



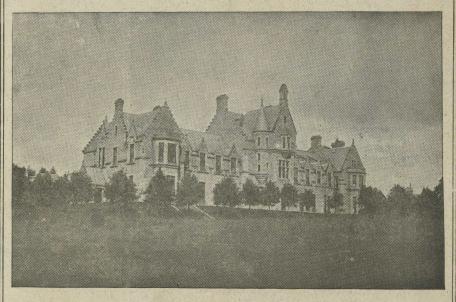
MORRISONIAN

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The Morrisonian.

Editorial.

This has been, and will probably always be, the The Record Term. record term; speaking historically, we have brought a great war to a conclusion, and the soldiers on whom the Continent at one time was spending its vast linguistic resources, seem at present to be reading the nations a lesson on good form. But we have gone through an anxious time in other ways, for the sudden illness of the King and the consequent postponement of the Coronation caused tremblings in many a boyish heart—tremblings not always disinterested, since, in this instance, health and holidays were to go together. In these last weeks we have learned to sing "God Save the King" with understanding, and have received a fresh lesson on mutability and stoicism.

But it is the soldier-given lesson we wish to dwell upon, for boys—small boys—are especially Good Form. apt, in the gaiety and giddiness of their souls, to commit breaches of good form which fill the hearts of their elders with shuddering. Now what is the chief feature of the behaviour of Mr. Thomas Atkins down south? Simply this, that he is not crowing over the conquered Boers-or beaten, or surrendered, or any word you may choose to substitute-like a second-form infant. At the beginning of the war mistakes of this sort were undoubtedly made. Pretoria was to be reached in three months, infinite were the methods to be adopted in the disposal of Kruger's hat, and, in general, there were excitable manifestations of Jingoism-if you know what that means-that months later we looked back on without satisfaction. Why? Because it is silly to count your score when putting on your pads; because it means contempt for your opponent, which is a mean thing if justified, but a foolish thing if he beats you.

"Just wait till I get in," says Bounder Minor, "and I'll smash that bowler all round the landscape." So down he runs on to the pitch, with a jaunty, backward glance for the approval of the admiring cubs, who take out their sketch-books to note down the subsequent changes in the scenery.

Two minutes later, in all probability, the score-book shows

the following entry:

Bounder ii., o

and the sunshine smiles ironically on the surrounding hills and the silent cubs.

Now, it is no disgrace to go out for nothing; that is fate's little way. But when a man or a boy plays, contemptuous of the feelings of his opponents, both nature and man exult over his downfall. And that is why it is bad form to indulge in what may be called "monkey tricks" at football or cricket; it is a sure sign of want of respect for those you are playing against. If your side is easily superior, good form demands that the winners pay the losers the compliment of not insulting them; if you are losing it bids you play to the finish smilingly, which is probably the most admirable sight in the world.

And that is the law in the Big Game called Life. Get all the fun you can, and at the same time consider the feelings of the other man, and you are not likely to display bad form. To

which we may add amen and adieu.

School Motes.

We are the backbone of the battalion. We are also authorities on lard, tramps, vines, and Mahommedanism.

The man is high. Oh! why didn't they salt him, then?

"Why was the Prisoner of Chillon unhappy?"
Because he wiz in the jile.

From the Second Form XX. Century Dictionary we take the following definitions:—

Lard.—Cow's fat.

Serfs.—Tramps.

Vines.—Trees, on which grow oranges and lemons.

Czar.—The head of the Mahommedan religion.

Block.—A mark made with a cricket bat eight inches in front of the crease.

We love flowers, and simply adore leaves; but our ignorance of both is greater than our love. At any rate we can rattle off our Latin like five-finger exercises.

The French of the Prisoner of Chillon and his companions is weird; Jessop Junior is making vast strides, however.

Next session we shall be big boys, and will not play at soldiers any more.

"A tradgedy nearly happened in the sience room the other day." So writes a III. boy, who evidently thinks he has a right to spell like the V.

We enjoyed the Leaving Certificate Exams., for then our gymnastic heroes disported themselves on the green sward at the mirthful game of "tip and run." Alas! Next time some other III. will play while we are toiling.

O happy days, when I was in the Third, When no L.C. Exams. my peace disturbed; When nothing my wild, gamesome spirit curbed, And I was merry as a little bird. Farewell, O Third! How little of your sweet delights I reckoned When I was in the Second: But how I'll love you and admit your worth When in the boundless Fourth. And so, with eyes with saddest weeping blurred, I cry, farewell, O Third!

This from a correspondent looks promising. Fashion Note. Probably he will one day be editor of a ladies' journal. "It has not cost much to ladies to follow the fashion, merely taking off their butterfly sleeves and replacing them upside down."

A POEM!

"There is a man,
A good man, I trow,
But I'm not in his class,
I'm glad to say, now.

And so, when I meet him,
I give him a look;
This is my soul* revenge
For getting my name put down in
the 'black book'."

The straight way is the best. No doubt, but it seems a rough enough road all the same, and our in-toed steppers and fidgetty ones do not walk in it with any comfort.

We are in the depths of Adonais; the vividly-conceived picture of Sorrow and her family of sighs (which size?) lent a momentary gleam of humour to the death-chamber.

One of us lately used his pipette as a straw is used with lemon squash.

Another poem, to which we can add no note, except that it possesses a certain realism:—

Fierce discussion, Master, boy; Former's sorrow, Latter's joy.

Horrid vision—
Cubes and cane,
Till rebellion
Seems in vain.

Boy saddened, Master wins. Boy sits pardoned (But inly grins).

Talis est puer!

To shed or not to shed, that is the great hair question. Well, it all depends on the hair, says L. J. Naturally a porcupine

^{*}The poet means "sole."

objects to parting its hair in the middle. It is simply the old yarn about the fox which lost its tail over again. Très bien! Partings are always unpleasant.

And so the IV. breaks up. Well, we've had a gay old time, and broken all the records. Henceforth in history we are THE FOURTH.

You ne'er shall look upon our like again. Chorus-!

We have expressed our views regarding ourselves in the opening of the Mystery.

