



Warneke

GEORGE HENRY PAULIN

Photo

The Dollar Magazine.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

VOL. XVIII., No. 71.

SEPTEMBER 1919.

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George Henry Paulin.

WE have pleasure in presenting to our readers with this number of the *Magazine* the portrait of one of the most promising of the rising young artists of the present day, who has already gained very considerable success in his profession of sculptor. George Henry Paulin is the son of the late Rev. George Paulin of the Manse of Muckhart, and Mrs Paulin, now residing at her daughter's house, Birkhill, in Muckhart, from both of whom he inherited very decided artistic talent, which, as is usual in such cases, was early shown in the tastes and amusements of the boy. As an instance, it had been noticed that he was spending most of his leisure time in the back yard, from which the sound of chipping on stone was heard. His father, taking advantage of the boy's absence to investigate the matter, found, carved on a block of hard sandstone, a very good likeness of an intimate friend of the family. After this every facility was afforded him in carrying on his favourite amusement of modelling in clay and plaster of Paris, in which he soon acquired great dexterity, producing quite good busts of family and friends. He attended Dollar Academy from 1901 to 1905, after which he studied at the School of Art in Edinburgh. In 1912 he obtained a travelling scholarship, and thereafter carried on his studies in Rome and Florence. At the call of his country in 1914, he joined the Lothians and Border Horse; and, later, obtained a commission in the Royal Naval Flying Service, with which he served in Italy till the conclusion of the Armistice.

For a number of years Mr Paulin's work has appeared regularly in the annual exhibition of the R.S.A. in Edinburgh, and been much admired. His principal commissions have been a memorial to Sir William Ramsay in The Bute Hall, Glasgow, which is to be unveiled in October; a War Memorial on a big scale in Kirkcudbright, his design being unanimously accepted by the general committee meeting, when the chairman spoke as follows: "There is no doubt of the outstanding character of Mr Paulin's design which is one that impressed them very greatly. There is not the slightest doubt that it will make Kirkcudbright famous in the

future. Certainly it will be a most outstanding memorial, and one they will all value very highly." The cost will be £1,000 and £35 for erection. A war memorial on a similar scale for Milngavie has been decided upon; and last, but not least in interest to our readers, the Dollar Academy War Memorial, the design of which has not yet been determined.

We heartily wish Mr Paulin continued and increasing success in his professional career, which will be watched with the deepest interest by all his Dollar friends.

Perversity.

THOUGH Vinny Ridge a year ago
 Was not a healthy place to doss,
 Though Master Jerry used to throw
 A lot of nasty stuff across,
 Though into dug-outs damp and small
 With other coves I used to squeeze,
 And though I had no bed at all
 I slumbered with the greatest ease.

Now I am back to ways of peace,
 An airy room, a feather-bed;
 My blankets are the softest fleece,
 And spotless sheets for me are spread;
 But every night I lie and yawn,
 I count imaginary sheep,
 And hollow-eyed I greet the dawn—
 I simply cannot fall asleep.

A. S., JUN.

Dollar War Work Party.

*(Report read at last General Meeting, held in the Academy
 Sewing Rooms, 20th March 1919.)*

IN August 1914 a public meeting was held in Dollar, and a representative committee was appointed to arrange how help could be given to our fighting men. At that time the chief business considered was the running of a convalescent home, and a Work Committee was formed as a branch of that. The convalescent home was never realised, but the Work Committee emerged into the Dollar War Work Party. Mr J. Gibson acted as Treasurer until October 1915. Since then Mr J. B. Haig has kindly undertaken that work. The ladies on the Committee have served, with few changes, since August 1914, and, thanks to their efforts, the output

of work has been steadily maintained. The first consignment of comforts was dispatched on 24th August 1914, the last on 10th March 1919.

The Governors of Dollar Academy kindly granted the use of the Academy sewing-rooms to the work party, and they have not only continued the use of these rooms year by year, but have, whenever the Committee desired the use of the Academy hall or grounds for any entertainment, generously given these free of charge also. Much of the success of the work party has been due to the excellence of the workrooms, and we owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Governors for their great kindness.

We were also fortunate in having been granted the loan of two sewing machines by the Singer Sewing Machine Co., Stirling. We are much indebted to the firm for their thoughtful kindness. We are also very grateful to those friends who so kindly let us have the use of trunks, &c., for store purposes.

Money and material were at first raised by voluntary subscription, and later, entertainments of various kinds were given in aid of the funds. Our warm thanks are due to all those who so kindly promoted and helped with these entertainments. We have also to thank the County Red Cross for generous donations from the Penny-a-Week Fund, and the Town Council for similar donations from the Lord Lieutenant's Fund, and St James's Vestry for regular contributions.

In all, £530. 19s. 5d. has been raised; of that £381. 14s. 11d. has been expended on material, and £149. 4s. 6d. is in hand, to be allocated to-day to war charities.

The cost of packing and carriage of parcels has been borne by members, and at each entertainment all the expenses of production have been defrayed privately, and prizes presented at the Gymkhanas and Tombola by members or friends.

Until January 1916 the comforts were allocated by the Dispatching Committee. The appeals for comforts were many and varied, from the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, and hospitals at home and abroad. Many of the old Dollar boys wrote asking for comforts for their men or their friends, and the Dispatching Committee was kept busy. Whenever possible, these requests were complied with, and comforts dispatched to all fronts.

With so many workers all over the county, there was bound to be overlapping of supplies—favourite or well-known regiments being over-supplied, regiments not so well known lacking comforts—so in the fall of 1915, Sir Edward Ward proposed and carried through a scheme for centralising the work of voluntary organisations. This scheme has had excellent results. Work parties were joined up in

areas or counties, having a central or county depot to which comforts were sent. The Secretary of the county depot was notified regularly from the Central Office, Scotland House, London, of the requisitions required on the various fronts and in the hospitals. The county depot notified the work parties, and so the requirements were met. Transport was also simplified, as comforts in bulk required less handling than small parcels. Great stores were established at home and abroad, and all fronts participated in the comforts made by the voluntary organisations. The Dollar War Work Party joined in this scheme in January 1916, and since then much of the work has been sent to the county depot, Alloa, although we always sent a large proportion direct to the Red Cross depot in Glasgow, and always kept comforts in store for Dollar men.

RECORD OF WORK, AUGUST 1914 TO MARCH 1919.

The following comforts for the troops have been made and dispatched by the members of the above work party. They have been sent to hospitals at home and abroad, to men of the parish serving with the colours, and to members of the Army, Navy, and Air Force on all fronts.

Socks 3,484 pairs, bed-socks 529 pairs, operation stockings 73 pairs, cholera belts 283, helmets 1,138, mufflers 1,351, hose-tops 263 pairs, mittens 958 pairs, cuffs 87 pairs, cardigans 57, waist-coats 114, jerseys 14, gloves 140 pairs, kneecaps 2, facecloths 199, bed-jackets 136, pyjamas 204, helpless case shirts 37, nightshirts 63, shirts 623, dressing gowns 22, flannel vests 66, flannel pants 68, hospital overalls 22, treasure bags 370, anti-vermin vests 144, sun-shields 326, moss-bags 808, ear-shields 33, eye-shields 24, bandages 38, pillows 83, pillow-cases 86, traycloths 106, towels 70, handkerchiefs 224, food covers 229, hot water bottle covers 9, chest protectors 2, hospital slippers 10 pairs, hospital trousers 4 pairs, bed trays 18, splints 98, bandage rollers 4.

In all 12,619 articles were made and dispatched—4,805 going to the County Association, under the Sir Edward Ward scheme, the others to the Red Cross depots or the troops.

In addition, 1,053 articles of apparel were sent to the Belgians, 111 garments to the orphans of soldiers and sailors; 9 quilts and 12 waterproof sheets to the Red Cross; 62 blankets to the A. and S. Highlanders depots; many contributions of cigarettes, chocolates, soap, boot laces, &c., were sent in parcels or to the comforts depot. Many bundles of old linen and napery, travelling rugs, and feather beds were sent to the Red Cross. Hundreds of books and magazines were dispatched, and during the last year 12 large

sacks of moss, gathered by friends and cleaned by members, have been sent to the sphagnum moss depots.

ALLOCATION OF SURPLUS FUNDS.

At a general meeting, on 27th March 1919, the balance was allocated as follows:—

£25 to the Lord Roberts Memorial Fund for Workshops for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors.

£25 to Limbless Soldiers and Sailors, Erskine House, Paisley.

£25 to Blinded Soldiers and Sailors, Newton House, Edinburgh.

£20 to Frogmal Institute (for facial cases), Isle of Wight.

£20 to Scottish Women's Hospital Fund.

£20 to Soldiers' and Sailors' Widows and Orphans (Scottish Branch), 60 Castle Street, Edinburgh.

The remainder, after sundry accounts for printing, &c., are paid, to be handed to Dollar Nursing Society.

Shortly after this scheme was inaugurated, the Director-General of Voluntary Organisations, knowing the difficulty of procuring material at reasonable prices, bought up great stocks of material, and allowed work parties affiliated to purchase the same at a low figure on condition that the comforts made therefrom be sent to the county depot. This was a great boon as it enabled work parties to keep up their output. Badges were given to those members who had worked for a certain period, and who undertook to go on working for the duration of the war; 137 members of the Dollar War Work Party qualified, and now have their badges to retain as souvenirs.

We also did some special work for the A. and S. Highlanders, and twenty-two members qualified for the A. and S. Highlanders badges presented by H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

Under the Sir Edward Ward scheme the Camps' Library was started, and this has proved a great boon to the men, as books and magazines of all kinds have been sent to the huts and hospitals at home and abroad, and also to the prison camps in Germany and Austria. We have sent hundreds of books and magazines in this way.

In the spring of 1918 a moss-cleaning branch was added to the work party activities, and has proved quite successful. The moss was collected by friends and cleaned by a few of the members interested in this branch. Twelve large sacks of excellent moss have been sent to the depots.

And now it only remains for me to say, in the name of the

Committee, how deeply grateful we are to all those who, by their help in work, in money, and in heartening sympathy, have helped to make the Dollar War Work Party the success it has been. We are all glad the work party is at an end, because its closing means that hostilities have ceased, but I am sure many of us feel regretful that the weekly meetings are at an end. We are proud, and justly proud, of our record of work. May I venture to hope that the ties of comradeship formed while we were working in a common cause will not lightly be broken.

The Ministers of Dollar Parish Subsequent to the Reformation.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

REV. JOHN GRAY (*continued*).

I PROPOSE in this chapter to collect a few items of information concerning matters more or less closely related to Dollar parish during Mr Gray's incumbency, which have come to my knowledge since I began writing about that gentleman, and which, I believe, are not generally known.

And first, in relation to the Jacobite raid through Dollar in 1715 of which I wrote in a previous chapter, my attention was called at the time by Mr Robertson of Holm Lea to the well-known song, "The Campbells are Coming," which he thought might have some local association with the rebellion, and which he asked me to investigate. I have, accordingly, looked into the matter and, as a result, come to the conclusion that the song referred to, which is now the marching song of our local battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is unquestionably a local lyric that sprang into being in connection with Argyll's campaign against Mar in 1715. At all events, there are local allusions in the song that seem to suggest that its author was a local bard, who possibly belonged to Kinross, and who was Hanoverian in his sympathy. The song reads as follows :—

"The Campbells are coming, O-ho ! O-ho !
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho !
 The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven !
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho !
 Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
 Upon the Lomonds I lay,
 I lookit down to bonnie Lochleven
 And saw three pipers play.
 The Campbells are coming, &c.



Drysdale

THE LADIES' PLANTIN' FROM DEVONGROVE (NOW FELLED)

Photo

Great Argyll he goes before,
 He makes the cannons and guns to roar.
 With sound of trumpet and drum,
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho !
 The Campbells they are a' in arms,
 Their loyal faith and troth to show.
 With banners rattling in the wind,
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho !"

Some critics have absurdly supposed, because Lochleven is mentioned in the first verse of this song, that it may be dated as far back as the sixteenth century, when Queen Mary was imprisoned there. But, quite apart from the language and style of the song, which are not of the sixteenth century, the contents of the song prove that it must have been written when "the Great Argyll" and "a' his men" marched northward to suppress the insurrection of 1715. The author of the verses is unknown; but they were first printed in Johnson's "Museum" to the well-known tune to which they are still wedded, which seems to show that they were at once caught up, and adopted as the marching song of the clan.

