



J. M. Whitehead

THE LAST OF THE SCHOOL BOARDS

Photo

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The East of the School Boards.

OUR readers, we feel sure, will welcome the group portrait of the members of the School Board which it is our privilege to present to them to-day. It is a historic picture, marking the end of an important system in Scottish educational history; for the parish School Boards, which have been in force since 1872, now hand over their powers and their duties to the new County Authorities which have been called into being by the 1918 Education Act. Like other School Boards in Scotland, ours has had its day and ceased to be; but while it existed it did much good work; and we believe that we give expression to public opinion, without a single dissentient voice, when we say that all of us regret the loss of the disinterested services which have been rendered by the present Board during the ten years of its existence. Parting is, of course, one of the pains which humanity has to suffer, and if there are cases where regrets are softened, as in the present instance, there is still a wrench which must accompany all breaking up of ties. The link that is now broken is, however, only official; for we know full well that the members, one and all, will keep alive their interest in, their love for, their watchfulness over the dear children who have hitherto been the objects of their care. Fortunate has the Board been in having teachers of the right sort, who, under its sympathetic rule, have worked most harmoniously and efficiently; and we have authority for saying that the members of the staff are grateful, on their part, for the courtesy and kindness which had been shown to them at all times, and are sincerely sorry that the official connection has come to an end.

The artist has succeeded so well in giving a faithful likeness of every member of the group, that no introduction telling who's who is necessary, except, perhaps, to our readers abroad.

Sitting—In the centre is Mr M'Diarmid, Chairman; on his right, Rev. Mr Wilson; on his left, Provost Mrs Malcolm and Mr Graham (Clerk). *Standing*—From left to right, Mr Cowan, Mr Stanhouse, Colonel Haig, and Mr Cram.

Mr M'Diarmid has been a member of the Board since 1885, and chairman since 1909. He has given much attention to educational affairs, has mastered the details of school management as laid down by the Education Department, and, as chairman, has acted with much tact and wisdom. Mrs Malcolm's work, as Convener of the School Committee, especially in connection with the provision of a hot meal for the little ones during the cold winter months, has been gratefully recognised; while Mr Cowan's able management of finance has met with universal approval.

To us it seems only yesterday—though it is actually forty-six years—that the first meeting of the School Board elected in terms of the Education (Scotland) Act was held in the old parish school on the Burnside. Of the seven members not one is now to the fore. They were Dr Lindsay, the Rev. Angus Gunn, Messrs Robert Drysdale, William J. Haig, John Lee, John Robertson, and Henry Syme. Recently we had the privilege to look into the Minute Book, where the birth and progress of the Board may be traced. The well-composed and carefully preserved records of its meetings would furnish materials for a minutely-detailed narrative illustrative of the judicious care, the common sense, the good feeling, the fair spirit which had, for the most part, been displayed in dealing with the questions which from time to time were brought under consideration; but it does not fall within the scope of this sketch.

The Spirit of Peace.

O SPIRIT of Song, where have you fled,
 In mists of memory lost?
 O Spirit of Love, are you dead, quite dead?
 Your pale hands folded and crossed.

Dear Spirits of Light, and Song, and Mirth,
 And love that was crowned their queen,
 Have you left this sad old war-worn earth,
 Only ghosts of things that have been?

O Spirit of Peace, and a smiling land!
 All the dear glad things of home!
 But 'tis parting now for a fighting band,
 And lovers must forth to roam.

Sweet Spirit of Peace come back once more
 To a world that has wiser grown;
 And bring with you love, that we laughed with before,
 To set on a shining throne.

ELISABETH SUTHERLAND.

Nature Notes.

THE PLEASURES OF BIRDNESTING (*concluded*).

BY JOHN STRACHAN, M.D.

How then, it may be asked, would I have boys go birdnesting, and what are the higher interests and enjoyment I would have them seek in the pursuit? If they are not to collect eggs, what object will they have in finding the nests? By way of reply I would point to the fact that, left to the care of its rightful owners, a bird's nest is one of the most beautiful and conspicuous examples of an all-wise overruling providence in carrying out the decrees of nature; if found within easy reach of our home, it may be a source of deep interest and pleasure day by day for three or four weeks together, and may be available year after year for a lifetime. No doubt capacity for such enjoyment is a matter of culture and may thus be possessed by comparatively few adults; but youth is the period of culture and such capacity may then be attained by all. Surely it is worth while to turn the current of youthful pleasure into a channel which may lead to such a result. Let us then look at a bird's nest from this aspect and try to see where the pleasure lies.

The first indication we may have of a nest may be that of a little bird flitting timidly among the branches of a neighbouring tree with some nesting material in its beak. If we keep still and quiet for a few minutes the bird will gain confidence and, coming nearer, suddenly dart into a bush or, as in the case of a robin, yellow hammer, or willow wren, to a spot on the rough bank of the roadside, reappearing in a minute or two with empty beak and flying off for a fresh supply. We may then find the nest in the earliest stage of building, only the foundation being laid of strong, rough material firmly intertwined with and fixed to the surrounding twigs and leaf-stalks of the bush; or well padded down upon the earth in a little hollow scooped out in the bank sheltered by overhanging herbage. If a convenient seat can be had on the opposite bank it will be worth while resting for ten minutes, and watching the diligent little nest builder foraging for the special material of which the nest has to be made, and coming every few minutes with its little burden like a bricklayer with his hod of lime. At this stage we must be careful not to alarm the bird by sudden movement or meddling with the nest, lest it shift operations to some other and more secluded spot. Otherwise the longer we sit the better, as she will thus become familiar with our appearance and gain confidence in our good intentions, which will stand to our credit next day, and, increasingly, in the many days that are to follow. On our second visit we may find the building well advanced, the walls, perhaps, raised from the

foundation to the required height, neatly moulded upon the loving breast of the mother bird; and we may even be fortunate enough to see her at work as she turns herself round in the nest tucking in the material with her beak and kneading it into firm consistence with wings and thighs, while we participate in her enjoyment of the sweet singing of her loving mate from a neighbouring tree. On the third day the finishing touches may be put, as in rounding off the edges and lining the inside with hair, wool, or feathers, forming as cosy a blanket for the coming eggs and young as the most careful human mother provides for her young infant.

The following day the purpose of all this loving forethought and elaborate preparation may be seen in the first egg—the first, it may be, in the life of the mother bird, who has thus had no previous experience to prompt and guide her in the all-important function she is now called upon to fulfil. The egg and nest are as distinctive in form and design as is the plumage of the bird, and all must be regarded from the same point of view as the direct output of natural law. The nest, although built by the bird with elaborate care and heaven-taught skill, cannot, in its design and structure, be ascribed to the bird any more than can our Academy be put to the credit of the builder, who saw to the dressing of the stones and putting them in position. That handsome building is spoken of as the work of Playfair the great architect. So must the bird's nest be ascribed to the greatest architect of all, The Architect of the Universe, who designed the building and directs the work in every detail of the process. Nesting in all its details may indeed be regarded as a perpetual creation no less wonderful than that recounted in Genesis.

Next day, and on each of the succeeding three or four days, another beautiful little egg will be laid in the nest, while the father bird pours out his heart and cheers his mate with his special little carol which never grows stale. Then begins the process of incubation, when the warmth imparted from the maternal breast stirs to action the "vital spark" contained as a mere speck in the egg, which in about two weeks develops into a living, but far from complete, bird, when it emerges from the shell along with its four or five fellow nestlings.

The following eight or ten days are the most interesting period in the process of bird formation, as we may watch, from day to day, the wonderful transformation from the very helpless, and not to call pretty, bare gorbles, to the very beautiful and lively fledgeling. Very soon the long wobbly neck and big head begin to assume more graceful proportions, the bare stumps of winglets to show signs of coming feathers, and the pot-bellied little body to mould itself more and more into the graceful and dainty form of a bird. By about

the tenth day the transformation is complete, and the little family leave the nest and perch upon the neighbouring twigs; and, with their clamorous little peep or chirp, keep the fond and happy parents very busy bringing them food every few minutes. Well may we now sit again upon the bank and imprint upon the memory many beautiful living pictures and musical records which we may carry with us and produce at pleasure to the end of our days.

The nest has now served its purpose, and, if carefully removed with as much as possible of its attachments, will form a very beautiful object for drawing-room decoration. To those who *must* collect, I would suggest such nests as a legitimate form in which they may indulge that fancy. By far the best collection for any boy or girl to make of natural objects is, however, in the *mind* and *memory*, where a vast store may be gathered in youth, and be available at all times and under all circumstances in after life. An important point to be kept in view in this connection is that the very best collection of objects that any boy can make is sure to be greatly inferior to hundreds of such in the various museums throughout the country, absolutely nothing new in this way remaining to be done; whereas there is still ample scope for original observation in the entrancing field of bird life, especially in that connected with nesting.

In conclusion I would only say that my advocacy of observation in place of robbery in birdnesting does not rest on merely theoretical grounds, but upon much personal experience. It is because I know so well the great amount of pleasure which may be obtained from each bird's nest that I so greatly regret seeing boys throwing away their opportunities by stupidly destroying what might be of the greatest value to them. It is only within comparatively recent years that the practice of wholesale robbery of nests has become so prevalent. In the days when I went birdnesting, robbing, or, as we then called it, harrying birds' nests was very much looked down upon, and was classed along with playing truant, killing cats, and such-like wickedness. All the better-class boys sought nests for the sake of *knowing* them, of visiting them time after time and watching their progress. We compared notes with one another as to how many nests we knew, and as an act of confidence, showed them to our particular friends; but were very careful not to give any indication of their whereabouts to the low-class boys who, we feared, might harry them. I am assured by some who ought to know that indiscriminate nest harrying, which seems certainly to prevail, as one can scarcely hope to see a nest a second time, is confined to a very few boys, some being named to me. I fear, however, and with reason, that collecting is not so limited, and, in my opinion, is

scarcely less mean and dishonest. If boys were to make collections of pocket knives and steal them from one another they would have to fight for it, and run the risk of a good licking. There is no such risk in stealing from the bird, which is entirely defenceless. It is a mean and cowardly spirit that will take advantage of this, and it is the rôle of the high-spirited and chivalrous to defend the weak and helpless. If a few of such among the bigger boys were to take up the cause of the birds, and deal, as they deserve, with the nest harriers, it would be to the credit of the School, and greatly improve bird-life in the district. If the latter are so few, and known, as is stated, this should be easily and effectively done.

The Ministers of Dollar Parish Subsequent to the Reformation.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

REV. JOHN GRAY (*continued*).

IN this connection I am sure it will be generally interesting to my Dollar readers that I should mention here the pleasing fact that there are actually no fewer than two of the present members of the Parish Kirk Session who are lineally descended on the female side from that worthy elder of an older generation. I refer to Mr Robert Stanhouse and Mr John Cowan. I may further add here that, in Mr Peter Cram, a much esteemed member of the United Free Church, as well as a valued member of the School Board and of the Governing Body of Dollar Academy, we have another representative of the same excellent gentleman. Nor is that, I may further observe, the earliest connection which each of these gentlemen can claim with former forbears in the Kirk Session of the parish. For I believe that the Mr Gavin Marshall, who appeared before the Presbytery in 1619 in support of the call then addressed to Mr Archibald Moncreiff, was also an ancestor to Messrs Cowan and Cram and Stanhouse.

Certain at least it is that the small estate of Lower Mains was sold in 1606 to Mr Marshall, and that the property continued in the family till the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is surely not often that so many members of a Church Session can carry back their ancestral connection so far with that historic organisation as is the case in the present Kirk Session of Dollar. For four of its existing members can not only trace their con-

nection to the early eighteenth century, but even in all likelihood to the very foundation of Protestantism in the parish. Thus the two representatives of the old family of Haig go back not only to the John Burn of Sheardale, who was one of Mr Gray's Session in 1742, but in all likelihood also to the Mr Robert Burn who was the first Protestant minister of the parish, while Mr Cowan and Mr Stanhouse, as I have already noticed, claim descent from the Gavin Marchale who attended the Presbytery in 1619 to support the call of Mr Moncreiff.