"We do not sing, but like the lone pee-weep, We fill the echoes with our dismal cheep."

Yes, even though it has meant exclusion from outside enjoyments.

"From the islands and Highlands
We come, we come,
And creeping or cheeping
We hum, we hum."—Shelley adapted.

- "What is that?" said little Alice, as she heard a peculiar noise.
 - "It is a humming-bird," answered Dan.
 - "Oh, there is another down there."
 - "No, that is merely the parrot."
 - "Oh, what is a parrot?"
- "The parrot," said Dan, with an authoritative air, as he straightened himself, "is a remarkable bird. It will imitate anything. It's habitat is—"
 - "How funny!" said Alice.

-(From "Alice in Spelling Blunder-Land").

The most stoical member of the class was seen to smile last week. What he thought was the wailing of a dying dog turned out to be an imitation of the Cloch fog-horn.

New Words.—Protensions, dictionnary, scrivener (a crossing-sweeper).

New Phrases, &c.—The whole is equal to a part.—By the author of "Matrimony."

He should not have fight however much he should have liked to fought them.—Anonymous.

The play entitled "Bruce and the Spider," which has been delayed for such a long time, will be enacted (!) without fail by the end of September. Great is the joy of the V.

"The ancient mother of the town" made her first and last appearance before the inspector a month ago.

"It wad mak' a guid motto," said the funny Scotchman, when he was told:—

"Un ancien maire de la ville N'est pas la mère de la fille."

"There's mair in that joke than meets the e'e." He was at once sent down to the Fourth to listen to Adonais.

The V. gave a voluntary on the same occasion. As merely muscle, and not music, was asked, the result was crowned with success.

"And now we leave you for the wide, wide world, Our tents are lifted and our flag is furled; Empty, unknown, it stretches like some limbo, Maybe we'll run against our old friend Bimbo."

The Sports.

Summer laid aside her ill temper for one day, and the 10th was all that one could wish. The field was in lovely condition, and the sun shone; but there was snow on the westward hills to warn one against presuming on the good nature of Mademoiselle May. The army was well represented among the spectators, and it was subject of comment among men who are judges of stamina, that the best feature of the day's proceedings was the wonderful staying power of the competitors. Practically drawn from some fifty, the same lots were in for most of the events, went through them gamely, turned up smiling at the steeple-

chases, and came in almost neck-and-neck at the DRAMATIC finish. Certain events bore the palm, of course, for general interest. The Hurdle Sack Race, where the winner simply romped away from the rest of the field, who lay scattered about like so many convivial Friar Tucks; the Mile Handicap, where Caldwell ii. scored a plucky and popular victory out of a field where the back-markers never made a show, for the winner set a hard pace from the start; the Obstacle Race, where Higgins proved once more that his mission in life is to go through barrels; and the Steeplechase, with its watery finale, so full of picturesque appeal to the big boy latent in all of us. The championship fell to Russell, but it was almost a toss-up between him and Strathairn. and the honour of the school, in the event of an Inter-Scholastic Championship, could be safely entrusted to either. We shall be disappointed if both do not go much farther yet. The winners had the pleasure of receiving their prizes from the hands of Mrs. I. B. Whitelaw, Strowan, and Mr. Whitelaw, in replying to the vote of thanks moved to her by Colonel Whitton, crowned the proceedings by offering Russell a special prize of his own choosing. "God Save the King," by the Fechney Brass Band, which had played during the afternoon, brought an almost perfect day to a perfect close.

The following are the events, with the results:-

1.	High Jump (under 5 ft. 2 in.).	 ₹ 1. 2. 	Paul. Tait i.	3. Muir ii. Height, 4 ft. 1 in.
2.	Throwing the Cricket Ball.	{ I. ₂.	Russell. Strathairn.	3. Macrae.
3.	High Jump (Open).	i.	Russell. Scott i.	3. Parker. Height, 4 ft. 8 in.
4.	200 Yards Handicap (under 15).	{ I. ₂.	Kinloch ii. Whitton.	3. Kinloch iii.
5.	Hurdle Race.	{ 1. 2.	Russell. Strathairn.	3. Bottomley.
6.	Sack Race over Hurdles.	I.	Bennett.	2. Muir ii.
7.	Preparatory Race (200 yards).	{ I. 2.	Whitton. Caldwell.	3. Halley.
8.	Final of 100 Yards Handicap (under 15).	{ I. ₂.	Kinloch ii. Kinloch iii.	3. W. Scott.
9.	Long Jump (Open).	{ I. 2.	Strathairn. Russell.	Length, 18 ft. 9 in.

10.	Egg-and-Spoon Race (100 yds.).	{ I. { 2.	Dobie. Macrae i.	3.	M'Naughton.
11.			Strathairn Bottomley.		Macrae ii. me, 11 seconds.
12.	Three-Legged Race.	 I. 2. 	Tait & Macrae. Kinloch & Stra	3. tha	Weir i. & Gray.
13.	Mile Handicap. (Prizes by Girls' School).		Caldwell ii. Crosby.	3.	Paul.
14.	Sack Race.		Strathairn. Muir ii.	3.	Birrell.
15.	Quarter-Mile Handicap (under 15).		Graham. Whitton.		Kinloch ii. me, 55 2-5 secs.
16.	Final of 100 Yards Handicap.	{ I. 2.	Bottomley. Macrae ii.	3.	Strathairn.
17.	Kindergarten Race.		J. Campbell. H. Campbell.	3.	P. Whitton.
18.	Half-Mile Handicap. (1st prize by G. Caldwell, Esq.).		Scott. Caldwell.	3.	Maxwell ii.
19.	Long Jump (under 5 ft. 2 in.).	{ I. ₂.	Paul. Higgins.	3.	Birrell.
20.	Obstacle Race.		Higgins. Lang.	3.	Russell.
21.	Junior Steeplechase Handicap (Under 15).		Tait. Forrest ii.	3.	Dobie.
22.	Senior Steeplechase. (Prizes by the Rector).		Macrae ii. Macrae i.	3.	Russell.
23.	Senior Consolation Race.		Gray. Donaldson.	3.	Kinloch i.
24.	Junior Consolation Race.		Thomson. Bell.	3.	Catten.
	School Championship,		(110	(-)	Russell

NOTES.