In the interesting article by Judge Benet on Sir Douglas Haig, which appeared in the last number of this *Magazine*, reference was made to the fact that this great British general belongs to the Clackmannanshire branch of the Haig family, the same branch, as pointed out in a note to the said article, to which the family of Haig of Dollarfield in our own parish belongs. But no reference was there made to the fact that the original head of the family, Haig of Bemersyde, having in 1715 cast in his lot with the Jacobites, appealed to his kinsmen in Clackmannanshire to rise also in support of the Stuart cause, but apparently appealed in vain. It is interesting to think that as Miss Elizabeth Burn of Easter Sheardale was married to Mr Haig of Orchard, Alloa, in 1699, her husband, along with his relatives, who became ancestors of the Haigs of Blairhill, Kinross, and Cameron House, Fife, must have been among the Clackmannanshire Haigs who were appealed to by their feudal head to support the Stuart claim to the Scottish throne. And it gives an added interest to the Jacobite invasion of Dollar and Dunfermline to think that among the gentry of the neighbourhood were to be found several whose connections with the insurgents were so intimate and so close.

I mentioned in a previous chapter that among the records preserved by Dollar Session referring to this period in the congregation's history is a complete and detailed account of the church collections for the years 1734, 1735, and 1736. I have made a careful survey of this record, and I find in it some matters that will, I think, interest Dollar readers to-day. For the year 1734 the total sums contributed at the church door amounted to £84. 1s. 1d. Scots

money. (The Scots pound equalled one-twelfth of our money.) For the year 1735 it totalled £77. 19s. 6d. Scots. But in 1736 the liberality of the people seems to have been unusually drawn out, as the collections for that year reached the high figure of £145. os. 8d. An explanation of this unwonted generosity is, however, supplied by the elders themselves as the following extract from the Session record shows:—August 4th 1736 “Being our fast day before the Communion in this place, and August 7th being our preparation day, and August 8th being our high Communion Sabbath day, August 9th being the thanksgiving day, there was collected in whole for these days £63. 9s. 6d. Scots money.” Why the communion of 1736 should have elicited such remarkable liberality from the Dollar people, we have nothing to show. As, however, so far as I can make out, the Dollar congregation did not observe any communion season in 1734 or 1735, it seems likely that it was only on rare occasions that the minister and his flock assembled round the Lord’s table; and that possibly may explain why, in alluding to the day, the Session minutes describe it as “our high Communion Sabbath day,” and why the people, who seldom gave more than one or two pounds Scots to an average collection, raised on this occasion the generous sum of £63. 9s. 6d. At all events, after a careful search, I have found no evidence that there was any communion observed in Dollar except the one above indicated during the three years for which we have the records of each day’s contributions to the plate. This is the more remarkable that Mr Gray himself seems to have been absent frequently, assisting at communion services in other parishes. Thus, in addition to having been absent from his own pulpit attending the General Assembly in May 1734, I find that Mr Gray was absent from his people that year no fewer than five times, attending neighbouring communions; and in each of these five cases the elders report, “no collection to-day, as our minister was assisting at a Communion.” In 1735 he was again absent from his pulpit five times without providing supply for the congregation; on two of these occasions he was assisting at a communion; on two others he was supplying a neighbouring pulpit by command of the presbytery; and on the fifth the Session gives the following explanation of their minister’s absence from his duty, “Sabbath October 18th 1735 we had no sermons, our minister being indisposed for going to the publick by Reason of the Gutt.” Probably this mysterious term “Gutt” is the Scottish form of gout. And this would seem to imply that, in addition to his abilities as a financier, the Dollar minister was also something of a *bon viveur*, and very probably had a good taste in wines. In the year 1736 Mr Gray seems to have followed a very similar course to that already

described. For he was again absent at two communions, without providing supply, and on two other occasions when he was similarly absent, he is said in the first case to have been "necessitate to preach in a neighbouring congregation"; while in the second, which followed immediately the one just noticed, we read the elders' account as follows:—"Sabbath September 5th 1736 we had no sermons, our minister being indisposed by reason of trouble on his body," which I presume means that he had had another attack of gout. The facts I have thus communicated serve to show how long-suffering the congregations of the eighteenth century must have been, to be deprived so long as the Dollar people seem to have been of perhaps the most characteristic and comforting of Christian ordinances, owing to the infrequent celebration of the Sacrament of the Supper, and also to have had the pulpit so frequently left vacant, whenever it suited the minister to go from home, or to take a needed rest.

In regard to the unusually high sum collected in 1736 by the Dollar people, two other contributions for that year require to be noticed which had no counterpart in 1734 or 1735. The first is thus recorded in the Session book:—"July 5th 1736 the Sassion Recived from Mr James Muren, Coalgrieve at blairngone to his grace ye Duke of Athole five pounds Scots money, for his Liberty to set a through stone upon his burial place in the Church yeard of Dollar." The reference in this extract to the Duke of Athole's connection with Blairingone has an interest in connection with the Jacobite raid of 1715 into this parish. For one of the foremost leaders of the Jacobite cause at that time was the then Marquis of Tullibardine, who was, indeed, deprived of all his honours and estates by Parliament for treason on that occasion. As a consequence of this, his brother James succeeded to the title and estates on his father's death in 1724. James, the third Duke of Athole, who was the proprietor of Blairingone in 1736, has an interesting association with the well-known Scottish song, "For Lack of Gold she has left Me, O!" The author of that song was a certain Dr Austin of Edinburgh. And the occasion of it was that his betrothed, a Perthshire lady, Miss Jean Drummond of Megginch, proved unfaithful to him. For the Duke of Athole having seen her and fallen in love with her, and having made proposals of marriage, she accepted them, and, as Burns said, "jilted the doctor."

The latter, however, in spite of the fact that in his song he swears—

"No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart to love,"

proved far from inconsolable. For in 1754 he married the Hon. Ann Sempill, and by her had a numerous family.

(*To be continued.*)

In a Reminiscent Mood.

THE appreciative reference in the December number, in "Notes from Near and Far"—which, by the way, made exceptionally good reading—turned my willing gaze, as the perusal of the *Magazine* always does, to the well-covered walls of memory's "picture gallery."

The first "picture" I happened upon, judging by its position in the "gallery," must have been "painted" and "hung" more than forty years ago. It represents quite an ordinary experience, which began as a fishing expedition and ended in bird-nesting, in a young wood on Devon's banks, west from the Rackmill, just where the "stream of my childhood" turns sharply, and, with the Bleachfield lake, forms a sort of "pocket," not unlike that in which Foch caught Hindenburg.

The details of the "picture" are bold and clear despite the mist of years. But I am not to attempt their reproduction. It would be too much of a repetition, so closely do they resemble those of the last expedition of which I wrote. Except that there was an additional companion, the chief actors were the same, including even Mr W. J. Haig, by whom, unfortunately, we were again caught red-handed. I can see now, at this distant date, the look of acute penetration with which he surveyed us as we suddenly came face to face with him in the heart of the plantation. But his treatment differed in no essential particular. He was as incisive and unsparing in commenting upon the evils of bird-nesting, and as tactful and gentlemanly in his handling of the miscreants, as upon the previous occasion. But there was this time, we thought, the cadence of disappointment in his voice. Evidently he had not expected to meet us so soon again in such circumstances.

My last recollection of Mr Haig is connected with the Devon Road, with which somehow he is in my mind always associated. I was on a visit and met him there. He stopped and affably and kindly inquired as to my present whereabouts and welfare as he had on former occasions, although I was no more to him, I suppose, than any other Dollar boy. To my mind, a kindly interest of this description, evinced by such as he, told appreciably and permanently for the good of the place—was, in fact, a valuable local asset.

On parting from Mr Haig, I remember, I came upon one of Dollar's quiet, peaceable, industrious citizens, Andra Marshall, well known to us boys. He was busy on a bing of stones—one of the "Bing Boys" of the period—between the railway bridge and the bo'ed tree. It needs no effort to recall Andra, with his big, dark goggles, his knee and back bent, and hammer in hand. Often as a wee laddie I stood and watched him pounding away at the hard



Drysdale

IN DOLLAR GLEN

Photo

stones, turning them into road-metal. Andra must have had, in addition to a strong constitution, a very strong sense of duty, for he would hardly cease work for a minute to converse with passers-by. Boys had either to be off or get in behind him—a necessary precaution against the flying splinters.

When I think of Andra Marshall, there come into my mind some lines in *Clarkson Gray*. Therein, concerning the worker's health, Mrs Morton says:—

“Though it may swamp, and must at last decay,
Cheerful he toils and trusts from day to day :
Across his sky so many clouds have passed,
He grows familiar with the threatening blast,
And trusts the future as he did the past.”

I don't know how it is now, but in my young days and earlier, Dollar could boast a wonderful crop of Andrews. In the retrospect they simply swarm into view. And many of them were worthies in their several stations—from the one-time and far-seeing proprietor of Harvieston Castle to the one-time and pawky tenant of the wee laigh cottage by the upper bridge, since demolished, and on the site of which stands the Golf Club-house.

And it was an Andrew who, of all his contemporaries, shed the greatest lustre on the old School—in my time—Andrew Clark, to wit. He was some years ahead of us, but we all heard of his doings in the upper School, as it was then called, and knew him to be “a lad o' pairts.” He took a foremost place in his classes, and was a great prize-winner. His teachers proudly predicted for him a brilliant university career and a distinguished future. Nor were they disappointed. Each session at St Andrews found him loaded with honours. And as every fresh laurel—communicated to Dollar by telegram—meant another half-holiday for the whole School, the boy-blessings (may I not here include the girls also?) heaped upon his young head were hearty and unstinted. One can almost hear afresh the thunderclap with which the announcement was hailed: cheers that were renewed with ringing emphasis immediately we got outside, for the Dollar boy then was “a beggar to cheer.”

I have a distinct recollection of being accosted thus on one such occasion. “Why are you not at school?” “Half-holiday.” “Another half-holiday! what for this time?” “Oh, Andrew Clark again; carried all before him at St Andrews.” “Well done, Andrew; his grandfather will be a proud man.”

As a boy, I thought the half-holiday idea a good one. I think so still. In addition to the extra hours which it gave us in the open with all they meant of freedom, recreation, sunshine, and “ochilozone” (a veritable “Clark's Blood Mixture!”) it increased our pride in our Alma Mater, quickened our interest in the doings

of her offspring, and spurred us to emulation. May it often, and for a similar reason, be the portion of the Dollar boy of the future !

Andrew Clark, so far as I can recall, associated but little with other boys, and took part in few of their games. Nor did he seem to have any special companion with whom to share intimate confidences, usually so delightful a feature of boyhood and so essential apparently to the great majority. A strange, shy boy, many thought him. Yet he was the recipient of many grateful and admiring smiles from other boys on his return from St Andrews for the vacations. Tall, massive-limbed, grave of countenance, strong of physiognomy, habitually intent, thoughtful, meditative, many, I'm sure, will be able to recall him as he regularly passed to and from the School Library at such times, a walking-stick in one hand, a big pile of ponderous buff-skinned books supported by the other, his great broad, youthful shoulders already yielding to the stoop of the studious.

Andrew was a diligent student and a great reader. Far into the night, it was said, he was to be found at his books. Slight confirmation of this is supplied by a little incident of my own recollection. Returning from the Dead Waters one dark, frosty night, starry but moonless, some of us boys, instead of going straight home, made a detour through the Lower Mains, one of Dollar's assembly of clachans with an etymologically less-puzzling, less-contentious name than some—Pitgober, for example ! It was late, for we had stayed too long watching Mr Peter Snowdowne, who was a grand skater, "cutting various figures on the ice." (How vividly one saw again Mr Snowdowne's little classroom idiosyncrasy on reading Mr Blacklaw's reference to it ; his sudden wheel round, too, in the hope of catching the unwary boy at a very boyish prank, followed by a wonderful facial expression !) All was quiet and dark as we passed through the Mains, with scarce a chink of light to be seen anywhere excepting at the house of John Bowie, Andrew's grandfather, with whom he lived. Here there was unmistakable evidence of the burning of the "midnight oil." We walked quietly forward, stood a minute, whispered "Andrew's at his lessons," and passed on. This trifling circumstance had assuredly passed out of mind long ago had it not been that it was firmly fixed there by what immediately followed.

Continuing our journey round by Forest Lodge, and when we had got within a hundred yards of the Devon Road, a huge, four-footed animal became dimly visible in the star-dusk. It was coming towards us. Our brave, boyish chattering ceased abruptly, and we halted as suddenly. When we stopped, it stopped. There we stood, motionless, breathless, speechless, in the grip of a cold fear,

facing what looked like a "king of the forest." Instinctively, we looked for a tree; but there was none near enough. A minute later, although it seemed much longer, we heard a footstep passing the end of the road, followed by a shout: "Brutus! heel!"

We breathed again. The eerie, weird sensation evaporated. The fantastic fears by which we were assailed vanished. Our relief was instant and complete, for it was not an unknown voice which spoke: it was the voice of Douglas Driver—big, brawny, athletic Douglas, with the laughing eyes and oft-wrinkled forehead. He had been giving his monster mastiff an airing.