But to pass from these more personal details, I observe next that the second stirring incident which diversified the dull and uneventful course of our parish history was closely associated with a disputed and resisted settlement of a new minister in the parish of Muckhart in the year 1734. From the minutes of the General Assembly it appears that in the year 1732 a petition was presented to the Presbytery of Auchterarder by the Duke of Argyll and other heritors asking that the presentation issued by George II. on behalf of Archibald Rennie as the nominee of these parties should be followed by the appointment of that gentleman to the cure of the parish. His call, however, on the day in which it was moderated in, was found to be subscribed by only two persons residing in the parish, and by a non-resident heritor. All the rest of the parishioners were resolutely opposed to the settlement. Accordingly the Presbytery of Auchterarder hesitated to sustain the call, and to proceed with it. The case was carried from the Presbytery to the Synod, and from the Synod to the Assembly. When the friends of Mr Rennie appeared before the Church Courts they pleaded that the greater part of the landed interest was in their hands, and this, it was assumed, sufficed to overbear the rights of the people. The Presbytery, however, was of another opinion, and sustained a call to Mr John Hally, a son of the evangelical minister of Muthill. A counter petition came up at the same time to the Assembly from all the heritors except five, who were non-resident, and from the entire Session; it was also concurred in by the heads of families in the parish without exception. This petition, however, proved futile, for at the end of two years of strife, the Assembly ordered the settlement of Mr Rennie in Muckhart, remitting the matter of his ordination to the Commission with full power to cognosce the merits and issue the case. The end was that a committee of members of neighbouring Presbyteries was appointed to co-operate with the Presbytery of Auchterarder in executing the Assembly's order. It was in the carrying out of this order that Dollar had a rather exciting time. For so averse was the congregation of Muckhart to the minister thus forced upon

them, that on the day fixed for his ordination a strong body of parishioners waylaid the presentee, seized him and the friends who accompanied him on the confines of the parish, conducted them back to Dollar, and kept them there in safe custody (by some it is said in the walls of Castle Campbell—which, seeing he was Argyll's presentee, was a rather appropriate scene for his incarceration) until the day was too far gone to permit of the ordination taking place that day. Another day, of course, had to be appointed for the purpose, and more effectual measures were taken to see that the work was carried through. Dr Marshall, in his instructive volume, "Historic Scenes in Perthshire," informs us that a band of soldiers guarded the Presbytery. The church doors were so well closed by the reclaiming people that they could not be opened. Instead of breaking them up the clergy present and a few others made their entrance by one of the windows, and the solemn farce of the ordination was gone through, not a single parishioner being present except two heritors and an Episcopalian resident. The farce ended with a salutary example to enforce on the populace greater respect for their ecclesiastical superiors. Several persons were made prisoners, two of whom were confined for a time in Castle Campbell, who, however, were ultimately liberated on giving bail that they would appear when called on to answer for their disorderly and wicked conduct.

Mr Rennie continued minister of the parish till his death in 1786, a period of fifty-two years. But he never preached in the Parish Church except on the Sabbath immediately succeeding his ordination. He never had a Session or even a single elder. He never dispensed the Communion. He never made a collection for the poor. He let the manse, except the dining-room, which he reserved as the place of worship for the congregation attending him, which rarely exceeded seven persons. He cannot, therefore, have been much of a minister; but there is conclusive evidence that he was a first-class farmer. Thus it is on record that having farmed Boghall in the west of the parish for many years, on leaving it, that farm brought the proprietor thrice the rent it had yielded when Rennie took it. Besides, on the profits of his farm and with a stipend of £44. 8s. 10d., he was able to purchase, and did purchase, Ballilisk, which in 1828 was valued at £15,000—a feat well-nigh as wonderful as that of Mr Gray of Dollar in making himself, on an equally small salary, the proprietor of no fewer than two landed estates. I have an interesting personal association with this remarkable Muckhart minister that I may be forgiven for mentioning here. Some years after my own ordination to the Dollar United Presbyterian Church, a lady sought fellowship with my church,



Photo by A. P. Russell

WILLIE'S POOL, ON THE DEVON

and continued a member for several years. She was a Miss Rennie from Dublin. And she informed me that one of her reasons for settling for a time in Dollar was that she was a lineal descendant of the Rev. Mr Rennie of Muckhart, and that she was anxious to visit both the parish in which her forefather had ministered, and the estate of Ballilisk, of which she knew that he had at one time been the proprietor.

Before passing from the case of the Muckhart forced settlement, I think it worth recording that Muckhart was the first congregation admitted to the Secession Church. It is true that the people had to wait till 1745 before a minister was ordained over them, that their church was only built in 1740, and that regular supply of pulpit ordinances was difficult and indeed impossible for years after Mr Rennie's ordination. During this period of unsettlement numbers of the regular Muckhart parishioners were accustomed to worship on vacant Sabbaths in the Parish Church of Dollar, where the minister was thought to be an evangelical. It was in this connection that the fiery spirit of Adam Gib, who was a native of the parish, as well as a student and minister of the Secession Church, first conspicuously asserted itself. Such conduct he pronounced inconsistent with the Secession Testimony, and not to be tolerated. As representing a milder type of religious thought, his professor, the Rev. Wm. Wilson, of Perth, writing the young man on the subject, said: "I wish that those in Muckhart who are offended at such of their number as hear Mr Gray would rest in signifying their own mind in the spirit of meekness and wait, without making any break among themselves, till the Lord be pleased further to clear their way." It was like the conservative and liberal elements in the early Secession Church struggling together already, and was an omen of the "Breach," as it was called, which followed in 1747, when Adam Gib separated from his "burgher brethren," as they came to be called, and founded the Antiburgher Church. Meanwhile, I think it speaks favourably of Mr Gray's reputation as a man and a preacher that in 1736 to 1740 the Muckhart seceders, when they had no preacher of their own, came to Dollar to hear him.

(To be continued.)

A Late Spring.

PROGNOSTICATIONS were at fault, the calendar told lies,
 We should have gazed at daffodils instead of sullen skies ;
 From day to day, week in week out, came wind, rain, sleet, and snow,
 While avocations were pursued in paths beset with woe.

O Spring, why tarry so ?

Then Phoebus shook his shackles off, asserting his full might
 To ride triumphant in the sky, diffusing warmth and light ;
 No longer held in thrall by cold, Spring found herself set free,
 So nature changed her garb and smiled in maiden modesty ;
 Then gloom gave place to glee.

Those men who ply the gentle art on Devon's classic stream
 Awoke to find that fishing was a fact and not a dream ;
 Sleek cattle wandered from their fields into the broad highway ;
 The shepherds found their sheep and lambs much more inclined to stray
 On that eventful day.

Though undemonstrative of late the small birds now were seen
 To flutter with excitement over changes on the green ;
 And ere the sun sank in the west they met to celebrate
 The advent of their sanctum, by the holding of a *fête*
 With regal pomp and state.

From fields and gardens all around, from hedgerows and from trees,
 They came decked in their plumage gay in ones and twos and threes ;
 They fluttered, twittered, piped, and sang, and flirted with great zest,
 Till twinkling stars peeped out and watched the revellers to rest
 In cosy nook or nest. J. T. R.

The Indian Jungles.

By A. W. STRACHAN.

(Read to Dollar Field Naturalist Club.)

IN some parts of India these animals are captured by means of pitfalls, as well as by the most costly, and sometimes futile, keddah.

The former are dug in sets of four, or perhaps six, in likely spots in the jungles frequented by the protected herds. They are usually about twelve feet square and the same in depth, though they are padded with dried grass and brushwood for about a third to break the fall of any of the ponderous beasts that have the misfortune to fall in. The soil is carried away a considerable distance, and all traces of the pit so carefully concealed that anyone hunting in their

neighbourhood runs the risk of falling in if he doesn't happen to see the warning notice stuck up on a neighbouring tree. The covering is composed of twigs and small branches supported on thicker boughs, and then covered with soil and leaves so as to exactly resemble its surroundings. Were it not for the notice it would be almost impossible for even a human being to detect the deception, but sometimes one might imagine that the elephants, too, could read the notice, as they manage to thread their way between the pits in a remarkable manner. Carrying their noses so near the ground perhaps tells them a thing or two. These pits are regularly inspected by the forest guard, whose duty it is to report a capture immediately to the District Forest Officer, and as that official in Wynaad happened to be a particular friend of mine, I had many opportunities for witnessing some most interesting scenes.

The pits as a method of capture have one or two disadvantages, one being that they cannot discriminate as to the animals they are intended to catch, and all kinds of beasts fall through, such as bison, deer of different kinds, and occasionally even a tiger or a leopard, so they afford a variety of exciting incidents. All these animals except the two latter are released, and are, as a rule, little the worse for their trying experience.

I will give you a short account of the capture of a large bull elephant that was "wanted" by the Government, as his reputation was not above suspicion, and he was believed to be the perpetrator of the murder of two natives, though absolute proof was lacking.

The D.F.O. had had him watched for several days, till, on an evil day for him, he happened to be feeding in the vicinity of some pits, and the opportunity for effecting his capture arrived. The watchers quietly surrounded him, and succeeded in doing what they had waited so patiently to accomplish—frightened him into one of the well concealed traps.

The joyful news was immediately reported to their superior officer, who sent a note to me asking if I would care to go with him the following day to see the final stage in his capture. We set off in the early hours of the morning on the back of his favourite elephant, after having given the suspected rogue the night in durance vile in which to ponder over his sins, or, more probably, to bitter reflections on the deceitfulness of man.

After an uncomfortable journey of about four miles through the jungle, we became conscious of a confused babel of voices, and knew that we had reached our destination. The voices came from a throng of coolies who had been sent off before daybreak to make the necessary preparations, and as the majority of them had

brought their wives and families, and apparently most of their other relatives into the bargain, to see the fun, the collection was rather mixed. They were gathered round what appeared to be a heaving mound of earth, but which proved to be, on closer inspection, the back of "my lord the elephant." He was a magnificent beast, with rather short, but thick and heavy tusks; and as he had apparently spent the night trying to dig himself out, these were covered with red earth, which gave him a decidedly sanguinary appearance. The whole of his head, too, had this gory covering, and his small, wicked-looking, bloodshot eyes glaring vindictively at anyone who came within his range of vision, certainly did not tend to dispel his evil reputation.

The tame elephants, trained by man to act the part of traitors to their species, were brought up, and the coolies sent off to cut bundles of brushwood with which to fill up the pit, and so release him from his cramped quarters.

The first stage in the proceedings was to get two strong ropes over his head—no easy matter, as he made good use of his trunk in preventing its accomplishment—but they were secured round his neck at last, and another attached to one of his hind legs. By this time a goodly number of bundles had been cut, so the process of filling the pit was begun. It was extraordinary to see how sagaciously he made use of these bundles as they were thrown in. It reminded me of a man filling a cart in a harvest field. The clever beast took them in his trunk, and placed them wherever he required them, seeming quite to understand what they were intended for. Gradually his huge bulk rose higher and higher above the ground, till at last he could *almost* get his fore feet over the edge of the pit, but before he could quite succeed in doing this, three tame elephants were brought alongside, and the ropes that had previously been attached to the captive beast securely fastened to their pads. When eventually he was able to step out he had a member of his own species on either side of his head and another behind him, traitorously exerting their strength to prevent his escape. He didn't submit to this ignominy, however, without a desperate struggle to regain his liberty, and it was soon evident that the three comparatively small trained ones would be unable to hold him for long, so a fourth was brought up to help. Even with this addition they could do little with him, and by the afternoon had only succeeded in forcing him about half a mile from the scene of his capture. Here it was resolved to tie him up, and send for some powerful tuskers to take him in hand. It was only on the strong recommendation of the head mahout that he wasn't shot in fulfilment of the Government regulations concerning "rogues."

Unfortunately I couldn't stay longer, but my last glimpse of him showed that his spirit was far from being conquered, as he was straining at the ropes and chains that bound him with all his ponderous weight and mighty strength. The poor beast wasn't destined to become man's slave, however, as he died the following day, probably from the strain of his desperate efforts, or perhaps from a broken heart.

It is extraordinary how soon after their capture some elephants become subservient to the will of man, and it is pitiful to see how the huge brutes positively funk a puny native, armed with nothing more formidable than a cane about the thickness of one's little finger. To give an instance. I once went to the kraals to see a large female elephant that I had seen caught about a fortnight before, and who, when first put into her prison of teak beams, was just about as unruly and obstreperous as any beast could be. If anyone went near her then, she coiled up her trunk and charged the beams viciously in a determined attempt to get at him, but with the sole result of inflicting an ugly wound at the base of that useful appendage. At the time of my visit two weeks later she was comparatively submissive, and if not actually tame, had at least made considerable progress towards docility. The native entrusted with her training was anxious to show how much he had accomplished in the short time since her capture, and for the purpose of doing so, got into the kraal beside her.

I must here explain that the beams of which the kraal is built are very wide apart so as to allow of a man slipping in and out with ease—a very necessary precaution, as he might feel a bit squashed if the elephant bottled him up in a corner and leant against him, as they have a playful way of trying to do.

