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ARTHUR J. P. BEVERIDGE, M.B., C.M.

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Arthur J. P. Beveridge, M.B., C.M.

FOR frontispiece this number we have much pleasure in presenting our readers with an excellent portrait of Dr Beveridge, a gentleman who fills a most important place in the life of Dollar and immediate neighbourhood. Born at Wellow, Nottinghamshire, he received his early education at Kensington School, London, and his professional training at the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated M.B., C.M. From there he entered upon his professional career, which has been marked by an extensive, a varied, and valuable experience. His first appointment was as Resident First Assistant Medical Officer in Central London Sick Asylums, a post which is usually looked upon as a stepping-stone to higher things. From London he went to the parish of Assynt in Sutherlandshire, as medical officer and public vaccinator, duties which extended over a wide expanse of country, and which only one in vigorous health could have undertaken and discharged at a time when motor cars and bicycles were little known. Here he remained from 1890-94, when a more lucrative post lured him to India as Medical Officer of Health and Sanitation to S. Coorg, where he remained for six years. In 1900 he was chosen District Medical Officer and Medical Officer of Health to the subdivision of Mangaldai, Assam, and while there he held also the appointment of Pathologist for that district to the Government of Eastern Bengal and Assam. In 1906 he returned to England and went into general practice in the East of London, where he held the appointment of District Medical Officer for the parish of Bethnal Green until 1910, when he came to Dollar in partnership with his father-in-law, Dr Strachan.

In public life the doctor has, without ostentation, taken an active share in promoting every undertaking which he thought would be beneficial either to the country or to Dollar. He took a leading part in the V.A.D. of the British Red Cross Society by superintending the training of the members in First Aid and Home Nursing. By his lectures in this connection he succeeded in imparting his own

knowledge to others in clear, simple, straightforward terms, making no pretence to depth or originality, but aiming only at benefiting and equipping for action those who had come for instruction at his hands. And very gratifying must it be to him to have his patriotic service fully recognised at headquarters as the following appreciation proves :—

“THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY
TO
ARTHUR BEVERIDGE.

“It is a sincere pleasure to me to learn that at a meeting of the Council of the British Red Cross Society, held at St James's Palace, your name has been inscribed upon the Roll of Honourable Service.

“I cordially congratulate you upon your good work, and gratefully thank you for your services in connection with the Cause which I have so much at heart.

(Signed) “ALEXANDRA.

“1st April 1920.”

We add our congratulations.

As a member of the Nursing Association he exerted his influence in favour of securing a fully qualified nurse, who now carries on in a quiet, unobtrusive way a most beneficent work in our midst—a work which has for its object the social well-being of the whole community. He is now a member of the Town Council, and fittingly represents it on the County Combination Fever Hospital.

Dr Beveridge is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine, London, and a Member of the Obstetrical and Harveian Societies, Edinburgh. It only remains to say that he is now recognised as a medical man of outstanding ability, of untiring energy and devotion to duty. To his patients he is as much a friend as a physician. May he be long spared among us to practise his kindly art of healing !

Reply to “I Wonder.”

(*Dollar Magazine, March 1920.*)

You wonder what is happening
On the battlefields of France ?
Desolation and destruction
Are on every side you glance.

Six grass-grown tanks are squatting
In the shell holes on Hooqe Height ;
And the "dumps"—you scarce can count them—
They seem never out of sight.

The pheasant crows on Kemmel,
Larks carol on the Somme ;
But my ears were always listening
For the crashing of a bomb.

Arras, Albert, Bailleul, Souchez,
Ypres, La Bassée, "Armentears,"
Are a fraction of the cities
One can't rebuild for years.

The front's still closely guarded,
Serried ranks we always see,
Of the crosses to the heroes
Who died for you and me.

ANON.

Northern Russia.

THE Archangel Front included such a vast area of country that marching was, as a rule, the least practicable method of moving about it. Only on one occasion had I the excuse and the opportunity for a tramp of any length, and this, though it extended considerably beyond my anticipations, and demanded more energy than in those busy days I could well afford, proved one of my most interesting experiences in that fascinating and unhappy country.

Having spent a rather exhausting day, mostly on horseback in the blazing sun, about our forward positions in front of Troitsa on the Dvina, I heard that a tug was likely to leave for Beresnik, my next objective, during the evening. Beresnik was some miles down stream, and was at that time occupied by General Headquarters. I hurried on board about eight o'clock, selected a clear piece of deck whereon to lay my sleeping-bag, and waited—sometimes trying to doze, sometimes watching the scene of ceaseless activity presented by that unresting beach all through the hours of cool and pallid night—until three o'clock in the morning. Only then were we ready to cast off. With the sun already blazing on the polished blue surface of the river, and shining with silver radiance on the skin of the observation balloon which had her station in the air above Troitsa, we set out on our voyage, towing a barge-load of prisoners and salvage. On board there were several British

officers besides myself, and we picnicked happily together on the sun-scorched deck, making tea with water always boiling in the ship's "samovar," and eating our bully beef with enjoyment. The necessity for taking on more fuel caused a fresh delay before the day was very old. Wood is in North Russia the universal fuel for domestic and commercial purposes alike, and river trips gained in interest what they lost in rapidity by the frequent stoppages for "wooding." Lengthy stacks of beautifully cut billets scattered at close intervals along the banks of the Dvina serve the steamers for replenishment, and the ceremony of fuelling, so unpleasant on coal-burning steamers, is on the Dvina associated with charming forest scenery, the pungent smell of sawn pine-wood, and general good humour. Our skipper seemed less inclined to hurry than even Dvina skippers generally were, and his increasing pessimism regarding the state of the channel lower down seemed to indicate that he hardly dared hope to finish the trip before the autumn rains! At this time—July—the continued drought had caused the shallow Dvina to shrink so low that a great proportion of our river transport was useless, being unable to cross the various sandbars. This fact added enormously to the difficulties of the campaign; possibly some rumour of it reached the public at home.

DELAY ON THE DVINA.

Towards noon—a breathless, blue-and-brazen noon, the vast radiant sky reflected from leagues of unrippled water—we came in sight of a fleet of tugs and barges, either aground or else anchored as a precaution. After a colloquy with others of his fraternity, our skipper announced that the channel for which he had been heading was impassable, and that he proposed to try the one on the other side of a large island which here occupied the middle of the river. This entailed steaming up-stream for miles to the vicinity of a village called Pless and, half dazed with the heat and glare on the unsheltered deck, we resigned ourselves to this further loss of time.

At Pless—while a blue-black thundercloud piled its menace into the vast sky—a spirit of inertia entered into the ship's company. Apparently deciding that fate was against them, the skipper and crew moored the tug to the baking beach and disappeared into the village that straggled along the summit of the shingly cliff above.

Now, I was really anxious to be back at my work at Beresnik, and this Russian procrastination or fatalism exhausted my scanty British patience, so that I determined to be bold and independent. My sleeping-bag and eating-gear—the usual luggage for these Dvina trips—were in an ordinary Tommy's kit-bag; with them I ruthlessly packed my tunic, and asking a fellow-voyager to leave

the lot in the hands of the Embarkation Staff Officer at Beresnik—if ever he reached the place—I set off to walk. My luggage was a revolver, though as a passport to the goodwill of strangers a Webley always seems to fall short in geniality. The great cloud, towering now from the tree tops of the forest horizon to the zenith, presently resolved itself tamely enough in a brief shower, and its legacy of haze served to veil the sun during his most tyrannic hours. As it was, even with shirt sleeves rolled above the elbow, I was desperately hot.

PEASANTS AND THEIR PASTIMES.

For the first few miles the road of hard rutted mud, patched here and there with rough fir poles, led me through village after village, separated only by a field or two where barley, rye, potatoes, and onions were growing. These villages were so astonishingly alike in general features that for all my steady tramping I seemed to be ever in the same quiet street, plodding past the same sharp gable-ends, the same wells, the same neat piles of fuel stacked against the houses, the same sleighs stored under the shelter of wide curved eaves. Russian village houses do not face the street, but present to it a gable adorned sometimes with crude painting—perhaps a brace of animals which might have escaped from the College of Heraldry, or a huge nosegay. Of course, everything is of wood—churches, houses, fences, carts, and sleighs.

Groups of peasants, the men patriarchally bearded and in coloured blouses or "rubashkas," the women glowing in cottons of all the brightest and most vivid hues, sat staring as I passed. One splendid old forefather uttered an exclamation of childish wonder or envy as he pointed to my wrist watch.

Passing through these villages on foot, one observed details missed while steaming up and down the highway of the river. Tiny pictures in black paint on some of the gable-ends drew my attention—silhouettes of axes, ladders, buckets, horses. In case of a fire, it seems, each house is responsible for some component essential of the fire-fighting equipment, as advertised by the particular picture on its wall. Thus the fire brigade would rally complete with all appliances; or, if not, the community would know whom to blame for the lack of any item.

The most popular village game was a form of skittles, tiny logs being set upon end to be knocked over by a missile like a rolling-pin thrown from some twenty or thirty feet. Russian boys and soldiers never tired of this rather tame sport. The swing was also popular, but in this country the plank forming the seat moves longitudinally instead of broadsideways. As many as half a dozen

burly soldiers might be seen enjoying the thrill together. Another favourite amusement was the see-saw, again with a difference, the Russian practice being to stand on the plank and so be shot several feet into the air each time the opposite end hits the ground. Children and adults are alike in their fondness for this pastime, and I never saw a more serious accident than the cracking of an over-tried plank.

A ROMANTIC MEAL.

A charming atmosphere of rural peace hung about those villages as I passed through them. With the approach of evening the sun came out and his calm rays shining beneath a dun and golden fringe of cloud lit up and magnified the great white and green churches that rose above the dark roofs of every village and dominated the level leagues of river, meadow, and forest. Children were driving home the cattle, sturdy women strode by the side of little carts, so piled with new-cut grass that the energetic pony between the shafts was well-nigh hidden. Merry-faced girls, wearing the be-ribboned pigtail that is the token of spinsterhood in these parts, sat carelessly astride long-maned ponies, and raced one another homewards. The priest, with his beard and flowing locks, his long robe and curly-brimmed, sober-tinted straw hat, sat on the green bank beneath his stately church, and chatted with the peasants—sparing a courtly bow to the hot foreigner tramping past. Women dressed like the flowers of the field for brilliance drew water from the deep, cold wells, or carried on a yoke a pair of brimming buckets.

I was very hungry and thirsty, and the information I collected from time to time as to the distance of my goal seemed to suggest that the versts were elastic. A kind-faced woman passing with a pony, handed me with a friendly word the green top of an onion, which only served to whet my appetite. Through the windows of many of the houses family parties were visible, gathered round the samovar. This was tantalising for a thirsty wayfarer, and presently I stopped and said jointly to a clean-looking woman about to enter a tidy-painted house and to a man at the window, "Chai, pazhalst." Now, observation and experience had taught the Relief Force that those sounds are understood to mean, "Tea, if you please." My invitation and welcome was instant and warm. I was shown upstairs into the big living room, and a place made for me at the table. Round it sat representatives of several generations, from the grey-bearded ancient to the clamorous infant. In its centre stood the tall, polished, steaming samovar, and a big bowl full of a syrupy liquid in which berries were floating. The choice of white or brown

rye bread was given me, and a wooden spoon wherewith to dip in the common bowl. Each member of the party was similarly armed, and transferred the fruit direct from the basin to the mouth, not without moist noises signifying relish, particularly on the part of the infant. The berries were of a kind common in Russia, and known to hill-climbers in Scotland as cloudbberries. After my third dip my hostess produced a separate little basin of berries for me, together with a saucer full of sugar. Conversation was difficult but we seemed to enjoy one another's company, and I found the cloudbberries, the tea, the white and rye bread a pleasant and romantic meal. My entertainers would not hear of payment, and I left feeling that I had friends in that far village on the Dvina. Make his acquaintance like this and you will think the Russian peasant a survivor of the Golden Age, simple, kindly, and hospitable. Ossinova was the village I was making for. Beresnik was on the opposite side of the river, but I counted on my luck to provide a ferry of some sort.