"Hard lines, Muir!" was the general feeling regarding the Junior High Jump. Till his first slip he seemed an easy first.

Bottomley slipped at the first go at the High Jump, and never recovered.

No better running was seen during the day than Kinloch ii.'s. The way he went through the ruck at the curve was a treat.

Whitton's running in the Preparatory Race was on similar lines. Both winners have a fine stride.

The 100 Yards (Scratch) brought out Strathairn at his gamest. The time, 11 seconds, is good school running.

Tait and Macrae ii. lifted the Three-legged Race. "I don't see how Tait kept his legs going steady," said one of the Fourth.

The Kindergarten was rather funny. The small boys seemed afraid to touch the string.

Macrae ii. ran doggedly and well for third place in the Half-mile, and was a popular winner in the Steeplechase.

Had Archie been Bunnie he might have got under the tree better. "It's a swick this," he is reported to have muttered as he got jammed.

Tainsh evidently enjoyed his bath, while Bell made a gallant attempt to carry away the "hedge." Muir almost cleared the "pond."

Good man, Johnnie! How's the cup?

Finis coronat opus. What did you get? Razors! Just in time.

mouse Motes.

The Budding Carpenter was seen lately endeavouring to screw in a nail with a piece of slate. He explained that genius laughed at difficulties. He hung his cap on his handiwork; then the spectators laughed.

[&]quot;No! I can not!" muttered Artist junior, gazing at the corner of the cornice.

[&]quot;Can't what?" asked Rufus, following the direction of his gaze.

[&]quot;Do you see that shadow?"

Rufus nodded.

[&]quot;Well, I can't see Gamboge."

A "dawg" of delicate proportions was seen about the retiring hour, wandering about the tennis court, and drew the admiring eyes of the unsleeping ones. Then fate appeared, and the windows stared down blankly.

Umpire: "How do you bowl?"

Bowler: "Fairly fast, with a break from leg."

Umpire: "Are you kidding me?"

Bowler: "No; honour bright. Look here!"

Bowls.

Umpire: "Wide!"

Bowler stares. Bowls again.

Umpire: "Wide!"

Bowler glares. Bowls again.

Umpire: "Wide!"
Bowler flares up.

Incident closes as the Bowler gets in a straight one.

If you see a small boy tossing up a cricket ball and trying to catch it behind his back, that boy has learned something from the Perthshire match. Ondy is becoming great at it.

Kodak fiends are still to the fore, and you cannot go out on a decent day without being surrounded by dozens, who wish to have the honour.

Set suppers were once in vogue, but the so-called loaves disappeared—in improper directions—despite the appointment of a supervisor, who was on guard most of the time.

The test matches excited great interest at all hours, both indoors and out, although the light was sometimes very bad till the sun came out (or rather, was put out), when the home team batted freely.

Left-handed Cricket—A game played with the Fourth by those who are not able to play with any others.

Left-hand Tennis-See Left-handed Cricket.

The St. Fillan's trips came off this year, and, as usual, were a great sukcess (Spelling Regt.). What we did there is not universally known, but when we returned even some knees blushed.

The finish of the Steeplechase showed excellent handicapping, and all the losers finished with judgment.

Our official umpire has been like the St. Fillans trip; he has no-balled quite big men freely. Alas! my poor brother, if some should be travelling via C——r this season!

June is the season when the ambitious scholar Perceives himself observed by friendly eyes, And straightway wears white, snowy clouds of collar And sunset-mocking ties.

But the merely natural member of the community prays for the departure of hat and collar and tie.

The Howff is still to the fore, and extensive thirsts are the order of the day; or rather, the orders of the day are due to the thirsts.

Cold baths are in fashion, though a softening of the plaster threatened the Liberty of the Bath. A house minion was a fault, however, and the tap runs merrily in the morning.

The 1st XI. were to have been annihilated by a junior Rhodes about the beginning of June. He's a good little man, but we are alive still. What do you think, Perth?

The best of friends must part, must part. Put up a monument for me in the dining-room. Ta, ta, old man.

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The New Boy at Tomkinson's.

BY

THE FIFTH FORM AT MORRISON'S.

CHAPTER III.

It is with great regret that we are compelled apparently to express approval of the deeds of Master Harris. The artistic spirit is to blame. Being the Fifth Form, we are virtuous and good; we cannot help it. It is our nature. We can only be giddy in an elephantine way. We therefore entirely disapprove of the ways of Hawkins—as a class. But when we come to detail his misdeeds, we lose ourselves in the story, while our passion for truth bids us record everything with Kipling-like exactness. Personally we despise our hero; he was not fit for a Fourth, let alone a Third Form. Having thus explained our moral, intellectual, and artistic position, we begin this record by quoting first a telegram which went flying round Blankshire somewhere about the 21st of June, 1894; and secondly, some portions of a letter sent by the Rector to Mr. Hawkins about the same time:—

(Copy of Telegram.)

"Keep a look out for boy disappeared, age 13. Hair, red; M'Taggart kilts. Very quiet. Last seen talking to a tramp with ear-rings. Reward, Tomkinson's Academy."

(Copy of Letter.)

"DEAR MR. HAWKINS,

I exceedingly regret having to send you unpleasant news so near to the end of the term, but your boy has again disappeared. This is already three days since, and, fearing to cause you needless alarm, I have waited to see if he might turn up; but the School closes in three days, and despite the fact that the entire district has been thoroughly searched by the police, we have come upon no traces of him."

"I remain,

"Yours, with great regret,
"TOBIAS TOMKINSON."

These constitute the documentary evidence in the case. To these must be added certain incidents which occurred during the period covered by the letter. On Sunday, the 15th, the boys in the small dormitory which faces the north and overlooks the Valley of the Teith were startled by a wild scream. Springing from their beds, they found Wilkins sitting up in his bed, pale with terror. The early dawn was creeping from the east, and in its chill beams the boy's face looked possibly worse than it was.