The moment her teacher came near her she showed very evident signs of uneasiness, which, I'm afraid, points to the fact that the training of an elephant is not always conducted as humanely as it might be. She religiously kept her tail end presented to her taskmaster, and tried hard to pin him against one of the huge teak beams, but the wily Hindoo is a match for an elephant any day of the week in matters of cunning, and he had no difficulty in avoiding this "attack from the rear." All the while the trainer kept telling her to kneel in language not quite as polite as is usually addressed to a lady, but she stubbornly refused, perhaps as a protest against his abuse of her and her antecedents. The trainer then went and got a thin cane, and proceeded to put a little forcible persuasion into his commands. Tapping her gently just above the feet, he told her again to kneel, and this time she went down without a moment's hesitation, commencing to blubber like a great

overgrown schoolboy after a licking. It was pathetic to see how demoralised one of the largest of God's creatures can become through fear of a miserable specimen of humanity like the mahout who lorded it over her, and I must admit to a feeling almost of regret that even the lowest members of the *genus homo* can exert such an influence over these grand beasts.

(*To be continued.*)

Sir Douglas Haig.

BY JUDGE W. C. BENET.

AT the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month, in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and eighteen—most memorable hour since the simple shepherds of Bethlehem heard the heavenly host sing their song of peace on earth and good-will to men—at that fateful hour on that Monday morning, the order, "Cease firing," was sounded all along the hundreds of miles of the battle front. On the instant an awful silence reigned. The great world war was ended.

At that hour Field-Marshal Haig's soldiers were in the city of Mons, brave Canadians and British troops having that morning driven the Germans out. How this last victorious battle must have thrilled the heart of Sir Douglas Haig. Strange, startling fate—that after fully four years of terrible warfare, after all the changes and chances of that mortal strife, the countless battles, the doubtful victories, the disheartening reverses, the final and complete triumph—strange, startling fate that the British should fight their last battle with the Hun on the same ground on which they had fought their first battle when the war began. It was at Mons that Field-Marshal French's army first saw the flash of the German guns. It was there that the vast armies of the Kaiser first attempted to execute the scornful order of their bombastic war lord. "Exterminate first the treacherous English, and walk over General French's contemptible little army." It was a little army—only eighty thousand men—facing a host of half a million Huns. It fought and checked the German advance, but it had to retreat. In that masterly retreat from Mons that little army, stubbornly fighting rearguard actions against overwhelming numbers, changed the meaning of the sneering Kaiser's words and made "contemptible" a badge of honour and valour. It was Sir Douglas Haig, then in command of the First Army Corps, who fought those rearguard

actions. Stout of heart and grim, as becomes a true soldier, tenacious and dour, as becomes a true Scot, he covered the retreat of the British army, fighting without ceasing against fearful odds, and with terrible sacrifice of his gallant men, until what was left of the little contemptible army reached and crossed the Marne, and joined the armies of Marshal Joffre.

The "Old Contemptibles"! Who is able worthily to tell their story? Told it will be some day, for it deserves to be immortalised by a nobler poem than even Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." It was handsome and generous in General Currie, commanding the Canadians at the taking of Mons, to send for as many as could be found of the Old Contemptibles that they might share in the glory of the capture. How few of the eighty thousand heroes are left! Only Sir Douglas Haig, a few other officers, and hardly men enough to form a battalion.

Other memories than those about the retreat from Mons must have stirred the heart of Sir Douglas on the morning of that great Monday. The first battle of Ypres—he could not forget that. When victory was in doubt, it was his great good fortune to come at full gallop, accompanied by an escort of his own old regiment of Lancers, to a point in the battle line where danger, if not disaster, threatened. In the nick of time he was able to render conspicuous service which aided greatly in bringing about the final triumph of the Allied armies. It was so fine a proof of wise generalship that when, shortly afterwards, Sir John French resigned the position of Commander-in-Chief, he informed the British War Office that Sir Douglas Haig was the man to fill the place. And so, thus early in the great war, he was made Field-Marshal, and placed in command of all the British armies.

Among his many war memories, perhaps the one that weighed most on his mind was the great German drives which began on the 21st of last March. What weeks and months of ceaseless watchfulness and anxiety he had to undergo, when the slightest mistake might have spelled disaster; fighting daily and nightly against armies that greatly outnumbered his, and had the enormous advantage of him in artillery power; daily forced to give way; fighting and falling back; making the enemy pay dearly for every foot of ground, and paying dearly himself in every encounter; the unconquerable courage of the British soldiers holding the line unbroken until, reduced in numbers almost to the breaking point, he ordered his armies to fight "with their backs to the wall." This unusual expression puzzled many in this country, and no wonder, for it is really a Scotticism, which, being interpreted, meant that they would stop going back and fight to the death

where they stood. Probably Sir Douglas had in his mind this verse of an old Jacobite song—

“Oh, send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name ;
Though his back be at the wa’,
Here’s to ane that’s far awa’.”

In this order there was no note of despair, or even of discouragement. It was the clear call of courage undaunted ; it sounded like the voice of a wounded lion at bay, beset by a pack of ravening wolves. His faithful soldiers understood ; and with him they were ready to stand or fall. The German advance was halted. The long retreat was ended. French and British reinforcements soon came to Haig’s help, and the tide of war was turned. Then, in July, under the supreme command of Marshal Foch, Sir Douglas began that marvellous advance against the Huns which soon became a march of triumph, that ended only when the defeated enemy cried “Enough,” and begged for an armistice—the last act in the great war tragedy, just before the curtain fell, being the recapture of Mons by Haig’s army.

Mark his last brief dispatch to the War Office announcing the victory at Mons—how characteristic of the man—simple, clear, modest, devoid of rhetorical flourish, with no note of triumph nor suggestion of exultation—the language of the soldier and the gentleman. He simply stated that Canadian and British troops had captured Mons, and advanced several miles beyond the town in pursuit of the enemy. No heroics, no blowing of trumpets. What a contrast to the bombastic blasts of Wilhelm the All-Highest !

Sir Douglas Haig is a remarkable man. What amazing strength of body, soul, and mind he has, to have been able to bear the terrible strain and the crushing weight of responsibility he was under during all the four and a half years of unceasing and fiercest war. He is the only commander-in-chief who has done so in all the belligerent armies. His whole make up is admirable. A favourite at court and in society, hard to beat as a polo player, perfect in horsemanship, strikingly handsome in personal appearance, kindly and courteous in manner, beloved by his generals, the idol of his soldiers—surely, to him we may fitly apply Chaucer’s line—

“He is a veray parfite gentil knight.”

It is excellent, too, to know that, like a Christian knight, he is as faithful in going to church as in going to battle. All during the war, whenever opportunity offered, Sir Douglas never failed to attend divine worship in the little building that served as a Presbyterian Church, some miles behind his headquarters. Of all the great

captains that history tells us of, the one who most resembles him is the great Virginian, General Robert E. Lee.

Believers in heredity will find strong support for their doctrine in the wonderful pedigree of Sir Douglas Haig. The family seat of the Haigs is Bemersyde. The ancient keep still stands, a mile from Abbotsford. The oldest existing title deed is dated A.D. 1150, the first laird of Bemersyde being Peter Haig, spelling his name in the Norman-French fashion, Petrus de Haga. The first to sign his name in the Scottish way was Sir Andrew Haig, born 1388, and knighted by King Robert III.

About five centuries ago, Thomas the Rhymer, poet and seer, predicted that—

“Tyde what may betyde,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.”

Thomas was a true prophet; the Haig family has held the castle and lands of Bemersyde continuously for 769 years. And they still hold them.

Sir Douglas Haig belongs to the Clackmannanshire branch of the family, and is the sixth son of John Haig of Cameron House, Fifeshire, who died in 1878. The founder of this branch was Robert Haig, second son of James Haig, the seventeenth laird of Bemersyde, who settled at Throsk, Stirlingshire, in 1623. His son John married Isobel, daughter of John Ramsay, in Alloa, and of their children,¹ George's descendants eventually settled at Blairhill, Kinross-shire, and Cameron House, Fife.

It is interesting to read in Sir Walter Scott's "Journal" how intimate were the Messrs Haig of Bemersyde with the family at Abbotsford.

The foregoing genealogical facts show that Sir Douglas Haig comes honestly by his wonderful gift of holding on and carrying on. Tenacity is proverbially a Scottish characteristic. There is point as well as humour in the Englishman's remark that "a Scotsman keeps the Sabbath day and everything else he lays his hands on." This power of holding on, which the Haig family has possessed in so great measure, was signally manifested by Sir Douglas during all the weary years of the war.

There is another Douglas Haig, a little boy who was christened last year at Sir Douglas's English home. His godmothers were the

¹ Our readers may be interested to learn that Miss Haig, who contributed an article to our last issue, is descended from James, a younger brother of George, above mentioned. This James married Elizabeth, daughter of James Burn of Easter Sheardale, in the parish of Dollar. Their grandson, William, settled at Dollarfield in 1786, and our contributor is his great-granddaughter. [See Vol. IV., p. 54.]

Dowager Queen Alexandra and the ex-Empress Eugenie. Thomas the Rhymer's prophecy still holds true.

The question now is, what shall be done unto the man whom the King and the Empire delight to honour? It is expected that, like former victorious soldiers—Marlborough, Wellington, Kitchener, Roberts, and others—he will be honoured with a peerage, and with a fortune sufficient to maintain such high position. If this be done, let us earnestly hope that the name of Haig, so historical, so familiar, and to all of Scottish blood so dear, will not be buried in some new title, however high. Let the title be "Earl Haig of Bemersyde." Then will Auld Scotland and Greater Scotland rejoice. And would not Thomas the Rhymer be partaker in their joy? Wha kens?

Recognition by King Albert.

BY MARGARET SIMPSON (Glasgow).

IN the years to come Dollar will think with pride, tinged with sorrow, of a native of the town and a former pupil of the School who was honoured by the most heroic leader of the great war. One of our own earned the recognition by King Albert of her work for his people; but she may not receive the consummation of her reward.

In Dollar, where Morna Tod spent the greater part of her twenty-five years, her many friends knew her as one of the bright, daring, true spirits whose presence is a joy to those around them. She might well be one of those whom the gods love, "who will die in their glory and never be old." Later, her home was in Glasgow, the city in which she was to meet with the opportunity of winning her distinction. When Belgium was invaded in 1914, the Corporation of Glasgow undertook the maintenance of a number of the refugees. Miss Tod offered her services to their Relief Committee. She devoted herself with unflinching energy to helping and encouraging the exiles, until the dark time was rapidly drawing to a close. The dawn was already breaking, and the return home was in sight when the epidemic that the war brought in its train attacked her at her post, and in three days she was gone.

Miss Tod died on 5th October 1917. Earlier in the same year King Albert had conferred on her the Médaille de la Reine Elizabeth. After peace is restored the other recipients will be decorated by the Queen, who herself symbolises the helper in need. The youngest of the Scottish ladies will not come forward, but the King and Queen of the Belgians will read her name in the list, and will know that she died in their service. Her memory will be carried home in the minds of the returned refugees as that of one who received them when they came as strangers into a strange land.

Recollections of an Old Boy.

IT was about the first or second year of Dr Thom's administration when I started "work" at the Academy, and the first of a famous staff of teachers who tried to instil knowledge into my then expanding brain was the late Mr James Christie. He was a good teacher, and he had a pleasant and agreeable manner. It seems curious that one can remember sometimes idiosyncrasies rather than the more solid qualities of an individual. One thing which impressed me, I can remember, was a habit Mr Christie had of eating large raisins during class hours, and we used to envy the boy who received a handful for doing well at lessons. Mr Christie was a poet of no mean order, and his poems were known to a wide and admiring public. From the lower I passed to the upper School, and came under the discipline of quite a different set of teachers. I have pleasant memories of Mr John Douglas, or "Johnnie," as we rather irreverently named him. Writing was about the only thing I could do well, and I soon got into favour with Mr Douglas. "Old Boys" will remember with glee when Mr Douglas got "worked up" and gave out "pœnas" to deserving and undeserving alike.