THROUGH FIELD AND FOREST.

Thinking it just possible that the steamer might attempt the channel after all, I left the road when it turned inland, and took to the fields, walking along the brink of the red clay cliff that fell twenty perpendicular feet into deep water where the current ran on my side of the river. As I might have expected, the flies were appalling in these meadows, where field flowers—cranesbills, marguerites, cornflowers, meadowsweet, buttercups, coltsfoot—grew in beautiful profusion. The particular pest was neither the mosquito nor the big tiger-striped, jewel-eyed bulldog fly which had terrorised us a few weeks earlier, but a tiny filmy-winged, black-bodied sort of midge. In his thousands he floated around me, drifting into my eyes, my ears, my nose, ticking my hands, my face, my neck. To sit down to rest and cool was impossible—that way madness lay! There was nothing for it but to press on, waving a handkerchief tied to my stick as a fly-switch.

The landscape at sunset was superb, though almost oppressive in its lonely immensity. There are no hills in North Russia to curtail the prospect or to take your eyes from the height and profundity of the sky. Endless miles of golden shining water, green grass land, and dark forest stretched beneath a motionless confusion of sombre, fire-fringed clouds; and as far as the eye could see, strung out to the remote horizon, stood up one white church after another, sharp against the remoter sky.

There was no sign of any steamer on the wide river, and at length I rejoined the road, and following its windings presently

found myself in the forest. Before turning my back on the last of the houses, however, I begged a drink of delicious water from a woman who was troubled because I declined the substitution of milk. A man leaning from a window, to whom I had first appealed, understood neither my words nor my gestures, but arrived at the conclusion that I was seeking sympathy for toothache.

The silence and loneliness of the forest were intense and palpable. On the right hand and on the left there was no sound save a stealthy creaking caused by the slow settling, as they cooled in the night air, of stacks of lately cut wood. Luckily, for some reason, the flies beneath these tall trees were very few. A couple of droshkies passed me, going, of course, in the wrong direction. The information gained from the occupants made it clear that I should have to walk seven or eight versts more than I had wound myself up to cover, making the tramp upwards of twenty-five miles, which the warmth and heavy going seemed to multiply. All through that interminable forest the road was deep in sand, deeper with every mile. A village through which I trudged at last before reaching Ossinova remains in my mind as a sort of nightmare town. The forest hemmed it close about, and the cramped clearing where it stood had no verdure, but was little else than a sandbank. I laboured between the sloping houses ankle deep; they were built upon drifts of sand; billows of it hung ready to sweep on and smother life as well as sound and movement. . . . Probably, seen by daylight and by eyes less weary, that village would have left a totally different impression. But I shall always think of it as a dreadful, choked, and choking place.

THE END OF THE WALK.

It was after 11 o'clock when I dragged my weary steps into Ossinova, with the lights of Beresnik still a mile or two away across the river meadows and the Dvina dazzling in my eyes. A couple of British subalterns returning to their billet urged me to share it with them for the night, but I had reached that stage of fatigue when one refuses to contemplate a halt before the journey's ultimate goal is reached; still trusting in tramp's luck, I trudged on across the meadows, pushed my way through the dew-wet, insect-haunted fringe of willows, and scrambled down on to the beach.

Beresnik looked very near now, and my luck held, for almost at once I heard rowlocks, and saw the dark blot of a boat upon the water. My anxious hail was answered. In another minute I was sitting in the stern sheets of a gig rowed by two sturdy naval ratings, who were cruising thus late on an expedition of combined

duty and pleasure, having by chance discovered and thereafter towed ashore a flotsam corpse.

Tired as I was, I thought it up to me to let the embarkation staff know their steamer's plight, and perhaps to make my little boast. And what do you think were the first words of the officer on duty when I appeared inside his little cabin on the barge that formed the quay at Beresnik? "Hullo, I've got a kit-bag here for you. A fellow asked me to keep it till you called."

The tug had beaten me by an hour, but I could not regret the hard labour of my walk.

W. KERSLEY HOLMES.

(By permission of *Scotsman*.)

Literary Gleanings.

I.

LAMB, CHARLES NODIER, AND FANNY KELLY.

READERS familiar with the literature of French and English romanticism must occasionally have noticed points of similarity between the work of Nodier and that of Charles Lamb, but no one seems to have recorded the fact that in one instance at least—the acting of Fanny Kelly—these two writers found a common theme and vied with each other in the enthusiasm of their tributes. The records of Lamb's devotion, of course, are well known, and stretch over a series of years. Nodier's appreciation dates from 1821, and is to be found in his "Promenade from Dieppe to the Mountains of Scotland," of which the English translation (Edinburgh: Blackwood; London: T. Cadell) appeared a year later.

In the early summer of 1821, Nodier, travelling in company with Baron Taylor, passed through London on his way to the Scottish Highlands, and devotes four chapters of his short journal to his impressions of the metropolis. While commenting on the fact that the London stage "lives at present on almost literal translations from the French, German, or Italian," the writer seems to have carried away two chief recollections from his round of the London theatres—one, in the main unpleasant, of the novel brilliance of gas illumination, with its attendant drawbacks of a heavy atmosphere and the danger of asphyxiation or of fire; and the other, that of unmixed admiration for the acting of Miss Kelly.

"As it is my wish," he writes (English edition, p. 41), "in this work to describe my sensations—and I experienced one extremely lively which I would not forget—I shall remind the reader that I promised to speak of a theatre which is neither the Opera . . . ; nor

Covent Garden, where the profound and pathetic acting of Macready, and the comic powers of Farren, so natural and so keen, can sufficiently recommend themselves; nor the Surr[e]ly theatre, the favourite temple of the Melodrama, where our own superb Melpomene might occasionally be very happy to recruit for performers:—the theatre I mean is the English Opera House; and though I suppose it has nothing to envy in the vogue and reputation of the others, I feel I shall have given too feeble an idea of it if I did not hasten to name Miss Kelly. It is absolutely necessary to have seen Miss Kelly in order to comprehend fully the whole extent of an admirable intelligence, seconded by an admirable organisation. Miss Kelly is not only an actress of the most perfect tone and of the most exquisite taste; she is the very personage she represents, or rather it is the embodied idea of the character which the author has attempted to paint. One might take a bet that all the given combinations of the human countenance would never produce a whole so intelligent and so striking as that of the features of Miss Kelly. Nevertheless their purity is not altered by that prodigious mobility of expression which lends itself to all the shades of thought. She can even give, it is said, at pleasure, the expression of indifference, and this is confirmed by some deplorable anecdotes. One of those unfortunate men whose despair, indeed, I could comprehend, but not his fury, fired a pistol at Miss Kelly when on the stage. If this frenzy were contagious among her admirers the stage would long since have been deprived of her talents.”

It is natural to compare with this Lamb's article in the *Examiner* for 4th July 1819, in which, as Mr Lucas truly says, bearing in mind the relationship then existing between the critic and the actress (Lamb was about to propose to Miss Kelly and to be rejected), “inspired dramatic criticism becomes a revelation charged with human interest.”

“But the *Princess of Mumpers* and *Lady Paramount* of beggarly counterfeit accents was *she* that played *Rachel*. Her gabbling lachrymose petitions, her tones, such as we have heard by the side of old woods when an irresistible face has come peeping on one on a sudden, with her full black locks and a *voice*—how shall we describe it?—a voice that was by Nature meant to convey nothing but truth and goodness, but warped by circumstance into an assurance that she is telling us a lie—that catching twitch of the thievish irreprovable finger—those ballad-singers' notes, so vulgar yet so unvulgar—that assurance, so like impudence and yet so many countless leagues removed from it—her jeers, which we had rather stand than be caressed with other ladies' compliments a summer's day long—her face, with a wild out-of-doors' grace upon it. . . .

'What a lass that were,' said a stranger who sat beside us, speaking of Miss Kelly as *Rachel*, 'to go a-gipseying through the world with.'" (Lucas, "Life of Charles Lamb," edition of 1905, ii. 14, 15).

Writing of this compass was out of Nodier's reach, even had the circumstances been different; yet that his impressions were lasting and able to survive the vicissitudes of travel is proved by the whimsical catalogue of "objects worthy of curiosity, surprise, and admiration," with which he rounds off his little volume—"Oxford, Canterbury, Durham, York, Alnwick, Edinburgh—Dunbarton Castle, Loch Kathrine, Ben Lomond—and Miss Kelly."

II.

SHAKESPEARE—THE ENGLISH ÆSCHYLUS.

The comparison between Æschylus and Shakespeare, habitual in many of Swinburne's most dithyrambic passages of criticism, occurs also not infrequently in the writings of some of his European contemporaries. Thus, for example, in Carducci, "Al Sonetto" (Rime nuove)—

"A l'Eschil poi, che su l'Avon rinacque,
Tu, peregrin con l'arte a strania arena,
Fosti d'arcan dolori arcan richiamo."

It is no doubt, directly or indirectly, from Victor Hugo that many of these writers borrow this particular suggestion. But the comparison was not new even in Hugo. It is to be found, *e.g.* (to exclude English critics for the moment from our consideration), in Charles Nodier's "Promenade de Dieppe aux Montagnes d'Ecosse" (1821). I quote from the English translation (Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1822):—

"I cast a last look on Shakespeare's Cliff, so admirably described in 'King Lear,' of which one of the excellent commentators on the English Eschylus [*sic*] says, that he never transported himself in imagination to the brink of the precipice without feeling, as he measured its frightful depth, a degree of giddiness" (*op. cit.*, p. 208).

Hazlitt, in his "Lectures on the English Poets" (1818), had remarked of Shakespeare that "he might be said to combine the powers of Æschylus and Aristophanes, of Dante and Rabelais, in his own mind"; and Ben Jonson had said much the same two centuries before. But this narrowing down of the comparison to one of the Greek dramatists, and to Æschylus in particular, is another matter. Can any reader of the *Dollar Magazine* furnish an earlier instance?

III.

ANSTRUTHER IN HISTORY AND LEGEND.

If the kingdom of Fife—as will be very generally allowed—has contributed an eminently large, vigorous, and picturesque element to Scottish history and civilisation, Anstruther, among towns of its size in the East Neuk, has had an outstanding share in that contribution. The names of Chalmers in divinity and ecclesiastical statesmanship and of Goodsir in anatomy would have alone sufficed to make it famous. But these by no means exhaust its record. Like the county of which it forms part, its history brings it into touch both with continental history and with European literature. Such associations give colour and relief to national and provincial annals, and it is surely a happy and striking coincidence by which this little grey burgh on the fringes of Fife comes into contact successively with Chaucer's laughing French world, with the militant Spain of Philip II., and with the literary revels of the Florentine Renaissance.

The first of these connections is recalled in the interesting note on "Scottish Dialect in Early English Literature," which Mr J. Logie Robertson ("Hugh Haliburton") contributes to *The Athenæum* of 16th April. The two sportive undergraduates in Chaucer's "Reeve's Tale" who play their tricks on the miller of Trumpington, and are revenged, in the familiar manner of the fabliau, for the (temporary) loss of their corn, hail from a town in the North, which there is every reason to identify with Anstruther:—

"John highte that oon, and Aleyn highte that oother;
Of o toun were they born, that highte Strother,
Fer in the North, I kan nat telle where."

Chaucer handles the northern dialect of his story with rather notable success, and puts at least one word into the mouth of his characters which should have a considerable interest for Dollar readers. This is "capul," meaning a horse.

"Why nadstow pit the capul in the lathe?
Il-hayl, by God, Aleyn, thou is a fonne,"

says John. According to Mr Logie Robertson, "capul," meaning a horse, is still in occasional use on Ochil farms; but it seems to be unknown to the younger generation in Dollar. Have any of their elders heard it? Should it prove to be a truly indigenous word, coming from Low Lat., "caballus," it would have to be added to the very few relics of the Roman occupation which exist north of the Forth (see the late Sheriff Mackay's "History of Fife and Kinross" (1896), p. 7).