"What's up, Wilkins?"

"Nothing."

"Then what were you howling about? Early corn shooting?"

"No; I saw a ghost."

"Good old Wilkins! Telegraph for his ma. The cheeild has seen a ghost."

"But I tell you I did."

"Of course you did. Trot him out. Wilkins' own ghost, bred on the Home Farm, and now exhibited for the first time at any show."

"Oh, well, you'll maybe see it yourself some time, and then we'll see who's kidding," said Wilkins grumblingly.

"I say—look here," cried one of the boys, "there's been

something here, and no mistake."

The boys crowded to him, and then started back aghast, for on the bedcover lay the unmistakable print of a blood-red hand!

For a moment there was a deep silence, in which the sounds of the outer world became startingly audible. From

the garden came the twittering of half-a-dozen extra early birds holding high revel over earlier worms, and from a farm in the valley the crow of a cock rang up like the call of a defiant bugler.

"Iingo! it must be The Crimson Brotherhood," said a

boy in a whisper.

"Cock-a-leerie la—aw!" screamed the red-combed bugler.

"The Crimson Brotherhood! Where's Harris? I say,

Hawkins, this has been some of your fly business."

"My fly business! How could it be mine? I thought all you chaps knew that The Crimson Brotherhood was all a kid. Besides, look at the size of that hand. And where's there any red on mine?" and he held two pink chubby hands to testify to his blameless reputation.

The boys looked at them and him dubiously, and then, whether it was a suspicion of fear or the cold morning air,

all shivered.

"Well, there's no good standing here anyway. Come

away to bed."

All slunk away somewhat shamefacedly, leaving poor Wilkins standing dejectedly and scantily attired, staring alternately at the crimson hand and the various boys as they crept into bed. More than one head disappeared beneath the blankets, and—was it merely the first ray of morning causing his eyes to blink, or did Wilkins really flash a secret wink to Master Harris Hawkins? We cannot say, and we dare not invent. We are the Fifth, and we can only tell the truth or perish. Veritas est in quinta, as the writer of "Thaumaturgia" says.

The night of Monday, the 16th, was uneventful, though, the story having gone through the entire school, half the boys lay trembling, sleepless in their beds, with nothing but a bulging in the bedclothes to tell of their presence. But on Wednesday morning, about half-past three, the dormitory was suddenly aroused by a cry of "The Ghost"! and all sat up in terror just in time to see a long, white-robed shape glide towards the door. It seemed to fling itself on the bed of Hawkins, which stood between the entrance and the next window. A curdling shriek came from the lips of the occupant of the bed, and the seventeen observers plunged with paralysing unanimity into the deepest recesses of their respec-

tive beds. Shriek upon shriek arose, and every heart thumped with the regularity of a pace-maker's pedal in the insecure shelter of the protecting blankets. Then silence followed. At the end of what seemed hours, the voice of Hawkins sounded reproachfully in the dormitory:

"You're a nice lot of chaps to back a fellow up in a difficulty. Here I might be dead for all you know. Get up

there!"

Heads were uplifted cautiously. and through the gloom the figure of Harris was seen sitting up in bed. Some of the more desperate ventured near and listened with bated breath to the tale unfolded.

"What was it like? How do I know? D'ye think I asked it for it's photo? All I saw was two eyes like giglamps. Then something was laid on my face—"

"There's three red finger-marks on your cheek," said the

boys, awestruck.

"And then I did a bunk, and crawled into the sleeve of my night-shirt."

"And what then?"

"I yelled."

"But after that?"

"There's no after that. I just yelled."

"And was that all?"

"All! I think it was plenty."

It would be difficult for us to describe the feelings of the

boys as they went back to bed, though not to sleep.

And now we come to the events immediately preceding the disappearance. On Wednesday afternoon the boys were playing a practice game under a broiling sun, when Cleavers drove a ball past the school corner on to the flat roof of the outhouses beyond.

"Away and fag that ball, Harris, and look sharp about it," said Steadman, the school captain; and Harris, who knew when a voice meant business, ran like greased lightning, got a ladder, and scrambled up in E. Q. T. At first he could not see the ball, but at last he noticed that it had hit against the coping and bounced round an angle of the school wall, and lay under a sort of screen of corrugated iron, protecting the roof from rain from the roof above. He picked it up and flung it on to the bank, forty yards away, whence it rolled

on to the pitch, and immediately afterwards descended. That night it was broiling hot in the dormitories, and several of the boys were reported to have, or at least bragged in after years of having, disported themselves midsummerfairy fashion in scanty attire on the cricket pitch, sometime between midnight and morning. Next day the valley of the Teith was like an oven, and the boys fielded at cricket as slaves toil at the galley-chains.

"My, this is warm," said the perspiring prof.

"I think I'll take a trip to the North Pole," said Harris,

wringing imaginary water from his cap.

The remark was remembered next day, when Master Harris Hawkins failed to turn up to morning prayers. No one had marked his absence till that moment.

"Where's Hawkins?" said the Head sharply. "Stead-

man, go up and bring him down."

Three minutes later, Steadman returned. "Not there, sir."

Ten minutes later it was known throughout the school

that the Mystery had disappeared again.

This time the school grounds were searched with unprecedented zeal. Not a tree remained untapped, and the heat of the July day was forgotten in the excitement of the unavailing search. Hawkins had undoubtedly disappeared, but what baffled comprehension was that he had left his clothes behind him, and departed or been spirited away, with a blanket and his kilt. That day reports came in from various quarters. He had been seen ten miles to the south with a Spanish sailor, eight miles to the east with the liontamer of a travelling show which had been in Inverteith the week before; the same evening a farmer saw him in company with a tramp, and smoking a dirty clay pipe, five miles to the north-west, from which it might be concluded that Harris was ubiquitous.

The Head and the Tutor were in despair. The great match with Blankshire Select was fixed for the 21st, and the boys had no time to lose running after young runagates like

Harris Hawkins.

"I sincerely trust that boy will drown himself. Cricket's a serious thing, and I can't have our chances ruined by sending the team idiot-hunting."