Dr Cownie used to try to administer doses of the "dead languages" to me, but I am afraid with poor success. I never had any aptitude for languages, but "dead" ones were to me as dry as dust. We were rather a wild set in that year. I remember we used to attend at two o'clock for Latin, and some of us were usually up too early. It was a common occurrence to have the keyhole stopped, so that there was a delay of from five to ten minutes before the door could be opened and work started. Pellets were the things used, and it was a rather difficult thing to get them out before the key would turn. On one occasion the delay had been longer than usual, and Dr Cownie became quite exasperated. How he found out who was the culprit I can't say, but the boy was asked out to have punishment inflicted. This he refused to do, and the scene that resulted must be in the memory of most of the boys then present. After strenuous resistance, for the boy was fairly strong, he was eventually overcome and gradually pulled over a desk, and the well deserved, severe punishment inflicted. We cheered like one man, I remember, as the hour was well gone and we got no lessons that day. This put an end, however, to tricks with the keyhole. Dr Cownie was ever a popular teacher, and he was certainly a brilliant scholar. Most boys will remember Dr Cownie for the kindly interest he took in all their athletic games. He was a first-class cricketer himself, being a noted "bat," and few could equal him at "wickets." Mr Peter Snowdone taught the first French class

in my time. It was a large class, and not many gave signs of becoming distinguished linguists. Mr Snowdone sat on a seat which boasted a cushion, with a small table in front of him. I recollect one day he had to leave the class-room to speak to some one outside. Pandemonium immediately ensued, and during the din some one was wicked enough to put a large pin through the cushion on Mr Snowdone's chair. When Mr Snowdone returned, the din immediately ceased, to break out again when the teacher jumped from his seat, demanding to know who had put the pin there. Of course there was no confession, so the door was locked and Mr Snowdone, who was a powerful man, took his tawse and, starting at the top of the class, did not finish till all had had a taste of their quality. He made sure the culprit would get his share. I next found myself in the class of Mr Herman I. Geyer. I can't at the moment recollect Mr Geyer's idiosyncrasy. I think he had several. Anyway he was a kindly soul when not roused, and a good teacher if only one had had an aptitude for foreign languages. He had a great contempt for boys who could not learn German, and, needless to say, I was one of them. This was the only "mixed" class where boys and girls were taught in one room, and I can remember the shame I felt when I found that most of the girls were ahead of me in the exams. One girl in this class I have a kindly remembrance of, inasmuch as she was about equal to myself as a linguist, and saved me from absolute extinction, or shall I say distinction? I wonder if she has the same kindly remembrance of me in this way? We considered it a treat when Mr Geyer took a severe cold, and became so hoarse that he could not speak. Questions were then ruled out, and we were set to some translation work, which did not show up one's ignorance so much in public. Notwithstanding his nationality, I have kindly recollections of Mr Geyer. He gave me on several occasions some very kind advice, which I am more able to appreciate now than at that time.

Mr Masterton taught arithmetic. He was a very able teacher, and drilled us well in his subject, which, fortunately for myself, I was very fair at. He had a habit of saying, when upset by any obstreperous youth, "Come out here; hold up your hand. You don't come here to make a fool of me," or words to that effect. Mr Masterton was not very tall, and I well recollect when "Tasmanian Devil"—I can't recall his proper name—was called out, he being very tall held his hand so high that the tawse could not reach him. He did not escape, however, as his "nether regions" could testify at the time. There were two boys in this class I had a great admiration for. One was George¹ Dudgeon—I think it was George, son of Mr

¹ James.—ED.

Dudgeon, who was so long at Dollar station. He was a marvel at mental arithmetic. The other was Robert Mair, who ran Dudgeon very close, and who is a brother of that distinguished scholar, Mr David Mair. I wonder what became of these two clever boys?

I come now to one of the most popular teachers Dollar Academy ever had—the late Mr James Taylor, who taught mathematics and science with much acceptance. The hour spent in this class to me seemed very short. Mr Taylor was an admirable teacher, and spared no pains to make his subject plain, even to the dullest of us. Mr Taylor, like Dr Cownie, took an active interest in the recreations of the boys, and at the Annual Sports did much to make them a success. I recollect the year he had an accident when demonstrating to us some experiment in chemistry. I cannot remember the exact experiment, but think he got burned with some strong acid. Although Mr Taylor must have suffered severe pain, he took things very quietly. We were all glad to see him back again at School after the holidays, none the worse for his severe accident. Mr Taylor would stand no nonsense during school hours, and he could use his “pointer” as well as the “tawse” to some purpose, when required.

Of Mr Richard Malcolm I am afraid to write; I cannot do justice to one who is so universally loved by all his “Old Boys.” The letters he receives from all over the world from “Old Boys” in high positions, as well as from those in the more humble walks of life, testify to this. Mr Malcolm taught the higher classes in English Language and Literature, and it was a boy’s own fault if he failed to learn a great deal from Mr Malcolm’s painstaking methods. At that time I was privileged to be tutored by the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson. Mr Wilson was engaged at the time on a portion of a dictionary which was to be published, and he rightly, I think, considered himself an authority on pronunciation. I recollect he used to take exception to the way in which I pronounced several of my words during lessons. When I pertly told him, “That is how Mr Malcolm pronounces them,” thinking that would stump him, he only replied, “Tell Mr Malcolm he is wrong.” Needless to say, I did not do so, but it struck my youthful imagination at the time, that clever men can differ over very small things.

There were several other teachers at Dollar during my time whom I did not come much into touch with. Mr Brown was teacher of drawing, and his room always seemed to me to be quiet and restful. A sort of haven of rest, where a dreamy peacefulness pervaded everything, probably due to the atmosphere created by the character of the man himself. I can recollect he wore a velvet jacket, and in other respects looked quite an artist. I have no

recollection of his work, however, as he retired soon after I joined his class. There was another teacher of drawing whose real name I cannot recollect, but who was irreverently called "Slaps" by the boys—why, I do not know.

Mr Cruickshank taught English Language and Literature to the girls. I had no practical experience of his teaching, but I believe he was a great favourite with the girls, and was a highly qualified teacher.

Of Dr George Thom, Rector of the Academy, I can say very little, as I did not come much into contact with him. During my last year I took his class in science, and enjoyed his method of teaching very much. I was more impressed by Dr Thom in my younger days, when I was "had up" before him by Mr Campbell, the janitor, for the illicit ringing of the School bell. As a youngster I remember being quite overawed by his manner, although I took the well-deserved punishment in the usual way, and I think the impression he then made on my youthful mind never quite left me. My impression of him now, looking back over my school life, is, that in his dignified and kindly way he maintained the School, with the co-operation of his able staff of teachers, at the high level attained by his distinguished predecessors.

I must not forget to mention Mr Campbell, who was janitor for so many years. Mr Campbell taught us drill, and I can well remember a treat he gave us when he went through the sword exercises with a "real" sword.

My recollections of school life would not be complete without a reference to the well-known seminary for young ladies, which was presided over so ably by Miss Murray and Miss Lindsay, and where it was my privilege to be taught dancing by the late Mrs Kennedy. It was quite an ordeal, I well remember, when my brother and I, who were the only boys, were taught to dance the "Highland Reel" and the "Sailor's Hornpipe" before all the young ladies. It was always a perplexing question to me, when I met the "School" out for their daily constitutional, as to whether one should remove one's cap altogether, until the "School" passed, or doff it automatically to each young lady in turn. It would be invidious in me to mention any young lady in particular, where all were so charming, but I have a vivid recollection of Miss Margaret Smart for her graceful dancing, and of Miss Mary Laurie for her fine singing.

Among the boys of my year whom I came into touch with most, and whom I can remember best, were:—William Lamberton, who was a fine gymnast; Alexander and Bruce Gray, who were both noted swimmers; Adam Harley, James Anderson, Robert Ewing, Morton Blacklaw, Henry Fraser, Robert Laing, Robert Alexander,

and David Millar. Others of an older growth, whom I remember well, were :—Alexander Lindsay, William Massey, Tom Cosh, Charlie Davie, Robert Burns, Louis Roberts, Frank Roberts, Hugh Blacklaw, Charles Blacklaw, Alexander Macarthur, John Tod, Randolph and Mountjoy Driver, William Black, Melville Middleton, Thomas Anderson, and a host of others. Alas, that so many should have passed to the higher life in the prime of their manhood.

A. M'INTYRE.

Nancy's Ascent of Ben Cleugh

ACCOMPANIED BY FATHER WILLIAM AND
FRIEND JAMES, 11th May 1896.

THE month of May comes round again,
The dew is glistening on the green ;
From belts of wood the cuckoo's strain
Flies midway heaven and earth between.

In glad and winsome youth's array
He sees and lauds thee, Nancy, dear !
And cries throughout the valley gay
That Summer's queen is here.

Come, let us spend the golden hours
Where lonely waters pensive stray,
While high in air the curlew pours
Abroad his wild and untaught lay !

She answered "Yea," and then we sought
The gorge o'er Tillicoultry mills :
By scaur and stream our way we fought
Sidelong among the Ochil hills.

We led the way, Nancy and I ;
Her father followed, musing deep
On news of kingdoms, far and nigh,
While broiling up the slippy steep.

The day was hot, the sun was bright,
The springs were low, and crystal streams,
Far gathered from each cleugh and height,
Strayed through the glen where silence dreams.

But still the pilgrims climb and climb,
The down drag of the earth despite,
And from Ben Cleugh's high throne sublime
A far, fair realm delights their sight.

The swifts, dark swallows, circle round
 The summit of Ben Cleugh, and say,
 "Abide with us on this high ground,
 Where Summer's tent is pitched to-day."

"Oh, swallow, swallow! who may rest
 And be at home that waits on thee?
 Though now thy wing is o'er the nest,
 Soon thou wilt fly across the sea.

"The curlew's cry, the cuckoo's call,
 Alas! alas! will vanish soon,
 And freezing snow will then enthrall
 The Ochil mountains 'neath the moon."

We may not linger on the height:
 In vain that fitting wing we follow.
 Too swift a guide for our dim sight
 And tender feet, this summer swallow.

We turned our back upon Ben Cleugh;
 O'er moor and moss we sped along,
 Down, down into the narrow sheugh
 Where Sorrow croons her plaintive song.

Down, down we went, of view bereft,
 Where Sorrow's waters run or sleep,
 Sky-thorn and White Wisp on our left,
 And on our right the King's Seat steep.

As Nancy links along the brae,
 With beauteous youth in mien and motion,
 Methinks she is a swallow gay
 As ever measured land or ocean.

We may not reach the Castle Gloom,
 That stands amid the woody hollow,
 Where Care, a wrinkled, sombre groom,
 Finds fitting bride in rueful Sorrow.

"Nay, nay, my lass, we cross the stream,
 Where pure and crystal is its flow,
 And leave it like a transient dream
 Of grief in sleep, morn may not know.

"Your father will not fail to prove
 The course of Sorrow till her fate
 Is wed with Care, and then he'll move
 By Dolor Burn, when it is late."

Across the limpid wave we sped,
And up and down the Ochil scaurs,
Those wounds once made by tempests dread,
The sword-cuts of old winter wars.

We skirted round the hill anon
Upon a sod-clad ancient road,
Where pilgrims of the ages gone
Sped lightly forth, or bore their load.

Here lilt of joy and grief's low wail
Were heard ; for here the foot of age
And youth's light step did bravely scale
The Ochil steep in long past pilgrimage.

But all have gone without a trace
Of what to earth they would bequeath ;
All vanished like the deer-herd chase
Of life before the hunter, Death.

What means thy moralising mood,
Thy backward look on yesterday,
Thou timid bard, that feared the wood,
And climbed the hill in light to stay ?

See Nancy skipping on before,
The dawn of youth within her eye ;
No lovelier were the days of yore
Than that which beams from this May sky.

And now we hasten down the steep,
O'er grey stone dyke, through woodland shade ;
To Devon side our faces keep,
And lightly trip o'er lea and mead.

The home is reached upon the brae
That overlooks the Devon Vale,
The while we hear the cuckoo's lay,
The same as did the morning hail.

True welcome met the wandering pair
From Mary and her mother wise,
Who love and grace and beauty wear
As natives of the higher skies.

And like unto an April breeze
That plays before the face of morn,
Or wind that twirls summer leaves,
Or rustles through the golden corn.

Throughout the garden and the lawn
 Their youngest sister skips and plays,
 The Benjamina of the Dawn,
 Encircled with unsullied rays.

A silent fear restrains the joy ;
 Though dumb, 'tis felt by all, I wis,
 The fateful thread of dim alloy
 That veils the gold of human bliss.

For father is not home, though day
 Is quickly sinking in the West,
 For still his footsteps lonely stray
 By waves with care and sorrow pressed.

But lo ! he comes with voice of cheer,
 And step elastic to the gate,—
 Joy reassured and banished fear,
 All gathered home ere it is late !

For, brave of heart, he sped along,
 Nor lingered in the dowie dell,
 Or sank beneath the spectral throng
 Of gloomy thoughts that handsel hell.

May they be blest, Strathdevon, dear,
 Who sit around thy cheerful hearth,
 Their sky like May days fair and clear
 Above a paradise of earth.

And sure I am where Christ abides,
 And saith, " My peace be here "—
 That home is blest whate'er betides,
 And earth has heavenly cheer.

And wheresoe'er our footsteps rove,
 From dewy vale to mountain height,
 Or down again through glen and grove,
 May we all meet as here to-night.