Another of Anstruther's red-letter days is commemorated in Professor W. P. Ker's paper on "The Spanish Story of the Armada" in the April number of *The Scottish Historical Review*. That a shipload of survivors from the Armada, under Juan Gomez de Medina, coming south from the Orkneys after the wreck of their hulks on the Fair Isle, put in to Anstruther in the winter of 1588, and received humane and compassionate treatment from the magistrates and people of the burgh, has long been well known, and the fact is mentioned in a majority of our histories. But the "Diary of James Melvill," published by the Wodrow Society in 1842, in which the story is told at length and at first hand, is not a common book, and few are familiar with the details of the episode, one of the most honourable and picturesque (in the strict sense of that much abused word) in the whole of our national record. The chief merit of Professor Ker's paper lies in the fact that he reprints the whole of the pertinent matter from Melvill's journal. The story loses nothing of its drama and colour in the Anstruther minister's hands. No summary could do more than faint justice to the account, told in his racy sixteenth-century Scots prose, of the "verie reverend man of big stature . . . grey heared and verie humble lyk," of the "young berdles men, sillie, trauchled, and houngered," by whom he was accompanied, and of the emotions which their coming excited in the good folk of Anstruther. Readers of the *Dollar Magazine* cannot be too strongly advised to turn to this vivid, memorable, and altogether admirable page from our national past—especially as illustrated by Professor Ker's Spanish parallels. The interest of it all, as he says, "is what our own poet, John Barbour, explained at the beginning of his 'Bruce'—it is all a good story, and it is true. The advantage of true stories is that they compel you to make them yourself: you do not get the good of it unless you do a little work. Here one part of the story is in the minister's diary, another part in Spanish archives and the published work of the Spanish naval historian. You bring the two together, and suddenly you find that you are looking at the real life of the past; you are admitted to see the working of Fate or Chance or Providence through the weary wash of the northern seas."

The third Anstruther association to which it is desired to draw attention in this note is one which touches Dollar somewhat nearly and which has already been the subject of an article in these pages. Mr Wilson's paper on William Tennant (*Dollar Magazine*, Vol. IV., No. 15, September 1905) dealt very fully with the life and character of the author of "Anster Fair," and there is no need to go over again ground so adequately covered. But there is room, perhaps, to stress the originality of Tennant as a literary discoverer.

Whatever opinion one holds of "Anster Fair"—and its strictly *poetical* merits are not, perhaps, of the highest order—nothing can deprive the author of the *historical* title of having first introduced the Italian mock-heroic type of romantic poem into Britain. Pulci and Boiardo pass into our literature not in the first instance through "Whistlecraft" and Byron, but in the work of "the humorous and utterly unknown author [who] had already studied the Italian writers of ottava rima, and had found among them examples of buffoonery and extravaganza, which by precedent warranted the dance of Maggie Lauder's mustard pot."

That this was done by an obscure lad from a decaying seaport in a country where as yet Italian books were hardly to be found, is not the least of Anstruther's titles to fame. It is also a significant example of intellectual curiosity. But that Tennant's character, as might be expected, possessed the defects as well as the merits of the self-educated student, appears from one of the fullest and frankest descriptions of his personality that have come down to us—that in R. P. Gillies's "Memoirs of a Literary Veteran" (1851). From this, as neither Mr Wilson nor the writer in the *D. N. B.* refers to it, one or two sentences may be taken in conclusion: "He looked upon facility and rapidity of composition with a mixture of wrath and scorn, insisting that such work was no better than twisting ropes of sand, or building without a foundation. Notwithstanding his lameness and inability to move without crutches, he had marvellous strength of constitution and unconquerable spirits. . . . [His] leading crotchet was, that, by dint of lonely application, without any collaborator or any help but that of books, he would gradually command all languages, but more especially the Oriental. . . . He would teach himself and teach others; but his soul disdained the notion of being taught. One result of all this was a very dictatorial and pompous manner of speech which I did not admire, and which our mutual friend, James Hogg, could not tolerate" (*op. cit.*, vol. iii., pp. 63-64).

J. P.

The Smile of the Park.¹

SAD is the smile of the last autumn roses;
Gone are joys of the sweet summer days;
No longer the splendour of sunshine reposes,
And patterns with shadows circuitous ways.

¹ Suggested, as to theme, by the poem, "La Sonrisa del Parque," by R. De Cordoba, which appeared in *Blanco y Negro* of 9th November 1919.

Hushed are the songsters who once joined in chorus
When lambent air, fragrant with life, did abound ;
All laughter is silenced, and now all before us
The footprints of childhood alone can be found.

Oh, thrice happy children ! you know not a morrow ;
Your world is around you, no cares drown your joys.
Does the park, wrapt in mist, find relief for its sorrow,
When the creaking gates close, shutting out girls and boys ?

J. T. R.

In a Reminiscent Mood.

STARTING out to go down the street in this busy seaport town one day, and ere I had gone far, I became conscious of some one at my side—some one who was not simply a unit in the crowd of passers-by. Consequently I was in no way startled by the question he addressed to me.

"Can you tell me," he said, "where one Hamish M'Dollar lives about here?" Stopping and admitting ownership of the name, I speculated momentarily as to the identity of the questioner. Could it be that I was face to face with an old Dollar boy? His next question left no room for doubt.

"Do you remember," he asked, "a boy by the name of Ronald MacKinnon?" Further explanation was unnecessary, for of course I remembered him—and his brother Donald, too. In a flash, looking away back across the years, I saw distinctly the "two braw, braw lads in kilts," which was their regular style of dress. They lived up at the top of the Old Town, in Sandbank—View-bank, as it was then more appropriately called.

If at first, separating us, there was the usual middle wall of partition between strangers, there was upon it no broken glass, and it was instantly razed to the ground. There and then, as upon subsequent occasions, the river of reminiscence was in full spate. We turned back the years several decades, and were together once more in the old familiar town. Our imaginations aflame, we lived over again some of the days—the notable days—with their immeasurable happiness, when, light-footed and light-hearted, we roamed upon the Ochils amid the freedom of the skies. The unbarred gates into the far past were thrown wide open, and seemingly forgotten thoughts and incidents were called back from the grave of memory.

We talked of everybody and everything, I think, that contributed to the make-up of our early experiences. The "personal" memories especially were dwelt upon. First, our old teachers—

they were passed under exhaustive review. One by one they were gratefully recalled, and our debt to them heartily acknowledged. Nor were their idiosyncrasies forgotten. Indeed it seemed that upon our old masters' peculiarities, rather than upon their many excellences and virtues, the memory loved to linger!

And our school companions! How they struck the chords of memory! How intense the recollections as each name came to mind, each face and form into view, wafted back across the years. Where and in what circumstances and surroundings, we wondered, are all those boys to-day? How many of them at times long to exchange, if only for a brief period, the crowded city pavements where the brute forces of mammon seethe and struggle, for the lovely Devon Valley with its stretches of sylvan beauty, where the sweet melody of the thrush and the human note of the blackbird are heard? How many, feeling the effects of the nerve-racking life of the city, are prone to cry: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills"—to the uplands of the Ochils, symbol of the simple life with its restful quiet, where the lyric of the lark and the epic of the nightingale delight the ear and soothe the spirit?

In our conversations, episodes without number were recounted. I should like to repeat one, for it caught the imagination. It concerns Ronald himself and Dr Strachan's grey horse, Charlie—the same that, possessed of an organ for the apprehension of the supernatural, spotted a sprite at Tait's Tomb one dark midnight long ago!

Ronald and another boy were one day given the coveted pleasure of holding Charlie while the doctor entered a sickroom in Argyle Street, Old Town. (When I heard that *two* boys—two Dollar boys—had been entrusted with the care of Charlie, I was consumed with curiosity and prepared for anything!) The doctor hadn't been gone a minute—could hardly have had time to take the patient's pulse—when Charlie, getting into a blue funk, openly rebelled. He got up on his hind legs and started pawing the air, unnerving and scattering the boys to a distance where they stood alarmed and nonplussed, trembling with fear and apprehension. Meanwhile Charlie, with unblushing effrontery, but without undue haste, went round the corner and into a neighbouring kitchen garden where, detesting idleness as was his wont, he at once became busy in a lovely luscious cabbage patch. And here later, still thrang, his master found him on being guided thither by two profusely apologetic boys.

Knowing Charlie well, I feel constrained to add a word in explanation of his unusual behaviour. No doubt he considered it derogatory to his dignity and entirely unnecessary to be thus



W. R. Izat

VICAR'S BRIDGE FROM ABOVE

handed over to the zealous attention of *two* boys—two Dollar boys—for had he not on numberless occasions in the past, and at all hours of the day and night, stood quietly, unattended, patiently awaiting the conclusion of his master's merciful ministrations? His resentment, therefore, was only natural.

But that was not all. Charlie was a horse with high principles. Being strictly abstemious, like his master, he almost certainly disliked the idea of being seen hanging about Argyle Street. Then again, and unlike his master this time, Charlie was a lifelong vegetarian; and his principles not being of the negative sort, he doubtless desired to give positive proof of the faith that was in him.

If Charlie had had the gift of speech some thought when he raised his head and turned a furtive glance in the direction of the doctor, on hearing him coming to fetch him, he would have said: "Oh, that the bit were out of my mouth!" From that day *two* boys were never again seen tending Charlie at one and the same time.

With what zest do old Dollar boys in after years discuss their schooldays! And what a lot there is to talk about, especially if, as in this instance, they have not met for the greater part of half a century. We remember Dollar's pure air, its pure water, its many babbling burns, its famous "clear winding Devon." We talked of Dollar's many natural amenities, which we thought are not appreciated fully till one is obliged to live elsewhere. In and around Dollar there is surely beauty enough to enrapture every sense, satisfy every taste. The innumerable walks, including the moss-grown path—Nature's Axminster—through the hills via the Maiden's Well to Glendevon; the Back Road with its magnificent beech trees: those great, living, breathing beeches with their transparent shimmer, which old Dollar boys must often see with the mind's eye, but never without a swarm of "artists," penknife in hand, up among the branches; its bird music which all the way from Brooklyn to Belmont never ceases—a pealing melody of pure joy.

Nor did we forget that quintessence of romance, Castle Campbell, old with the antiquity of centuries, a fascinating relic of the far past, in spite of the fact that modernising hands from time to time have been at work upon it.

But of course the building of buildings in the eyes of old Dollar boys is the Academy—their beloved Alma Mater. She, too, is becoming increasingly attractive because of her great age. A dignified antiquity with its "glorious stain of time" is gathering about her also. Age is always interesting, and it was this element of time—the thought of the accumulated years—which dominated the recent centenary celebrations and gave them their peculiar charm.

I found Mr MacKinnon, to his great regret, had seen but little of Dollar since he left it over forty years ago. But the absence has only served to make "the heart grow fonder." Given time and the opportunity, he will assuredly return to the bonnie wee place which in those far-off years bounded his horizon, and when as yet scarce a glance had been cast in the direction of his unguessed future. He longs to revisit the house he lived in, look again upon its garden, its fruit trees, its flowers, its pump in the wall outside, the bang spout; visit the mill green and all the most frequented spots around; think of the games he played, his old companions, and thereby renew the joys of youth.

And this raised the question of the best time of the year to visit Dollar. When does Dollar look her loveliest? Is it not when spring and summer meet and embrace? When vegetation is clothed anew and culminates in a pageant of bewildering beauty; when all around there is the pulsing and throbbing of life and the passionate melody from a thousand throats—Nature's true psalmody?

I must close. But first let me pay one more tribute to the *Dollar Magazine*. For to the *Magazine* belongs the credit of my meeting with Mr MacKinnon. Our paths through life had lain apart for the long period of forty years, and it is altogether unlikely we should ever have come together again but for the good offices of the *Magazine*. Next to a visit to Dollar, and the arrival of the *Magazine* with its reminiscent pages, I would put a crack wi' an auld Dollar laddie for striking the years from one's shoulders, recreating the warmth of early companionships, and making the spirit sing within.