So the team stayed to practice, sweated the last drachm of superfluous "humour" out, and on the fateful morning of the match stepped into the field, prepared to field for five hours, if necessary, without flagging. The game was a memorable one. The Blankshire captain won the toss, and put in his two steadiest men, for an old defeat rankled in his breast, and he had vowed to make Tomkinson's sweat. In three minutes the hills of Teith rang and re-rang to the cheers of the Tomkinsonians, as Hohenzollern walked back to the pavilion, with his scattered bails behind him. The innings was over in eighty minutes, but what an eighty minutes. Think of it! The pick of the team out for 35, and the prof., whose very fame had sent a premonitory thrill of fear through the camp at Tomkinson's, clean bowled by Steadman at II, with a ball that swerved from the off. The Third and Fourth Forms were hoarse with yelling and wild with delight, and their applause became inarticulate sound when the last wicket went down for 73.

But why detail the rest of the game? Is it not written in the history of Tomkinson's that Blankshire Selected were beaten for the loss of four wickets? Did not Inverteith forget its town jealousy and yell with the best when Cleavers

scored 15 in one over off the Blankshire prof.

We are here concerned with one very sad boy, who saw it all and heard it all, but who, having sold his school-right for a mess of idleness, dared not himself be either seen or heard. He had played the ghost with considerable clevernees on the preceding Thursday, and had supplied himself with food from the pantry and awakened fresh excitement. The projecting length of zinc formed a shelter, where he could lie concealed from all eyes; yet, by peering round the corner of it, he was able to enjoy in silence the triumph of the school. But can a boy enjoy anything in silence? We fear not. Even a creak, a hum, is better than nothing, and we have known boys to whom a creak was a haven of refuge (creak, creek—see?). So Harris grew sad. He knew he was clever. Was there any dodge he was not up to? But where was the fun if a fellow had no audience. He panted for human society, for the praise of his chums. Immortality lay down there on the cricket field for the seeking, and he was playing the "goat" on the flat roof of an outhouse.

"This is not good enough," he muttered. "May as well make the best of a bad job," and he devoured a couple of tarts and emptied a bottle of lemonade, and settled down to the "Adventures of Sleuthhound Dick, the Three-fingered Detective." It will be remembered that our hero was strong on grub and literature.

The evening was pleasantly cool, and the boys, happy with victory, had their fill of cricket, and after supper went up to the dormitories in great spirits, chanting the

Tomkinsonian Anthem with its headlong chorus of-

"Gently from the bowler flew the innocent little ball;
But just as the batsman played the stroke
The sweet little innocent creature broke,
And tipped the top of the bat, and flew over point, and cover, and all.
Ho, Cicero, Aristotle, and Quintilian!
But the fellow at cover-point has a back with a double joint.
Missed! No. Good man! Ho, chuck it up!
And another is doing the walk to the pavilion."

"Phew!" A long, low whistle rang through the dormitory, and the first to enter stopped short in amazement. "I say, here's the Mystery in bed."

The Mystery was asleep. He got a somewhat rough

awakening.

"What's up, you fellows?"

"What's up! Where have you been? You missed a good thing to-day."

"Did I? Not much. I saw the whole show. Wonder

you didn't hear me yelling."

Meanwhile the news had spread to the other dormitories, and a troop of boys came pouring in at the door of Number Three. For the moment the great victory was forgotten.

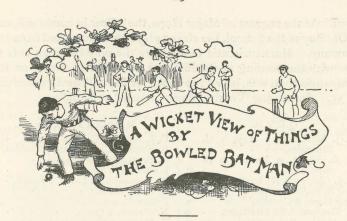
"He says he saw the whole game to-day."

"So I did. I saw Cleavers drive over the big bush. I saw Steadman lift the prof.'s bails and Peggie knock down the wickets from long-off. Then I saw—"

"What's the meaning of this, boys?" And a hush fell on

the crowd as the Head entered.

To be continued.



MORRISON'S ACADEMY v. PERTH ACADEMY.

Played at Crieff on 17th May. This was our opening match of the season, and as we had only five of last year's in the team, we were anxious to see how the "freshers" would shape. They proved themselves to be a very average lot; F. Macrae and Macdonald were the only two to give any promise of future development, though being our first match, we ought not to be so doubtful. Strathairn and Parker bowled extremely well. Fielding slack.

Morrison's Academy.	PERTH ACADEMY.
D. Strathairn, c Paterson, b Wilson, 14	D. Marshall, b Parker, o
W. Bottomley, c Wood, b Martin, - 5	R. Wood, c Strathairn, b Parker, - o
I. Russell, c Young, b Paterson, - II	J. Halley, b Strathairn, 6
G. Scott, b Paterson, 2	R. Graham, b Strathairn, 4
F. Macrae, c Wilson, b Paterson, - 20	D. Buist, b Strathairn, I
N. Macrae, c Buist, b Wilson, - 5	A. Young, c Graham, b Strathairn, 6
H. Weir, not out, 19	R. Paterson, b Strathairn, o
J. M'Donald, b Buist, 15	C. Martin, b Parker, 3
O. Parker, b Buist, o	D. Wilson, not out, 14
H. Paul, c Wilson, b Buist, 9	A. Wallace, b Strathairn, 2
A. Graham, run out, o	A. Jowson, c and b Parker, I
Extras, 9	Extras, 4
At the speciment of the state o	- Corpuin to break the same of the
Total, 109	Total, 41

MORRISON'S ACADEMY v. 4th (UNIV. COY) Q.R.V.B.

Played at Crieff on 19th May. This extra match was got up at a very short notice. The 'Varsity Company were on a march through the Perthshire Highlands, and camped for a night at Crieff. At the request of Major Hope, the officer in command, and an Old Boy of the School, the eleven played a team picked from the Company. Mackenzie and Lewis were the only batsmen able to cope with the bowling of Gouldin and Strathairn. Small as the Company's total was, it was too much for us, and we all rolled out for 35. Smith, the 'Varsity player, bowled splendidly.