JAMES MATHER.

The Rookery.

THE rookery has been a scene of much interest during the winter, and increasingly so as the months rolled on into spring, when nesting began on or about the first Sunday in March, and is now, judging by the clamour of the young, nearing its climax in the taking to wing of a new generation of rooks. We have had many assemblies in the trees of Manor Park, accompanied by much caw-fabulation, and generally ending in magnificent displays of aviation.



A. Dwyer

KELLY BURN

Apparently at a given signal the whole assemblage of some hundreds would rush from the trees with much flutter and loud cawing, wheel and circle promiscuously round for a time, their wings at times seeming almost to touch, then rise to a great height so as to appear like mere specks against the sky, from which they would descend individually by magnificent volplane, and alight again upon the trees. After one of these assemblies in early spring the subject of discussion was made apparent by the rapid disappearance of all the nests on certain of the trees in South Manor Park; which nests had been there for four or five years, being merely relined each spring. Probably on sanitary grounds the rooks collectively came to the decision that entire renewal was now required; which was carried out on very much the old positions, but increased numbers, in March.

Another interesting episode was the struggle of a pair of rooks to build their nest on a tree on which there were already seven nests, built or building. There was no disagreement with regard to any of the other nests, but time after time when this one had got a certain length in building it was set upon by the other rooks and pulled to pieces. Ultimately the attempt to build there was given up, and a site chosen on an adjoining tree, on which there were no other nests, where it was allowed to be built without interference. It presents now a pathetic appearance in its solitary isolation. I have observed the same thing happen on the same tree on several occasions in recent years. This seems to point to a proprietary, perhaps hereditary, right to nest on that particular tree. I have previously suggested that the young females, after pairing with males, probably from another rookery, at the great winter assemblies in the fields, return for nesting to the ancestral tree and as nearly as possible under the maternal wing, often in actual contact with the parental nest. Thus will all members of a rookery be inter-related either by birth or marriage, yet the evils of consanguinity be avoided. This view is, I think, borne out by the grouping of nests on particular trees.

There are now 171 nests in the rookery distributed as follows:—

Manor Park (north, 14; south, 47) -	-	61
Academy Grounds (north, 19; south, 27) -	-	46
Gateside -	-	14
Sorley's Brae -	-	25
The Manse -	-	13
Aberdona Villa -	-	6
Ochilton -	-	2
The Club -	-	4

A Spanish Bull Fight.

"He who hasn't seen a bullfight, hasn't seen Spain."—*Spanish Proverb.*

"VA Ud a los toros?" Is your Honour going to the bulls? It was an August day in Bilbao, the Glasgow of Spain, at the time of the great annual fair, La Feria de Ramos, and the newest arrival in the town soon became aware that a bull-fight was billed for that day. "Is your Honour going to the bulls?" was heard on every side. Green tickets were thrust under our noses at every step, showing Cocherito and Belmonte, famous bull fighters, dressed in all the finery of the professional "matador." Huge flaming posters met the eye everywhere, emblazoned with life-size pictures of the bulls, that would soon be killed to "make a Roman holiday," each one duly named, and backed by its partisans. There, in a corner of the square, a dozen urchins were giving a free show, for one had donned a huge bull's head, made of cardboard, while the others whooped round him and played the bull in Belmonte's finest style. Belmonte was a native of Triana, that district of Sevilla from which the bull-fighters are mainly recruited, and where the traveller of to-day sees the last traces of the picturesque national costume, and where "gitanos" (pure Spanish gipsies), speaking the strange language which George Borrow picked off their lips under Andalusia's fig-trees, haunt the markets, steal a horse or mule, clip him as only a "gitano" can, and then sell him a few days later to his original owner, who does not recognise his own beast. It was our chance to see that wonderful spectacle—a Spanish bull-fight—and to take the sting out of a much-used proverb, "He who hasn't seen a bull-fight, hasn't seen Spain."

Seats in the shade were all booked, but a few seats in the sun remained. We soon found ourselves in a jostling multitude, controlled by the "guardia civil"—the mounted constabulary. The whole city seemed to be on trek to one common goal, the "plaza de toros." The "plaza" (bull-ring) is a large circular building, open to the sky, like the Coliseum in Rome, and with tiers upon tiers of seats. The arena is sanded, and a barricade, some 9 feet high, runs round all the way, punctuated with boxes, behind which the lackeys and footmen find a shelter when hard pressed—a bull-fighter never! Inside, a step, 18 inches from the ground, is let into the barricade, and this acts as a springboard for the performers, when, chased by the bull, they have to seek safety by a flying leap over the barricade, helped not infrequently by a none too friendly prod from the infuriated "toro," and landing, it may be, among a medley of policemen, orange-vendors, and water-sellers congregated in the gangway behind.

The bull-fight begins with a procession of all the performers, headed by the two managers on prancing steeds. Behind them come the "picadores" (horsemen) carrying their lances, then the "banderilleros" (dart-stickers) and footmen, and finally the adored "matadores," who will give the *coup de grâce* to the bulls with a good Toledo blade. A gold-embroidered waistcoat covers his tobacco-coloured sash; a jacket of dazzling embroidery flashes with light like live coals; two silk handkerchiefs gleam through the gold-edged openings of the pockets; a princely mantle swings loose from the shoulders, and an oval cap, the fighting cap of the "matador," is put on, so that the "moña" (pigtail), the sign of the profession, remains uncovered, and hangs symmetrically between the shoulders. A gaily-dressed mule team, which will drag out the dead bull, brings up the rear. In æsthetic effect, the spectacle cannot be surpassed. The crowd numbers many thousands; a mellow sun, whose heat seems intensified by the provoking cry of the water-sellers—"agua, fresca como la nieve" (water, cool as snow)—shines over a waving sea of colour; the "señoritas," with many-hued "mantillas" draped from combs, standing 18 inches above the head, occupy the topmost galleries. Later, the "mantillas" will be draped over the gallery rails, till half the amphitheatre is a riot of colour. The President's box is gaily beribboned, and before him the procession pauses, divides, and retires. Here, a workman's family, which for months has saved to get this annual treat, sits spell-bound, their wine-skin, grapes, and oranges forgotten. There, a group of young "majos" (dandies) jauntily dressed, and well versed in the technicalities of the game, watch their favourite "matador." Sit beside them if you want to learn the language of the ring! The whirring of fans opening and closing with lightning rapidity, cries of "Belmonte," "Cocherito," rend the air and drown the band, until a roll of drums feels its way through the clamour. It is a signal for the ring to be cleared, and for the first act in the drama to begin.

The President throws the key of the "corral" (where the bulls are housed) to a lackey. Half a dozen "picadores" (pike-men) mounted on horses of extremely poor quality, take up positions round the inside edge of the arena, farthest removed from the door, through which the bull will hurl himself into the ring. The "picadores" are encased in greaves, running to the thighs, and are armed with a long pike, the point of which is manipulated by a spring, so that it can be lengthened if the bull proves "awkward." The eye of the horse next the bull is blindfolded, for otherwise it would never await the bull's onslaught. The horseman has to meet the bull in his rush, wheel his horse, and at the same time turn the bull past his horse's flanks with an adroit movement of the pike. At a given signal the lackey

pulls back the "corral" door, which closes up the gangway and opens the passage into the ring. The bull hurls himself through, sometimes crashing up against one side and rebounding on to the other, so wild is his career. He was brought into the "corral" a few days before, in a box just wide enough to let him in; he has been in black darkness till the last moment and the sudden glare of light blinds him. The sea of faces, and the shouts of just admiration at his splendid proportions, confuse him, so that he fails to see the waiting "picadores." He is a magnificent animal, specially bred, whose courage has been proved in several preliminary bouts, a very lion. Sometimes, failing to see the horses, he trots round the opposite side of the ring till the hissing cries of "Cobarde! Cobarde!" (Coward!) goad him to fury. Sometimes, standing in the middle of the arena as if conscious that his last hour is come, he paws the sand, lifts his head high and bellows, till, seeing his foes, he lowers his head and charges like a thunderbolt. In a flash, he lifts both rider and horse over the barricade; rips another open and brings him and rider down in a confused mass, but before he can complete the work of destruction, a "muleta" (red square of silk) flashes across his eyes, and he wheels on his new enemy—an elusive footman. Again he rallies to the attack, while a lackey, keeping an eye on the bull, drags the fallen "picador" clear, pulls the broken steed to its feet, and leads it out to meet the bull, taking care to shelter himself behind the lee-side, while the crowd yell, in derision, "Take care, mother's darling; he's got an eye on you!" and the lackey bolts for the barricade and leaps into safety. Here a horse lies panting, till a friendly knife, driven home behind the ears, puts an end to its agonies and a handful of sawdust is spread over the blood that flows from its maimed body. There another trots round the ring, treading out its own entrails till a roar rises from a thousand throats, "Mal presidente! Mal presidente!" (bad President!), and at a sign from the presidential box the horse is led out and slain. The bull never attacks a dead carcase, but in a few seconds, with lightning rapidity, he dispatches three or four horses in utter scorn of the pike, which sinks into his shoulder at every rush and draws its toll of blood. "Que buen toro!" (What a fine bull!) yell the excited crowd. "Cuatro caballos a la vez!" (Four horses at one go!) On a signal from the President, the slaughter is stayed by a roll of drums, though little respite is given to the bull before the second act begins, for the "muleta" draws him over the arena, and the footmen, skimming across the sanded floor, seem to escape death by inches, and make passes under his very muzzle. One cannot but admire their agility and fearlessness. But the bull seldom charges the man, but always the "muleta," which is held well away from the body and

lifted deftly over his head, so that he "beats the air," and soon grows weary, when he meets no shock.

The second act is carried through by three "banderillos" (dart-stickers), accompanied by a few footmen who will draw off the bull in case of accident. They enter the ring, each one carrying two light "banderillas" (darts) barbed like fish-hooks. Holding the darts high above the head, one in each hand ready for launching, each "banderillero" advances singly into the centre of the ring, crying, "Eeee entra!" (Come on, let's have you!) until he attracts the bull's attention, and then tripping his way in a semicircle, with darts poised ready, he "crabs" his way across the path of the onrushing bull, and just at the moment when bull and man must crash together, the "banderillero" leaps sideways high into the air, with arms extended, and the bull's horns sweep past under his arm, just grazing the curve of his lithe body, and see! two darts are fixed deep in the ridge of the bull's neck. A roar of applause greets this daring feat—"Que par precioso!" (What a pretty pair!) while the bull fills the air with bellows and tries to dislodge the cruel barbs. Each "banderillero" repeats this performance, till three pairs of darts clatter on the bull's neck as he careers round the ring, and the crimson tide dyes his rippling chest. But woe betide the "banderillero" who misses the mark. Every tongue pours scorn and sarcasm upon him, till he goes back and fixes a pair to the people's satisfaction, for the people will not be gainsaid—"Vox populi, vox dei."

(To be continued.)

Letters to the Editors.

WAR OFFICE,
WHITEHALL, S.W. 1
20th March 1919.

"9TH OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS, 272
(S.D. 3 b).

"SIR,—I am commanded by the Army Council to express their appreciation of the great work carried out by contingents of the Officers' Training Corps during the recent war.

"In the early months of the war the number of vacancies filled in the commissioned ranks of the army by ex-cadets of the Officers' Training Corps fully justified the formation of the Corps in 1908, and afforded an able testimony of the standard of training and powers of leadership which had been inculcated.

"The Council have had before them the records of many schools. The lists of those who have fallen and of those who have been

mentioned in dispatches and decorated show how grandly the ex-Officers' Training Corps cadets have fought for King and Country, and form a record of which the schools may justly be proud.

"I am to ask you to convey the appreciation of the Army Council in this matter to all present officers and members of your contingent, and I am to express the hope that this letter may be published in the school *Journal*, so that those who have left and their relatives may be informed of the appreciation by the Army Council of the work of the Officers' Training Corps.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"B. B. CUBITT.

"To Headmasters and Officers Commanding
all Junior Division Contingents,
Officers' Training Corps."

We are favoured by Mr LAWSON with the following letter which will interest many of our readers :—

"CLAREMONT HOTEL,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.,
12th March 1919.