I've thought since that that small group of small boys must have been in some way electrically connected, for it transpired afterwards they had been thinking the same thoughts, were possessed by the same fears. Each had heard of the rumoured recent escape of a wild beast from a touring menagerie at Dunfermline (and, word-valiant, doubtless had settled what his fate should be if he showed his face in Dollar), and in a flash had put two and two together.

Douglas Driver, who lived with his parents in Springfield, along the Tilly Road, was the eldest and biggest of a big family of boys, one of whom was for a time the most pugilistically-inclined boy in the School. He was one of the principals at the duel ground every wee while, until eventually he met his Waterloo, of which I have a clear recollection.

It was a notable affair. There was, of course, the usual whispering during lesson hours, more especially in the afternoon, particulars of the arranged contest being secretly passed along the benches. Then, at four o'clock, this subdued excitement became more manifest as two separate groups of boys made for the Back Road via the northern exit, discussing the merits of the two belligerents. (Where is the old Dollar boy who cannot at once visualise those gathering groups? hear the trampling of their feet, the hum of their voices?) Young Driver was, undoubtedly, first favourite again on this occasion. Having previously vanquished so many, and proved victorious so often, he had become something of a hero. His protagonist was a lad named Drummond, who also lived in the Tilly Road; a big-boned, robust sort of a chap, with apparently any amount of stamina, but with no reputation as an exponent of the "noble art."

I think there was once a photo in the *Magazine* of the well-known spot, near the end of the Academy garden wall, where youthful differences were settled, a spot chosen probably because of its semi-seclusion, and because in two directions there is a sufficient vista—beech-lined vista—to guard against surprise, and give time for a bolt in the event of a hurried visit from janitor John Campbell.

There was usually little time wasted in preliminaries: none on this occasion. Driver, eager and confident, got to business immediately. Of athletic frame and physique, his style was of the hammer-and-tongs order, possessing neither elegance nor finish. He set up such a fusillade of sledge-hammer blows that he invariably had his opponent knocked out in a very few minutes. Drummond, also ignorant of the technique of boxing, but sturdily built and full of pluck, stood up manfully to the fierce onslaught. He was content to unflinchingly receive, when he could not parry, his antagonist's terrific thrusts. When, after a time, the hurricane of blows spent itself, and Driver was visibly tiring, Drummond assumed the offensive, and administered a severe defeat to his opponent.

Both bore marks of the contest, and, in the case of Driver especially, the gory evidence was abundant. I question if even Miss Crombie's—kind, motherly Miss Crombie of gentle mien and step—I question if even her infallible cure for a bleeding nose (a big, cold key down the back of the neck) would have been effectual in this instance.

It is a long, long time since these straggling thoughts, now committed to paper, first made their cells in the brain. As I sat listening to them and transcribing, I was helped to regain some of the old gaiety and hopefulness of heart, and felt myself being carried away back to the happiest years of a fairly happy life. If an indulgent editor allows them to appear in print, and the reading thereof helps in any small measure to revive and perpetuate the spirit of boyhood in other old Dollar boys, I shall feel the time has not been altogether wasted.

HAMISH M'DOLLAR (F.P.).

The Indian Jungles.

BY A. W. STRACHAN.

(Read to Dollar Field Naturalist Club.)

I'M afraid there isn't time to tell you any more about elephants, so I will pass on to describe a few personal experiences with tigers.

During the last three years of my stay in India I was the privileged witness of many beautiful sights connected with these big cats, as tigers are very numerous in the district of Sylhet, in which I was situated during that time. I never had the good fortune to see one alive in the south of the Peninsula, though on one occasion I heard two apparently fighting, and saw their tracks several times. I saw two dead ones in Wynaad, but I regret to say that both were the victims of the unsportsmanlike method of poisoning the carcass of an animal they had killed with strychnine.

To my mind, such a method is only justifiable in the case of a "man-eater." There was a rather amusing episode connected with one of them that may be worth relating.

One of the European inhabitants of the district (I may tell you he was not a planter) who was rather addicted to boasting about his prowess with the rifle, informed us casually at the Club one night that he was going for a shoot next day. Of course nothing more was thought of it at the time, but there was great excitement when the following afternoon arrived and the district was informed that he had shot a tiger. As a tiger was a *rara avis* in this part of the world, most of the community flocked to see it. A bullet wound right in the centre of its chest apparently verified his story that he had bowled it over as it was charging him in a most determined manner, but, alas! "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley." The beast was duly skinned, but unfortunately for our hero, wasn't buried immediately, and some pariah dogs got hold of the carcass. One or two of them inconsiderately died, proving beyond a doubt that the tiger was extremely unlikely to have sufficient vitality to charge when it received the "mortal" wound. When the facts became generally known, our "Shikari" had such an uncomfortable time that he was forced to confess the truth. On the evening on which he informed us of his intention of going for a shoot, he had quietly poisoned the carcass of a cow that had been killed by the tiger fairly near his bungalow. He went out unaccompanied in the early hours next morning to see if the strychnine had done its deadly work, and found the unfortunate victim of his unsportsmanlike method lying stark and stiff not far away. He then fired a shot into its chest, went back and told some coolies the thrilling yarn, and got them to carry it back in triumph to his bungalow.

The adventure (with one exception) that made the greatest impression upon me, not because it was by any means the most exciting, but partly on account of the beauty of the setting, and owing to the fact that it was my first introduction to the tiger at home in all the glory of its natural surroundings, I will endeavour to describe.

A bullock had been killed by this marauder on the estate adjoining my own, and I received a note from the manager about midday asking if I would sit up with him over the carcass. Of course I jumped at the chance, but as I had heard many tales of fruitless vigils, where the watcher had been nearly eaten alive by mosquitoes, I wasn't at all sanguine of sharing a better fate. I went over at about 3 P.M., and as there was no time to lose, we went and inspected the "kill" at once. It was lying in a swamp,

and almost completely hidden by the broad leaves of the wild arrowroot plants that grow in great profusion in these localities. Between this swamp and the jungle, where we presumed the tiger was lying after its meal, was a high hillock, almost clear of scrub on the top, but with isolated clumps of dwarf bamboo on its lower slopes. We decided to sit behind one of these clumps on the side nearest the jungle, and commanding a view of a road which the beast would have to cross if our surmise as to his whereabouts proved correct. We had been sitting there only a short time when, to our disgust, a native appeared running for all he was worth along the road I have just mentioned. We stood up to stop him, but when he saw us he rushed up to where we were and gasped out that he had seen a tiger looking at him from a patch of bamboos on the other side of the hill. From his evidently excited condition we concluded there might be some truth in his story, and foolishly allowed him to lead us to within a hundred yards of the spot where he swore by all his gods he had seen the tiger. Directly opposite this bamboo patch was a small hillock covered with tea bushes, and as the top of it was only about 60 yards from the spot where "stripes" was supposed to be lying, we decided to watch from there hidden amongst the tea. Fortunately we could still see the top of the hill on which we had originally taken up our positions, as well as the spot where the "kill" was lying about 40 yards away on our right.

The sun disappeared, and the mosquitoes began to pay us rather marked attention, but still there had been no sign or movement amongst the bamboos opposite. The patches of scrub gradually merged into the deepening shadows, but the outline of the hill was clearly silhouetted against the fiery glow of the sunset sky, and we began to contemplate the advisability of going home before it became quite dark. We had just decided to leave, but before getting up I glanced casually at the top of the hill, and could scarcely believe my eyes when I beheld the form of a magnificent tiger sitting on his haunches in black relief against the deepening crimson in the west. He might have been a huge bronze model as he sat motionless, and all colour details were lost in the fast fading light. He sat in this position for a considerable time gazing at the surrounding country from this point of vantage, and subjecting it to a careful scrutiny for any sign of danger. Having apparently satisfied himself that there was nothing of a suspicious nature to prevent him having a meal, he leisurely rose, stretched himself and yawned, exactly as a domestic tabby does after lying at the fireside for a time, then began a slow descent towards the carcass of his victim. The light was by this time much too bad to attempt a shot, so we just sat still and

awaited developments. We could just get occasional glimpses of his dim form as he made his way down the hillside. Nearer and nearer he came till he reached the "kill," but by this time he was entirely hidden by the tall arrowroot plants in the swamp. Though we couldn't see him, we could hear him distinctly enough, as he made a great commotion. Judging from the noise, he was evidently dragging the bullock to a drier spot, but soon he settled down to his evening meal, and we could hear the great teeth crunching through flesh and bone. There was now no prospect of seeing anything more, and as a tiger may be rather an unpleasant neighbour in the dark, we decided to make tracks for home. Though we couldn't see him, he could evidently see us, for the moment we stood up he stopped eating, and for a second or two there was dead silence. Then he expressed his feelings about our unseemly interruption by an intimidating growl, ending in a defiant roar, which hastened our departure pretty considerably. We went and inspected his tracks next day, and discovered that he had come out of the jungle and crossed the road exactly opposite where we had originally taken up our position, and actually walked over the spot on which we had been sitting on his way to the top of the hill.

(To be continued.)

A Village in the Arctic.

So one is justified in describing Kola—a few miles south of Murmansk—though the title suggests something quite unlike the reality. Fifty of us, bound ultimately for Archangel, were sent to Kola to await transport for the last stage of our journey. We made the short trip by train, and realised even *en route* that the legendary Russian love of "froust" is really characteristic. In the last compartment of our carriage was a wood stove, glowing; and as all the windows were double, and for a long time resisted all efforts to open them, the atmosphere of the train was stifling. The scenery, novel then, appears to be typical of northern Russia. On the one side of the permanent way the snow-covered hillside dropped down steeply to the Kola estuary—a sheet of grey water, perhaps half a mile wide, fringed with ice and miniature bergs. Beyond this arm of the sea rose a series of low hills, deep under snow, but covered with a scattered growth of stunted birch trees. On the other side of the line similar hills lifted towards a grey sky—for we made our journey to Kola on an afternoon when the Arctic spring heralded her near approach by a drizzle of icy rain. (By evening, I may say, every cloud had disappeared, and the sky was marvellous with lingering, blending colours, while frost settled down again.)

Kola village lies some distance from Kola station, where we jumped down into the slush ; and is separated from it by a river, frozen at this time so thoroughly that all traffic ran across its surface. The arresting feature of the village—and indeed of the whole landscape, which includes it—is the church, a white building whose light green roof, spire, and mosque-like dome, contrast strangely with the colours of the scenery in which it is set. As for the peculiar shape of the dome, it resembles nothing so much as a green fig.

The cathedral church which formerly occupied the site of the present building was destroyed during the bombardment of Kola by a British gunboat during the Crimean War ; in witness of which incident an old cannon with a smashed muzzle, and two British cannon-balls, are preserved in a little shelter just outside the churchyard.

Our kit was brought from the station to the village by a procession of pony sleighs, which formed up on the village green—if I may so call a wide expanse of snow near the church and the school. A sleigh is a romantic object at the worst ; a similar rally of cabs or taxis would have spoilt, instead of enhancing, the picturesque setting in which it took place, and in which we sought and sorted and struggled with our valises and saddle-bags, to be carted to the billets allotted to us. The writer and six others were lucky, finding themselves occupying two class-rooms in the school, available owing to the Easter holidays. We unrolled our valises in our chosen corners, discovered the water supply, and were immediately at home. The interior of the school was very similar to that of French village schools, or perhaps it would be more precise to say that the most obvious features were the same, viz., a series of pictures of birds and animals belonging to various parts of the world, with their names attached. Thus, as we lay on our valises we had ample opportunity for learning the Russian appellation for such familiar animals as the ostrich, the lion, and the burying beetle.

It was a comfortable billet, though it grew frosty before we left. Ventilation in Russia is very carefully guarded against, and consequently the poorer houses are possessed by smells, for which the Britisher has to acquire a taste. All the windows were double, and screwed tight, while the huge stove in every room kept the temperature, night and day, within a couple of degrees of 60. So that though it might be bitterly cold without—and we had some days of biting wind and frost—we could rise and make our toilette o' mornings in comfort, though a comfort "fuggy," and perhaps none too hygienic.

Water, whether hot or cold, is not laid on by the proprietors of

Kola. Their supply is the frozen river ; and throughout the day the inhabitants might be seen going with their tubs to and from the big hole kept open in the ice, from which, in long-handled ladles, they obtained their water. Some drove a pony sleigh with a mighty tub, some had a little tub on a smaller sleigh with a dog to help them pull it, and others had a yet smaller tub on a still more diminutive sleigh or toboggan which they dragged themselves.

