

“Sleep on, Saint Swithin, not in that poor space
Which thou did'st ask of thy humility;
Thy holy relics found a worthier place,
And one more fitted to such piety,
Where the great organ, shouting through the pile,
Shakes the dim vista of a listening aisle.

Sleep on till those last trumpets break thy night,
Which summon all to stand before the throne,
To face the beating of that fierce white light
Where every soul stands naked and alone;
So when the story of thy life has run,
The Master's voice will say, ‘Servant, well done.’”

To return to the legend. Has the popular belief any foundation in fact? Here the observations at Greenwich for the twenty years preceding 1861 may be adduced to prove its fallacy. From these we learn that St Swithin's day was wet on six of these years, and dry on fourteen. Let us take six years of each. St Swithin's was wet in 1841, and there were 23 rainy days up to and including the 24th of August; in 1845, 26 rainy days; in 1851, 13 rainy days; in 1853, 18 rainy days; in 1854, 16 rainy days; in 1856, 14 rainy days; in all 110. St Swithin's day was dry in 1842, and there were 12 rainy days; in 1843, 22 rainy days; in 1844, 20 rainy days; in 1846, 21 rainy days; in 1847, 17 rainy days; in 1848, 31 rainy days; in all 123, a majority of 13.

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HIGH HONOUR TO F.P.—In volume tenth of our *Magazine*, p. 134, is a pleasantly written short article on “Aviation,” which may be said to have been at that time in its infancy. It is from the pen of Ina E. Paul, who tells us of “the delightful sensation of floating

in the air," which she experienced in a flight with Graham Gilmour, a famous flyer, who kindly volunteered to take her up in his aeroplane. At the time Miss Paul's courage was commented on by her friends, who agreed that her venture was in keeping with her lively, enterprising disposition. This was in 1911—pre-war days.

Since the war broke out, Miss Paul, like many other British ladies whose hearts were deeply moved by their country's crisis, has been engaged in "doing her bit" in many different fields of activity. Her first work in 1914 was in the V.A.D. Hospital, Ottershaw Park, Woking, where she remained till early in 1915, when she was transferred to Boscombe, in Kent, for the important work of superintending and seeing to the orderliness of the tents that were pitched there. Her tact and skill shown here led to her being appointed, by the War Office, one of the nurses who were sent to Malta to minister to the sick and wounded from the Dardanelles. For seven weeks camp life was the order of the day here, and 5,000 soldiers who were living in tents demanded the attention of the nurses. The reports of the sick and wounded were prepared by Miss Paul. After her return to England she was for seven months on duty in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, which she left in March 1917, and joined the aeroplane engine building works of Gwinnies, in Hammersmith. Here it was that she had the honour of being presented to His Majesty King George, with whom she had a most interesting conversation which lasted about twenty minutes. She has now a commission in the Royal Aircraft.

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F.P. HONOURED.—It gives us very much pleasure to note that Miss Annie Kydd (F.P.) has again been mentioned in dispatches and has been awarded the R.R.C. At present she is doing duty in Etaples Hospital.

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D.S.O.—The Rev. J. L. Findlay (F.P.), C.F., Oaklands, Chard, Somersetshire, has, we are glad to learn, been awarded the D.S.O. for good work in the field.

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FINEST FIGHTERS.—Judge Benet writes: One of my sons, who is doing his bit superintending shipbuilding at "an American port," writes me that a Canadian Major, on invalid furlough, is staying at his hotel. He had been two years at the war front before he "got his." He is now engaged in the campaign for Canadian and British volunteers in this country. Speaking of some interesting talks he had with the Major the letter says:—

"You will be pleased to hear that he says it is admitted by all the Allies and by the Germans that the Highlanders are the finest fighters in the war."

Coming from a brave Canadian officer, this high and generous praise must warm the heart of every Scot. Surely this is a time to quote the familiar saying, "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed."

"The Major also says," the letter proceeds, "that it is now up to America, and the sooner we realise it the quicker it will be over. As for the weakening of German *moral*, about which we read so much, he says, 'Forget it.'"

This high opinion of the British soldiers is corroborated by General Mangin, who declares: "These troops whom I have had the pleasure of seeing at work near me, especially Scots, fought magnificently, their task being of great importance, and their effort forming an essential element in my plan of action. The Scots had a rough time, owing to the difficulties of the ground and the determined resistance of the enemy, who was resolved on a desperate struggle, but they performed their task with great honour."

After the evacuation of Soissons the General writes: "To-day's success was achieved by the conduct and sacrifice of the Scots."

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PUBLIC SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—This examination was held on the 27th of June, and was presided over by Mr John M'Diarmid, Chairman of the School Board. It is well known that, year by year, there must be a good deal of sameness in the programme of a school examination. The songs and recitations may be skilfully varied; but there is a limit to the teacher's choice, even in these, which must be adapted to the capacities of young children. All the same, the interest of parents and friends in the Public School Exhibition knows no falling off. There was evidence in the "shining morning faces" of the children that they enjoyed the prospect of taking the principal part in the day's doings. As in former years, the proceedings began in the Infant School, under Miss Scott, and were continued in the class-rooms of Miss Rutherford, Miss Lyon, and Mr Begg. In Miss Scott's room a delightful programme of music and dancing was gone through by the tiny pupils, and, at the close, the Chairman intimated that a kind lady, "in view of the commemoration of the centenary of the establishment of John M'Nabb's School, or Dollar Academy, had presented gift books to the children." He asked Provost Mrs Malcolm to present these. Before doing so the Provost complimented Miss Scott on the splendid appearance made by the children, who had profited so much by her painstaking care. She then presented the gifts, and called for grateful thanks to the

anonymous donor, which were heartily given. In the Senior Department attractive recitations and songs were well rendered under the skilful management of Miss Lyon. At the close of the day the Chairman made a few remarks on the value of education; and declared that this had been the best exhibition he had attended. Mr Begg and his staff are to be congratulated.