HAMISH M'DOLLAR (F.P.).

Roses.

"WHO are you to vote for?" said Mrs A——, heedless of grammar, when she paid her afternoon call on her friend Miss B——. "For the man with the best nose," replied Miss B——, half in jest, but more as a rebuff to her inquisitive visitor. Now, as we knew Miss B—— to be a shrewd, sensible woman, we suspected that there might be more in her choice of the best nose than appeared on the surface, for it is true that the principal features of the face are looked upon as indexes of character, and the nose, "the gnomon of your neighbour's phiz," is the most prominent, if not the most important, of our facial ornaments. This incident, as we say, trifling though it may seem, set us a-thinking about noses in general, and much did we marvel that the leading feature of the face should be so seldom mentioned, and should occupy so little of the attention

of those who, either in works of fact or fiction, have to describe the "human face divine." Prose writers and poets have been prodigal and minute in their descriptions of every other feature and lineament of the countenance; but, strange to say, scarcely a single writer in prose or verse has said anything in commendation of the nose.

Much has been said and sung about the hair. Of our first parents, Milton writes :—

"And hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad."

"She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils."

Wordsworth seldom alludes to the hair. He has :—

"The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled."

Burns never fails to note this feature of his heroines :—

"Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare,
Was on her bosom strawed so."
"Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow."
"Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain sides at e'en."
"Her flowing locks the raven's wing."
"Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna."
"'Twas not her golden ringlets bright."

Tennyson has : "And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair" ; and he plays with the ringlet as a pledge of love :—

"O Ringlet, O Ringlet,
She blushed a rosy red,
When Ringlet, O Ringlet,
She clipt you from her head.
And Ringlet, O Ringlet,
She gave you me, and said :
Come, kiss it, love, and put it by :
If this can change, why, so can I."

But she did change, and the "glossy heretic" was burned.

Oceans of ink have been used in describing eyes, black eyes and blue eyes, hazel eyes and grey eyes. Take a few examples at random, beginning again with Milton :—

"His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule."

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye."

"Ladies whose bright eyes
Rain influence."

Ophelia, when ordered to a nunnery by Hamlet, exclaims :—

"O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown,
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue sword."

Chaucer's Prioress had

"Hir eyen greye as glas."

Wordsworth tells us that Coleridge was

"A noticeable man with large grey eyes."

Byron, of his *Bride of Abydos*, says :—

"The heart whose softness harmonised the whole,
And oh ! that eye was in itself a soul."

Burns could be quoted by the score :—

"Twa laughin' een o' bonnie blue."

"He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een."

"But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e."

Other features demand attention. The ears and the cheeks and the eyebrows have been the theme of countless pens ; the chin has had considerable attention paid to it, especially if it had a dimple ; and we have heard lips described times out of number ; but, as we have already said, the nose has been omitted, and, if mentioned, the thing is done with a cold, commonplace civility, as if it was a thing of no consequence—a mere cipher of no value whatever. Now, we see no reason why the nose should be treated in this scurvy manner ; it is as good and useful and ornamental as either the eyes or the mouth or the ears. Have the eyes any right to look down upon the nose as a thing quite beneath their notice ? or are the lips of nobler descent that they should curl themselves up with an air of supercilious contempt at their neighbour in the floor above ? We think not. Neither do we think that amorous young men are justified in constantly passing by their sweethearts' noses with silent contempt. They will write melting sonnets to their ladies' eyes, and, peradventure, to their eyebrows ; they will address glowing verses to their cheeks, and melting stanzas to their lips ; but we never heard of any man under the influence of the "tender passion" addressing a sonnet to his lady-love's nose. How is this ? Is a lady's nose a thing to be sneezed at and treated with contempt in this manner ? Surely the age of chivalry is gone.

We are resolved to see justice done to the nose. We will no

longer stand by and see it by turns browbeat, neglected, and sneezed at. The age of chivalry has not altogether passed away; the weak and the distressed and the neglected will find a champion. We shall buckle on our armour and do battle on behalf of this much injured and neglected organ.

The reader may perhaps feel inclined to laugh in his sleeve at our zeal regarding the nose, and may think that it is hardly worth while making such a prodigious pother about such an insignificant member. The nose an insignificant member! There never was a greater mistake. Without it a man cannot follow his nose; he cannot turn up his nose; he cannot be even led by the nose. The only advantage which the man minus a nose has over his fellow-men who are blessed with noses is, that it is morally impossible to insult him by taking him by the nose or by putting his nose out of joint. There is, in truth, more in a nose than many people seem to imagine; and Miss B—, in voting for the man with the best nose, was well justified in believing that a good nose was a letter of recommendation. But there are noses and noses, and it would be interesting to know which type found favour with Miss B—. First we have the Roman or aquiline, which indicates decision, firmness of character, great energy, and with these a considerable disregard for the softnesses, littlenesses, and paltry ways of society and life. Many of our first-rate men have had Roman noses. It was a Roman nose which determined first upon subjugating this island, which nose, if legends tell truth, was broken in the attempt, for Cæsar fell from his boat as he landed, and damaged his face upon the hard shingles of the shore of Deal. A glance into history shows us that this type of facial organ adorned the faces of many of the world's great ones—William Wallace, Robert Bruce, Edward I., Henry VII., Queen Elizabeth, the great Pitt, Washington, and Wellington, the greatest soldier of his age. Mr Dickens has one of his characters, little Miss La Creevy, the portrait painter, always looking out of the window to catch a good-looking nose, which she may transfer to ivory. Her favourite was a Grecian, or more properly a Græco-cogitative, which the majority of great thinkers appear to have possessed. There is something dominant and aristocratic in the form and expression of these noses, which renders them very imposing. Such noses frequently belong to persons of superior intellect and high moral sentiment, and are oftentimes found indicative of great strength of mind and decision of character. It is perhaps the best known of any in this generation. To enumerate the number of first-rate men who have possessed it would occupy more space than we can afford. Wycliffe, Luther, Knox, Chalmers, and Wesley all possessed it. Amongst poets

are Homer, Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, and Milton. Amongst men of science, Galileo, Caxton, Bacon, and Newton. Amongst statesmen and historians, Oliver Cromwell, Burke, Walpole, Hume, Robertson, Burnet, and Macaulay.

For examples of the Jewish nose we have only to look round about us on our Hebrew brethren. The species is good, shrewd, and useful. Perhaps selfishness is more strongly marked in it than in any others. Nearly all the ancient Easterns appear to have it; and one proof of the origin of the gipsies is found in the character of their noses.

The celestial or turned-up nose, sometimes called cock-nose, belongs to the small order of noses. The adjective "celestial" has been bestowed upon it because it is continually turning up and seeking the skies. The cock-nosed men are a busy, bustling race, remarkable for their self-conceit and cool assurance. They are always nestling themselves into snug little great places; ever and anon they are becoming candidates for the office of magistrate or some other place of honour by which they will gain greetings in the market-place and become entitled to the uppermost seats at feasts.

The last class that we shall mention is the snub nose. There is a rich store of humour and drollery about these noses. Great curiosity, general gaiety, a certain force of character and impudence are associated with them. Cupid, the most impudent of ancient deities, is pictured thus adorned.

But we must leave a subject which possesses such charms and affords so prominent and distinct a handle to a man's character. These rambling lucubrations have led us far into the night, and the gaslight throws on the wall a shadow of our own nose, clearly a fine specimen of the Græco-cogitative, and we have seen what that means.

ANON.

Induction of Minister to Parish Church.

THE REV. R. S. M'CLELLAND, B.D.

ON Thursday forenoon, 6th May, the Presbytery of Stirling met in Dollar Parish Church and inducted the Rev. R. Scott M'Clelland, B.D., to the church and parish of Dollar, in succession to the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, translated to Kilconquhar. There was a large attendance at the service in the church. After induction Mr M'Clelland received the right hand of fellowship from the members of the Presbytery. The Rev. C. W. Fairish, B.D., Bothkennar, afterwards delivered the charges to pastor and people, and at the

close the members of the congregation had the opportunity of welcoming the new minister.

THE LUNCHEON.

The members of the Presbytery and friends were entertained to luncheon in the Castle Campbell Hotel, when Colonel Haig, Convener of the Vacancy Committee, presided over a large gathering. The usual loyal and other toasts were duly honoured, and in the course of the afternoon the sentiment of "Prosperity and success to the new minister" was given from the chair, and was very cordially received.

Colonel HAIG said—Mr Scott M'Clelland, it is my agreeable duty and privilege to offer you a few words of welcome to Dollar, and with due modesty to congratulate you on your appointment to this parish. Your call has been signed by about 85 per cent. of the possible signatories, which I believe is a proportion seldom reached, and perhaps I may say that among the reasons the parishioners had for electing you was the thought that a son of the manse would approach his duties impelled by instinct, animated by example, and stimulated by precept. I have no doubt one of your first tasks will be to learn the geographical boundaries of your charge, and when you study its landmarks you will find most conspicuous the fortalice of Campbell, which name should have a homely sound. You will also notice a river of pure water called the Devon, and if your studies are assisted by a map you will observe that there are two Devons, and that the other one is called Black to distinguish it. You will now realise where the people of your home county got their idea when they called their other Cart the Black one. With Mr Cairns' permission I can go a step further. I believe I am right when I claim that the Bishop of Glasgow followed the example of the Vicar of Dollar (Thomas Forrest) when he built the Inchinnan bridge to shorten his journey between his palace in Glasgow and his country house at Bishopton. Here the points of resemblance end, for the highest dignitary of the Church who crossed our bridge was only an abbot. Before you begin to visit your flock individually I would advise you to have a look at it collectively from the top of the Bank Hill, whence you can see it at work, but not for a penny per day. Some members of it are cunning workmen in wood, stone, and other materials, including chemicals. Some members of it are merchants who may not be cunning because of controlled prices and Profiteering Acts. Some are members of the tribe of Gamaliel, and of the unfainting youths and maidens who sit at their feet, many are splendid athletes, like Asahel of old. Some, like the patriarchs of

old, are interested in flocks and herds. We are all in reality engaged in the same occupation, viz., the worship of the golden calf, but I hope you will not descend from your mountain armed with a new Decalogue, Nos. 11 to 20, to throw at us, for we have no more than mastered Nos. 1 to 10, and besides our community is but a little one. In spite of the utter shamelessness of our inner history, as revealed to Mr McClelland from the top of the Bank Hill, we hope it will not be long before we have the opportunity of receiving him into our houses, where things may not look so bad.

THE SOIREE.

A soiree of welcome was held in the Hall of Dollar Academy in the evening, when there was a large attendance of members of the congregation and friends. The Rev. J. A. Williamson, B.D., Alva, Moderator during the vacancy, presided, and there were also on the platform the Rev. Mr McClelland, the newly-inducted minister; Rev. A. Burt, St Giles', Edinburgh; Colonel Haig, Dollarfield; Mr W. H. Dobbie, Dollarbeg; Rev. J. L. Fyfe Scott, Creich; Rev. G. S. Hendrie, Dalmellington; Rev. P. D. Gray, U.F. Church, Dollar; Rev. Mr Lewis, rector, St James' Episcopal Church, Dollar; Rev. Mr Gray, *locum tenens* during the vacancy; Messrs J. B. Haig, T. Ogilvie, R. Stanhouse, J. Alexander, &c.

An apology for absence was intimated from Mrs M'Arthur Moir, Hillfoot.