This river had a fascination of its own. One wondered how the local authorities decided the date when it should become unsafe to cross the ice. Surely they do not wait each spring till somebody plumps through? Or do they possibly appoint a heavy citizen to test the thin places, with a rope around his middle, and the Town Council on the other end ready to take his weight if need be? The ice was cracking and softening visibly when we crossed it last ; and spare bridges were standing by to succeed the existing ones when the spate should come. Along the banks of this river, between the shallows, I expect, and the central current which had frozen last, there ran a line of ice in great blocks and masses and splintered hummocks, through which the light shone with a cold, bright green, of lovely purity. Unfortunately, adjacent to this beautiful colour, lay the village rubbish heaps, for it seems the custom—in the absence of any more sophisticated drainage system—to cart (or rather to sledge) some of their refuse out on to the ice, where it lies frozen and inoffensive till spring, when it first becomes offensive (we left when it had reached that stage), and is then removed by the sea's "cold ablution." Only a small proportion of their rubbish, I must add, is dealt with in this way. The remainder does not appear to be dealt with at all.

All the houses—or with very few exceptions—are built of wood, well and solidly built. The little town stands on the shore of the estuary, and to reach its most landward houses (the post office amongst them) you have to scramble up some steep ascents. I say scramble, having scaled them only while they were under snow. Occasionally we tackled them on skis—finding the descent much more rapid than the ascent.

There do not appear to be any shops in Kola, even of the Russian variety, which make practically no window display. The only place of merchandise is the store, to which the Laplanders come in frequently for flour. Jolly little people they are, these Laps, with a fine reputation for not letting you down if you employ them. They used to come in every day while we were there, sitting on their sleighs behind a team of reindeer. Their costume destroyed none of our illusions, for they wore reindeer skin from the crown of their head to the tips of their toes, men and women

alike, while some sported the most fascinating hoods adorned with brilliant patches and bead embroidery. Their readiness to exchange a nod or a smile made them very popular with us. A procession of a dozen of their sleighs, each with its team of three or four reindeer, trotting along one of the woodland tracks, was a spectacle worth very many more hardships than we were called upon to endure. The reindeer are pretty docile little creatures; and the simplicity of their harness would delight a field artillery driver. The team appears to be guided by common sense, mutual understanding, a rein round the muzzle of the near outside animal (the four are driven abreast), and a light fifteen-foot pole. They make a good trotting pace, and tackle astonishing slopes, both up and down, with little apparent effort. The reindeer seems a most convenient little animal, and the Laplander's universal provider, supplying him with transport, clothing, food, and drink, and all in return for the most uninteresting kind of fodder. Perhaps they do have a ration of hay, but usually we saw them munching a dry mixture of moss and lichen.

If we wanted to enlarge our ideas of the neighbourhood, we had either to go by dog or reindeer sleigh, on ski or on foot. Sleighs were not always available; a long distance on ski is wearisome for a tyro, and on foot one had to stick to tracks where the surface of the deep, hard snow had been packed by the weight of a sleigh. If you took one of these tracks and left Kola behind, you quickly found yourself in perfect solitude. It was possible to walk for hours through the scanty birch woods, and see no sign of life, not so much as the track of a ptarmigan or crow. On the other hand, if you went on ski, and so were able to leave the beaten tracks, you were quite likely to come upon quite a nice covey of ptarmigan. Bears were not unknown in the neighbourhood, but the only thing we saw of them (beyond a captured youngster belonging to some Italian troops) was a skinned paw, which a Russian woman suddenly showed us while we were drinking tea at a lonely shack some miles up the frozen river, and which at once suggested cannibalism, it so resembled a coarse human foot. His frozen joints were also displayed to us, but the Russian woman explained to us that it was not she who ate them, but her Finn husband.

Around Kola the homely sparrow was represented by a very pretty little black and white bird, which we probably incorrectly called a snow bunting.

Most of the time we were there the weather was superb, with cloudless blue skies. A day in the open resulted in a skin scorched by the brilliant sun, and the glare of his reflection from the snow.

Evening was really the best time to be out. Not only was the surface of the snow crisper than by day, but the colours of earth and



Lafayette

MATTHEW WALKER ROBIESON

Photo

sea and sky, brilliant and gorgeous, but hard till sunset, then became changed to the most wonderful and indescribable variety of tender green and blue and rose. Darkness there was none. At midnight sometimes the sky was crimson to the zenith, its reflection glowing in the breathless surface of the water, framed in unblemished snow.

Kola struck us as a place of contrasts. At one moment we would be admiring a broad-faced, cheery Laplanderess, furred from head to foot, waiting by the reindeer sleigh for her lord and master, a small, sturdy gentleman with a fierce forked beard like a troll, and the next a damsel with silk stockings, and a fair imitation of Parisian chic. On Easter eve we saw the village priest, long haired, and clad in gorgeous vestments, swinging his censor amidst the blaze of hundreds of candles, carried in the hands of the thronging faithful in the crowded church; a few mornings later we watched him vigorously digging his boat out of the shrinking snow on the river bank.

We are afraid to say much about North Russia, considering that we had known it only for a month, and that a month of spring: but surely even in our experience we may be allowed to say that what we have seen we like?

W. K. H.

Matthew Walker Robieson.

MATTHEW ROBIESON'S death is a sorrowful addition to the list of the untimely passings of the members of the Headmaster's class of 1905. Robert Beveridge, Ewart Munro, Ramsay Callander, Rae M'Intosh, and now Matthew Robieson, have all finished their race at an hour when for them the sun had hardly seemed to reach the meridian; and when to those who began with them they appeared but to be entering the fairest part of their journey.

Like his friend Robert Beveridge, Matthew lost his life by drowning, in a holiday season in England. For some years—in fact since the time of his rejection for military service—he had known that he suffered from a slight functional disorder of the heart; and three years ago he was under the care of an eminent London doctor. The treatment appeared to be completely successful: there is no reason to doubt that it was so. But after a long winter's work, Matthew had himself noticed some slight symptoms of the recurrence of the trouble. From what is known of his death, it seems clear that in the midst of a very happy holiday in Cornwall, he had suddenly put just too great a strain upon himself. He had taken some exercise, and had gone into the sea to indulge himself in his favourite exercise of swimming. The shock was too much for his heart, which weakened in its action, with the result

that though efforts were made to rescue him, they were unavailing. There is something sadly consoling in the reflection that his day ended strenuously but peacefully, as it had been lived.

Matthew Robieson came to Dollar with his twin brother William, I think, in 1903, from their father's school in Fossoway. The two brothers were extraordinarily like one another, and I suppose all their contemporaries have memories of the way in which one used to suffer for the delinquencies of the other. Most of the masters were able to distinguish them in time; but I doubt if Dr Butchart was ever able to say with any certainty which was which. At any rate, more than once, Matthew, who was rather good at French, was heard to receive a reproof for his alleged sins with the remark: "But, sir, I am not W. D." And I rather think that at the latter end, W. D. found himself, to his great astonishment, the heir to the Silver Medal in French, to which his only claim was that he was indistinguishably the twin of the boy who had really won it.

The two boys did extremely well at School, and far more than fulfilled their promise in their University days. They went to Glasgow in 1907, occupying adjoining places at the top of the open Bursary list. Both of them, throughout their careers, combined in an extraordinary way very high academic distinction with full participation in the political and social activities of the University. Matthew took to Philosophy and Socialism; Bill to History and Liberalism. And in their respective activities both led the University. There was no more popular or intriguing an attraction in the Union than the prospect of an attack on the politics of the other by one of the Robieson boys. Both were excellent speakers and debaters; and Matthew especially had a capacity for invective rarely equalled in Union history. They were great protagonists for their respective principles: and yet between them there was a bond of the most manly, but delicate and affectionate regard that was a thing lovely to look upon. I am sure that to the many who knew the boys in Dollar and in Glasgow, almost the saddest thing about Matthew's death is the thought of Bill's sorrow in the loss of the brother whom, so justly and so finely, he honoured and loved.

Matthew's philosophical bent was evident from the day he entered college. He took Logic in his first year, a course the University rarely allows, and he astounded every one who did not know him by carrying off easily, from 250 competitors, the first prize in the class. Every philosophical distinction that was open to him he won, including the Ferguson Scholarship, open to the four Scottish Universities, and the Logan Gold Medal, awarded to the most distinguished graduate in Arts in Glasgow.

In December 1911 he became assistant to Sir Henry Jones

in the Moral Philosophy department of the University; and after two years there, he went to the Queen's University, Belfast, as Lecturer in Moral Philosophy and in the History of Philosophy. Had he had length of years, he would assuredly have become one of the outstanding philosophical teachers of the country. His gifts were very far beyond even that high average which, on the whole, characterises his chosen profession. His learning, for a man of his years, was colossal: he seemed to forget nothing in all his widely-ranging studies. But he had also a mind of remarkable critical and constructive power. In the last years of his life he published a good deal of philosophical and political criticism; and it is, I believe, no exaggeration to say that on certain parts of political theory he was already the foremost authority in this country.

He was always profoundly interested in the history and development of Socialist theory, though (I think) his own political views underwent some substantial modification. His contributions—almost weekly—to the *New Age* had unmistakable significance in clarifying the philosophical foundations of a great economic and political movement: and his studies in the implications of Marxist doctrine were of great weight and authority. I hope that it will be found possible to issue in volume form the most important of these writings, along with the manuscript of the book which Matthew had in hand at the time of his death. Perhaps I may be allowed to give here one instance of his power; for it can hardly be known to any of his friends but myself. When the German Revolution took place, it happened that I was occupied in one of the large Government offices in forming some kind of estimate of the trend of social movements abroad. The department in which I was engaged was asked one day, at very short notice, for a statement on the position in Germany, and an estimate of the personalities and opinions of the new Socialist Government. There was no time to work through the great mass of material on which such a study would necessarily have to be based. I wrote off at once to Matthew and asked him to send me, for departmental use, his views on the subject. In two days' time I received from him a long memorandum, giving what proved to be an amazingly accurate analysis of the situation, tracing German Socialist movements back to their historic antecedents, indicating the attitudes of different members of the German Government to certain crucial points, pointing out also the questions of principle on which there was a direct cleavage within the German party, and the probable effect of that cleavage on the policy and stability of the Government. As a mere feat of lucid analysis and detailed exposition, done without special preparation of any sort, and at a moment's notice, the document was sufficiently

remarkable. But when it is remembered that for four years no importation of German papers had been allowed, that Matthew had no access to confidential information of any kind, but had simply to rely on ill-judged fragments of news in our own papers, and, therefore, had to draw mainly on his knowledge of pre-war conditions, and on his deductions from that, the detail and the accuracy of his opinions seemed little short of miraculous.

He had many other interests. He took a considerable part in the administration of his University, and wrote on the organisation of Irish education. The Irish political situation gravely concerned him, and he knew intimately many of the personalities and factors in Ireland. He instituted and directed the Belfast School of Social Study and Training; and above all, he gave himself to the work of teaching his students. He was a great power among them, and found much happiness in his work.

It is good to think now—though it sharpens the poignancy of his death—that he had so full and fruitful a term of years. He never mistrusted the world, though he knew well enough that pain and suffering were of its very nature. And he would not have those whom he has left, mistrust it now. He was laid to rest on 22nd July, in the sunlit valley which he loved, in the village where his early years were spent. As the simple words were spoken which marked the closing of his earthly life, one felt, in dimness and shadow, through the unintelligible sense of loss, and of sorrow for those who were called to so great a grief, that his confidence was not misplaced, and that he was at home.

H. J. W. H.

Verses Addressed by an Elderly Gentleman to a Young Lady on her Birthday.

SWEETEST of sweethearts, Lizzie, dear,
Whose charms grow brighter every year,
This birthday ode, with joy and cheer
To thee I bring.
A tribute feeble, yet sincere,
Of thanks I sing.

I owe thee more than I can pay
For many kindly deeds to-day,
So tender, cheerful, fond, and gay
Thy words and ways,
As it is only truth to say,
Surpass all praise.

Be thine, sweet maid, to taste life's joys,
But not its troubles and annoys,
Blest with a family of boys
 And blooming girls,
Until their children play as toys
 With grannie's curls.

As each new birthday comes and goes,
Beloved by friends and free from foes,
Go forward, fearless, to the close
 Of this world's strife ;
And then enjoy in long repose
 Eternal life.

And now, before I bid farewell,
Let me one word of counsel tell,
'That may give comfort and dispel
 Those foolish fears
'That crush the heart, and oft compel
 Some bitter tears.

Know none shall harm thee if thou keep
Near the Great Shepherd of the sheep ;
Yet should'st thou for well-doing weep
 And suffer sore,
Remember Christ bore sufferings deep
 For thee before.

Do thou His great example take
By gladly suffering for His sake ;
'Then soon thy cloudless morn shall break,
 Thy night be o'er,
And thou shalt heaven's bliss partake
 For evermore.

Notes from Near and Far.