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GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND.—Mr T. Alexander (F.P.), who was touring on the Continent when the war broke out, has given, in pamphlet form, his experiences in his endeavours to get back to Scotland, and from it we take the following, which shows that even among the higher classes of Germany the hatred of Britain is intense: "We had taken our seats only a few minutes when an elderly gentleman in something suggestive of clerical attire, and who was apparently accompanying the troops, leant forward and asked if we were British. The affirmative reply liberated the tense feelings of hate our appearance had evidently generated, for we were subjected to a perfect tempest of invective against Britain—her hypocrisy in pretending to be a Christian nation and allying herself with the Slav and French! Our arrogance—a nation of Robinson Crusoes, &c.! and all this punctuated by the constantly repeated holy wish for the destruction of Britain. She was to blame for everything; had only to say the word, &c., &c. And this gentleman, mark you, was no other than Professor D. Karl Budde, the renowned Professor of Marburg; a personal friend, he assured us, of a professor of Aberdeen; and a gentleman who had represented his University at the Quater-centenary of St Andrews University. He told us he wished us to know what a cultured German thought. Told us, even in his calmer moments, that it was the attempted murder of a nation! That they would win! must win! That they were going into it as one man; and this is verily so."

Argument with such a man would have been ill-judged; and an occasional reminder of certain awkward facts was all that was desirable.

Nor is this hatred of recent date, for we find the late Rev. Fred. W. Robertson of Brighton writing in 1846: "You cannot conceive how England is detested throughout Germany. The leading newspaper, the *Zeitung*, is perpetually attacking us—our behaviour in India, our religious hypocrisy, our slavery to forms and fashions, our commercial policy, &c. A short time ago the *Times* had in some article remarked upon the great advantage derived by Germany from the English travellers who pass through it. Upon which the *Zeitung* replied, that if a few innkeepers rejoiced at this, the whole nation mourned. Only let God deliver us from the affliction of

that horrid nation passing through our towns and besetting us like a plague of flies in our diligences, hotels, walks, with their stupid faces, their vulgarity, their everlasting inquisitiveness about hotels and sight-seeing, and utter inability to appreciate anything higher, and it would be a day of jubilee for all Germany." I do not give the exact words, but that was the purport of the article. (We hope that Mr Alexander may meet the boasting professor again.)

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VEGETABLES FOR THE FLEET.—In our last number we—judging from the promise of the gardens—expressed the confident hope that our Vegetable Products Committee, under Mrs Gibson, Burnbank, would be able to sustain the reputation they had gained for their liberal supply of fresh vegetables and fruit for the fleet, and we are now glad to learn from a list published in the local press that the consignment in July was a very large one. Another collection is to be made in September.

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RED CROSS WEEK CONTRIBUTIONS.—We have been favoured with the following list of contributions made in Dollar in Red Cross Week, and we think that it speaks volumes for the liberality of our little parish. The efforts made on all hands have been well responded to: Dollarfield Garden Fête, £281. 5s. 7d.; Flag Day, £13.7s.; Church Parade, £14; Bowling Tournament, £32. 14s.; Tennis Tournament, £9. 7s. 1d.; Proceeds from lecture in Dollar Academy by Captain Wetherall, £4. 17s. 6d.; Public School, £1; Lodge Craiginnan, £11. 3s. 6d.; Miss Ross's Dancing Class, £3—total, £370. 14s. 8d., as compared with £167 last year. This year's total represents an average of 4s. per head of the population of the parish.

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RED CROSS.—We have very much pleasure in congratulating Mrs Armstrong, wife of our much respected Parish Minister, on her appointment as Acting Commandant of the Dollar Women's V.A.D.

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PREPARATORY SCHOOL.—It may interest many of our Former Pupils to learn that Argyll House, which was for many years a leading boarding house for Academy boys, is once more given over to the work of education. It has been acquired by Miss Bremner as an attractive residence, with rooms set apart for her Preparatory School. As a seminary for young children it is in its site and accommodation much superior to the building formerly occupied, which was too near the main thoroughfare. The well-ventilated commodious class-rooms, and the open-air exercise, which the proximity of the Academy grounds gives the pupils scope for, are important factors in the development of growing bodies and grow-

ing brains. The last session, partly passed in the new rooms, closed on 27th June, when the prizes were distributed. The Dux Medal, which was gained last session by a girl, was carried off by Donald Scott. Our young hopefuls must remember that Argyll House has a reputation to sustain. We are glad to know that all the members of the senior class of last session passed the entrance examination to the Academy with flying colours.