After a pleasant service of tea the CHAIRMAN said their meeting that evening was to welcome their new minister, the Rev. Mr McClelland. (Applause.) It had been rather a trying day for him. An induction day was always a trying and a serious day for a young minister, but it must have rejoiced his heart to see such a large gathering of the people of Dollar in the church that day, and to receive from them and from the Presbytery of Stirling such a kindly and hearty welcome. After the many good things that had been said at the luncheon regarding Mr McClelland he (the chairman) was afraid he would not altogether like to be in his shoes—(laughter)—because after what had been said of him he must feel that very high expectations and anticipations were being cherished of his ministry in Dollar. That was a solemn thing for any young minister to look forward to. An induction was something like a wedding, indeed it was a wedding in the highest sense. It was the wedding of two parties—the minister and the congregation—and there was something more in it than wedding bells. They had had the wedding bells that day, and after that came the serious work of life—the living and working together. They had got the marriage over, and they and Mr McClelland had got to live together and

make the most and the best of it. He was not going to give them any words of advice that evening, for there were gentlemen on the platform who were bursting to give advice—(laughter)—and they would get enough of that before the evening was over, but he would just say that if they wished to get the best out of their new minister they ought to give him their very best. (Applause.) From his knowledge of Mr M'Clelland, and from his acquaintance with Dollar people, he was certain that Mr M'Clelland would get all the assistance he required and desired, and perhaps more, for all he knew—(applause)—and that Mr M'Clelland would realise that the work had been carried on in the past by noteworthy and able men, such as the late Dr Gunn, and more recently by Mr Armstrong, and that that work would be carried on by Mr M'Clelland along with them as it had been carried on in days gone by. He congratulated them on the harmonious settlement of that day, and the kindly welcome they had given their young minister. This was one of the things he would never forget, however old he might become. In the earlier part of the day he had spoken of Dollar as his first charge, and that he would never forget the welcome given him when he had taken up the reins of office in his parish, and he had good cause to remember the kindly welcome given him by the people of Dollar and by the Stirling Presbytery. (Applause.) Everything had passed off beautifully that day, and he was sure they would acknowledge that themselves. He congratulated Mr M'Clelland and the congregation on the way he had been elected, and wished them God-speed on the union consummated that day. (Applause.)

Colonel HAIG having been called upon, said that in order to complete the ceremonies that day, they had to see that their minister was properly robed, so that he might in his vestments of office proclaim to them the good tidings. Many excellent things had been said of Mr M'Clelland that day as to what a capable and energetic young man he was, and he (Colonel Haig) would not enlarge on that point, as they would have many opportunities of finding out his good qualities when he was duly installed in his robes of office. He then called upon Miss Stanhouse, in name of the ladies of the congregation, to perform the robing ceremony.

Miss STANHOUSE said—Mr M'Clelland, I have much pleasure, in name of the congregation, to welcome you as our new minister, and as a token of our good wishes, to present you with pulpit gown, hood and cassock. We hope you will be long spared among us, and that the church may have a large measure of success under your ministry. I will now place the gown and hood upon your shoulders.

Miss Stanhouse then gracefully performed the robing ceremony.

Rev. Mr M'CLELLAND, in acknowledging the gifts, said he was very deeply touched by their generosity that night, and by the warmth of the reception he had that day received at the hands of the people of Dollar. It was said that "manners make the man," but he would like to extend that saying and remark that the gown made the minister—(laughter)—and if that was so, the ladies of Dollar congregation and Dollar parish had created by their reception that night a first-rate minister. (Applause.) He was pleased to come to such a splendid place as Dollar, and among such affectionate people, judged by their actions that day. He had been deeply impressed by the solemnity of the Church service that day, and was also deeply impressed by the heavy responsibilities he had as minister of the parish. He loved the Church of Scotland. He was born and bred in the Church of Scotland. (Applause.) He could also say his father was a minister of the Church of Scotland, his grandfather was a minister of the Church of Scotland, and in the Church of Scotland he hoped to live and die. (Applause.) In coming to Dollar he knew that he was coming to follow in the footsteps of men of strong individuality and of strong character, men who had done their duty right nobly and well, and that was easily seen in the healthy condition in which he found the church when he came. He would make it his earnest endeavour not only to follow those traditions, but to maintain them worthily and "go forward." They would remember the injunction of God to Moses, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." His duty would be to speak unto the people of Dollar that they go forward. Long before he had any hope of being minister of Dollar he had come in contact with not a few who had been educated at their famous Academy, and had heard of the beauties of their surroundings—beauties that could be excelled nowhere else. But physical beauty was all good enough, education was good enough, but these were not alone good enough for a minister. He wanted a good church and loyal congregation. Well, he had got a good church and a loyal congregation. Friends had congratulated him upon it, and that had been shown to him by the heartiness of their reception and by the splendid gifts they had bestowed upon him. As a Church they must not sit still. There were tasks that awaited them. These were times of unrest, when the old order of things was passing away, and people were clinging to the Church for guidance. The Church would give that guidance only if they as a congregation and Church were united, and if they put their shoulders to the wheel—minister, office-bearers, and congregation—there was no task, however difficult it might be, that they could not undertake and bring to a successful conclusion. They had with

them that evening their United Free Church brother, and he was glad to see him on the platform. Union was in the air, and ministers had at last made up their minds that the present condition of affairs could not go on. Important problems remained to be solved, and he hoped that the day was not far distant when all those old wretched divisions would pass away, and when there would be only one united Church. In St Mary's Cathedral he had heard a bishop say that "what was wanted was a new Church—a new Church of Christ. He wanted to see the authority and discipline of the Church of Rome; he wanted to see the dignity of the Church of England service: he wanted to see the warmth of feeling of the Wesleyan Methodists, and he wanted to see the piety of the grand old Presbyterian Church of Scotland." (Applause.) They must banish all narrow and parochial views and look far ahead, and only if the Church was permeated by the spirit of Christ would they be able to fight the battle that lay before them. The reverend gentleman concluded by thanking all once again for their reception and for the gift of robes, and said that although he fully realised the responsibilities that had fallen upon him, he would strive to discharge these duties and responsibilities, and with their co-operation and goodwill there would be no task too great for them to undertake. (Applause.)

The Rev. Mr M'Clelland then assumed the chair, which was vacated by the Rev. Mr Williamson.

Mr CHARLES BROWN, addressing the chairman, said that the gifts to the new minister had not yet come to an end. He appeared that evening on behalf of four organisations of the Church, viz., the Women's Guild, the Young Men's Guild, the Choir, and the Sunday School, and in their names he wished to give a word of welcome to the new minister and to ask his acceptance of these handsomely bound volumes—the Psalm Book and the Scottish Hymnary. (Applause.) They all knew, he said, that the robing of the minister was of very great importance, but they would allow him to say that the duty laid upon him in presenting these volumes was also of great importance, for long after the robes had been laid aside, these books would still endure and speak for themselves. The organisations which he represented were active and vigorous, and anxiously awaited a captain to stir them to greater activity, and in their name he would extend a hearty welcome to Mr M'Clelland, ask his acceptance of these volumes, and to express the hope that he would be long spared to use them in his work.

Mr M'CLELLAND, in reply, thanked Mr Brown and the four organisations for the handsome and kindly gifts just presented. The psalms and paraphrases would live for ever, he said, and he was

sure that whenever he opened these books to begin divine service they would remind him of the four organisations that had given him such handsome gifts.

Addresses of welcome were afterwards delivered by reverend gentlemen on the platform, and on behalf of the congregation, and in recognition of services rendered, presentations were made as follows (in the form of a wallet of Treasury notes):—To the Rev. Mr Gray (the *locum tenens* during the vacancy) by Mr Robert Stanhouse; to the Rev. Mr Williamson (interim Moderator of Session) by Mr Dobie; and to Mr Begg, as clerk to the Vacancy Committee, by Mr J. B. Haig, W.S.

In the course of the evening several beautiful anthems were tastefully rendered by the Choir, under the able direction of Mr M'Gruther, Miss M'Gruther efficiently providing the piano accompaniments.

The usual votes of thanks and the benediction brought the proceedings to a close.

Dollar Academy and Forestry.

THE war has caused a great depletion in the stock of home-grown timber, and foreign supplies are steadily diminishing.

Canada and U.S.A. cannot for long supply us with the necessary quantity of timber for our wants, and countries like Sweden and Finland are practically played out.

Added to the extraordinary demand during the war period is the increasing use of timber for purposes undreamt of years ago, and thus we are faced with the problem of afforestation. Our country is well suited for the growth of timber, and time was when what are now smiling corn fields lay dark in the shadow of the dense temperate forest.

Our own locality is well wooded, but could have been the home of broad forests if farming land had not made the first claim.

As it is, Dollar stands in an ideal situation for the development of a practical school of forestry.

I use the word "practical" purposely, for there can be no doubt that such a subject is one to be learned not from books, but by actual work.

Not that I think book learning is of no value to the forester, but that I am sure that only by actual planting, pruning, filling, and converting can anyone become fit to take charge of even a very small area to be afforested.

In the neighbourhood there are many excellent foresters, and their co-operation would go far to ensure the success of a forestry class at the Academy.

Mr Pitt's gift of bursaries for forestry and agriculture made it possible for students to go farther into the scientific study of the subjects, but the ideal to be aimed at in the establishment of a class in forestry would be to give young lads a start in the training which would ultimately lead to the position of head forester on some estate.

After much deliberation and thought, our Rector, Mr Dougall, has drawn up a scheme of training for a post-intermediate class in forestry and agriculture.

The forestry class will have its practical work directed by a member of the staff of the East of Scotland Agricultural College, and the actual work outside will be carried on under his supervision and that of the School gardener, whilst further instruction will, through the kindness of Mr J. Ernest Kerr, of Harviestoun Castle, be obtained under his foresters.

The theoretical work in chemistry of soils, distribution of soils, general geology, botany, diseases of trees, and surveying will be carried on in School in the Science and the Geography Departments.

From what has been said it will be seen that pupils taking up this study will have every advantage, both from the practical and theoretical side, whether aiming at the higher ambition of further study at College, or the more practical aspect of becoming highly efficient and practical foresters.

The exact details of the course have not yet been settled, but it is hoped that the Education Department will recognise the study as a Higher Grade Certificate on a level with the pure science certificate, and that the County Authority, when they take over the Academy, will do all in their power to develop this very important branch of study.

In days gone past Dollar was recorded as famous for the excellent gardeners it produced, and in more recent years for its fine botany students, so we look forward to the School taking a foremost place in the forestry world, and once more showing that it keeps abreast of the times, and is first to point the way for others to follow.

J. M. C. W.

Old Stories.

MAY DAY in my day in Dollar was much livelier and more expressive of the grateful sense of the Divine goodness which makes the promise of seasons so stable and so sure by the outbreak of beauty which Nature shows at the end of April than was the May Day of 1920, which we have just passed. We grown-ups know that no days are equal to "the days when we were there," but we were hardly prepared to find that the pleasure of going a-maying had been allowed to die out. In Chaucer's "Court of Love" we read that early on May Day "Forth goeth all the court both most and least to fetch the flowers fresh." And Malory tells us Queen Guinevere rode a-maying: "Now, it befell in the moneth of lusty May that Queen Guinevere called unto her the knyghtes of the Round Table and gave them warning that early in the morning she should ride on-maying into the woods and fields beside Westminster." These court fashions we followed in my day and celebrated the event, when groups of young men and maidens with accompaniments of bugle and horn and all possible signs of joy and innocent merriment climbed to the top of Dollar Hill to lave their faces with the mountain dew, gather the wild flowers just burst into bloom, and rouse the echoes with their laughter and harmless jollity. These yearly red-letter days, times of peculiar gladness, we cannot look back upon without regret that they are no more. "They give us the notion that our forefathers, while wanting many advantages which an advanced civilisation has given to us, were freer from monotonous drudgeries and more open to pleasurable impressions from outward Nature. They seem somehow to have been more ready than we to allow themselves to be happy and to have often been merrier upon little than we can be upon much. The rural dance on the green and the homely May Day pageant have gradually disappeared in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment."¹ Pardon the digression.

I lay a-waiting for the bugle call which the Drivers and the Ewings never forgot, but in vain, and my wakefulness drove me forth in the early morning. I sauntered down the Lover's Loan, intending to have a peep at the hidey-hole where we, as boys, roasted the potatoes which we had purloined from the cook's basket, while she good naturedly scolded. I never reached it, but I was rewarded. Everything in the landscape looked so beautiful, contented, and happy, the sky without a cloud, the air burdened with melody and fragrance. The birds seemed to be singing in choir a

¹ Washington Irving's "Sketch Book."