PEACE CELEBRATIONS.—In Dollar, as in most parts of the United Kingdom, the 19th of July was set apart for the peace celebrations. The weather, on which so much depended, was very doubtful at an early hour, as a heavy rain had fallen during the night ; but, as the morning advanced, the lowering clouds passed, leaving a bright sky, yielding promise of a delightful day. Buoyed up with this impression, old and young alike, and, in particular, those in authority who had at heart a deep desire for the success of the day's doings, began to wear a cheerful countenance, smiles chasing away all traits of anxiety. The enthusiasm did not equal that which was shown when the news of the signing of the Armistice came ; but everywhere

there was evidence of popular rejoicing and the outward expression of thanksgiving. No apathy was apparent; a spirit of joyousness greeted the triumph of peace. There was a large display of bunting throughout the town, and many buildings were beautifully decorated.

The programme for the day's proceedings which had been agreed upon by the Town Council, which provided for the pleasure of all sections of the community, met with general approval, and the preparations for carrying it out, set in order by Councillor Annand and Mr M'Gruther, were first rate, well thought out, as the event proved. First and foremost, as was becoming, there was held in the parish church an impressive service, in which representatives of all denominations took a part—a union of hearts full of thankfulness to God for His gift of victory and pledge of peace.

The next order of the day was a treat to aged men and women with little of the gilt of life about them. The Provost, who was supported by the Rev. Mr Armstrong and members of the Town Council, presided, and in a few sentences welcomed the elderly guests. After an ample tea, which was heartily enjoyed, the company was entertained and enlivened by music, instrumental and vocal, which was supplied by Miss Webster, Miss Wright, Mr M'Innes and other kind friends, who, on the motion of the Rev. Mr Armstrong, were cordially thanked by the grateful audience. Auld Lang Syne brought a pleasant gathering to a close in time for the Fancy Dress Cycle Parade, which took place at six o'clock. A large number of cyclists turned out in character costume, and the effect was animated and picturesque. Most attractive, most interesting was the display, and one heard many expressions of surprise and astonishment at its extent, its variety, and its perfect representation of the characters chosen, down to the minutest detail. The grotesque costumes of many of the riders caused much merriment. An illuminated parade took place at a later hour, but the clearness of the night was rather against its showing to advantage.

The prizes in the afternoon were gained by: Girls—1st, Stella M'Lennan (John Bull); 2nd, Evelyn Stein. Boys—1st, Crawford Green (Tinker-woman); 2nd, Gray Gibson (Tramp). In the evening the prize-takers were: Girls—1st, Jessie Bennett; 2nd, Lily Beresford. Boys—1st, Glen Green; 2nd, J. Penman; Consolation, N. Green.

The day's jubilations ended with a splendid display of fireworks on Dollar Hill, to witness which there was a large concourse of townspeople and visitors, numbered by the thousand, on the green in front of the Academy. The younger of them, by "ayes" and "ohs" and merry laughter, gave vent to their wonderment and delight, as the rockets rose high in the air, and bursting up among

the clouds, fell in glowing golden showers on the gorse below. In their memories the peace celebrations will register a red-letter day. Let us trust that it is the dawn of a better era, that the nations will seek their triumphs and source of permanent power in the spread of enlightenment and in fostering the arts of civilisation; that fleets of merchantmen will sail those waters which were the peculiar haven of men-of-war; and that we shall have the fulfilment of old Merlin's prophecy, and the advent of King Arthur, who, dying, said :—

“ I come again
With all good things, and war shall be no more.”

It may be that ere long Germany may be deemed worthy of more freedom of action, and that the stern rule under which she is now placed may, at no distant day, be supplanted by one more in consonance with her native energies. Let her people, freed from the yoke of the Hohenzollerns, devote themselves to the arts of peace as successfully as they had studied the art of war; and secure lasting liberty by the only true means, hitherto unfortunately neglected, an elevation in the tone of national morality. May the lesson she has got, salutary but severe, suffice to silence the presumptuous boastfulness which was so apparent at the outset, when Providence seemed to be regarded as the servant, not the ruler of movements.

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PUBLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITION.—The Public School was closed for the summer holidays on Wednesday, 25th June, and, as in former years, a large gathering of parents and friends attended to enjoy the singing and recitations which have for years been an attractive feature of the last day of the session. The aptitude shown by the pupils in the various exercises was well up to that of former years, gave proof of skilful training, and did credit to teachers and scholars alike. Mr Cowan, Dollar representative on the County Education Authority, presided, and presented the prizes to the winners. The M'Ivor-M'Diarmid Medal, the blue ribbon of the school, was gained by David Muir, Kellysyde Cottage, who has also done credit to his teacher and himself by gaining one of the Open Bursaries at the Academy.

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PROMOTION.—We offer our cordial congratulations and hearty good wishes to Mr John Robertson (F.P.) on his appointment to an important position in the Bank of Bombay, for which his training under Mr Young in the Royal Bank, Alloa, amply fits him. Like other patriotic young men he rallied to the service of his King and country at the outbreak of the war, and soon put on a soldierly bearing. His record is highly praiseworthy. He joined the 7th

Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in November 1914, and shortly thereafter was promoted to the rank of sergeant. In 1916, having obtained his commission, he was sent to France, where he served in several engagements, notably in the big push, when he had the rank of 1st Lieutenant. He is the eldest son of Mr James Robertson, ironmonger, Dollar.

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EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.—As in former sessions, the pupils of Miss Olive K. Holmes, L.R.A.M., have been successful in passing with high commendations the examinations held under the auspices of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., London. Division I., Bina Jack; Division II., Maisie Bradley, Iona Elliot, Christian Haig, Janet Kaye; Division III., Eleanor Young.

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HONOUR TO F.P.—We are much pleased to learn that Dr Alexander Morison, London, who was present at the recent centenary celebrations, was appointed President of the National Medical Union at its meeting on 5th July. Dr Morison was a pupil in the sixties.

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HANDSHAKE FROM OVER THE SEAS.—Telegrama de Buenos Aires—Hearty congratulations to all connected with dear Alma Mater in her centenary day. (Signed) Robert Fraser, Richard Russell Gregg, Willie Davie, James Leitch, Mackenzie M. Henderson, Charlie Davie.

Firma del expedidor—Carlos Davie. This greeting, which came in good time, was much appreciated, and received a hearty cheer from the pupils.

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PREPARATORY SCHOOL.—The senior pupils of Argyll House have again done their teachers and themselves credit by passing, with high percentages, the entrance examination to the Academy. The session, the most successful the school has yet had in numbers and proficiency, was closed for holidays on Wednesday, 25th June, with a garden party and sports, which were entered into by the children with keen enjoyment. The Dux Medal for the Session was gained by Ian Campbell, son of Lieut.-Colonel Campbell. We heartily congratulate Miss Bremner on her success in keeping the training of her pupils, physical and intellectual, ever abreast of the demands of the day.

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BOWLING.—More than ordinary interest has been taken in the Bowling Green during the summer months, partly, perhaps, because the fine dry weather gave ample opportunity to the players to

enjoy their fascinating game. We witnessed, with the critical keenness of an old bowler, the final tie in connection with the Pairs Championship of the Clackmannan and Kinross Bowling Association, which was played between Alva South and Dollar, and gained by the latter by one shot, secured in the last end. Alva was represented by A. Drummond and D. Millar; Dollar by W. Roxburgh and H. I. Muil. Pleasant it is to see that so many ladies have become members—good players all.

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TENNIS.—The Tennis Courts, too, have been well patronised.

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ERRATUM.—In our last number we gave James Dudgeon the honour of being the expert arithmetician referred to by Mr M'Intyre in his interesting reminiscences, and now James writes asking us to give honour to whom honour is due, to wit, his brother Robert, who is with him in business, and whom our contributor may address at 59 Grange Road West, Birkenhead.

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IMPERIAL SERVICE MEDAL.—It is officially announced that His Majesty the King has been pleased to award the Imperial Service Medal, in recognition of long and meritorious service, to Mr W. M'Andrew, postman. We heartily congratulate Mr M'Andrew, who has been well known and much respected in Dollar for many years, and we wish him good health to enjoy his well-deserved rest.

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THE HIGHLAND SHOW AT EDINBURGH.—Mr J. Ernest Kerr of Harvieston Castle presided over the annual meeting of the Aberdeen-Angus Cattle Society, which was held in Edinburgh, and, in moving adoption of the Council's report, said:—"There was no better test by which pedigree interests generally could be judged than the state of the export trade. In official quarters in London the doctrine seemed to hold sway that the more they restricted and controlled the outlet the stronger they made the home interests of pedigree cattle breeding. Those who knew anything about pedigree cattle breeding realised that the very opposite was the case. Experience, as gained from the study of cattle history, had shown that the best times for any breed in point of general development, improvement, and increase in numbers at home, coincided exactly with the periods of greatest activity in the export trade. Happily, this fundamental fact was recognised by the Board of Agriculture for Scotland and the officials connected with its live-stock department; and it was sincerely to be hoped that the last had now been heard of any attempt at official interference from London with the pedigree cattle trade."

M.D.—Among those who received the degree of M.D. at the recent graduation ceremony of Edinburgh University, we are much pleased to find the name of our F.P., Robert G. Archibald, D.S.O., India, M.B., Ch.B., 1902, Major, R.A.M.C. "*Kala Azar*, with special reference to its occurrence in the Sudan," was the subject of his Thesis for which he was highly commended.

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REV. WILLIAM CAMPBELL PENNY, M.A., Hereford College, Oxford, sometime Examiner in the History, Theory, and Practice of Education, and now Principal of Elizabeth College, Guernsey, writes as follows: "I went to school first at Dollar, and used to strive daily against a girl for the Dux medal, which was of generous size, and hung round the neck by a ribbon. I was about seven." (We suppose the school was that of Miss Gellatly (preparatory) in Parkfield House.—ED.)

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A DISTINGUISHED F.P. HONOURED.—On Saturday, 21st June, an interesting ceremony took place in the County Buildings, Alloa, when Mr Charles Blair, D.L., of Glenfoot, Tillicoultry, received a presentation from the members of tribunals and solicitors in the county, in recognition of his services as Military and National Service representative. There was a representative attendance of subscribers, and Sheriff Dean Leslie made the presentation.

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COINCIDENCES.—On three memorable occasions during recent years the attention of the public has been directed to important happenings on the Atlantic Ocean, and it is noteworthy that in each of them a Dollar Academy boy was in evidence. The first we speak of was in 1910, when Wellman's Airship Crew was rescued in mid-ocean by the Mail Steam Packet Liner, "*Trent*," to the great relief of many anxious friends at home. One of the engineers on the "*Trent*" was Mr Robert Mitchell (F.P.), who gave a most interesting account of the rescue, and of the great reception the "*Trent*" had on its way to New York, the "*Lusitania*," the "*Adriatic*," a big German liner, and other vessels cheering on their whistles as the rescuers passed them on the Hudson. The next incident in this connection took place in 1914, when the capability of wireless telegraphy was tested in a variety of ways, notably by a chess match played by two enthusiasts who were travelling on the Atlantic in ships 150 miles apart. One of the players was Dr Carment (F.P.), who, if we mistake not, won the game. Our last instance occurred so recently as June of this year, when Captain Alcock and Lieut. Brown brought the first Trans-Atlantic air mail from St John's, Newfoundland, to Britain. By it

Mr Arch. Gibb (F.P.), alive to the importance of the event, dispatched a letter to his sister in Edinburgh, which might be preserved as a souvenir of the new postal service. The envelope, which we have seen, bears the words: "Trans-Atlantic Air Mail, St John's, 10th June, 3 P.M., 1919"; and on the stamp we have "Trans-Atlantic Air Post, 1919. One Dollar." No Penny Post here yet.

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IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT FOR A F.P.—It gives us much pleasure to learn that Mr Ian Cruickshank has received an important appointment in the Bank of Madras, after an interview with the manager, Sir Bernard Hunter. Ian was trained in the Clydesdale Bank, Dollar, under Mr Gibson, and from the first showed much aptitude in his work. He is a young man guided by high Christian principle; was for several sessions a prominent member of the Parish Church Young Men's Guild; and we feel sure that he carries with him the warm good wishes of many friends in Dollar, who hope and expect to hear of his speedy advancement in his new sphere of work. His record during the great war is a most honourable one; and we marvel that he has come through its dangers so well as he has done. Lieutenant in the 6th Seaforths, and latterly attached to Black Watch. Sent to Egypt, and torpedoed off Alexandria, when he was six hours in the water. With Allenby at the capture of Jerusalem. Recalled to France to help to stem the Germans in their last push. Wounded and posted missing. Crept back to the lines under cover of darkness, after thirty-six hours. Truly a trying experience!

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MEN YOU KNOW.—Under the heading, "Men You Know," the Glasgow *Bailie* of 27th August has a highly appreciative notice of Mr Archibald Page (F.P.), General Manager of the Clyde Valley Electrical Power Company. After leaving Dollar Academy, he spent two years undergoing his technical training at the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh. "The man you know is recognised as one of the foremost members of his profession, and has attained his present eminent position at an early age."