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EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.—During last session the following pupils of Miss Olive K. Holmes, L.R.A.M., were successful in gaining certificates in the examinations held under the auspices of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., London. School Examination: Grammar, Division I., Margaret Bradley, Iona M. N. Elliot, Margaret Forbes. Division III., Eva Cairns. One candidate gained full marks, the others over 90 per cent. Local Centre Examination: Rudiments of Music, Miss Isa Waddell. Pianoforte, Elementary Division, Iona M. N. Elliot.

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FÊTE AT DOLLARFIELD.—Colonel and Miss Haig are to be congratulated on the success of the Red Cross^{*} Garden Fête, held in the grounds of Dollarfield on 20th June, the proceeds of which we have given above. The V.A.D.'s men and women had made most ample preparations for the day's doings. The Countess of Mar and Kellie, who, since the war began, has been untiring in her efforts for the relief of our soldiers and sailors, opened the proceedings with a short address, in which she gave in some detail the objects aimed at by the Red Cross Society, the success which its efforts had met with, and the growing necessity for continued, redoubled energy. Concerts, side shows, and juvenile sports did something to draw the £s.d. from the bulging pockets of the crowd of visitors; but the biggest contributions to the funds came from the well laden stalls, which were early cleared of their bargains, showing that the stallholders, Mrs Dobie of Dollarbeg, Commandant Mrs Herries Thompson, Mrs Davidson, and Miss Fraser, had proved themselves expert saleswomen. The pipe band of the Gordon Highlanders Training Battalion, Tillicoultry, did much to enliven the afternoon.

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THE ACADEMY LIBRARY.—The Librarian acknowledges receipt of the 28th volume of the *Transactions of the Institute of Marine Engineers*, and asks us to convey the thanks of the Governors to Mr Adamson for the gift.

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WE regret to learn that Mr H. V. Tattersall, who for nearly twenty-one years has been manager of the Carlisle Branch of the

Clydesdale Bank, has resigned his post on account of ill-health. He has been connected with the Clydesdale Bank for fifty-five years. He intends to go to Bath for the winter.

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FINE ART.—A Picture Exhibition in aid of Prisoners' War Fund was held in Dundee in the month of August, and among the exhibitors we observe the name of our F.P., Miss Kynoch, O.B.E. Of her exhibits *The Dundee Advertiser* says: "In Miss Kynoch's work there is nothing of the amateur, and in two of her water-colours especially there is a marked brilliancy of execution. These are 'A Dutch Canal' and 'The Waterways,' each one notable for its fine colour tone. Two other paintings, 'On the Ramparts, Montreuil-sur-Mer,' and the 'Farm Road near Arras,' are also from her brush."

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F.L.S.—It gives us pleasure to learn that John M'Lean Dalziel, M.D., B.Sc., D.T.M. (F.P.), whose book, entitled "A Hausa Botanical Vocabulary," we noticed in Vol. XVI., has been admitted a Fellow of the Linnæan Society.

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SUCCESS OF A F.P.—Miss Agnes W. Dowdeswell (F.P.), who is a resident student at Anstey Physical Training College, Erdington, Birmingham, has taken with distinction second place in her class in the practical examination for Final Anatomy at Birmingham University. She has also passed first-class in final Kinesiology and final Theoretical Anatomy at Anstey College.

Marriages.

BEATTIE—SCOTT.—At Belhaven Parish Church, on 3rd May, by the Rev. Norman M'Leod, Private George Beattie (F.P.), eldest son of Mr and Mrs Beattie, Station Road, Dollar, to Jemima Scott, youngest daughter of the late James Smellie Scott and of Mrs Scott, East Barns, Dunbar.

PEARSON—SAUNDERS.—At Prospect Place, Dollar, on 1st June, by Chaplain Captain Robert Stirling Armstrong, B.D., Dollar, assisted by the Rev. J. Cumming, M.A., Alloa, George Alexander Pearson, 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd A. & S. H., R.F.C., youngest son of the late Andrew Pearson, ironfounder, and Mrs Pearson, Grange, Alloa, to Isabella (Ella) Gray (F.P.), elder daughter of Mr and Mrs Saunders, Prospect Place, Dollar.

KINSEY—DOBIE.—At Blairingone Parish Church, on 24th August, by the Rev. J. Fawns Cameron, minister, assisted by the Rev. J. Edgar Cairns of Muckhart, Major Reginald George Kinsey,

M.C., Highland Light Infantry, attached M.G.C., son of Thomas Kinsey, Southampton, to Mary Louisa, elder daughter of William Henry Dobie of Dollarbeg, Dollar.

Obituary.

NORRIE.—At Seajulie Tea Estate, Luckhimpur, Assam, on 18th June, Charles (F.P.), eldest son of the late Charles Norrie, Dundee, and the late Mrs Norrie, Glebe Terrace, Alloa.

CAIRNS.—At Balquharn, Menstrie, on 24th June, Margaret Cairns (F.P.), daughter of the late James Cairns, formerly of Dollarbank, Dollar.

KIRK.—At Edinburgh, suddenly, on 1st July, Jean Allan (F.P.), second daughter of the late Thomas Kirk, Classical Master, Dollar Academy.

DILL.—At Sible, Headingham, Essex, suddenly, on 1st July, Elizabeth (Bessie), F.P., daughter of the late Rev. William Dill, Colmonell, Ayrshire.