Photo by A. Drysaale

VIEW FROM DOLLAR HILL—SOUTH-EAST

hymn to the praise of God, as they are quaintly represented by Chaucer in his "Court of Love." I was enraptured, as was good old Izaak Walton when he exclaimed, "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"

"The robin trills his garden song,
While up in boundless blue
The lark exults, and far away
Is heard the hid cuckoo.
O vagrom bird! thy voice brings back
The summers that have flown!
Though thine be but a borrowed nest
Thy note is all thine own."

The foliage on the trees was, I thought, late for the season, and buttercups were not to be seen. Dandelions were plentiful, and made the brae one blaze of gold, for they grow higher than the generality of our grasses, and so overtop the green that surrounds them. They gave me the text for my second old story, which I should like some F.P. of my year to corroborate in your columns.

Once a year we boys decorated ourselves with this despised beauty, one in every buttonhole of our rig-out, and thus adorned entered our class-rooms. With the classical master, a favourite with us, the prank acted as does a red rag held before a bull. I never knew why, but his rage was terrific, ungovernable, and his language showed that he thought himself insulted. Deflowering was the work of a second or two. The next hour took us to the English master, also a favourite, and we were all agog to see how he would receive his flower-bedecked disciples. The register is marked; and then came the lecture, which was an astounding eye-opener, and which remains with me to this day. From notes given us at the time I append an outline: "I am glad, boys, to see that you love the dandelion; but you should not overdo it; excess, even in a good cause, is apt to spoil it—one buttonhole should be enough. Botanists tell us that the dandelion belongs to the largest, oldest, and most widely diffused *order* of plants. We find members of this *order* in every part of the globe, in places as far apart from each other as they can be. It is the prevailing and dominant order of vegetable life, the most highly finished, and the most entirely successful family of plants. And the dandelion is one of the most perfect forms belonging to it. *It is the head and crown of the vegetable kingdom, as man is the head and crown of the animal creation.* And it is curious how this highest type of plant always is found only where man, the highest type of animal life, is found,

and where he dwells or cultivates the soil. It is never found apart from him ; it follows him wherever he goes. It is a far higher type of plant-life than a rose or a lily, than even a cedar, an oak, or a palm. Its pedigree goes far back into the mysterious past."

Ever since I have admired and loved this five-toothed flower.

WAYFARER.

Tact.

"THIS officer, though hardworking and possessed of considerable administrative ability, appears to me to be lacking in tact. I am therefore not prepared to recommend his appointment as staff captain."

I read the report with more than usual interest, for "this officer" is myself, and it explains why I am still with my battalion, wearily footslogging it back and forwards between billets and trenches, trenches and billets, in the proportion of one week in billets to eight of trenches.

But for that report, I should now be living in luxury among the great ones of the earth at brigade headquarters, festooned with scarlet, "mystic, wonderful"; a superior being, barely civil to commanding officers, definitely rude to adjutants and such small fry, and yet at times almost human.

How did it happen? I'll tell you. I had been attached as a "learner" to the brigade staff for almost three months, and I had acquitted myself very creditably, I thought, during the staff captain's absence on leave during the whole of the third month. The general seemed pleased with my work; he had even *said* so! He was rather a pompous old general, very proud of an enormous moustache which bristled upwards into his eye corners, giving him an expression of intense fierceness which was in reality quite foreign to his kindly character.

One evening, at dinner, the general in a jovial mood began chaffing the bombing officer on the meagre results of his efforts to cultivate a few tiny dark hairs on his upper lip, and somehow or other the conversation drifted round to masculine vanity in general, and the cult of the upstanding moustache in particular.

"Now here," thought I, "is a chance for one of my Apposite Anecdotes." Thanks to my study of Bellmanism, the right story at once fell into place in my well-disciplined mind, and stood at ease, awaiting my orders.

"We had a fellow in my regiment just before the war," I began at once, "whose chief ambition in life appeared to be to cultivate a moustache of the 'All-Highest' type."

The brigade-major, with a nervous glance at the general, gave me a scowl, but ignoring that, I continued: "You'll hardly believe it, but one morning when some of us went to his quarters to call him, there he was lying in bed with his face done up in a sort of scaffolding, which turned out to be a celluloid gag tied over his mouth to keep his precious face-fungus in position during the night. A horrid sight! Just like a kitchen maid with her hair full of curl papers."

"What did you do with him?" asked the bombing officer.

"Why, shaved off one half and left him to finish the job. He never attempted to grow another like it, either."

The general seemed interested in my story, but there was a peculiar expression in his eyes, and his moustache seemed to bristle more than ever as I told it.

"What time did you think of going up to the left battalion to-morrow, general?" asked the brigade-major the instant my story was ended, and the subject of conversation changed at once.

I thought the manner in which he broke into the conversation was quite unnecessarily abrupt, and anyhow I hate to hear "shop" talked in mess at any time.

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That same night I was, for the first time, the officer on duty all night at brigade headquarters.

In the early hours of the morning an urgent wire came through, ordering a sudden movement of the brigade. "Take it in to the general at once," said the brigade-major, when I had managed to rouse him.

After knocking twice on the general's door, and getting no reply, I entered his room, and switched on my electric torch.

As its beam fell on the sleeping general's face, I realised at once that I should never become a staff officer.

The general was wearing a celluloid moustache guard—the twin of the one I had described at dinner.

The Point of View.

A WEARY, bruised, but supremely happy Alsatian, one of a number of prisoners taken by us in one of our big pushes, told me that the chief reason why he was so glad to be taken prisoner just at that precise time was that, when captured, he was undergoing a sentence of field punishment. This had been awarded by his Junker company commander because one evening he had blundered quite by

accident into the officers' mess while the mighty ones were at their dinner. The incident appealed to my sense of the ludicrous, and reminded me of a similar intrusion I once witnessed in our own army. Possibly a comparison between the two cases, and their sequels, will illustrate, more effectually than many closely printed pages could do, the fundamental difference between the Prussian and the British outlook on military life.

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I had at last got a spot of leave. To-morrow I should be in Blighty, and as I sat at dinner in Boulogne, in that well-known hotel dining-room that looks out on the harbour and the huge motor ambulance depot, I realised once again that in spite of the war—those “months of sheer squalor and boredom, punctuated by moments of intense physical and moral terror,” as my colonel always defined it—yes, I realised that life is good, in spite of the war.

The discreetly shaded lights, the white table-cloths and napkins, the gleam of cutlery and of glasses filled with many-coloured liquids, the sober khaki of the officers, enlivened in many cases by red, blue, and green tabs, and the simple, yet charming, uniform of the lady diners—all filled me with a sense of well-being. I could see that this was the general feeling in the room, that feeling of good-natured tolerance towards all the world which is most readily produced by a knowledge of another period of irksome and dangerous duty done, a full fortnight of Blighty ahead, and a good dinner being treated with the respect it deserves.

Suddenly, into this backwater of peace, war penetrated with a resounding clash in the person of a sturdy Highland soldier. His kilt and equipment showed the stain of battle, in spite of some obvious attempt to efface it, and he carried his full marching order and rifle. Swinging from his pack hung a cotton ration bag and a steel helmet, which, by crashing against the door jamb as he entered sideways on, had so rudely shaken our peaceful reverie.

He was obviously a soldier homeward bound on leave, who had strayed into forbidden territory quite unconsciously in his search for *vin ecossais*.

As he realised his mistake, and saw that every eye in the room, either directly or through one or more of the mirrors hung round the walls, was on him, he blushed a dusky red, and backed towards the door.

His pack jammed in the narrow opening, and this increased his confusion, but as he turned sideways to negotiate the corner I saw his eyes twinkle, and his face, as he finally extricated himself

through the doorway, slowly broadened into the canniest of grins as he flung a Parthian shot into the brilliant-lighted room by asking in a loud and cheerful voice, "Any complaints?"

He got his *vin ecossais* five minutes later, and it was a major-general whom I saw paying for it on the sly.

Notes from Near and Far.

HONOURS.—The *Scotsman* recently contained a long list of promotions in, and appointments to, the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire for services in connection with the war. In that list appear the following names:—Miss MARY LILIAN HAIG, Dollarfield, Vice-President and Assistant County Director, Clackmannan and Kinross Branch, British Red Cross Society. She receives M.B.E. Our readers have only to peruse Miss Haig's article on "War Work in Dollar" (Vol. XVIII., page 3), in which she gives, in a concise form, an admirably written summary of the splendid work done by the Red Cross Society in our midst—due in great part, we think, to her earnestness, energy, and perseverance as Local Vice-President—to understand how worthily she earned the honour she has gained. We tender Miss Haig our very hearty congratulations.

Lieut.-Colonel D. WALLACE, R.A.M.C., C.M.G., C.B.E., Red Cross Commissioner for the Eastern District of Scotland, and Honorary Secretary for the County of the City of Edinburgh Committee of the Red Cross, has been promoted to K.B.E. We heartily greet Sir David under his new title.

Mr ANDREW HENDERSON BRIGGS CONSTABLE, K.C., Sheriff of Argyllshire, is honoured with C.B.E. Only those who are conversant with the fact that Sheriff Constable gave up much of his time to military duty, and accomplished a vast amount of valuable voluntary work during the course of the war—work involving much self-denial and monetary loss—can fully appreciate how thoroughly well deserved is the honour which has been conferred on him.

We had, as we thought, completed our "Notes from Near and Far," when news of an additional honour to Sheriff Constable came to hand. We take the report from the *Scotsman*:—

"At a meeting of the Faculty of Advocates, held yesterday—the Vice-Dean (Mr J. Fleming, K.C.) presiding—Mr Andrew Henderson Briggs Constable, K.C., was unanimously elected Dean of Faculty, in room of Mr Charles David Murray, C.M.G., K.C.,

M.P., who has resigned the Deanship on his appointment as Solicitor-General.

"The new Dean of Faculty was presented to the First Division by his proposer, Mr Chree, K.C.

"The Lord President said :—It is a pleasure to congratulate you on the attainment of the high office and dignity to which it has pleased your brethren of the Bar to appoint you. It is a dignity which carries with it an honour and a distinction unique within the walls of the College of Justice. And we, who have known you so long both in association at the Bar and as a pleader at this Court, appreciate how eminently the qualities we have learned to know and admire both in mind and character equip you for the discharge of the duties of your office, and make you a fit guardian of the traditions of the Bar of which you are the head. I have pleasure in inviting you to take your proper seat at the centre of the Bar.

"The New Dean was afterwards presented to their Lordships of the Second Division.

"Mr Constable was called to the Bar in 1889, and 'took silk' in 1908. He has a large general practice. After being Sheriff of Caithness, Orkney, and Shetland for a number of years, he was appointed Sheriff of Argyll in 1917."

Mr WALTER HEGGIE MUNGALL, Provost of Crieff, receives M.B.E. This honour has given the greatest satisfaction in the town, where the Provost's excellent work has been greatly appreciated.

Mr JOHN C. CHRISTIE, Chief Goods Manager of the North British Railway Company, for valuable services during the war, is honoured with O.B.E. We cordially congratulate Mr Christie, whose steady rise to the important position which he now occupies is also a feather in his cap.

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THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.—"A World of Dollars" is the title of an excellent article which the late Sir James B. Smith (F.P.) contributed to our pages ten years ago. It is a narrative of accidental and totally unlooked-for meetings with old Dollar boys as he trotted across and up and down the globe some forty years ago. In India, New Zealand, Japan, Valparaiso, and San Francisco he shook hands with old class-fellows and fought the battles over again they fought when at the School. Many of our former pupils, we have no doubt, could narrate experiences of this kind, of crossing the paths of school friends whom they had never again expected to meet in this life. An interesting case in point took place recently at Timaru, on the east coast of South Island, New Zealand, when

two ladies, former pupils of the Academy, Mrs George Pearson (*née* Ella Saunders) and Winnie Livingstone, Crook of Devon, met and recognised each other while they were enjoying a swim in Caroline Bay. Dollar and old school days were talked over with zest even amid the rolling waves.