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A RISING AUTHOR.—Two new novels, recently published by Messrs Heinemann & Co., London, are from the pen of Archie Macfarlan, F.P.—we use his schoolboy name. The first is entitled "Mockery," and the second, "Inscrutable Lovers." Both have been noticed in the Press, and the critics "mingle praise and blame."

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WELCOME HOME.—"Welcome ever smiles," says Shakespeare, and the truth of his words was well illustrated in the delightful social gathering which was held in the Academy Hall on the 4th of

September, for the purpose of welcoming home the young men who had been on military duty during the great war. The invitations, which were sent out by the Town Council to the men, their wives and sweethearts, were, in almost every instance, accepted, and the hall was well filled, there being close on three hundred present. The Provost, in a few well-chosen words, expressed the pleasure that it gave the Town Council and the subscribers to welcome so many brave men, and she wished them an evening's enjoyment worthy of the historic occasion. The entertainment was in two parts—a conversazione in the hall, followed by a dance in the gymnasium. In the first part a tea was served by a bevy of obliging young ladies, under the direction of Miss Armitage, and, thereafter, a glee party from Dunfermline delighted the audience with songs and recitations. When the clock struck ten the company made their way to the gymnasium to "trip it as you go on the light fantastic toe" to excellent music supplied by Fitzpatrick's Band from Larbert. The dance was kept up till the early hours of the morning; and, to inquirers, was characterised in such terms as A1, first-rate, splendid, lovely, tip-top.

Good humour and harmony prevailed throughout all the proceedings and evident enjoyment was written on every countenance. Many thanks are due to Councillor Annand, for to his tact and energy is largely due the success of The Welcome Home.

Marriages.

RUTHERFORD—NICOL.—At Mar Place, Dollar, on 7th June, by the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., Andrew Rutherford to Annie Morton, daughter of the late Peter Nicol, Lower Mains, and Mrs Nicol, Mar Place, Dollar.

COLLINS—LINDSAY.—On 6th July, by the Rev. A. M. Gentles, M.A., Robert Collins to Mary Frances (F.P.), daughter of the late Captain Henry Kay Lindsay and Mrs Lindsay, of Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

BARTHOLOMEW—DOWNIE.—At St Andrew's Church, Regina, on 17th July, by the Rev. Archibald Young, M.A., Captain W. Bartholomew (F.P.), M.C., Canadian Grenadier Guards, youngest son of the late Mr and Mrs A. Bartholomew, Dollar, to Janet Leslie, youngest daughter of the late Mr and Mrs A. Downie, South Rivers, Ontario, Canada.

FELL—MURRAY.—The marriage of Mr David Fell (F.P.), lately Member of Parliament, Sydney, New South Wales, to Alice Florence, second daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Elibank, took place in London in July. The bride was given away by her brother, Lord Murray of Elibank.

SMITH—M'CALL.—At Masonic Hall, Dollar, on 1st August, by the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, U.F. Church, John Smith, gardener, Belford, Northumberland, to Margaret Ann Duffus (F.P.), third daughter of Mr and Mrs Robert M'Call.

TATHAM—COLLYER.—At the U.F. Church, Kippen, on 5th August, by the Rev. W. H. Hunter, M.A., Ralph Tatham, of Cheadle Hulme, Manchester, to Sylvia Margaret (F.P.), younger daughter of the late Arthur Hamilton Collyer of Dollar and Mrs Collyer, Duncairn, Kippen, Stirlingshire.

HALLEY—ROY.—At Roxburghe Hotel, Edinburgh, on 14th August, by the Rev. James Brown, M.A., Edward Halley (F.P.), L.D.S., Alloa, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late David Roy, of Arcanny, Rothes, and Mrs Roy, Limekilns.

MACANDREW—MUNRO.—At Burnhead, Blairgowrie, on 23rd August, by the Rev. Robert Stewart, M.A., Ronald Maxwell (F.P.), M.A. (Glasgow), B.D., Int., London, only surviving son of Mr and Mrs Macandrew, Mount Forbes, Dollar, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Munro and of Mrs Munro, Burnhead, Blairgowrie.

WATT—GULLEN.—At Masonic Hall, Dollar, on 26th August, by the Rev. J. Rose, David Craighead Watt, son of John Watt, Aberdeen, to Elizabeth Allison Gullen (F.P.), daughter of the late William Kennedy Gullen and Mrs Gullen, Chapel Place, Dollar.

Birth.

MUCKERSIE.—At Merleton, Dollar, on 18th July, the wife of Alexander Muckersie, a son.

Obituary.

SHAW.—At 14 Dean Park Crescent, Edinburgh, on 23rd June, Elizabeth Sym (F.P.), younger twin-daughter of the late Rev. William Shaw, minister of Ayr, and afterwards of Alloa and Tullibody.

DUTHIE.—At Nagercoil, South India, on 27th June 1919, Beatrice Jessie Duthie (F.P.), of the London Missionary Society, Travancore.

ROBIESON.—Drowned while bathing at St Mervyn, Cornwall, on 16th July, Matthew Walker Robieson, M.A. (F.P.), Lecturer on Moral Philosophy in the Queen's University, Belfast, and twin-son of Mr and Mrs D. Robieson, Coalsnaughton Schoolhouse, Tillicoultry.

HALLEY.—At Eastbourne, Dollar, on 24th August, Captain Edward Halley, late of the City Line.

Centenary Celebrations.

JUDGING by the enthusiasm with which the announcement that three days of the leafy month of June would be dedicated to festivities in honour of the hundredth birth-year of our far-famed Academy was everywhere greeted, we felt justified in anticipating a succession of interesting and memorable academic ceremonials of more than ordinary attractiveness. Some of us knew, or came to know, what forethought and careful attention to details, as the artistic Souvenir Programme makes manifest, had been given by the Headmaster and some members of his staff to render the celebrations worthy of the occasion, and a fitting tribute to Alma Mater, the stately building which has for a century been devoted to the noblest and most momentous work that can enlist the sympathies and engage the powers of man. How she has discharged her trust is to be measured by the number of men and women she has trained for the services of the Empire, by the large proportion of those who have risen by the help of her hand to the first places in their professions, and by the longer list of men and women who are doing the world's work in humbler spheres of life. We are proud of the records of the School which bear the names of men who have governed provinces, administered national justice, and led armies, who have been leaders in the practice of medicine, who have widened the boundaries of science, who have been eminent in business, and who have been distinguished as ministers of religion. Representatives of all these professions and walks of life, drawn as they all were by the magnetism of their old School, took part in the rejoicings which filled the commemorative and memorial week. The proceedings are an abiding memory to all of us who witnessed them, and those who were present only in spirit will need more than any epitome of ours can supply to impress their imaginations with the full effect of their magnificence. There was withal something of a sacred character in the proceedings to some who had spent a large part of their life in the service of the "old School."

The events were of two kinds, indoor and outdoor, and, as heaven seemed to smile down propitious auguries, the latter were seen at their best, were admired and enjoyed by large crowds.

We deal with the indoor functions first, beginning with a Commemorative Service which was held in the Academy Hall on Thursday. The Rev. A. IRVINE ROBERTSON, D.D., one of the Governors, delivered an address. Preaching from John iv. 38

—"Other men laboured and ye are entered into their labours"—he said: In the few words that I am permitted to address to you I cannot forget that I speak not merely as a Governor of Dollar Academy, or as one who has for many years had some share in the educational affairs of the district, but first of all as a minister of the Gospel taking part in a religious service. The rehearsal of the history of this great School for the last hundred years, the good work it has done, the men it has trained, and the various changes that have taken place in its constitution, will fall to be given to-morrow by a former pupil of distinction, who has a claim to be heard that I cannot pretend to. My duty now is to indicate some outstanding points the present occasion suggests, and offer a word of counsel upon them.

On the roll of Scots worthies a high place belongs to John M'Nabb of Dollar. It is a touching as well as a striking story that tells of the old man visiting his native village that he left a poor lad long ago, and where he is now unknown, questioning the parish schoolmaster and possibly the minister regarding the educational opportunities of the children, and on his return south bequeathing half of his hard earned fortune for their benefit. That old man builded better than he knew. If we have to thank God to-day for the generous soul of John M'Nabb, we must thank Him also for the wisdom and independent spirit of those hundred and eight parishioners of Dollar who discarded the meaner proposal of an almshouse, with a result that, after prolonged litigation, led to the erection and endowment of the noble fabric in which we are met, and the elevation of Dollar from the status of an obscure rural hamlet to that of a centre of light and blessing to Scotland and far beyond it. It is a lawful source of pride to any community to be able to say that for a hundred years their staple industry has been the liberal education of the youth of the land. I believe it has sometimes been argued, "would not the founder's purpose have been better served and his bounty better distributed by confining its benefits to the narrower circle towards whom his kind intentions were known, instead of bringing in a band of outsiders, even as paying pupils, in the way that has been done?" Those who reason thus fail to comprehend the immense advantage of membership of a great institution. The book-learning acquired at Dollar Academy might possibly have been gained otherwise. But he knows little who imagines that book-learning is the chief end of education, much less the whole. Think of the moral influence of school life under eminent instructors and among companions drawn from various regions and classes of society. Think of the character formed, the friendships begun, the habits fostered, the traditions built up from generation to generation, and it is obvious that the boy or girl who

has been privileged to take a place among the alumni of a great school like this enjoys an advantage that mere drill in class subjects, however thorough, can never of itself afford. Their outlook and their knowledge of the world are expanded, and their lives are enriched with memories of early days in the class-rooms, in the playing field, in all the varied intercourse of school life, and they leave school infinitely better furnished for the battle before them. Fortunate in its first Governor and Headmaster in the days when an enlightened autocracy was probably the most effective means of conducting an institution, the same good fortune has followed the School in more democratic times.

One more point I must touch before I close. It is the earnest hope that amid the many kinds of instruction imparted in this place, due regard will never be withheld from the truths of that faith without which success in its truest sense cannot be achieved. After all, the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. It was John Knox, more than three hundred years ago, who argued for the instruction of the youth of the land in divine truth on the ground that "it is tinsel baith of their minds and bodies gif God's word be not rooted in them." I am glad to see that in the most recent legislation that principle has not been overlooked. You young people cannot all possess genius, or hope to bring fame to your School, winning the great prizes of life. But you can do better than that. You can all, the dullest as well as the most talented, so acquit yourselves by God's blessing that throughout the world a Dollar trained boy or girl shall be synonymous with an honest, reliable, pure-minded, high-toned man or woman. That character God's providence has put within your reach, and by earnest endeavour you can one and all find in it a means of discharging your responsibility to your School, to yourselves, and to your God. We see our calling then, heirs in this place of worthy traditions, indebted to generations of good men in whose steps Providence has called us to tread. But in order to tread in their steps we must act in their spirit and develop and advance their labours, even as they advanced the labours of their fathers. The example and inspiration we enjoy it is our responsibility to pass on without the chilling medium of a generation of indifference. Above all, we are directly responsible to God. Other men have laboured, but in their endeavours and achievements there is a power that is not of man. We recognise the makers of every worthy enterprise since the world began, the cross of difficulty at the outset, opposition, delay, persistent faith in a good cause, and then success. And we believe that the same power is at work to-day, ready to honour the same faith and endeavour. You cannot escape responsibility, but you can fulfil it. You can realise where you stand, with a name to



"MERCHANT OF VENICE"



"MERCHANT OF VENICE"

support, a generation to serve, and posterity to inspire. You can seize the opportunity the present affords, and so labour to advance in your day the kingdom of light and truth and righteousness that others shall enter into your labours, and your children rise up and call you blessed.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

In the afternoon a dramatic entertainment was given in the hockey ground by a number of senior pupils. The piece selected was "The Merchant of Venice," and when the curtain rose there was a very large audience present. A stage was erected on the turf, and very neatly screened with twining evergreens. The orchestra, under Mr Allsopp, supplied delightful music, and it must be stated that the interpretation of the various *dramatis personæ* was highly creditable. The elocution, on the whole, was very distinct, and considering the entertainment was in the open, few passages, if any, were lost to the audience. Where all did so well it would be invidious to particularise, but the parts of Portia and the "learned doctor," played by Miss D. Brereton, were a feature of the entertainment, while A. Young's characterisation of Shylock was very clever indeed, and Nerissa, by Miss C. Terris, was much admired and praised. Mr Allsopp succeeded in utilising the talent at his command to the best possible advantage, and the musical interludes were not the least enjoyable portion of a highly appreciated entertainment. The following is a list of the *dramatis personæ*:—Duke of Venice, J. Baxter; Antonio, H. Bodeker; Bassanio, C. Watt; Salanio, N. Thomson; Salarino, R. Ferguson; Gratiano, W. Brown; Lorenzo, J. Ross; Shylock, A. Young; Tubal, E. Musgrave; Portia, D. Brereton; Nerissa, C. Terris; Jessica, E. Bass.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

The weather was ideal in the afternoon for the girls' sports, and the athletic field presented a very picturesque scene indeed, there being a large concourse of spectators, the greater proportion of whom were ladies, all resplendent in summer attire. The arrangements for the sports were carried out by Miss R. M. Miller, physical culture instructress, and Mr J. B. Watson, physical culture instructor, assisted by other members of the staff, and several of the senior boys. There was a very large entry for each event, and the competition was unusually keen, especially in the championship events, for the handsome silver cup, the donation of Miss Heyworth. Misses H. Bradley and L. Beattie ran a neck and neck race for this honour throughout the afternoon, and the coveted trophy eventually became the possession of Miss Bradley with 9 points, Miss Beattie being only 1 point in arrear. At the conclusion of the programme, Professor Scott Lang presented the prizes, and each of the winners

was loudly applauded as she accepted her prize. The Professor thereafter made a few remarks, stating that he had been very highly delighted with the creditable position the girls seemed to take in the athletics of the School. The Professor was accorded three hearty cheers for presenting the prizes, and Miss Heyworth was cordially thanked for donating the championship cup.