CONSTABLE.—At the house of her sister, 4 Alvanley Terrace, Edinburgh, suddenly, on 3rd July, Ann Briggs (F.P.), elder daughter of the late Andrew Constable, 35 Raeburn Place, formerly staff nurse, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

CAMPBELL.—At Cairnpark Street, Dollar, on 28th July, Grace Mathieson M'Rae, widow of John Campbell, for many years janitor, Dollar Academy.

DICKSON.—At Ballarat, Dollar, on 28th July, after a long illness borne with Christian patience and cheerfulness, James Dickson (F.P.), younger surviving son of James Dickson, draper.

RANKIN.—At Cairnpark Street, Dollar, suddenly, on 15th August, James Rankin (F.P.), in his 76th year.

CRUICKSHANK.—At Glen Cottage, Burnside, Dollar, on 16th August, W. G. Cruickshank, M.A., for many years an English Master in the Academy.

In Memoriam.

IN the list of those who were connected with the Academy, and who must henceforth be numbered among those who have gone to their last home, we to-day enrol the name of Mrs Campbell, widow of John Campbell, who acted as janitor for many years, and whose popularity with teachers and pupils alike is still fresh in our memories. It would not be too much to say that Mrs Campbell was a great favourite with all whom her duties at the School brought

her in contact with, and her kindness will be long and gratefully remembered by many former pupils who appealed to her in their little temporary troubles, a sudden stound of toothache, or an accidentally cut finger. A judicious, sensible wife and mother, she soothed and supported her husband during his illness, and by her devotion greatly alleviated the affliction and promoted the comfort of his declining days. On her, after his death, devolved the direction of their family's education, a charge which she performed with care; and she must have felt rewarded by the honourable positions in life which her children attained. She was always hopeful, making light of practical difficulties, and by her untiring energy largely helping to make them disappear. Her declining years were brightened and cheered by the filial affection of her sons and daughters, and by the endearments of her happy grandchildren. She was ripe for the ceaseless harvester's sickle in years, and in the faith which anchors the soul within the veil of the everlasting temple. Her funeral was a very large one, the public testifying by their presence how widely she was known and respected. The chief mourner was her eldest son, Lieut.-Colonel John Campbell, C.F., who was fortunately on short leave from the front in France.

Miss Bessie Dill's death took place with startling suddenness. She was in her usual health and spirits during the day, but passed away quietly on retiring to her bedroom for the night. She will be remembered as one of our most distinguished pupils. Along with her four sisters she came to Dollar in 1867, under the care of a governess, Miss Christie by name, in order to join the classes at the Academy. She took the full curriculum, showed conspicuous ability in all her classes, gaining honours in each. She left at the end of session 1873-74, carrying with her many prizes and the English medal, which in these days was competed for by both girls and boys. Shortly after leaving School she turned her attention to literary work, her taste for which, she frequently assured us, was greatly due to the training she had received as a pupil. Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with her published works: "The Lords of Life," "My Lady Nan," "The Final Goal," "The Silver Glen." The last mentioned is the best known, the scene being laid chiefly in the Ochils, on the Alva estate, which at that time belonged to Sir John Erskine. We reviewed it when it appeared in 1909. "The story, in a forceful, interest-compelling fashion, presents us with a realistic picture of life in a family of rank in Scotland in the days of Mar and the old Pretender. Several highly dramatic situations occur; and characters are skilfully drawn in all their mingled strength and weakness. In subject, in matter, in diction

the narrative is a charming one, and is rendered even more attractive by a number of letters written by Lady Erskine to her husband, a Jacobite at the time fugitive in Paris. The style is conversational and well sustained, and we have here and there passages descriptive of scenes familiar to our readers." In our opinion all her books have much merit. Our sympathy is now with her sisters and friends in their bereavement.

Pro Patria.

1. JAMES GRAY GIBSON.—Captain, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, second surviving son of the late Mr William Gibson, Tillicoultry; left School, 1883; died 25th August 1916.

2. ROBERT WHYTE.—Lieutenant, The Royal Scots; youngest son of Mrs Whyte, Highfield, Dollar; left School, 1910; killed in action, 12th April 1918.

3. ARCHIBALD JOHN MORGAN.—Lieutenant, Black Watch, only son of Mr John Morgan, 2 Kincarrathie Crescent, Perth; boarded with the Headmaster; left School, 1915; died 29th June 1918.

4. JOHN FERGUSON, M.C.—Captain, R.A.M.C., eldest son of Mr J. Ferguson, Faery Knowe, Claremont, Alloa; left School, 1899; awarded Military Cross; reported missing, 30th November 1917, subsequently presumed killed on that date.

5. R. WILSON MARSHALL.—Second Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, youngest son of Mr and Mrs John Marshall, Laurel Bank, Menstrie; left School, 1907; killed in action, 29th May 1918.

6. WILLIAM NORMAN S. CRAWFORD.—Gunner, Royal Field Artillery, son of Mrs D. Crawford, Dollar; left School, 1898; killed in action, 24th March 1918.

7. ISABELLA COUSINS.—Nurse, Edinburgh War Hospital, Bangour, daughter of Mr John Cousins, Glen View, Dollar; died, of illness contracted on service, 16th May 1918.

8. ROBERT SINCLAIR DICKSON.—Private, Australian Imperial Force (Machine Gun Reinforcements), elder son of Mr and Mrs James Dickson, Dollar; left School, 1899; killed in action, 27th April 1918.

9. LAWRENCE MORTIMER.—Sergeant, Highland Light Infantry; son of the late Mrs Mortimer, District Nurse, Dollar; left School, 1904; killed in action, 21st May 1918.