"DEAR MR LAWSON,—I duly received yours of 21st January, along with the 'Reminiscences,' and have read both with much interest. All that you say about the Academy is most interesting, but, of course, the Church and Sunday School part is not so much so. I can't, for the life o' me, call to mind anything in connection with Shelterhall Church, not even the name ; but that isn't remarkable, for I sometimes say I'll forget my own name if I live long enough ! And don't I remember Dollar Fair, and Robbie Salmond, and Macartney of the Yetts o' Muckhart, a friend of my father's ? And the roulette table perched on top of a barrel with the operator's cry, 'Come on, my lucky sportsmen, make your bets while the wheel's in motion, equal betting on the bays and greys, two to one on the crown and feather.' Why should that rubbish stay at the back of my head, and what must have been a well-known place, in those days, be quite forgotten ? Don't say it is because of the nature of the head. Then your recollections of the masters ! I especially enjoy those of Dr Lindsay and the key, and his trick of changing the reference letters on the blackboard when he gave you a proposition of Euclid to do. I loved Lindsay, as I think all his boarders did. My experience with 'Roman Antiquities' was something like yours, except that I did *not* get the prize ; that went to Davie Gentle, as I may have told you in my former letter, written with a pen, and no copy kept. I attended the classes of Messrs Brown, Douglas, Clyde, and others, but learned more from Dr Lindsay in class-room

and schoolroom than from all the others put together. Adam Wilson and his brother James (?) were house tutors of the doctor's in my time, and I knew the Reynolds and Vaughan boys.

"Another bit I haven't forgotten is an excursion to the top of Dollar Hill one May morning, to wash our faces in May dew, ostensibly; really, it was a little bit of devilry, getting out of the house, by the window, in the middle of the night. The gang was not all made up of Lindsay boarders, and one of the outsiders was Bill M'Vicar, a first-rate boxer. After loafing about on top of the hill for a while there appeared another party, composed of natives who were spoiling for a 'town and gown' fight such as we used to have when the snow was on the ground in good shape for making balls of. It was decided to settle it by single combat, and the licking that M'Vicar gave the other fellow was bragged about for a long time afterwards.

"I note what you say about the *Dollar Magazine*, but I am in too unsettled a state of existence at present to do any reminiscences for publication; after I've seen you, as I hope to do this year, we'll see. In the meantime you should be getting, this week, a copy of my only publication in book form, 'A Little Bit of R.L.S.,' from my friend and publisher, Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street, Edinburgh. I wrote to him on the 24th of last month to send you one of the 'pieces.'

"Bob Anderson, who is now a resident of Berkeley too, was interested to learn that I had a correspondent in Selkirk who knew his father so well.

"I am, as I have just indicated, uncertain as to when we—my wife and I, and yin or twa o' the bairns, maybe—will reach 'where the oak and the ash and the bonnie elm tree are a' bloomin' bonnie in my ain countrie,' but a prompt reply to this will find me at the above address.—Yours very truly,

"ROBT. CATTON."

We have been favoured by the Rev. W. B. R. WILSON with the following letter, which he has just received, acknowledging his articles in the *Magazine* on the name "Dollar."

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

"Rev. W. B. ROBERT WILSON,
c/o *Dollar Magazine*,
DOLLAR, SCOTLAND.

"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,
"ROBERT DOLLAR."

"The Match."

BY DOUGLAS ARCHIBALD.

THE match scarcity had never any horrors for me, for the simple reason that I always had a good supply. Apart from this fact, the word "match" has played quite an important part in my life.

One day—I was only nine years old—on going into the smoke-room I saw some cigarettes. It did not take me long to realise my good fortune; I struck the match ready to light up, my uncle entered at that moment, and a painful scene ensued. That was the first incident, and owing to the two striking acts that day, I felt sore for some weeks afterwards. The next act happened while I was still at home. One day I overheard my mother talking about the drawing-room lamp; evidently it was not working properly. When the next opportunity arose I armed myself with a box of matches, and tried to cure the lamp. After removing the globe, I struck the fatal match, and incidentally oil at the same time. The result was beyond my fondest dreams, the lamp exploded, and I was badly burnt. The pain which I suffered was considered enough punishment; however, I never believed in "safety matches" after that.

Some years later I was packed off to school, where I found myself more successful at games than at work. My aunt comes into the next match episode. She was a kindly, well-meaning creature, who thought that I was far too extravagant. By this time I was Captain of the School Fifteen, and very proud of the fact. One day found me especially elated. I had scored two tries in a match at the last moment, when the opposing team was five points to our nothing. When writing home that evening, I told my people about saving "the match." My aunt overheard that bit. She does

not know anything about games, so in a generous frame of mind she sent me a pound note. This was the reward for turning over a new leaf, and as I had been saving over this small thing, she thought it would lead to greater economy. A week or two later I wrote back to thank her for the present, and informed her that, owing to the frost, I had scratched the "match" last Saturday. Needless to add, I didn't return the pound. This was the last time I received a gift from my aunt until I was married.

Naturally I was badly chaffed over the "match episode" by my friends, and I received numerous boxes of matches. My best chum went one better, and presented me with an ordinary match wrapped up in silver paper.

A year later the great war broke out, and quickly drove all thoughts of matches out of my head.

Six months afterwards I joined the Flying Corps. It was in France that the second last "match affair" took place.

I, along with ten other flying men, started off on a bombing raid against a German powder factory. My aeroplane was one of the new types, and I had instructions to burn the machine, rather than let it fall into the hands of the enemy.

All went well until I was over the German line, and about a hundred miles on my journey; when, as bad luck would have it, my engine broke down, owing to some unexpected trouble.

To make matters worse, I saw some Hun cavalry approaching in the distance. I felt hurriedly for my match box, only to find that it had been forgotten. All seemed lost; then a happy thought struck me, "the silver papered match"; I had kept this memento as a mascot during all these months in France. For the second time I feverishly searched in my pockets; at last I found it. It was the work of a moment to soak the vital parts of the machine with petrol, and set fire to the aeroplane. The blaze which ensued was almost as great as the wrath of the Germans when they found out what I had done. Four years later I was back in Britain. The Huns had treated me better than I had expected.

The last match scene was a fitting end to my striking bachelor career. I had fallen in love with my chum's sister; that is as far as it had got. I could face German shells fairly well, but when it came to the vital question I was too nervous for words. I offered her a cigarette, then she waited for a light, which was not forthcoming. As fate decreed, it was the first time I had been without a single match in all my life. A bright thought struck me. "It isn't an ordinary match we want," I said; "it's a 'love match.'" She understood, and being without matches in this case was the exception that proved the rule.

Notes from Near and Far.

EDUCATION AUTHORITY.—One of the main matters of interest during the last quarter was the election of representatives on the newly appointed Education Authority in the county, which took place on Friday, 11th April. The Second Electoral Division, comprising the parishes of Alva, Dollar, and Tillicoultry, returns six members, and for these seats eight candidates were in the field. The voting was by what is known as Proportional Representation; and of the three Dollar candidates only Mr J. M'Lean Cowan was successful, and to him we tender our cordial congratulations. Mr Cowan's experience as a member of the Dollar School Board and as a governor of Dollar Academy, must prove a helpful preparation for his more far-reaching and complex new duties.

The institution of School Boards developed a taste for local management in matters of education, which we think might have been left undisturbed. Sir Henry Craik says:—"Only I would put in a word of doubt as to whether our schools have failed so much as some facile denunciation portends. For myself I see not a little to be proud of in our schools and in their products." The man who eulogises the old order at the expense of the new is apt to be suspect; yet we are of opinion that the system which has been in force in Dollar, where there is an educational ladder stretching from the Infant School to the University, cannot be improved. To us it seems that in the new Act we have another illustration of the great fact so often exemplified in history, that no reformation for the many can be accomplished without seriously affecting the few. But we must wait a year or two before the full effect of the recent changes can be correctly ascertained.

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THE WORK OF THE VEGETABLE PRODUCTS COMMITTEE.—Amongst the many and various war activities of the neighbourhood, the valuable work of the V.P.C. on behalf of the Senior Service took a high place

It was in May 1915 that a branch of the Committee was formed in Dollar, its membership including Messrs J. A. Gibson, H. J. Beresford, W. Henderson, Muir, Macandrew, Simpson, and W. Smith, while Mrs Gibson undertook the arduous duties of Hon. Secretary. Fruit and vegetables were collected from sympathisers in the neighbourhood—Dollar being the centre for a very wide area—and sent to the Naval Base at Rosyth for distribution amongst H.M. ships. So many friends of the Navy contributed that, in so brief a summary as this must be, it is not possible to attempt to make a record of individual names.

In 1916 a similar scheme was organised and carried out, assisted by contributions from Muckhart and Blairingone. From March to November crates were dispatched to Rosyth, Aberdeen, and other distributing centres twice weekly.

The following year still greater efforts were made. Thanks to the kindness of Mr Charles Robertson, Rosebank, who lent ground for the purpose, a Navy garden was started and planted with vegetables of all kinds. The produce of this garden was sent off as it became ready, the regular bi-weekly consignments continuing as before.

Yet more ground was devoted to the Navy in 1918, and the same programme carried out.

For several years financial support came from special collections at Mr M'Kenzie's church in Alloa and the U.F. churches in Clackmannan, Muckhart, and Fossaway, these contributions being sent to headquarters through the Dollar Committee.

This is but the briefest and barest outline of the work. Could figures be quoted, they would prove that a really astonishing quantity of fresh fruit and vegetables was dispatched from this neighbourhood. The work of packing the crates week after week, which was done mainly by Mr J. A. Gibson, was anything but a light undertaking, making constant demands upon time and energy, just when both were particularly valuable. The four or five boys who played up to the packing department, and did their bit by transporting the crates to the railway station, can feel that they too had a share in helping to win the war.

How welcome and how highly appreciated were these regular and substantial supplies of fruit and vegetables was emphasised over and over again by the interesting letters of thanks received by Mrs Gibson from officers and men of the Fleet. In some cases the vegetables received from Dollar were the first of the kind that had been seen for a year or two by men on duty in far northern waters.

In recognition of services in the cause of the Fleet, Mrs Gibson recently received from Admiral Beatty an autographed reproduction of his portrait in colours, while to each member of the Committee was sent a record of the gratitude of officers and men in the form of a handsomely engraved certificate.

It is interesting to know that through the efforts of the committees all over the country, an average weight of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of fresh fruit and vegetables per man was, during the war, distributed to the Fleet.

The following letter from Sir David Beatty shows how highly the consignments from our midst were valued :—

H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH,"
GRAND FLEET, 6th April 1919.

Mrs GIBSON, Burnbank,
Dollar, Clackmannanshire.

DEAR MADAM,—Now that the Grand Fleet has dispersed, I wish to tell you how much the Navy and the whole Empire are indebted to you for your splendid effort in keeping the men of the Fleet in good health and spirits. The effect on their morale of those constant reminders of the kind thought of their welfare on the part of those at home was as important as the beneficial effect on their general health.

The value of the work which has been done by you and those associated with you, and the extraordinarily generous gifts of your devoted contributors, have been well appreciated both by me and all the officers and men of the Grand Fleet. The consignments have been carefully distributed under the direction of the various Naval Store Officers, and the men have benefited to an enormous degree by the valuable additions of green food which have been added to their service rations. That a purely voluntary organisation like the Vegetable Products Committee should undertake work of such national importance, and carry it on without diminution through so many difficult and critical years, will surely constitute a record, and places the Royal Navy, and the nation generally, under a real and lasting debt. This cannot be better acknowledged than by our testimony of the value of the work done in the direction of maintaining the health and happiness of the men, and thus contributing to the winning of the war.

Our grateful and enduring thanks are therefore due to you and your generous helpers and contributors for all that your branch has done for the Fleet.—Yours truly,

(Signed) DAVID BEATTY,
Admiral of the Fleet.

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HONOUR TO A F.P.—At the annual meeting of the Clackmannan and Kinross British Red Cross Society, which was held in the Town Hall, Kinross, on 1st May, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, who presided, handed over to Miss Elizabeth Lee, Day Sister at Tillyrie Hospital, a handsome gold wristlet watch as an expression, in a tangible manner, of the deep debt of gratitude of the Society to Miss Lee, who had, without one penny of pay, adhered to her duty during the whole time the Hospital had been open. We congratulate Miss Lee on the well-merited honour.

At the same meeting Quartermaster James Begg, of Dollar Public School, was presented with a silver inkstand, in recognition of his voluntary work at Arnsbrae.

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GREETING.—Our old friend and contributor, Mr Peter Hannay, sends us from Willowbank, Tenterfield, New South Wales, the encouraging note, "The *Magazine* has held its own most admirably during a trying period." Thank you, sir. Please send us some more of your delightful "Reveries of a Rover."

* * * * *

PROMOTION.—We learn, with much pleasure, that Lieut.-Colonel John Campbell, whose career we sketched in our last number, has been appointed Senior Chaplain in charge of the Fifth Area which extends from near Brussels almost to Dunkirk. It includes Hazebrouck, Lille, Ypres, Courtrai, Ath, and Hal.