Q.R.V.B.	Morrison's Academy.
Pte. J. Mackenzie, c Weir, b H.	E. J. White, b Cathles, 0
Strathairn, 17	H. Strathairn, c Mathers, b Cathles, 5 D. Strathairn, b Smith, 7
,, A. Lewis, st Russell, b D. Strathairn, 31	J. Gouldin, b Smith, 7
,, J. Cathles, b H. Strathairn, - 0	W. Bottomley, st Lewis, b Smith, - I
L-co. A. Smith, run out, 3	G. Scott, run out, 0
Major Hope, b Gouldin, 0	J. Russell, not out, 5
Pte. Manijold, b D. Strathairn, - 0	N. Macrae, b Smith, 0
Segt. Cathles, b Gouldin, 2 Pte Mathers, b Gouldin, I	F. Macrae, b Smith, 3 H. Weir, lbw, b Smith, 0
Pte. Mathers, b Gouldin, I Ridlands, b Gouldin, 4	H. Paul, b Cathles, 3
,, Wedderburn, c and b Gouldin, 1	Extras, 4
,, Faulkener, not out, o	Agent Carlot and a management of the carlot and a management o
Extras, 3	Total, 35
Total, 62	out troit one of successor day of

MORRISON'S ACADEMY v. CLINTON C.C.

Played at Crieff on 20th May. Gouldin, the school prof., played a very nice game for 39, and with the assistance of the School Captain, Strathairn, saved us from utter disgrace. It seems as if the team has no grit in it; if a couple of fellows get out for a few runs the others absolutely "funk" out. We were partly beaten by our wretched fielding. The team must really buck up.

Morrison's Academy.	CLINTON C.C. (EDINBURGH).
E. J. White, Ibw, b Annan, - 4 H. Strathairn, c Henderson, b Ferguson 4	E. M'Meikan, b H. Strathairn, - II G. Russell, c Weir, b White, - I W. Paterson, b D. Strathairn, - Io
D. Strathairn, c Barker, b Ferguson, 30 I. Gouldin, b Ferguson, 39	A. Annan, b D. Strathairn, 35
W. Bottomley, b Ferguson, 2	J. Henderson, c White, b Gouldin, 6
G. Scott, b Gould, I	L. Thomson, c Russell, b D. Strathairn 10
J. Russell, lbw, b Gould, 0	J. Barker, b White, 2
F. Macrae, b Gould, 2	W. Annan, b D. Strathairn, I
N. Macrae, c Henderson, b Gould, o	J. Nicol, b D. Strathairn, 6
H. Weir, c Annan, b Gould, - o	G. Smith, c Scott, b Gouldin, - 17
H. Paul, b Ferguson, 0	A. Gould, not out, 3
O. Parker, not out, 10	J. Ferguson, c D. Strathairn, b Scott, 24
Extras, II	Extras, 13
to tologic or and becomes been also	Theorem Persons History
Total, 103	Total, 140

MORRISON'S ACADEMY v. GLENALMOND 2nd XI.

Played at Crieff on 24th May. Glenalmond brought down a very weak team, and though we are far from being a good eleven this year, we beat them at all points of the game. Strathairn again was top scorer with a capital 71 to his credit. Scott and Weir also batted very steadily. Higgins kept a splendid length, and took five wickets for 5 runs. Russell was in fairly good form behind the wicket, but he is still weak on the leg side.

Morrison's Academy.	GLENALMOND 2ND XI.
D. Strathairn, b Slingsby, - 71 W. Bottomley, lbw, b Verrel, - 4 H. Weir, lbw, b Ogilvy, - 28 G. Scott, b Lamb, 38 J. Russell, c Smith, b Slingsby, - 5 F. Macrae, b Slingsby, 5 F. Macrae, c Slingsby, b Lamb, - 4 J. Macdonald, not out, 13 O. Parker, b Slingsby, 1 J. Higgins, H. Paul, To bat. Extras, 19 Total (for 8 wickets), 183	Ogilvy, c Scott, b Higgins, - 20 M'Pherson, c Parker, b Strathairn, 0 Lamb, b Strathairn, - 1 Burn, lbw, b Higgins, - 4 Wilson, b Higgins, - 0 Smith, b Higgins, - 0 Slingsby, c Russell, b Strathairn, 1 Skrine, c Russell, b Higgins, - 0 Penney, c M'Donald, b Strathairn, 0 Verrel, not out, - 0 Jenkinson, lbw, b Strathairn, - 12 Extras, - 5 Total, - 43

MORRISON'S ACADEMY v. STANLEY HOUSE.

Played at Crieff on 31st May. A most miserable day for cricket, wet and cold. We could not begin until after lunch, and as we won the toss we decided to have first knock. The wicket was easy, and Strathairn and Weir soon settled down and played splendid cricket. Strathairn was in capital form, and his 103 is the highest score he has ever made. As we wanted our captain to make his century we did not declare soon enough to win; but still made a splendid fight for victory. Weir again gave a very nice display, while it did not take long for Scott to make his 24 against the worn-out bowling.

Morrison's Academy.	STANLEY HOUSE.
MORRISON'S ACADEMY. D. Strathairn, b Russell, 103 W. Bottomley, c Fernie, b Russell, 5 H. Weir, c Harris, b Tindall, 46 G. Scott, not out, - 24 J. Russell, N. Macrae, F. Macrae, J. M'Donald, O. Parker, W. Birrell, H. Paul, Extras, 20	STANLEY HOUSE. Fernie, b Macrae, II Harris, b Parker, 0 Russell i., b Strathairn, 4 Black, c Scott, b Strathairn, 4 Tindall, not out, 5 Macbriar, b Macrae, 0 Rankin, b Strathairn, 0 Stiven, b Macrae, I Russell ii., not out, 0 Robertson, To bat, Sime, Extras, 3
Total (for 3 wickets), 198	Total (for 8 wickets), 28

MORRISON'S ACADEMY v. ROYAL HIGH SCHOOL.