10. HARRY A. C. GEARING.—Lieutenant, Australian Army Service Corps; boarded with Mrs Gibson, Argyll House; died, on March 1917, of illness contracted on service.

11. BRUCE SNOWDOWNE.—Private, Black Watch, youngest surviving son of Mr and Mrs Wallace Snowdowne, Killin Cottage, Dollar; left School, 1911; reported missing, 27th September 1917, now presumed killed on that date.

12. ALFRED BRUCE HODGSON.—Cadet, Royal Air Force, younger and only surviving son of Mr and Mrs S. Hodgson, 4 Methven Drive, Dunfermline; boarded with the Headmaster; left School, Easter 1917; died during training, 23rd March 1918.



"PRO PATRIA"

A Bugle Call.

With apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson.

"LORD, stab my spirit broad awake!"
A needless prayer it was for him
Who made it—him, whose spirit keen
And bright as flashing blade, I ween,
Filled life's cup to its sparkling brim.

But, ah! for us, for us who live
In these sad days of pain and throe,
Should not its poignant meaning fall
Upon our ears like clarion call,
Wake us to truth, to death, to all
This life holds now of wrong and woe!

Awake to that far battlefield
Where countless thousands bleed and die;
Where suffering lifts its pallid head,
Where ruin stalks, by error led,
And ruthless greed and cruelty.

To broken homes and broken hearts—
To wrongs unutterable done
To helpless innocence—awake
To all those evil deeds that make
A bloody chaos 'neath the sun.

Awake to action, not mere words—
Awake to sacrifice, not sham—
To indignation, deep and wide,
To grief and horror multiplied,
That thrust the selfish thought aside,
And make the Right our oriflamme.

As long as might's fierce, cruel hand
From this fair world would freedom take,
Let this prayer ring through all the land—
"Lord, stab our spirits broad awake!"

KATHERINE M. HILL.

BATON ROUGE, LA., U.S.A.

School Notes.

ON 28th June the 99th session of Dollar Academy was brought to a successful close. The circumstances of the times prevented any adequate celebration of this interesting event, but there is no reason why the actual opening of the Academy Buildings in 1820 should not be taken as the beginning of the life of the School, and the

centenary celebrated in that year, when we earnestly hope war will have ceased and our boys be home again.

In the forenoon a delightful production of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," with the famous Mendelssohn music, was given in the open air by the pupils of the Academy under the direction of the music master.

Mr J. C. Wilson (as Bottom) and his merry actors—Quince (Roland Drummond), Snug (H. Macluskie), Flute (B. Ferguson), Snout (N. Thompson), Starveling (R. Armour)—gave a fine rendering of the Pyramus and Thisbe portions of the play.

Miss Deirdre Brereton was quite an outstanding success as Titania, and was well supported by her fairy retainers, Peas-Blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-Seed (Misses J. Bennet, J. Green, E. Wright, S. Cairns), and by Oberon (J. Spence).

As First Fairy, Eleanor Young sang her solo in "Philomel with Melody" with admirable tone and expression, and Shiela Locker as Puck, and E. Stein as Second Fairy, filled their parts to satisfaction. A. C. Watson as Theseus, King Watson as Philostrate, John Donaldson and Peter Tomnie as Lysander and Demetrius, acted their parts well, as did also Isa Henderson as Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons.

The Academy orchestra performed the beautiful fairy music to the play with excellent tone and precision — the outstanding numbers being the Overture, Notturmo, and Wedding Music.

J. E. Kerr, Esq., of Harviestoun, kindly gave the necessary material for the erection of a fairy bower, designed by Mr M'Gruther. The whole performance reflected great credit on all taking part in the production, which was unique in that it was possibly the first occasion when the "Midsummer Night's Dream" has been performed, and the music played, by pupils and teachers of a secondary school.

A cinema film of part of the play was taken, and was shown in most of the towns in Scotland during July. We might mention that the fine costumes were by Nixon Ltd., London.

At one o'clock pupils and friends assembled in the hall for the prize-giving. The Chairman of the Governors, Professor Scott Lang, was unfortunately unable to be present, but his place was taken by that ever-ready friend of the School, Mr Richard Malcolm, who expressed his regret at Professor Scott Lang's absence, saying that although the Professor was not with them in body, he was perfectly sure he was with them in spirit, for, as they all knew, he took a very deep interest in Dollar Academy, and did all he could for its welfare and prosperity. Mr Malcolm congratulated the Headmaster, teachers, and pupils on the termination of another most

successful session. He used the words "successful session" advisedly, because the Governors had had before them that morning reports from His Majesty's Inspectors and others who had had ample opportunity of testing the working of the School for the session, and he might say that he could not remember reports more satisfactory than those he had seen that morning. The Chairman then introduced Mr Samuel Pitt, Glasgow, an old pupil of the Academy, and asked him to say a few words to the boys and girls.