Our readers might furnish us with other instances.

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YEARLY PROVIDENT SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society was held in the Old Parish School on the evening of 12th May, and was presided over by Mr Stanhouse, the President. He was able to congratulate the members on the termination of a most satisfactory year. Notwithstanding the high cost of living, they were able to distribute the large sum of £1,470 among the members. We very cordially congratulate the chairman and the members on this magnificent result, and we hope that this record year may be often beaten in years to come.

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THE LIBRARY.—The multiplicity of demands upon our time and pressure on our space have hitherto prevented us from noticing "Memoirs of Robert Dollar," written by himself, a copy of which he has kindly presented to the Academy library. The book is most interesting and instructive, and should be read by our young men. The author introduces the volume in these words: "These memoirs were intended for my family and some immediate friends, but at the request of others, I have decided to make them public. I have but one reason in so doing, and that is, that they may be of benefit to some young men who are starting in at the bottom, thinking the difficulties confronting them are insurmountable when they look up to the top of the ladder. No doubt they think no one has had such a hard time as they.

"I cannot express my sentiments better than to repeat a part of Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life':—

"And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time :
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

"In getting a start in life, no doubt many have had as hard a time as I but few have had harder experiences." Readers who follow the writer's career, so ably and faithfully sketched in the pages which follow, will heartily endorse what he says of his "experiences." He was born in Falkirk, Scotland, in 1844, was educated at the public school there, which he left when about twelve years old, and immediately started to work in a machine shop attending a lathe. "In those days there were no self-feeding lathes, and small boys were used for that purpose. I recollect the first Saturday night I got paid for a week's work with a half crown, and how I ran home all the way and gave the money to my mother."

On the death of his mother, when he was thirteen years of age, his father took to drinking occasionally, to drown his sorrow. "This brought about the necessity for our emigrating to Canada, which took place in 1858; and it made me a strong temperance man, as I vowed I would never touch liquor as long as I lived. This vow I have religiously kept, and to this resolution I attribute the most of my success in life."

We do not wish to forestall the reader's pleasure in the book by too many quotations, though we feel tempted to do so. Just one more—another glimpse into the private life of Captain Dollar: "I might say here, the early training I received in Scotland has stuck to me all through my life, and when living in the lumber camps, amongst the roughest of the rough, having no opportunity of reading the Bible in quietness, I always made it a practice on Sunday to take my Bible out to a quiet place and read it even in the coldest weather. Ever since I have had the opportunity of being alone in a room I have always read a passage out of it every morning, and amongst other things, attribute much of my success to the teachings received from this daily reading."

Our interest in the beautifully illustrated volume is deepened by the fact that the *Dollar Magazine* turned the author's attention to our library, as the following letter to the Rev. Mr Wilson will show:—

"THE ROBERT DOLLAR CO.
SHIPPING AND LUMBER,
230 CALIFORNIA STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, 13th May 1919.

"MY DEAR SIR,—A party who was educated at Dollar has just sent me the *Dollar Magazine* for March 1914, in which is an article by you. I was much interested in this as my father was born in Kirkintilloch and your article gives me information that I was not possessed of. It is just an account of my forefathers.

"You will be surprised to know that I am the one you mentioned as helping the Chinese Republic, as well as being the Bairn of Falkirk who received the freedom of the Burgh.

"I would send you a copy of my 'Memoirs,' but am not sure of your address. However, I am sending a copy for the use of the Academy, and you can get a reading of it. When I hear from you, I will send a copy.—Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) "ROBERT DOLLAR."

We like the names of Captain Dollar's fleet of merchantmen: Robert Dollar, Bessie Dollar, M. S. Dollar, Melville Dollar, Stanley Dollar, Grace Dollar, Harold Dollar. In the name of the Governors of the Academy we heartily thank him for his gift, and we hope that he will be long spared to trade with the Eastern nations, and to "weave with his great shuttles a web of amity" between them and America.

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THANKS.—We have been favoured with several numbers of the *Newfoundland Magazine*, for which we return thanks. Our interest in this serial lies in the fact that Miss Maggie Gibb (F.P.) is a regular contributor—under the pen-name of Margot MacMinn—of well written short stories. "A Web of Her Own Weaving" is particularly good.

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A CALL.—It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we congratulate the Rev. George Blair, B.D. (F.P.), on his appointment as minister of Ryehill U.F. Congregation, Dundee. Mr Blair has had more than one translation in his ministry. His first charge was as colleague to his uncle, the Rev. Dr Blair, Dunblane. From this he was called to East London, South Africa, which charge he resigned, and returned to Scotland for the benefit of his wife's health. For some time he acted as *locum tenens* in Callander U.F. Church, whence he was called to Uddingston, where he laboured with much acceptance until the Dundee congregation carried him off.

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TRIUMPHED OVER MISFORTUNE.—The *Daily Record* of 5th May has the following notelet: "Amongst Scottish exhibitors at the Royal Academy, just opened for the season, is Mr Arthur W. Strachan, of Dollar, who is represented by a miniature of the late Lord Rhondda. The interest of Mr Strachan's fine work is increased by the fact that though not naturally left-handed he is so by practice. Some years ago he lost his right arm through having been mauled

by a tiger while shooting in Assam." We most heartily congratulate Mr Strachan on his success, and we confidently trust that it is only the forerunner of many more instances of the display of his fine work.

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FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB.—The closing lecture of the session was given in the Masonic Hall, on Thursday, 11th March. Dr Strachan presided. The lecturer, Mr Hugh Laurie Blacklaw, gave an able exhaustive account of the life and hobbies of Thomas Edwards, naturalist from his childhood to his death; and contended that he was worthy of more attention and admiration than he had yet received. Mr Blacklaw was cordially thanked.

The annual business and social meeting of the Club was held in the Castle Campbell Hall on Friday, 16th April, and was well attended and heartily enjoyed. After tea, which was prepared under the superintendence of Miss M'Corkindale, the members were entertained with song and story. Miss Penman, an excellent judge of what constitutes good music, was entrusted with that part of the programme, and she succeeded in securing the services of Mrs Galloway, Miss Webster, and Mr J. Scott, all of them possessed of musical talent of a high order. Their songs were highly appreciated, as were also the recitations so feelingly rendered by Mrs M'Arthur Moir of Hillfoot. Dr Strachan presided over the pleasant gathering.

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BOWLING.—Dollar bowlers opened their green for the season with a game between the President and the Vice-President. The former gained by 19 shots.

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GOLF.—The golf course is in splendid order, and players are enjoying their favourite game. Several new members have joined.

Births.

M'MILLAN.—At Ochilton Road, Dollar, on 26th March, the wife of Duncan M'Millan, of a son. Christened Kenneth Malcolm.

PATERSON.—At Ochilview, Dollar, on 2nd April, the wife of James Paterson (F.P.), a daughter.

HALLEY.—At Eastbourne, Dollar, on 5th May, to Mr and Mrs John M. Halley (F.P.), a son.

ANDERSON.—At Cairnpark Street, Dollar, on 13th May, the wife of Alexander Anderson (F.P.) of a son. Christened Robert Scott M'Clelland.

BARTHOLOMEW.—At Winnipeg, Canada, on 16th May, to Mr and Mrs Walter Bartholomew, 40 Ruby Street, a daughter.

HALLEY.—At 72 Drysdale Street, Alloa, on 4th June, to Mr and Mrs Edward Halley (F.P.), a daughter.

Erratum.—On page 40 of last number, read 15th January instead of 15th June.

Obituary.

WEARING.—At High Street, Dollar, on 5th March, George Wearing, aged 56 years.

O'BRIEN.—At 25 Gordon Street, Clydebank, on 19th March, Edward O'Brien, master tailor, late of Dollar.

MOIR.—At Muirmill, Dollar, on 24th April, after a lingering illness borne with Christian patience, Elizabeth Cunningham (F.P.), second daughter of Richard Hamilton, Muirmill, and wife of the late Robert Moir, Tillicoultry.

MURDOCH.—At Glasgow, on 3rd May, Frederick George Murdoch (F.P.). Traveller for Messrs Mann, Byars, & Co.

BERESFORD.—At Burnside, Dollar, on 15th May, Herbert John Beresford, in his 69th year.

CAMPBELL LANG.—In a nursing home, Edinburgh, on 20th May, Anna (F.P.), daughter of the late Captain Lang, of Iona and Dollar.

PITT.—At Dollar, on 23rd May, Lily, in her 79th year, elder surviving daughter of the late Samuel Pitt, Dollar (formerly Gloomhill).

In Memoriam.

IN the obituary of our last number appeared the name of Miss Jemima Gellatly, who died at East Rosebank, Dollar, on 10th March. Miss Jemima, an accomplished teacher, was for many years a power for good among young boys and girls who came under her care in her Parkfield School. That she was by nature fitted to be the educator of the young of both sexes was recognised by every one who had the good fortune to be acquainted with her method of organising and teaching. In other words, she was a born teacher.

Parkfield School closed its last session at the end of June 1906, and here we may repeat some remarks that appeared in our columns at the time. "The news that Miss Gellatly has decided to give up her school at the close of this session will be read with deep interest by Old Boys and Girls throughout the wide realm of 'Greater Dollar.' There are F.P.'s of Parkfield in every corner of the earth, and the news that Parkfield, as a school, will soon be no more, cannot fail to carry them back in thought to some very happy and very profitable days of their childhood. The older they are, and the better able to appreciate their blessings, the more grateful will they be now as they remember the thorough and conscientious instruction they received from Miss Gellatly, and if they were boarders, the care with which they were looked after."

Miss Gellatly's retirement was deemed a fitting occasion for presenting her with a testimonial. Contributions flowed in, and the Committee, an influential one of old pupils and friends, had the pleasure of handing to Miss Jemima a purse of sovereigns and a silver rose-bowl.

Our sympathy, as we have said before, is with her bereaved sisters. Letters from former pupils who may wish to speak of their indebtedness to and their respect for the memory of the deceased will be welcome.

THE LATE BAILIE BERESFORD.—The name of Mr Beresford has been familiar to the inhabitants of Dollar and surrounding district for a generation. Leaving his post of head gardener at Harvieston Castle in 1887, he succeeded to the business of Mr James Wardlaw as seedsman and ironmonger, a business which he conducted quietly yet with zeal and assiduity. His public spirit, true gentlemanly courtesy, and kind and affable manner made him a favourite, and in consequence he was a member of most public bodies—the Town Council, Parish Council, School Management Committee, Golf Club, of which he was captain, and Bowling Club Committee. As an office-bearer of St James's Episcopal Church he was indefatigable in its service, and was held in high esteem by the rector and his fellow-members. His place here, as well as in his public duties, will not be easily filled.

With Christian resignation he submitted patiently during his last illness of some weeks' duration, and amid the sincere regret of his many friends he passed away on the 15th of May. He is survived by three daughters and three sons who now fill important positions in their various walks of life. Our heartfelt sympathy is with them.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

PRIMROSE, Mrs GEORGE (*née* Mary Munro), Wainwright, Alta, Canada.

GILBERT GORDON, Makum, Marcherita P.O., Assam, India.

A. W. DARBY, 22 Lauriston Place, Edinburgh.

BAILEY G. DARBY, 46 Great King Street, Edinburgh.

R. B. M'LACHLAN, 27 St Michael's Place, Brighton.

School Notes.

A RECORD-BREAKING YEAR.

THE Annual Sports were held on the Cricket Field on Saturday, 1st May, and proved to be the finest exhibition for many years.

An ideal day favoured a large turnout of spectators, and the field looked gay and bright.

In the open events Wrighton and Watt fought hard for the major points, and the former finally won through with 23 to the latter's 20. Watt had been very unfortunate in the heats run the previous Thursday, as he fell out of the 100 yds. sprint owing to a bad start ; but for this, Wrighton would have had a much stiffer fight for the premier position.