The following is the Prize-List :—

Throwing the Cricket Ball (open).—1. E. Bradley, 42 yds.
100 Yards' Race (open).—1. M. Bradley; 2. L. Beattie.
60 Yards' Race, other schools (under 10).—1. J. Gemmel; 2. E. Ewing.
High Jump (open).—K. Kaye and M. Bradley, equal. Height, 4 ft. 5 in.
100 Yards' Race (under 13).—1. K. Gemmel; 2. J. Bennet.
Four-Legged Race.—1. C. Terris, B. Calder, and W. Sands; 2. E. Young, B. Baxter, and J. Mitchell.
220 Yards' Handicap (open).—1. K. Middleton; 2. A. Nicol.
High Jump (under 14).—1. B. Johnston; 2. N. Luke.
Sack Race.—1. K. Fisher; 2. I. Sands.
120 Yards' Hurdle Race (open).—1. L. Beattie; 2. E. Small.
Skipping Race.—1. J. Bennet; 2. E. Bradie; 3. E. Wallace.
100 Yards' Race (under 14).—1. K. Middleton; 2. B. Johnston.
Obstacle Race.—1. N. Campbell; 2. N. Kaye; 3. — Leitch.
Former Pupils' Race.—1. S. Locker; 2. J. M. M'Nair.
Relay Race (Juniors).—1. Intermediate I.; 2. Intermediate II.
Relay Race (Seniors).—1. Intermediate III.; 2. Senior I.
Consolation Race (under 14).—1. H. Clayton; 2. N. Troup.
Consolation Race (open).—1. J. Kaye.
Championship Cup.—M. Bradley, 9 points.

CONVERSAZIONE.

In the evening a conversazione was held in the Hall of the Academy, and took the form of a re-union of former pupils. There was a very large attendance, and Mr Dougall presided at the outset.

The CHAIRMAN stated that primarily that function was being held in order that former pupils might have an opportunity of meeting each other and recalling days of their boyhood spent in that School. (Applause.) Consequently, the programme would consist of several musical items, between which all present could move around the hall as they wished for the purpose he had stated. He also remarked that he had prepared printed forms upon which he asked all former pupils to sign their names and present address. Those sheets would be bound, and they would thus be able to preserve a permanent record of that historic occasion. (Applause.) He stated they had representatives of all the stages in the history of the Institution with them that night, and they would have a talk from each. He then called upon—

Dr STRACHAN, as one of the oldest pupils, to say a few words. The doctor was cordially received and said they should congratulate themselves on the centenary of their old School. He thought it was

a great occasion, and he contrasted the days of his early boyhood with the present days, and remarked that the boys were now very fortunate. He stated, in conclusion, that he was delighted that night to have met two daughters of his first teacher in the Infant School, Mr Thomas Russell. (Applause.)

Mrs M'KELVIE, Glasgow, an elderly lady, returned thanks for the very hearty way in which her father's name had been received by all.

Mr D. M. CARMENT, London, speaking for the more or less middle-aged pupils, next made a few remarks. He said his memory of that hall went back some forty years. Dr Barrack was then rector, and only Mr Malcolm of that staff was with them that night. Continuing, he remarked that Wellington had said Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, but for the war just ended he thought they could justly claim that part of the victory was won on the playing fields of Dollar. (Applause.)

Mr H. C. SLOAN, C.A., Glasgow, spoke for the younger generation, and he took the opportunity of bringing before the boys the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club and also the Edinburgh Club. Those clubs, he said, did a great deal to keep the interest in the old School alive amongst the boys who happened to settle in either district.

During the evening a most enjoyable musical programme was carried through under the able directorship of Mr Allsopp.

The following contributed :—Misses Dougall, Jean Philp, Mima Wilson, Elise Bass, Isa Henderson, and Messrs C. R. Dougall, R. M'Innes, Tom Galloway, Kenneth Dawson, and Allan Watson.

The proceedings throughout were of a most enjoyable nature, and during the evening many friendships of years gone by were happily renewed, and many were the surprise meetings witnessed. The singing of the National Anthem concluded a long-to-be-remembered function.

At an interval in the programme a very enjoyable service of tea was handed round by a number of the boys, and much appreciated.

CENTENARY ADDRESS.

At the annual distribution of prizes on Friday, at 10 A.M., Professor Scott Lang presiding—

The HEADMASTER, at the outset of the proceedings, read a number of telegrams and letters from former pupils, all of whom expressed regret at inability to attend that historic function, and expressed the sincere hope that the outstanding successes of the past would be even more than maintained in the future of the School. Those read included a cable from a number of boys presently stationed in the Argentine, from Buenos Aires, and letters from Professor Matthew Hay, Aberdeen University, who was a student of Dollar fifty years ago ; General Carnegie, Indian Army ;

Sir James Dewar, who also enclosed a cheque for £100; Major Harry Gardner, D.S.O.; Professor Hector Hetherington, Cardiff University (son of Mr T. Hetherington, Tillicoultry); the Hon. Alexander Izatt, Balliliesk; Colonel Alfred Johnston, who was the first international Rugby footballer trained in Dollar Academy; Sir Robert Cranston, ex-Lord Provost of Edinburgh; Sir Frank Swetenham; Sir William Raeburn; Miss Watt, the oldest surviving ex-teacher of the Academy, who served fifty-seven years ago; Mr E. McArthur Moir; Sir Robert Maule, Edinburgh; also from a former pupil, who wished to remain anonymous, wishing to erect a shield in the hall emblazoned with the new School crest; and from Major Glyn, M.C., M.P., who also expressed his desire to donate a silver drinking cup, to be the property for the year of the boy most proficient in the O.T.C. and in sports.

Each announcement was received with vociferous applause by the pupils.

The CHAIRMAN then said: We are accustomed at the annual distribution of prizes to have one to give us an address, and we have been fortunate in past years in having many distinguished former pupils obliging us in this way. On this very special occasion—the occasion of our centenary celebration—we have the great privilege of having with us one of our most distinguished former pupils, Mr Constable, K.C.—(cheers)—Sheriff of Caithness, Orkney, and Shetland. I know he has come here at great personal trouble, and in that way we are indebted to him all the more. (Applause.)

Mr CONSTABLE, who was received with vociferous and prolonged cheering, said: To-day Dollar Academy celebrates the hundredth anniversary of its foundation. As you are aware, the event actually occurred last year, because it was on 22nd June 1818 that Lord Chancellor Eldon ordained Captain John McNabb's bequest to be put at the disposal of the ministers and elders of the Parish of Dollar. But last year the sombre shadow of war which overhung the land forbade anything in the nature of a public commemoration. Now, by the grace of God, and the indomitable courage of our Navy and Army, the shadow has been lifted; and we, children of the past and present whom Dollar Academy has nurtured, are free to salute our foster-mother, to wish her prosperity, and to rejoice that in a green old age she still retains the abounding vigour of perennial youth. Now, I am not going to try your patience with a long historical retrospect. But there are some men whose services to the School have been so pre-eminent, that they ought to be specially honoured in our thoughts to-day. In the first place, there is John McNabb, to whose munificence Dollar Academy owes its birth—a most remarkable man in many ways, and an abiding example of the rare virtue of not only being able to amass great

wealth, but to use it wisely for the benefit of future generations. I do not suppose that he ever handled a cricket bat or kicked a football; but he was assuredly the greatest Captain that Dollar has ever produced. (Applause.) In outward appearance only a weather-beaten old skipper, but a big man withal, with broad views and a large heart—one of those men who, without the slightest ostentation, have done infinitely greater service to humanity than thousands of familiar names which flicker across the pages of political and military history. Next in the picture come Mr Crauford Tait of Harviestoun and Dr Andrew Mylne, that irascible but able and resolute clergyman and educationist, who, between them, after much opposition and many struggles, laid well and truly not only the physical foundations of the Academy, but the foundations of the educational system which enabled it to flourish. After Dr Andrew Mylne, who was the first Principal, there came at very long intervals (because the office of Principal has always proved a very healthy one) a succession of eminent men who presided over the fortunes of the School—Dr John Milne, Dr Barrack, and Dr Thom; and that brings me to the present esteemed head, upon whose shoulders has fallen the burden of guiding the destinies of the School through exceptionally difficult times. Nor should we forget the unstinted service which has been given by Professor Scott Lang as Chairman of the Governors for the last fifteen years. On such an occasion as this, it is fitting that we should pay a warm tribute to all these men, to their many colleagues and assistants, memories of whom we cherish, and to the successive Trustees and Governors who have given much time and disinterested labour to the welfare of the School. These are the men who have truly created and maintained the Academy, and have made the School what it is to-day. (Applause.) After referring to the manner in which the traditions of the School had been maintained, Mr Constable went on to say: But there is another and fiercer test of the old tradition—whether men are prepared not only to live for it, but if need be to die for it. And that test has been applied with pitiless rigour in the call which for the last four years the World War has made on the manhood of the nation. How has the Dollar tradition stood that test? Figures are more eloquent than words. As the Principal has told us to-day, 153 men—practically a whole generation of the boys in the Intermediate and Senior Departments—have made the supreme sacrifice for King and country. They counted danger cheap because they reckoned honour dear. With mingled pride and sorrow we remember to-day the heroes who showed that they knew how to play the game even unto death. Their names and their deeds will remain imperishable as the greatest and most glorious possession of the School. Appealing to the former pupils present to do all they

could to further the interests of the School, Mr Constable said none of his relations had reached the age of a hundred, and if they had he would not have known what gift would be suitable for the occasion. Ladies of that age, as a rule, required little. This particular old lady (the Academy) was ever in need of more. The first addition to the original building was the hall in which they were met; then the gymnasium and the science laboratories; and the *Dollar Magazine*, which reminds the present pupils of the Academy of the honours gained in the past, and keeps F.P.'s informed of her activities. Now this skittish old dame had taken it into her head that she needed a cricket field. He was glad to be able to announce that the cricket field was now the property of the School, and after procuring it there was a balance over of £2,500. (Cheers.) There is still a magnificent opportunity for some loyal son of Dollar to share Captain M'Nabb's title to immortality by completing the educational endowment which Captain M'Nabb founded, and meeting the needs of modern educational requirements.

We live in strange and troublous times, when the very foundations of society, as we used to know it, seem to be crumbling. The old order is changing—a spirit of unrest permeates every rank of society. Schemes of reconstruction, social, political, educational, are in the air. What the new order will be no one knows. But this we know, that in the stress and storm which the conflict between these new forces and the old order will inevitably create, many old landmarks will be submerged, and we shall have the most urgent need to preserve, as far as may be, the beacons that have guided us in the past. In every period of social upheaval the leaders of new opinions and new forces, fondly imagining that they have discovered a new way to create a new heaven and a new earth, are prone to condemn and disregard the ideals and the teachings of the past. In such times the ideals and traditions of public service, which have been created and handed down by our old public schools, become of special and even vital importance. And to Dollar, as one of the best types of public schools, we look to maintain the old ideals in the midst of new conditions. We look to her to hold aloft the torch of true learning, of high endeavour and noble achievement, of patriotic duty and public service. And so to-day we wish the old School God-speed in her mission. We know that in doing so we voice the feelings of thousands who have passed through her portals, and bear the impress of her tradition. They are with us in spirit to-day. And in their name, and for ourselves, we say, “Long live Dollar; God bless her; long may she pursue her beneficent career; and may future generations echo the tribute of gratitude which we lay at her feet to-day.” (Loud applause.)

OPEN-AIR DISPLAY.

An adjournment was then made to the lawn of the hockey pitch, where an excellent programme of dancing, choral singing, orchestral interludes, and gymnastics was admirably carried through by the pupils under their various instructors.