Mr Pitt expressed the great pleasure and privilege he had in being present at the distribution of the prizes at his old School, and said he hoped that many of the boys he now saw before him would grow up and occupy the place he occupied that day. If they were spared to occupy that place in after years, he was sure they would find it a pure and unalloyed joy, or as a draught of pure and refreshing water from the Lady Well. He congratulated the Headmaster and staff on the success of the session, and thanked the Governors for the opportunity of coming to Dollar that day. Mr Pitt then gave kindly reminiscences of early days at Dollar, and said it was good to have been associated with such a school, and even to have been associated with a building of such venerable traditions. He did not think any institution could be engaged in a better mission than in gathering young people together, storing them with knowledge, and equipping them for the battle of life in after years. From this clear old fountain, he said, such a magnificent stream had been coming year after year, and one could hardly calculate the good that had come to the world from this old Dollar School. The boys and girls of the present day must keep the flag flying, and keep up the name and fame of the old School. They should go forward with vigorous and earnest effort to make the name of Dollar Academy even greater than in the century that had gone. Like the friend or partisan of the "runner" in the race, who came alongside and encouraged his favourite to win the contest, he (the speaker) had come alongside to give a small gift to the old School to show his interest, and give, as it were, a fresh start with renewed vigour in the new century on which they had entered.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

In his annual report the Headmaster referred to the fact that, since 1914, 50 Cadets had gone straight from School to take up commissions in the Territorial Force, or to be trained for commissions in the Regular Army at home or in India. With reference to former pupils, he said: "I have a record of 121 brave young lives which have been sacrificed, and my record is not complete; 7 boys

are still on the roll of missing, 14 are prisoners of war, the number of wounded has passed beyond my reckoning, and 109 distinctions of various kinds have been gained. On 22nd June 1818, Lord Chancellor Eldon issued the order and decree which authorised the foundation of John McNabb's School in Dollar. In normal times we should, therefore, have been celebrating to-day the centenary of the foundation of the School. I sincerely hope that such a celebration is only postponed, and that before the centenary of the actual opening of the Academy comes round we shall be able to join with the boys who are now across the seas in doing honour to the memory of the founder in a fashion worthy of the occasion. From 1818 to the time of my appointment there were only 5 Headmasters or Principals, one of whom was in office less than a year. The four others were: Dr Andrew Mylne, 1818-1849; Dr John Milne, 1851-1868; Dr W. Barrack, 1868-1878; and Dr George Thom, 1878-1902. Among the most illustrious of the Masters were Wm. Tennant, 1818-1835; Thomas Kirk, 1841-1866; Dr James Lindsay, 1843-1869; Dr James Clyde, 1856-1861; James Symmers, 1860-1878; J. L. Macdonald, 1865-1878; Richard Malcolm, 1866-1910; William Masterton, 1878-1916. Year by year, during the past century, boys and girls have gone forth from Dollar Academy well equipped, mentally and physically, to win success in the struggle of life. Some have occupied high places in Science, Art, and Literature; some have been among the foremost men of their time in Divinity, Medicine, or Law; some have become princes of Commerce, or leaders in Engineering. Some have won fame as servants of the Crown, at home or in distant lands, in civil life or in the Army. Yet the fame of Dollar rests less upon the gifted few, who have stood at the summit in their life's achievement, than upon that solid mass of honour-loving, truth-seeking men and women who have played their part in life with honest devotion, regardless of the world's applause. Among that faithful throng there is that noblest band of all, that band of heroes who have already given, or who stand willing to give, their lives for the sake of freedom, truth, and justice."

The Headmaster also referred to the proposals which had been made for marking the centenary of the foundation of the School, and said that one proposal had his fullest approval, and he was sure it would have the approval of every former and present pupil of Dollar Academy. That was the proposal to purchase the athletic field. He was sure that all would agree that the field should belong to the School, and not be rented from year to year, as it was now, and he would be glad to receive subscriptions to enable the purchase to be made.

Mrs Pitt was thereafter called upon to distribute the medals and certificates, a duty which she gracefully performed. At the close of the ceremony, Miss Deirdre M. Brereton presented Mrs Pitt with a handsome bouquet of flowers from the girls of the School.

The Headmaster intimated that the pupils had this year waived their right to receive prize volumes, but the Governors had voted the usual sum for prizes, and after meeting the cost of the medals, &c., a balance of £20 remained, which he, in name of the pupils, had pleasure in handing over to the Red Cross funds.

On 3rd September we began another session. There was a very good turn-out of pupils, the number actually in attendance being greater than on any day during the past two sessions. At the opening meeting in the hall Mr Dougall referred to the loss the School had sustained through the death of Mr Cruickshank. He reminded the pupils that Mr Cruickshank had lived for the School; he was absolutely loyal and entirely devoted to its interests. He had reached the age at which he might have retired, but knowing the difficulties of procuring a successor at this time, he had unreservedly placed himself in the hands of the Governors, saying: "If it is to be in the interests of the School that I should stay longer at my post, I am perfectly willing to do so." That was characteristic of their late friend and master. He had lived a good life, and it was a sincere regret to all of them that he was not spared to enjoy the leisure he had so well earned. Mr Dougall asked his colleagues and pupils to join him in expressing the deepest sympathy with Mr Cruickshank's widow and family.

We were all delighted to welcome Dr Butchart back to work after nearly four years' service for his King and Country. The Headmaster introduced Dr Butchart to his first class, and spoke of the good work he had done as a soldier and also of their pleasure at having him back again in safety to take up his duties in the School. At the same time he thanked Miss Bremner for the way in which she had carried on the work of the Modern Language Department during Dr Butchart's absence; she had not spared herself in any way, and she had her reward in knowing that her labours had been entirely successful.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.—The Annual Inspection of the contingent was carried out in June by Colonel Thompson, of the 53rd (Y.S.) Battalion Gordon Highlanders.