Played at Crieff on 7th June. We cannot say much about this match; the scores speak for themselves. Still, perhaps we may say that this is the smallest score that has ever been made against us.

ab.	
ROYAL HIGH SCHOOL.	Morrison's Academy.
A. Finlayson, b Strathairn, - O T. M'C. Scott, c D. Strathairn, b White O T. Fisher, b White, - I T. S. Muir, c Weir, b White, - 2 J. Gunn, b Strathairn, - O C. Frazer, b White, - I	D. Strathairn, lbw, b T. S. Muir, - 49 E. J. White, c Fraser, b Fisher, - 12 H. Weir, b Finlayson, 4 J. Russell, lbw, b Finlayson, 4 H. Strathairn, not out, 41 G. Scott, c M'Laren, b Scott, - 0
G. M'Laren, c White, b Strathairn, o	N. Macrae, run out, 17
I. Richardson, b Strathairn, I	W. Bottomley, c and b Fraser, - 4
R. Balderston, lbw, b White, - 0	I. M'Donald, c Paul, b Finlayson, - 7
W. Birrell, b White, 0	J. Higgins, run out, 0
H. Paul, not out, 0	F. Macrae, b T. S. Muir, 0
Extras, 2	Extras, II
Total, 7	Total, 150

MORRISON'S ACADEMY v. DUNBLANE

Played at Dunblane on 14th June. A very interesting game, and but for the display of Strathairn and Gouldin we should certainly have been beaten. Gould for Dunblane bowled splendidly. Our fielding was a bit off, too careless about simple catches.

Officeries.	
DUNBLANE.	Morrison's Academy.
Dunblane. J. Stockley, c H. Strathairn, b D. Strathairn, I W. Roberts, b Gouldin, 6 R. Lauder, lbw, b Gouldin, 3 B. M'Laughlan, c M'Donald, b D. Strathairn, 0 J. M'Rosty, b Gouldin, 0 J. Roberts, b Gouldin, 0 A. S. S. Lauder, b D. Strathairn, - 7 G. Gould, c Higgins, b Gouldin, - 3 J. Weller, b D. Strathairn, - 0 J. Barty, b D. Strathairn, - 2 W. Hollyer, not out, 0 Extras, 5	D. Strathairn, b Gould, 16 J. Gouldin, b Gould, 22 J. Russell, st M'Laughlan, b Gould, o H. Weir, b Gould, 1 H. Strathairn, c Lauder, b Gould, - 5 E. J. White, c Roberts, b Lauder, - 3 G. Scott, b Gould, 5 N. Macrae, b Gould, 1 F. Macrae, not out, 5
Total, 27	per control of the control of the control of the

MORRISON'S ACADEMY v. PERTH ACADEMY.

Played at Perth on 21st June. Played on the North Inch. We made a dreadful start; three of our best wickets were down

for 5 runs. Scott and Macdonald pulled us out of a very tight corner by good and careful batting. Macrae also batted very steadily. Though 74 for such a ground is very small, it was still too much for Perth; they made no show whatever against Strathairn. Our fielding, considering the surroundings, was pretty good.

Morrison's Academ	MY.	PERTH ACADEMY.
D. Strathairn, c Wallace, b M. H. Weir, b M'Intosh, N. Macrae, b Paterson, G. Scott, b M'Cormack, W. Bottomley, b Paterson, J. Russell, lbw, b Paterson, J. M'Donald, b M'Intosh, F. Tait, b M'Cormack, F. Macrae, not out, H. Paul, b M'Cormack, J. Higgins, b M'Cormack, Extras,	0 0 25 6	F. Leslie, b Strathairn, I R. Smith, c Strathairn, b Russell, - 3 A. Walker, c Tait, b Higgins, - 8 D. M'Cormack, b Strathairn, - 9 D. Buist, b Strathairn, 6 A. Young, lbw, b Strathairn, - I W. M'Intosh, b Strathairn, - 0 D. Wilson, b Higgins, - 0 W. M'Currach, not out, - 4 C. Martin, c N. Macrae, b Strathairn o R. Paterson, b Strathairn, - 2 Extras, - I
Total,	74	Total, 35

MORRISON'S ACADEMY v. DUNBLANE.

Played at Crieff on 28th June. Dunblane made a much better show against us here at Crieff, though the wicket was by no means a good one. Roberts for Dunblane hit out with great judgment. Our fielding! well, words are not strong enough for it; it was a most miserable and wretched display. We cannot write stronger words of condemnation. Our 3rd XI. field infinitely better.

DUNBLANE.	Morrison's Academy.
J. Stockley, Ibw, b Strathairn, 4 W. Roberts, c Strathairn, b White, 32 A. Lauder, b Gouldin, - 3 J. White, b Gouldin, - 5 R. Lauder, c Weir, b Gouldin, - 0 Rev. J. Boyd, b White, - 6 G. Gould, c Gouldin, b White, - 1 J. M'Rosty, c Weir, b Gouldin, - 4 J. Roberts, b White, - 0 B. M'Laughlan, not out, - 0 J. Barty, b Gouldin, - 0 Extras, - 3	D. Strathairn, b Gould, 45 J. Russell, lbw, Gould, 6 H. Weir, b Gould, 4 J. Gouldin, c Lauder, b Roberts, - 2 E. J. White, c Lauder, b Gould, - 31 G. Scott, c Barty, b White, - 18 N. Macrae, not out, 15 J. M'Donald, c Barty, b White, - 0 W. Bottomley, not out, 8 F. Macrae, } To bat. J. Higgins, } Extras, 26
Total, 58	Total (for 7 wickets), 155

MORRISON'S ACADEMY v. STANLEY HOUSE.

Played at Bridge of Allan on 5th July. Tindall and Black for Stanley House made a capital start, and were not separated until 30 was up. The remainder, with the exception of Russell, were weak. Strathairn batted very carefully for 42, whilst Macrae mi. and Macdonald played a very vigorous game.