WELCOME HOME.—A Congregational Social Meeting was held in the Parish Church Hall on the evening of the 15th May, when the Rev. Mr Armstrong—who had for two years acted as chaplain to His Majesty's Forces—and the young men of the church, who had been demobilised, received a most enthusiastic welcome home. The Rev. Mr Williamson of Alva, who had acted as moderator during the minister's absence, presided over a large audience. After a substantial repast to the soldier guests and a refreshing cup of tea to the rest of the company had been served by the ladies, Mr Malcolm, in the name of the session and the congregation, gave a hearty welcome to minister and men. A chaplain's work, he said, carried out in the danger zone, was truly noble, and was one of the vital forces which strengthened our men to win the war. Addressing the young men, he first made a sympathetic reference to their brave comrades who had fallen, whose fresh young faces rose before them still, contrasted the dangers they had passed through with those of the Crimean War, and marvelled that in the circumstances they had been able to keep cool and "be British." Only a settled conviction that they were fighting in a good, a righteous cause could have sustained them in the great struggle, now happily ended. The high-souled soldier, he asserted, was an advocate of peace, and rejoiced at the advent of such a peace as should do justice to the exertions he had made, and be productive of permanent good to his fellow-men. As a church they should now labour earnestly for the fulfilment of the prophecy that there shall come a time—a blessed time—a time which shall last for ever—when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." On the call of the chairman, three cheers for the guests were heartily given.

At intervals, Mr M'Gruther's choir enlivened the gathering by rendering sprightly glees; and solos were given by Mr M'Gruther, Miss Dougall, and Lieutenant C. R. Dougall.

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EMPIRE DAY.—Thursday, 22nd May, was recognised as Empire Day at the Public School. The scholars in their "shining morning faces" gathered in the playground at eleven o'clock, and after the flag had been unfurled and duly saluted, joined heartily in singing the National Anthem. They then entered one of the class-rooms to listen to an instructive address on the meaning of Empire Day, which was given by Miss Haig of Dollarfield.

An interesting presentation then took place, when Miss Scott, who had for thirty-one years been Infant Mistress, received a gold wristlet watch and a wallet of Treasury notes subscribed for by parents and friends.

Provost Mrs Malcolm, Convener of the School Committee, made the presentation. She was glad that Miss Scott's long and faithful service was thus being publicly recognised by the parents of her pupils and her friends, and specially by the Board she had so faithfully served. For herself, she had always looked upon it as a treat to visit Miss Scott and her happy pupils when they were at work, and on exhibition days the public were charmed with the results of Miss Scott's labours as manifested by the little ones. May she be long able to carry on this beautiful Christian work among the children that our Saviour so dearly loved, and may these gifts be to her a happy reminder of the high esteem in which she is held. Miss Scott suitably replied and thanked the donors.

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BOWLING TOURNAMENT.—A Bowling Tournament, in aid of the War Seal Foundation, was held on the Bowling Green on Empire Day. The green was in excellent condition. Everything, in fact, from the weather downwards, seemed to join in a happy effort to make the gathering a success. The green and its beautiful surroundings with the hills in the background, revelled in the glorious sunshine, and all Dollar and the neighbourhood was *en fete*. The proceedings were opened by Mrs J. B. Haig of Kellysyde; and the prizes at the end of the day were handed to the winners by Mrs Hughes, Dollarbeg. The drawings of the day amounted to over £60.

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“EVERYDAY COMPOSITION.”—“Everyday Composition” is the title of a little book which has been written by Mr Wm. D. Robieson, headmaster of Coalsnaughton Public School. It is primarily meant for “the use of students in Continuation Classes, senior pupils in day schools and private students at similar stages of advancement.” It bears most ample traces of very great care, great method, and knowledge of the youthful mind. It is a thoroughly practical work, supplying in an attractive form and manner that kind of information and exercise which schoolboys most require. We feel sure that it will be welcomed by those for whom it is intended.

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HONOUR TO MR J. ERNEST KERR.—We have much pleasure in recording that about forty overseas agricultural students, who are taking a special short course in animal husbandry at Edinburgh University, began a series of excursions to the principal live-stock centres in Scotland by a visit to Harvieston Castle, where they had the opportunity of inspecting a varied selection of stock of the highest quality. The party were under the direction of Professor Wallace and Mr J. A. S. Watson, lecturer in agriculture at Edinburgh University. The students were first conducted through

the Aberdeen-Angus cattle byres, and all were impressed by the completeness of the equipment, the admirable housing accommodation for the stock and the convenient arrangements for handling them. It is not too much to say that at no other centre in this country could there be taken from the same steading such classes of Aberdeen-Angus cattle and Clydesdale horses combined as the overseas visitors had the privilege of seeing at Harvieston. There are about seventeen brood mares at present in the stud, and many of them have been champion winners at the national shows.

Mr Kerr, among his many stock-breeding interests, has also made a name for himself as a breeder of shorthorns and hackney ponies, and has gained many distinctions in the showyard with animals bred by him. His prize poultry and pigeons were also much admired.

The visitors were hospitably entertained by Mr Kerr, to whom the thanks of the company were accorded by Professor Wallace and Mr MacNeilage. (Abridged from the *Scotsman*.)

* * * * *

DOLLAR GOLF CLUB has taken on a fresh lease of life since the armistice was signed, and there is no doubt that the enthusiasm of the old members who have taken out their clubs again, as well as of the many new members who have recently joined, will ensure success. Many former pupils of Dollar would, we are sure, be glad to renew their acquaintance with the Dollarbank course. They may do so just now on very easy terms, for full membership costs only 21s. a year, and green membership only 10s. 6d. For some time no entry money will be charged.

Marriages.

SNADDEN—HENDERSON.—At Westbourne Church, Glasgow, on the 27th March, by the Rev. Hubert L. Simpson, M.A., assisted by the Rev. G. H. Morrison, D.D., William M'Nair Snadden, 8th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, to Lesley Jane Hope, elder daughter of the late Thomas Henderson.

ARCHIBALD—CANT.—At the Church of St Mary-at-the-Wall, Colchester, on the 1st March, by the Rev. Canon Brunwin-Hales, B.D., assisted by the Rev. Stanley Wilson, Major Robert George Archibald, D.S.O., R.A.M.C. (F.P.), to Miss Olive Chapman Cant, only daughter of Mr and Mrs Arthur Cant of Claremont House, Colchester.

HALLEY—SANDERSON.—At Reston, on 17th April, by the Rev. J. T. Dean, John Murray Halley (F.P.) to Isabella Tait (Ella), elder daughter of William Sanderson, Greenhead, Reston.

METHVEN—SPENCE.—In St Margaret's Church, Lochee, on 23rd April, by the Rev. H. Burdon, Colin Malcolm Methven, youngest son of the late Mr J. Cox Methven, and of Mrs Methven, The Cottage, Lochee, to Miss Effie Langley Spence (F.P.), youngest daughter of the late Dr William Spence and of Mrs Spence, Woodcot, Dollar.

ROBIESON—MACKENZIE.—At Dunoon, on 5th April, by the Rev. John Chalmers, B.D., William Dunkeld Robieson (F.P.), Lieutenant, Gold Coast Regiment, to Mabel Graham, eldest daughter of John Mackenzie, Netherlea, Dunoon.

Obituary.

BRYDIE.—At Devon Cottage, Dollar, on 3rd April, Mary Taylor, widow of David Brydie, in her 85th year.

SPENCE.—At Military Hospital, Cologne, on 8th April, of pneumonia, while on service with Scottish Churches Huts, the Rev. Alexander Easton Spence, U.F. Church, Dollar.

GEORGE.—At Beechwood, Dunfermline, on the 24th April, William George, M.A. (F.P.), late Secretary of the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust, and formerly minister of Chalmers Street U.F. Church there.

HALL.—At Rapid City, Manitoba, Canada, on 27th April, John M'Laren Hall (F.P.), second son of the late William Hall, Burnside, Dollar.

LYON.—At Castle View, Dollar, on 13th May, Robert Lyon, in his 74th year.

DALZIEL.—At Khali, Almora, India, on 21st May, Norman Methven, younger son of Major R. M. Dalziel, Indian Medical Service, aged 8 years. (A dear, bright, little boy. We sympathise with the bereaved parents.)

In Memoriam.—The news of the sudden death of the Rev. A. Easton Spence of the U.F. Church, which is mentioned above, saddened the hearts not only of the members of his own congregation, but also of his many friends in the town and surrounding neighbourhood. He had proved himself a "good minister of Jesus Christ," "a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." In everything connected with his congregation's efficiency and prosperity he took a deep, personal interest. In the homes of his flock in times of sickness, bereavement, and trial he was "a true son of consolation." In the ordinary course of life he was a genial friend.

We admired his devotedness to his Master's service, manifested in various ways, testified by many; and we deeply sympathise with his bereaved widow and fine family.



Pro Patria.

1. G. LAURIE WILSON, D.S.O., M.C.—Lieut.-Colonel, 8th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr and Mrs John Wilson, Schoolhouse, Tillicoultry; left School in 1910; died of pneumonia at Daunas Cairmers, 16th January 1919.

2. JAMES MORRISON.—Lieutenant, Gordon Highlanders, son of the late Mr Morrison, Turriff, and Mrs Morrison, 63 Queen's Road, Aberdeen; boarded with the Headmaster; left School in 1909; reported wounded at Loos, 25th September 1915, now presumed killed.

3. JOHN H. G. TUCKWELL.—Second Lieutenant, 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mrs Semple, Rhuarden, Kilmalcolm; boarded with Mr Craig and Mr Donald; left School in 1916; reported missing 23rd March 1918, since presumed killed.

4. WILLIAM MURRAY SLOAN.—Private, Canadian Infantry, son of the late Bailie Sloan, Kinning Park, and Mrs Sloan, Sherbrooke Avenue, Pollokshields; boarded with Mr Cruickshank; left School in 1907; killed in action near Cambrai, 27th September 1918.

5. W. GORDON PENDER, M.C.—Captain, Royal Air Force, son of Mr and Mrs John Pender, Onich, Bookham, Surrey, formerly of Dollar; left School in 1904; reported missing 15th August 1917, now presumed killed.

6. ALASTAIR W. G. BLACK.—Private, 9th Scottish Rifles, youngest son, of Mr and Mrs James I. Black, Underwood, Woodend Road, Newlands, Glasgow; boarded with Mr Craig; left School in 1915; reported missing 23rd March 1918, now presumed killed.

7. MATTHEW JACK.—Private, 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of the late Robert Jack and Mrs Jack, Gowanbank, Dollar; left School in 1912; reported missing 20th September 1917, now presumed killed.

8. JAMES ANDERSON.—Lance-Sergeant, 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr and Mrs R. Anderson, Alva House, Stedding; left School in 1914; killed in action at Almand, near Cambrai, September 1918.

9. ALLAN MACKENZIE.—Private, 9th Black Watch, son of Mr and Mrs James Mackenzie, Keeper's Lodge, Dollarbeg; died of wounds received in France, 11th September 1916.

10. THOMAS MACKENZIE.—Private, Royal Engineers, brother of the above; left School in 1905; died in hospital in Italy.

11. J. S. NEILSON.—Private, Scottish Rifles, son of the late Mr Hugh Neilson, Rutherglen; boarded with Mrs Millen; left School in 1898; reported wounded and missing, now presumed killed, at Salomka, 8th or 9th May 1917.

12. W. BRYAN WRIGHT.—Private, 10th Canadians, son of Dr Wright, formerly of Dollar; left School in 1896; killed in action near Fillers les Cagincourt, 2nd September 1918.

School Notes.

FOR THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS THE FOLLOWING
PROVISIONAL PROGRAMME HAS BEEN ARRANGED.

Wednesday, 25th June.

Children's Sports and Treat - - - 3.30 P.M.

Thursday, 26th June.

Religious Service - - - 12 noon.

Dramatic Entertainment - - - 2 P.M.

Girls' Sports - - - 4 P.M.

Conversazione (Tickets, 1s. each)- - - 8 P.M.

Friday, 27th June.

Prize-Giving - - - 10 A.M.

Centenary Address - - - 10.45 A.M.

Gymnastic and Country Dance Display - - - 12 noon.

Luncheon (Ladies and Gentlemen), (Tickets, 10s.
each) - - - 2 P.M.

War Memorial Meeting - - - 5 P.M.

Dance (Tickets: Gentlemen, 6s.; Ladies, 4s.) - 8.30 P.M.

Applications for luncheon and dance tickets should be sent to Mr Young, Secretary, Dollar Academy, as soon as possible.

To mark the Centenary, it is proposed to purchase the cricket field, which has hitherto been rented only from year to year by the Athletic Club. Every former pupil will desire that the field should become a permanent possession of the School, and an opportunity is now presented of acquiring it on favourable terms.