Miss R. M. Millar, the girls' physical instructress, had arranged a very pleasingly-varied programme of picturesque dances by several of her pupils, and the manner in which they were carried through reflected much credit on the instructress. The girls who took part varied in age from the youngest to the most senior, yet each and all gave of their best to the delight of all present. The items rendered included "Haymaker," "Up Tails All," "Petronella," "Goddesses," "Mountain March," "Dargason," and "Weaving." The success of each item was greatly enhanced by the musical accompaniment of the orchestra, under Mr Allsopp, which also earned the hearty applause of all present by their fine rendition of the following numbers: "La Caprice de Nanette" and "Demande et Repousse," by Coleridge Taylor.

The vocal items were under the able leadership of Mr Allsopp, and the pieces submitted testified to the efficiency and thoroughness of the musical tuition. The voices were very sweetly balanced, and although there were occasions when the importance of the function seemed to affect some of the performers, there was a tunefulness and rhythm about most of the numbers which would be hard to surpass. The exhibition in this respect reflected the greatest credit on Mr Allsopp.

The gymnastic display is always a part of the annual exhibitions of the Academy, at which many of the general public look forward to seeing astonishing performances, and on this occasion they were not disappointed. There is probably no more popular master with the boys than Mr T. B. Watson, the physical instructor, and this is readily understood when his handling of the boys is witnessed. There is no doubt whatever that, under his charge, the most is got out of each boy, and there is an interest and enthusiasm infused into the work which makes the most difficult and irksome task easily overcome. The Swedish drill and the exercises carried out on the vaulting horse were greatly appreciated, and brought forth round after round of applause. Run as a sort of "side show" was a boxing exhibition, and six bouts were fought. The display served up was highly creditable to all concerned, and demonstrated the fact that "the manly art" was not overlooked in the boys' training.

THE LUNCHEON.

A luncheon was held in the Gymnasium of the School in the afternoon, and was largely attended. Professor Scott Lang presided.

The toast-list was opened with the toast of "The King," proposed by the CHAIRMAN. In doing so, Professor Scott Lang said that toast was usually given simply as a matter of form, but he was sure it was not the case that day. They gave the toast in recognition of the great debt the nation and the Empire owed to the King, in gratitude for the great services he had rendered, and in warm appreciation of his character.

The toast was enthusiastically pledged to the singing of the National Anthem, led by Mr John M'Gruther.

The "Imperial Forces" was given by Mr JOHN HOGBEN, Portobello, who referred to the excellent work of every arm of the Services during the past years of battle and strife. With regard to the Fleet, he remarked that it had often been said that they—like an Irishman he told of—had been kept simply "busy waiting." While they would all agree that the Grand Fleet had been kept for the most part "busy waiting" the coming out of the enemy fleet to give battle in a tangible and decisive manner—though their wait was in vain—they should not forget that ever and always there were hidden dangers and the perilous activities in all quarters. He also spoke of the work and the incessant vigil of the mine-sweepers, and of the gallant trawlers, but for whose vigilance our trade routes could not have been kept open, or the various theatres of war supplied with man-power. (Applause.) The Army, whether regular, territorial, volunteer, or called-up men, had worked miracles, while for the Air Force too much could not be said for the great part it had played in such a glorious victory. In conclusion, he remarked that it was difficult to foresee what was before them, but he was sure they could rest assured that whatever that might be, the Imperial Forces would do their duty as they had performed it in the past. (Applause.) The toast was enthusiastically pledged.

Lieut.-Colonel D. WALLACE, R.A.M.C., C.M.G., C.B.E., replied to the toast. He said the Imperial Forces were a very small body in pre-war days, but they all knew how enormously they had grown in the past four and a half years. Sometimes they forgot that the increase had not been wholly in connection with the Navy and Army. They had auxiliary forces, and he reminded them of the splendid work of those fishermen who manned the trawlers and drifters, and the men of the Mercantile Marine. There were also the services the carrying out of which had been solely the work of our women folks. In this connection he mentioned the W.R.E.N.S., W.A.A.C., W.R.A.F., and the V.A.D., all of which had done work which it was hard to estimate. He also referred to the efforts of scientists, to whose research was due the very small percentage of infectious disease in the forces in all theatres of war.

Dr MORISON, London, proposed the memory of John M'Nabb,



"MERCHANT OF VENICE"



"MERCHANT OF VENICE"

and said he esteemed it a great privilege that he should have been asked to do so. John M'Nabb, like many of the greatest men of our Empire, was a man of humble origin, who had risen to a distinguished position through his own intelligence and dogged industry in what Mr Gladstone called the honourable commerce of the country. Feeling his own handicap through a curtailed and neglected education, he had made up his mind that he would do something for the future generation of his own native Dollar. They could picture that man, in his unobtrusive manner, returning to the scene of his boyhood, unrecognised by any, yet with his mind made up as to what he was going to do. He died some two years later, and left a considerable portion of a very large fortune for the future benefit of the children of the village. The whole story was one which must make every Dollar boy feel the utmost pride in John M'Nabb as the founder of their School. It was the spirit of such as John M'Nabb which had inspired the founding of several of our greatest schools to-day. The greatness of the Dollar of the present day was that it was open to all classes and all sexes. The majority of schools were confined to boys and not for girls too. Such schools were limited in their usefulness, for, he contended, we now lived in an age when the education of a girl was as important as that of a boy; and he felt sure that Dollar, conducted on these broad lines, had a great future in store for it. (Applause.) He then referred to the improvements and conditions considered necessary to keep Dollar Academy in the front rank of the great schools, and remarked that in this connection there were opportunities for some of its former pupils showing their gratitude in a tangible manner. He was firmly convinced in his own mind that there was not, in Scotland or England, a school which, properly handled, should so fully represent all classes of the community, and in this respect it fully deserved the support which it now required. In conclusion, he again referred to the pleasure it afforded him to be there that day, and the honour he felt in being asked to propose "The Memory of John M'Nabb."

The toast was pledged in reverent silence.

Mr ALEX. WALLACE, W.S., Edinburgh, gave the toast of "Dollar Academy and Governing Body," in a very interesting and reminiscent speech. He recalled his connection with former masters of the School, and paid a high tribute to the disinterested services they rendered for the good of the pupils. He also referred to the School's position in athletics, and stated that he was a firm believer in the training of the body as well as the mind. He spoke in the highest terms of praise of the undying influence for good which was infused into the youthful character, and which never left him throughout his career. At Dollar pupils had always been taught

"to play the game," and they found to-day that there was not a corner throughout the world where a Dollar educated boy was not to be found, and where those qualities of high endeavour and upright dealing could not be traced. (Applause.) The speaker, in conclusion, referred to the work of the Board of Governors from its earliest days, and to the one object which seemed to permeate each member—the advancement of the School. He coupled with the toast the name of Professor Scott Lang.

Professor SCOTT LANG, in reply, thanked Mr Wallace for the good wishes he had expressed for the continued prosperity of the School governing body. He was sure all the Governors were of the opinion that the success of the School was much more due to the admirable efforts of the staff than to any of their own endeavours. The Governors, however, he remarked, had the appointing of the staff, and to this extent they were no doubt entitled to take some of the credit for what had been accomplished. To him one of the tests of the quality of a school was the attitude of the pupils after they had left it. If former pupils retained feelings of love and affection for their school, he thought one was safe in concluding that school must have been a good one. And in the case of the F.P.'s of Dollar he was sure it would be difficult to find former pupils who stuck so closely to and took such an interest in the welfare of their old school. (Applause.) He was sure, he said in conclusion, that the Governors and the staff would feel greatly encouraged and inspired by the attitude of their former pupils. (Applause.)

Dr J. MALCOLM FARQUHARSON, Edinburgh, proposed the toast of the Burgh of Dollar in a racy and reminiscent speech. He retold some of the exploits of his schooldays connected with the burgh, and stated that even though Dollar had not been the birthplace of John M'Nabb, it would have been a place of renown both on account of its rare natural beauties and its happy knack of selecting officials who had been happily wedded to the function of municipal government. (Applause.) Dollar had now been a burgh for thirty years, and since then much had been done for the improvement of the town, which now made it one of the best in Scotland. (Applause.) He referred to several of its leaders, and spoke of the distinction it now held of being the first burgh to elect a lady councillor and a lady provost. It was further unique that in that position the wife had followed the footsteps of her husband, Mr Malcolm also being an ex-provost. (Applause.) He spoke of the excellent work of Mr Malcolm as a master of the School, and of Mrs Malcolm, whose charming and tactful manner had endeared her to all. The toast, coupled with the name of Mrs Malcolm, was enthusiastically pledged.

Mrs MALCOLM, in reply, in the name of the burgh of Dollar, thanked Dr Farquharson for the eloquent manner in which he had

proposed the toast and those present for the enthusiasm they had shown in endorsing the doctor's sentiments. The Academy and the town, she said, had been happily associated ever since the former had known Dollar, and never more so than at this time. It could not be otherwise, as they were so closely knit together. She knew the townsfolk felt a great and justifiable pride in the fact that they had an Academy of such distinction and such a glorious history in their midst. (Applause.) The prosperity of the one really meant the prosperity of the other, and she felt they must make it their endeavour to make their beautiful little town as sanitary and attractive as they possibly could. By so doing they would fulfil the condition their motto so ably described, *Litterarum sedes Amœna*, "a pleasant seat of learning." (Applause.)

The concluding toast was proposed by Major SIMPSON of Mawcarse and Aberdona, and was "The Teaching Staff of Dollar Academy." Speaking as one of the Governors he could say of the present staff that it was in a most competent and efficient state. (Applause.) In every department the teachers, he was sure, had only two objects, namely, to keep up the high tradition of the School, and to instil into the minds of the pupils under their care a good, sound, thorough, and useful education. (Hear, hear.) He referred to the loyal and praiseworthy services of the oldest members of the staff, Mr Lauder and Mr Annand, who had been with them for over thirty years, and passed on to speak of the prominent part in athletics which the School at present occupied, and had always held. He also spoke of the patriotism of the teachers as instanced by the number who wanted and tried hard to volunteer in 1914, and also alluded to the long and honourable service of Mr Malcolm, now a Governor, as a teacher, who had done much for the good name of the School. He coupled the name of Mr Dougall, their present rector, with the toast. Mr Dougall joined them in 1902, and since then had done most valuable work. He was a recognised educationist throughout Scotland, and his literary ability was known far beyond the confines of the county. (Applause.) In the past, said Major Simpson in conclusion, the School had many famous rectors and members of the staff, but he had no hesitation in saying that the present rector and staff would compare more than favourably with any of its predecessors. (Applause.)

Three rousing cheers were given for Mr Dougall and the staff after the toast was pledged.

Mr DOUGALL, before replying, intimated telegrams of congratulation on the attainment of the centenary of the School and apologies for unavoidable absence from Major Glyn, M.C., M.P., and Mr Samuel Pitt. Continuing, he returned sincere thanks for the manner in which the toast had been proposed by Major Simpson

and responded to by all present. From the very first appointment made—on 26th October 1818, when Mr James Walker was selected to open the School in the house then called the New Inn—down to the present day, he thought the greatest care had been exercised in choosing men who would maintain the high honour in which Dollar Academy had been held practically ever since its inception. Various famous former masters of Dollar Academy had been mentioned that day, but he was afraid some of the Principals of the Academy—as they were at one time known—had not so much to do with the success of the School as some of their subordinates. He had been reading over an old minute book in which were recorded complaints which had been received from masters that Dr Andrew Mylne had called and interfered with the work. (Laughter.) But these men, he remarked, could well be left to perform their work themselves. They had men like Mr William Tennent who was prepared to teach any Oriental language, and who was afterwards professor at St Andrews. They had Dr Lindsay, one of the greatest mathematicians Scotland had produced. Sir David Gill had stated that he owed all his success to the initial training of Dr Lindsay, while Sir James Dewar had made the same remark more than once. There were men like Dr Clyde, modern languages master, father of the present Lord Advocate, and all down through the different ages there had been famous men who had not only known their work but had been willing to give of their best in order to further the welfare of the School. (Applause.) That was the one difference between Dollar Academy and some of the schools he had known and taught in. Here it was necessary for the members of the staff to do just a little more than their duty. If Dollar Academy was keeping its place in the educational world of Scotland it was because there were a considerable number of the members of its staff at the present day who were willing to do something more than their mere duty. (Applause.) He illustrated this by stating that in connection with the O.T.C. there were three members of the staff who devoted hours per week of their own time to the work of training the boys. Speaking of the patriotism of the staff when war broke out Mr Dougall stated that there was not one member who was declared fit and who did not wish to go. Many of the teachers had even gone behind his back to appeal to the War Office to get off, until they were told that they were performing as useful work in the positions they held as they could do in the field. (Applause.) They each and all gave of their best.

The function was brought to a close with cheers for the Chairman, and the singing of the National Anthem.

A delightful CENTENARY DANCE in the evening brought the rejoicings to a close.