After a thorough examination of the cadets at company drill, handling of arms, musketry, physical training, and manœuvre, Colonel Thompson congratulated them on their general smartness.

In the report received from the War Office we are pleased to

learn that the contingent is considered extremely efficient, and the following remarks made on the work are worthy of the old School :—

“This contingent is very fortunate in having such a keen, hardworking, and efficient commanding officer. He is well backed up by Lieutenant Frew. The cadets are the right class of lads for officers. They are keen about everything, whether drill or sport. The Inspecting Officer wishes to bring to the notice of the authorities the great help and assistance the Headmaster has given to the contingent.

“The contingent is well looked after in every way, run on sound lines, and is in an efficient state.”

We are also pleased to learn that Lieutenant Frew and Cadet Officer Macluskie are specially noted in another portion of the report for excellent work especially in company drill.

Since our last issue Cadets R. Armour and G. Wilson have been posted to an O.C.B., and Cadet Officer J. McClelland has just left to join an O.C.B. this month.

The Annual Camp was attended by a detachment over forty strong. Under Major Inch of the Royal Scots an interesting ten days' work was carried through.

Opportunities were afforded of improving the outdoor training, and one large field operation was carried out successfully.

The contingent was joined to Hillhead High School contingent to form a camp company, which proved to be the smartest company of all in every respect.

The senior cadets and N.C.O.'s had a course of exercises in tactics along with others from the various contingents at camp, and our fellows worthily upheld their superiority in that branch of the work.

The O.C. has been pleased to make the following promotions :—

To be Sergeant—J. M. Stewart, R. Heyworth J. G. Mallis.

To be Corporals—J. Spence, D. K. Watson.

To be Lance-Corporals—H. Bodeker, W. Driver, D. H. Watt, R. McLaren, A. D. Young.

The following office-bearers have been appointed for the Football Club :—

Captain, H. Macluskie ; *Vice-Captain*, J. M. Stewart ; *Secretary*, W. Driver ; *Committee*, C. Wrighton and I. Davidson.

For Tennis Club—*Captain*, D. H. Watt ; *Vice-Captain*, W. Driver ; *Committee*, H. Macluskie and J. M. Stewart.

At the present moment it is difficult to make any remarks regarding the football prospects, as only five of last year's first fifteen



Drysdale

PHYSICAL DRILL



Drysdale

A CADET INSPECTION

have returned, the army receiving the remainder. However, under the guidance of Macluskie and his committee there ought to be produced a fairly useful fifteen.

This year more games have been arranged, and it is hoped that the season will be a very successful one.

Roll of Honour.

IT is our sad duty to add to the Higher Roll of Honour the names of the following Former Pupils who have given their lives for their country since our last list was published.

We quote from *The Scotsman* of 13th September: On 2nd inst., from wounds, W. A. CARRUTHERS, M.C., Lieutenant, Royal Scots, the beloved husband of Bruce Carruthers (*née* Mackay), and son of Mrs Carruthers, of Demerara.

VICTOR TRAVERS COWLEY, Lieutenant, King's Own Scottish Borderers, was the second son of Mr and Mrs Cowley, Bagdad. He boarded with Mrs Gibson, and was one of the best-known figures on the football and cricket fields of his year. He left in 1911, and went into mercantile business in Glasgow. In September 1914 he obtained a commission in the Royal Scots Fusiliers, but afterwards transferred to the King's Own Scottish Borderers. He was reported missing on 23rd July, and has since been assumed killed on that date.

No further information has been received concerning the fate of Gunner WM. NORMAN SPENCE CRAWFORD, Royal Field Artillery, than the bare official intimation that he was killed in action on 24th March, as recorded in our last number. He was the eldest son of Mrs Donald Crawford, now residing in Cairnpark Street. He left School in 1898, and after a short time associated himself with the business of Mr James Young, Bridge Street, where he remained until he joined the army in April of last year. He was engaged in signalling work throughout all his army life, and had been four and a half months in France when he was killed. His widow, whose brother, Gunner James Somerville, Tank Corps, was educated at the Academy, resides at Ballarat, Dollar.

ERIC GEORGE DALGARNO, Private, Gordon Highlanders, son of Mr George G. Dalgarno, solicitor, Arbroath, boarded with Mr Wilson, and left School only in 1915. He was trained in the

53rd (T.S.) Battalion Gordon Highlanders, Tillicoultry, and went out to France about eight months ago. On 21st July, in Rheims forest, near Epernay, he was struck by a piece of shrapnel and instantaneously killed. His platoon commander wrote: "Eric has always held such a high place in my estimation, and he will be a distinct loss to the platoon. He was so unassuming, and yet did his work so diligently, and without a grumble. 'Grouching' is a privilege in the army, but I don't think I ever heard him 'grouse,' no matter how disagreeable the task, or how tired he was."

ALFRED T. ENGLAND, Private, Black Watch, the eldest son of Drum-Major England, the much-respected janitor of the Academy, was killed in action on 19th July. Before enlisting, Private England was employed in Dollar Post Office. In a letter one of his officers wrote, "He was a splendid soldier, and showed the greatest bravery in the attack in which he lost his life."