Subscriptions for the purchase of the field are invited. They may be sent to the Headmaster by cheque payable to the Dollar Academy Cricket Field Account.

GAMES.

Only one match was played after those mentioned in the last issue, and Glasgow High School formed the opposition. The game took place at Glasgow, and, after a hard struggle, the XV. retired, beaten by 19 points to 3.

Since our last issue Mr T. B. Watson, 3rd Royal Scots, has been appointed Sports Master. Mr Watson has had all-round experience in games, boxing, and gymnastics, and under his guidance we look for good things in the future.

The cricket season has commenced, and we can say truly that the enthusiasm shown for the summer game is greater than it has been for many years.

Whilst walking around we have been struck particularly by the

excellent shape made by the younger players, and it augurs well for future XI's.

So far two matches have been played, the 1st XI. against Glasgow High School at Glasgow, where they had the hardest of luck in losing by 12 runs; and the 2nd XI. at Crieff, where they were completely overwhelmed by the superiority of Morrison's Academy 1st XI.

A full and interesting fixture card has been arranged, and, along with the games for the Quint Cup, ought to provide the keenest interest possible.

A greater number of boys have joined the tennis club than usual, and the draw for the Simpson Cup competition will be eagerly looked for.

Some excellent games are promised, and we trust the weather will be propitious.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

The School sports were held in the Cricket Field on Saturday, 3rd May, and, favoured with ideal weather, they proved highly successful. It was decidedly pleasing to have so many F.P.'s once more in the ring and round the ropes. At the close Mr Dougall made a short speech, and then called upon Miss Dougall to present the prizes, which she did in charming manner, and afterwards congratulated the winners upon their success, especially D. Watt on securing the Edina Challenge Cup for the second year in succession.

The principal results were:—

Drop Kick (School).—1. A. M'Donald; 2. A. Young. Distance, 46 yds.

Place Kick (School).—1. J. Mains, 62 points.

Throwing Cricket Ball (School).—1. I. Davidson. 85 yds. 6 in.

100 Yards (School).—1. A. M'Laren; 2. D. Watt. 11 secs.

220 Yards (School).—1. D. Watt; 2. A. M'Laren; 3. A. M'Donald. 26 secs. All from scratch.

High Jump (School).—1. D. Watt; 2. C. Watt. 5 ft. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. A School record.

Quarter Mile (School).—1. D. Watt; 2. A. M'Donald. 59 secs.

Hurdles, 120 Yards (School).—1. D. Watt; 2. C. Watt. 18 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

Long Jump (School).—1. D. Watt; 2. A. M'Donald. 17 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

One Mile (School).—1. A. M'Donald; 2. A. Young; 3. R. Stokes. 5 min. 26 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

Putting the Weight (School).—1. M. Stewart; 2. W. Chisholm. 30 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

120 Yards (F.P.'s).—1. H. W. Foston; 2. G. M'Laren. 14 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

Quarter Mile (F.P.'s).—1. G. M'Laren; 2. J. W. Hogben. 1 m. 1 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

Half Mile (F.P.'s).—1. R. Bwyne; 2. E. Davidson. 2.29 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

Among the events for those under 16 and under 14 the following showed up well :—

- J. Mains, 1st, and K. Dawson, 2nd, in the 100 yds., under 16.
- J. Mains, 1st, and K. Watson, 2nd, in the half mile, under 16.
- K. Watson, 1st, and J. Mains, 2nd, in the high jump, under 16.
- A. Campbell, 1st, and J. Smith, 2nd, in the 220 yds., under 15.
- A. Bradley, 1st, and W. E. Dawson, 2nd, in the high jump, under 13.
- W. Wrighton, 1st, and D. Wilson, 2nd, in the 100 yds., under 13.
- J. Parsons, 1st, and D. Whyte, 2nd, in the long jump, under 14.
- A. Bradley, 1st, and W. E. Dawson, 2nd, in the 300 yds., under 13.
- J. Parsons, 1st, and N. Bonthron, 2nd, in the 120 hurdles, under 14.

As usual the sack race and obstacle race provided the humorous part of the programme. In the former C. Green came in first, closely followed by W. Neil, who carried off the first prize in the latter race in his usual happy and easy manner, amidst the applause of all the spectators.

The Quint relay race once more proved the value of its institution, for no event caused keener excitement all day.

Castle ran first until the last lap, when D. Watt pulled up on J. Mains, and passing him ran in to gain the honour for Glen.

With a heavier team and a more careful captain, who made use of every mistake of his opponents, the Britishers pulled the foreigners over twice in succession, and won once more.

Douglas Watt carried off the Edina Challenge Cup with an excellent total of 28 points, including firsts in 220 yds., high jump, quarter mile, hurdles, and long jump, and second in the 100 yds.—all open events.

His high jumping was the tit-bit of the sports, and when he cleared 5 ft. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., and it was announced that the previous record had been broken, the old field simply echoed with wild bursts of cheering.

ATHLETIC CLUB CONCERT.—Before closely packed houses the comic opera, "Aladdin," was presented on the evenings of the 2nd and 3rd May, in the School Hall, by the pupils, under the able leadership of Mr C. E. Allsopp, music master.

The leading parts were excellently sustained. J. Donaldson, as the Emperor Winky Wum, was in grand form, and made a fine impression. Alan Young, as Aladdin's mother, kept the audiences in good humour, and in his song, "The Dearest is the Cheapest in the End," he was heard to great advantage. Miss E. Stein, as Aladdin, filled the rôle admirably; in fact, she made real hits both in her narrative song, "Listen to the Tale I'll Tell," and in her duet with



A. Drysdale

THE CRICKET FIELD

Photo

the Princess Phulmun. The latter rôle was ably sustained by Miss Isa Henderson, whose rich voice was heard to great advantage in "What can it be that Aileth me?"

Alan Watson and Blake Ferguson, as the Prime Minister and his son So-so, played up to their characters nobly, and provided much of the merriment of the evening. K. Watson as Badmanazar, the wicked magician, was as wicked and as wily as anyone could desire, and charmed the court ladies (and the audience, too) with his ditty, "New Lamps for Old." H. Boedeker as the genie of the lamp and of the ring, performed his double rôle with rare verve and judgment.

The chorus was exceptionally good, especially in "This is the Court Imperial" and "Hail Winky Wum."

During the third act solos were sung by Miss Eleanor Young and Miss Dougall. The former showed promise of powers of charm to be, whilst the latter excelled herself and held the audience spell-bound with the charm and grace of her singing.

Miss Fry, art mistress, was responsible for the scenery, and Mr Shearer, Dunfermline, ably led the orchestra, which was mostly composed of School pupils.

The stage management and behind scenes arrangements were in the hands of Mr J. M. Calvert Wilson, and were carried out expeditiously by a hard-working body of pupils, under his guidance.

On Saturday night Mr Lawrie Blacklaw (F.P.), in proposing a vote of thanks, congratulated Mr Allsopp on the excellence of the performance, and Mr Wilson on the efficiency of the stage arrangements. He expressed the great pleasure the opera had given to all, and fittingly added that it would not have disgraced the boards of the Lyceum in Edinburgh.

It is, indeed, a matter of congratulation to know that the performance was so good that many of the audience returned the second evening, and even then expressed their sorrow that they couldn't have another night still.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.—The change in the time-table, owing to the earlier arrival of the morning train from Alloa, has caused a revisal in the programme originally drawn up for the summer work.

Drills have been curtailed, but it is hoped that in the time left the contingent will make good the opportunities given.

We hope to have a former pupil as inspecting officer this year, and this will add to the interest of that occasion.

Shooting begins now, and continues till the end of June.

So far, no definite word has been received regarding camp, but

in order to qualify for the usual grant, every cadet over sixteen ought to be present at the Annual Camp.

We note with pleasure that Sir James Dewar has been awarded the Franklin Medal by Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in recognition of his numerous and most important contributions to our knowledge of physical and chemical phenomena, and his great skill and inventive genius in attacking and solving chemical and physical problems of the first magnitude.

Roll of Honour.

WAR MEMORIAL.

DURING the great war 150 former pupils of Dollar Academy gave their lives in the service of their country. To commemorate their sacrifice, as well as to express thanksgiving for their faithfulness even unto death, it is proposed to erect a suitable monument in the Academy building or grounds, and to found scholarships to which their children would have a preference. The form of the Memorial will be discussed at a meeting to be held in the course of the centenary celebrations.

Meantime, subscriptions are invited. They may be sent to the Headmaster, marked "War Memorial Fund."

We regret to learn that four of Dollar's former pupils, who were reported missing in our last number, are now presumed to be killed. They are Lieutenant JAMES MORRISON, Gordon Highlanders, who has not been heard of since the battle of Loos, 25th September 1915; Private J. S. NEILSON, Scottish Rifles, reported wounded and missing at Salonika on 8th or 9th May 1917; Lieutenant IAN TUCKWELL, A. & S. H., reported missing near Lebuquière, France, on 23rd March 1918; and Private W. G. (ALASTAIR) BLACK, Scottish Rifles, reported missing also on 23rd March 1918.

From the *Pretoria News* we learn the sad news of the death of Sergeant PATRICK CHARLES MILLAR, H.A.C., eldest son of Mr and Mrs Wm. Millar, of Pretoria. Sergeant Millar boarded with the Headmaster while he was at Dollar. At the commencement of war he was in business in England. He immediately joined up, and saw a great deal of service on several fronts. He was with the Anzacs at Salassin, and in May 1918 was taken prisoner by the Turks on the banks of the Jordan. Only one letter was received from him while he was a prisoner, and in it he told a sad tale, scarcity of food and insanitary conditions being the least of the troubles he had to

bear. On 26th October 1918 he died of dysentery at Eregli, near Konia, in Asia Minor.

Bombardier CECIL JAMES PRIMROSE, R.F.A., was the son of Mr and Mrs Primrose, Auchincloch, Rothiemay. He boarded with Mr Cruickshank while he was a pupil in Dollar. On the afternoon of 1st November 1918 his battery had a very strenuous time, and four of the best men were wounded. Bombardier Primrose was taken to a field dressing station near Valenciennes, where he died on the morning of 4th November. His major wrote that he was a very keen and intelligent N.C.O., also very brave and popular both with officers and men. Cecil, who was only twenty-four years of age, was accountant in the Rosehearty branch of the Union Bank of Scotland, and was held in the highest esteem by all with whom he came in contact.

In last number of the *Magazine* we referred to the death of Private WILLIAM MURRAY SLOAN, Canadian Infantry. Willie Sloan boarded with Mr Cruickshank while he was at Dollar. On leaving School he learned farming in Bute, and in 1910 he took a farm in Bon Accord, Edmonton, Canada. Early in 1915 he joined the 51st Canadian Battalion and was sent to France, where he was attached to the 48th Canadian Highlanders. After seeing much active service, including the operations at Vimy Ridge, he was invalided home. In December 1917 he rejoined his battalion in France. Six months later he was gassed, and was again sent home to hospital. He joined again in August, and was killed in action near Cambrai on 27th September.

It is with very deep regret that we record the death of Lieutenant DOUGLAS HUTTON, R.A.F. He had just returned to France from leave, and was engaged in carrying mails. On the occasion on which he was fatally injured he was a passenger, and sat among the mails in the cockpit without being belted in. The morning was so misty that the pilot could not see his way, and crashed into a hillside. Douglas was thrown forward by the shock; his head struck the scarf mounting, and his skull was fractured. Much sympathy is felt for Mr and Mrs Hutton in the loss of this, their second son, in the war.

Among the many Canadians who have won distinction in the war, few can show a more notable record than Colonel ROBERT CRAM, son of Mr and Mrs Cram, Dowanhill, Glendevon, and a former pupil of Dollar. From Regina he went to France with the 5th Battalion, and saw much service on the Salient and on the Somme. Being wounded, he was sent to hospital in this country,

and after some months was invalided to Canada. There he was appointed Conducting Officer of Transports, and in November 1918 was made O.C. Halifax Depot of Clearing Services Command. "There he stands," to quote the picturesque language of a Canadian journal, "at the gateway of half a continent, to welcome home Canada's war-scarred heroes." As many as 6,000 men land in one day, and it requires infinite tact, as well as great organising ability, to deal with such numbers. Colonel Cram has proved himself more than equal to his hard task, and has won unqualified praise from officials and men for the success with which his duties have been discharged.

Acting Lieutenant IVOR GREGOR MACGREGOR, R.N.R., has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for services in action with enemy submarines.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

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ROBERTSON, Capt. J. M. (formerly B.I.S.N. Co., Calcutta), 71 Balgreen Road, Murrayfield, Edinburgh.

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