Generally speaking, the times for the races and the heights and distances for the jumps were better than those of last year, and once more the time for the 100 yds. under 16 was one-fifth of a second better than that for the open 100 yds. Campbell ran well and deserved his win.

The sensational events of the day were the open high jump and the mile race.

In the jump, Watt soon passed all his opponents, and in an exhibition jump cleared 5 ft. $7\frac{5}{8}$ in., thus creating a record for the School and a record for Scottish schools.

In the mile, Young made the running from the beginning, and with an easy action kept up the pace, finishing well in front of the others in 4 min. $57\frac{2}{5}$ secs., and breaking the School record.

The open results were as follows :—

Drop Kick.—1. Watt. 44 yds.

Place Kick.—1. Wrighton. 75 yds.

Throwing Cricket Ball.—1. Davidson. 92 yds. 11 in.

100 Yards.—1. Wrighton ; 2. A. Watson. $11\frac{1}{4}$ secs.

220 Yards.—1. Wrighton ; 2. Leburn. $25\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

Quarter Mile.—1. Young ; 2. Wrighton. $57\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

One Mile.—1. Young ; 2. Cairns ; 3. M'Innes. 4 min. $57\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

120 Yards Hurdles.—1. Watt ; 2. Watson. $18\frac{1}{5}$ secs.
Long Jump.—1. Watt ; 2. Johnson. 18 ft. 8 in.
High Jump.—1. Watt ; 2. Young. 5 ft. $7\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Putting the Weight.—1. Wrighton ; 2. Johnston. 30 ft.

From these results it can be seen that the honours were well divided, Wrighton, Watt, Young, Davidson, and A. Watson all making very fine attempts.

In the junior events the outstanding competitor was A. Campbell, who carried off first place in the 100 yds. under 16, and the half-mile under 16, the former in better time than the open and the latter in good time as compared with previous years.

Another successful competitor was Bonthrone, who was first in the high jump under 16, clearing 4 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in., and in the 220 yds. under 15.

T. Fraser in the youngest events showed signs of becoming a useful athlete. He came in a good first in the 100 yds. under 12, and in the 300 yds. handicap made a good second. The premier place fell to him in the sack race.

W. Neil once more came to the front in the obstacle race, romping home in his customary easy style, and in the sack race he gave Fraser a good run for his money.

The relay race once more provided great excitement, and as Glen with a splendid effort passed MacNabb on the straight and came in first, enthusiastic cheers and yells of delight broke from their keen supporters. A. Watson's spurt was well worth the win.

The tug-of-war proved very one-sided, and after seven years the cup passed rather easily into the hands of the Foreigners, or, as they are now termed, the Overseas team.

The F.P.'s events were well contested, and resulted as follows :—

120 Yards.—1. A. Watt ; 2. E. Radford. $13\frac{4}{5}$ secs.
Quarter Mile.—1. A. Watt ; 2. A. MacDonald. $58\frac{2}{5}$ secs.
Half Mile.—1. A. MacDonald ; 2. J. M'Innes. 22 $\frac{1}{5}$ mins.

At the close of the Sports Mrs J. M'Arthur Moir of Hillfoot gracefully presented the prizes to the winners, and in a neat speech congratulated all who had taken part in the Sports upon their keenness and their perseverance, even though the victory did not come at first.

On the call of Mr Dougall, three hearty cheers were given to Mrs M'Arthur Moir for her kindness in distributing the prizes, and an extra cheer followed for the genial Laird of Hillfoot.

The Edina Challenge Cup was won by Charles Wrighton with a total of 23 points, closely followed up by C. Watt with 20 points.

MORE RECORD BREAKING BY DOLLAR PUPILS.

At the Inter-Scholastic Sports held at Inverleith on Saturday, 15th May, the pupils of the Academy held up the reputation of the School in fine style.

A. Young created a record for the mile by coming in first in 4 min. 50 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs. This is 7 secs. better than his record at the School Sports, and will take a good deal to break.

Young Bradley, who jumped so well at the School Sports but just failed to get into the prize list, came out in good style at the Inter-Scholastic Meeting by making a record for the high jump under 14 by clearing 4 ft. 6 in.

Unfortunately, Watt had an off day and did not come up to expectations, though he tied for first place in the high jump and came in second in the 120 yds. hurdles.

A. Campbell was first in the half mile under 16 and made good time, only 1 sec. under the record; he also took second place in the long jump under 16.

Davidson carried off the first place in throwing the cricket ball, whilst Wrighton came in third in putting the weight.

On the aggregate the results of the School competitors were better than any other school represented at the Games, so we have to congratulate the School on its high position in the realm of sport amongst Scottish schools.

Cricket and tennis have started, and already several cricket matches have been played. Against the F.P.'s, M. Johnson had hard luck in not reaching his half century. The team shapes well and ought to give a good account of itself during the season.

The quint games have been quite sensational. Castle has fallen to Devon by 2 runs, and Glen were rather easily disposed of by Hill.

A new feature in the summer sport is the cricket practice begun by the girls, under Miss Millar's supervision. We are pleased that she has made this innovation, as the girls were restricted to tennis only in previous years.

On Saturday, 29th May, there was an unusual stir on the banks of the Devon and its tributaries, for there, at suitable intervals, were gathered some sixty boys and girls from Dollar Academy to compete for a handsome Angling Cup presented for annual competition by Mr John Brown, President of the Uddingston Waltonian Club. The day was only moderately good for fishing, but a catch of 132 trout was reported when the competitors came to

weigh up their baskets at 6.30 P.M. The first prize, and the honour of winning the Cup for the first time, fell to F. E. Cairns, Muckhart. The second was won by A. Baillie, who also won the prize for the heaviest trout.

All who took part in the sport enjoyed it immensely, and we are sure that this is but the first of many equally enjoyable days to be spent in the gentle art of angling.

Our thanks are due to the Committee of the Devon Angling Association for their permission to allow the competition, and especially to Mr J. E. McNeillan, the Secretary, who took a great deal of trouble in connection with the competition.

GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—A most successful session was brought to a close on Friday, 14th May, when the girls held their Annual *Conversazione* in the School Hall.

After a delightful tea, daintily served, a splendid programme of music was gone through.

Songs by Miss Dougall, who was in excellent voice, Misses Young and Alexander, who sang very daintily, pianoforte solos by Misses Radford, Macdonald, Hayter, and Masters Galloway and Dawson, and a violin solo by C. Watt, made up a charming entertainment.

After the musical part of the *Conversazione* was finished, the pupils enjoyed a few hours' dancing.

The many Dollar friends of Professor H. J. M. Hetherington, late of University College, Cardiff, will be ready to join us in congratulating him on his appointment to the important position of Principal of Exeter University College. Professor Hetherington, who was a member of the famous 1904-05 class in Dollar Academy, received his further education at Glasgow University, where he had a distinguished career, obtaining the very rare distinction of an M.A. degree with honours in three different departments—classics, mental philosophy, and economic science. On graduation, Mr Hetherington was appointed assistant to Professor Sir Henry Jones, of the Chair of Moral Philosophy, and lecturer in ethics to the Glasgow Provincial Committee for the Training of Teachers. While a lecturer he competed for and obtained the Ferguson Scholarship in Mental Philosophy, a scholarship open to graduates of all four Scottish Universities. In 1914 Mr Hetherington left Glasgow to become lecturer in philosophy in the University of Leeds. After a year in Leeds he succeeded Professor J. S. Mackenzie, as Professor of Philosophy in the University College of South Wales at Cardiff.

During the war Mr Hetherington was employed in an important position at the Ministry of Labour, and last autumn he was present at the International Labour Conference in Washington as one of the technical staff of the British delegation. In 1918 he collaborated with Dr J. S. Muirhead in a volume of essays, entitled "Social Practice."

In the Athletic Competition between the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, the honours fell to the former, who gained a rather one-sided victory by seven events to two. In the high jump the first place was taken by H. D. Watt, formerly of Dollar Academy, who cleared 5 ft. 7 in. quite easily, which is a record for the competition.

Second Lieutenant Alex. D. Anderson, 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, killed by a German machine gun at close range, on 6th November 1918, was the youngest surviving son of the late T. C. Anderson, Esq. of Gartmore, Maskeliya, Ceylon, and of Mrs Anderson, 13 King's Bench Walk, Temple, London. He was a former pupil of Dollar Academy and a graduate of Edinburgh University. After some years spent in London, he went to Mexico, and rose to be comptroller of a Mexican Oil Company. He was unable to attain his desire to join the Army until 1918, when he came home to join the Household Brigade O.T.C. On reaching France, he was posted at once to King's Company, 1st Battalion.

The news of his death brought expressions of sympathy and unstinted praise from his commanding officer and many others who were associated with him in business or in warfare. His colonel wrote, "I send you the sympathy of every officer, N.C.O., and man in the battalion in your sorrow. We were just getting to know him well and we mourn, not only a comrade and brother officer, but also a very gallant soldier. He was intensely brave during this fighting, and we have the greatest admiration for his courage. I am proud to have known him and had him in my battalion." Lord Cowdray wrote that "Your son was beloved by all those who knew him, and highly respected by those who only came across him. He had a very fine future before him, and his death was a great shock and blow to me and my colleagues. We were proud of him. The only consolation you and we can have is that he died such a glorious death."

Mr Anderson and his four brothers were all together at Dollar Academy, and all have done credit to the School. Ernest represents Sir Charles Pearson's Turbine Company in New York, and had a

principal part in fitting the great German ships for sea when they were taken over by the United States Government.

Those who doubted the possibility of having real pukka Girls' Sports had their doubts dispelled in the afternoon of Thursday, 10th June, when the second Sports meeting of the Dollar Academy Girls took place. The weather was favourable, the number of on-lookers encouraging, and the competitors keen and eager. Probably the best race was the hurdles, which E. Bradley won by inches; but all the flat racing was good, and the times made would not have been discreditable to boys. Great excitement was caused by the relay races. As was perhaps to be expected, the senior class won in each division.

The following is the prize list :—

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1. J. Baillie, 46 yds. 8½ in.; 2. E. Bradley, 46 yds. 6 in.
100 Yards (School).—1. L. Beattie; 2. M. Bradley.
60 Yards (for other schools).—1. J. Gemmell; 2. C. Pollock; 3. B. Sim.
100 Yards (under 12).—1. M. Johnston; 2. J. Galloway.
220 Yards Handicap (School).—1. K. Middleton; 2. B. Johnston.
Three-Legged Race (open).—1. C. Gemmell and J. Bennett.
100 Yards (under 14).—1. C. Gemmell; 2. M. Penman.
High Jump (School).—1. B. Johnston, 4 ft. ¾ in.; 2. M. Bradley.
High Jump (under 14).—1. C. Gemmell, 3 ft. 7 in.; 2. M. Collicie.
Sack Race.—1. J. Bennett; 2. J. Edmond.
Skiping Race.—1. J. Bennett; 2. E. Ewing.
100 Yards (under 16).—1. K. Middleton; 2. B. Johnston.
Long Jump (under 14).—1. C. Gemmell, 12 ft. 5 in.; 2. J. Bennett.
100 Yards Hurdle Race (School).—1. E. Bradley; 2. L. Beattie.
Obstacle Race.—1. M. Johnston; 2. K. Kaye.
Long Jump (School).—1. L. Beattie, 13 ft. 9 in.; 2. M. Bradley.
220 Yards Handicap (F.P.'s).—1. M. Walker; 2. E. Stein.
Relay Race (Seniors).—1. Seniors; 2. Intermediate (II.).
Relay Race (Juniors).—1. Intermediate (I.); 2. Junior (I.).
100 Yards Consolation Race (under 14).—C. Tait.
100 Yards Consolation Race (School).—M. M'Donald.
Championship Cup.—L. Beattie.

Mr Malcolm, Chairman of the Governors, presented the prizes, and complimented Miss Millar and the girls on the very successful meeting they had had. He was convinced that the Girls' Sports had now been firmly established as an annual event, and he hoped that years to come would witness many meetings as splendid as the one they had had that day.