ARCHIBALD JOHN MORGAN, Lieutenant, Black Watch, died at his father's residence in Perth on 29th June 1918. All who had the privilege of being at School with Archie Morgan will regret his loss, the while they recall his kindly, cheery disposition, and his prowess on the cricket field. He was in the First XI. in 1913, 1914, and 1915. He captained the team in his last year at School, and won the Massey Belt, for the best bowling average, both in that and the previous year. Although he did not enjoy robust health, he was resolved to do his duty, and succeeded in getting a commission in the Black Watch, alas! only to find himself unable to stand the hardships and privations of life at the front. His spirit indeed was willing.

Just as we are sending these notes to press we have heard that three more Former Pupils have lost their lives. Lieutenant JOHN M. CRAM, Canadian Air Force, is reported killed in an aeroplane accident at Toronto on 24th August, and Lieutenant ROBERT L. PETTY, West Yorks, attached North Staffs. Regiment, has been killed in action in Mesopotamia.

WALTER B. WRIGHT, a Private in the 10th Canadians, was killed in fighting on 2nd September.

Among Former Pupils who have been wounded since our last number appeared are:—

2nd Lieutenant EDWARD W. DAVIDSON, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Lieutenant EVAN D. HENDRY, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Lieutenant GEOFFREY HEYWORTH, Canadians.

Captain DUGALD M'KECHNIE, Gordon Highlanders.

2nd Lieutenant WM. S. MARSHALL, Royal Air Force.

Lieutenant REGINALD R. MARSHALL, Cameron Highlanders.

2nd Lieutenant WM. M'L. MORRISON, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Private PETER SNOWDOWNE, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Lieutenant ROBERT E. REID, Royal Field Artillery.

It is with deep regret that we have to state that no further news has been received of 2nd Lieutenant IAN TUCKWELL, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, nor of Private WM. BENNIE, North Staffordshire Regiment, both reported missing on 21st March. Of the others reported missing in former issues of the *Magazine*, Private MATTHEW JACK, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Private BRUCE SNOWDOWNE, Black Watch, have been officially presumed killed; Captain WALTER ELLIOT, Cameron Highlanders, is now reported wounded and a prisoner in German hands; Captain IAN A. LAUDER, Machine Gun Corps, is also a prisoner; and sharing a like fate in the same German camp is Captain ROSLYN WHITTAKER, Royal Berkshire Regiment, who will be kindly remembered as a master in the Academy. Private CHARLES C. M'COLL, Royal Scots, has been repatriated after more than two years' captivity. He is, we regret to state, in very bad health.

Since our last issue we have received the following particulars concerning decorations gained by Former Pupils of Dollar:—

Lieutenant IAN C. FALCONER, Royal Scots, has been awarded the Military Cross.

Captain J. FERGUSON, M.B., R.A.M.C., has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He displayed great courage and determination in tending to the wounded under the most intense hostile fire. Later, although himself wounded, he remained at his post until all the wounded men had been dressed.

Captain Ferguson was a son of Mr J. Ferguson, Fairyknowe, Alloa. In a letter, dated 6th August, transmitting the Cross to Mr Ferguson, regret is expressed that "this gallant officer, who gave his life for his country, did not survive to receive his reward from the hands of His Majesty the King."

Lieutenant R. E. REID, Royal Field Artillery, for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in charge of an ammunition dump. In spite of continuous and heavy shell fire and gas, he maintained

the supply of ammunition, extinguishing a fire which threatened to destroy the dump at a very critical time.

With reference to the awards conferred as announced in the *London Gazette* dated 18th February 1918, the following are the statements of service for which the decorations were conferred :—

Lieutenant (A./Capt.) C. ROBERTSON, Gordon Highlanders, for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He led his company in an attack with great ability, and when the tanks were held up he continued to lead his men forward, and by his excellent leadership saved what might have been a serious situation. He several times went forward ahead of his company under intense fire, and set an inspiring example to his men.

The King has been pleased to award the Albert Medal in recognition of gallantry displayed in saving life in France to 2nd Lieutenant (Temp. Capt.) WM. NEILSON, 7th Batt. Scottish Rifles, attached 10th Batt. King's Royal Rifle Corps.

On the 24th February 1917, Captain Neilson was superintending men of his company at grenade throwing at a brigade school in France. A man threw a grenade from a trench while Captain Neilson was standing out of the trench behind him. The man slipped in the mud, and the grenade fell in the trench, in which several other men were standing. Captain Neilson jumped down, picked up the grenade out of the mud, and threw it over the parapet. The grenade exploded just after leaving his hand, and wounded him slightly in several places. By his promptitude and courage he undoubtedly saved his men from injury. Captain Neilson died of wounds in November 1917.

Major JOHN BRUCE, Royal Scots Fusiliers, has been awarded the Order of the Nile, 4th Class.

Regimental Sergeant-Major J. LAURENCE HEYWORTH, King's Liverpool Regiment, second son of Mrs Heyworth, Parkfield, has been awarded the Meritorious Service Medal for service in France.

Private GEORGE GULLEN, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, has been awarded the Military Medal for devotion to duty and bravery on the field.

Miss MORNA TOD has been awarded the *Medaille de la Reine Elizabeth* for her work in connection with Belgian refugees and Belgian soldiers in Glasgow.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

MASTERTON, Mrs	} 14 Montpelier Park, Edinburgh.
MASTERTON, Miss A. L.	