STANLEY HOUSE.		Morrison's Academy.
R. Tindall, b Russell, - Black, c Bottomley, b Higgins, Russell, b Higgins, Fernie, b Russell, - W. Pollock, c and b Russell, - Harris, b Higgins, - Macbriar, b Higgins, - Rankin, c Russell, b Strathairn, Russell, c Strathairn, b Russell, c Strathairn, c Sanchez, not out, - Extras,	- 2I - 20 - 2 - 5 - 6 - 0 - 2 - 6 - 10 - 6 - 0	D. Strathairn, Ibw, b Pollock, 42 W. Bottomley, c Fernie, b Pollock, 6 F. Tait, b Pollock, - 0 H. Weir, c Sanchez, b Tindall, 9 G. Scott, b Tindall, - 2 J. Russell, b Russell, - 2 J. M. Macrae, not out, - 27 J. M. Donald, not out, - 26 F. Macrae, H. Paul, J. Higgins, Extras, - 15
Total,	- 79	Total (for 6 wickets), 136

MORRISON'S ACADEMY v. M'GLYNN'S (PERTHSHIRE) XI.

Played at Crieff on the 9th July. Mr. M'Glynn brought a very strong team through, most of the men being of the county eleven, and included the Perthshire prof and J. Anderson, who did so well against the Australians. The eleven had first knock, but, with the exception of Smith and Anderson, made no show against the very fine bowling of the School. For the Academy Strathairn and Gouldin played a very fine game; the bowling and fielding was so good that runs were very hard to get. Dr. Stuart with his lobs dismissed several of our men very cheaply. Urquhart took five wickets for 20 runs.

PERTHSHIRE.	Morrison's Academy.
J. Mailer, b Strathairn, - 2 Dr. Stuart, b Urquhart, - 0 Joe Anderson, b Strathairn, - 18 D. Smith (prof.), b Urquhart, - 10 W. Stewart, b Urquhart, - 0 R. Stewart, c and b Urquhart, - 13 W. M'Kendrick, run out, - 0 Panton, b Gouldin, - 9 P. Stewart, b Urquhart, - 0 Miller, b Gouldin, - 9 M'Glynn, not out, - 1 Extras, - 2	D. Strathairn, c Stuart, b Anderson, 15 J. Gouldin, c Smith, b Anderson, 20 W. Bottomley, c Stewart, b Anderson, 1 W. Urquhart, b Anderson, 11 H. Strathairn, not out, 11 E. I. White, c and b Anderson, 3 G. Scott, st Miller, b Stuart, 3 N. Macrae, c Smith, b Stuart, 0 J. Macdonald, b Stuart, 3 J. Russell, b Mailer, - 10 H. Weir, c Anderson, b Mailer, 0 Extras, 19
Total, 64	Total, 95

MORRISON'S ACADEMY SCHOOL AVERAGES, 1902.

BATTING.

Name.	No. of Innings.	Times Not Out.	Highest Score.	No. of Runs.	Average.
D. Strathairn,	7	I	103	334	55.6
J. M'Donald	5	2	26*	76	25.3
G. Scott,	7	I	38	119	19.8
H. Weir,	7	I	46	115	19.1
F. Macrae,	5	I	20	51	12.7
N. Macrae,	6	I	27*	59	11.8
J. Russell,	6	0	II	35	5.8
H. Paul,	3	0	9	16	5.3
W. Bottomley,	7	0	6	30	4.2
F. Tait,	3	I	6*	7	3.5
J. Higgins,	3	0	3	4	1.3
		BOWLII	NG.		
	No. of Overs.	No. of Maiden Ove	No. ers. of Runs.	No. of Wickets.	Average

	No. of Overs.	No. of Maiden Overs.	No. of Runs.	No. of Wickets.	Average
H. Weir,	3	I	3	I	3
F. Macrae,	10	5	16	5	3.5
D. Strathairn,	72.3	28	132	31	4.2
J. Higgins,	34	9	56	II	5.09
J. Russell,	27	7	62	6	10 3

Character of the Eleven.

STRATHAIRN (Captain).—The best cricketer the Academy has ever turned out. He possesses excellent defence, but can score freely when runs are wanted. Should give a little more practice to leg play. His bowling is far above the average, but he is rather too slow with leg breaks. Has captained the team most successfully.

Russell.—A very unfortunate player this season. Bats in very nice style at the nets, but has no luck in matches. Attempts to pull too much, with the result that l.b.w. is frequently attached to his name. Bowls a very good ball, but shines particularly as a stumper—at this he is splendid.

MACRAE mi.—A good field, but rather slow in getting to the ball. Bats well at times, but plays back at balls he should drive. Has kept wickets occasionally with success. Weak on the leg side.

- Weir ma.—Began the season well, but has fallen off lately owing to his ambition to hit out instead of playing the game. Can play a very steady game if he likes, and is very good on the off. Fields remarkably well, and can bowl a bit.
- Scott ma.—A very strong player on the off, but on the leg side absolutely useless. A good field, but slow. Must practise strokes to the on, and give more time to his cutting. Very keen cricketer.
- BOTTOMLEY.—Has no idea of back play; a long hop frequently bowls him. Coaching this season done him very little good. Fields at points extraordinary well at times; but there is plenty of room for improvement in catching.
- MACDONALD.—Has wonderfully improved in batting, and with careful practice should do well next season. Rather a lazy field—gives one the impression that he has no interest in the game. Throws in badly; in fact, cannot throw at all.
- Higgins.—Got his place in the team as a bowler alone, though he can bat very steadily. In bowling he keeps an excellent length, and has proved very successful. Fields well, and is very keen.
- Macrae mi.—Has not made much improvement in batting, perhaps too nervous. Not a very safe field; lacks judgment. Has improved in bowling.
- Paul.—A capital field; and though he has made very few runs this season, he has saved many by his keenness in the field. Must bat more steadily, and not go in for pulling every ball sent down at him.
- TAIT ma.—A very steady bat, and has shown great improvement. A bit weak on the leg side. Should make a good wicket-keeper. Smart field.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 2nd XI. v. KELVINGROVE 1st XI.

Played at Bridge of Allan on May 24th, and ended in a victory for the Academy by 38 runs. Kinloch ma. and Forrest mi. batted very carefully, but perhaps the greatest praise is due to Tait, who played a capital innings when the game was going against us. Graham hit very hard for his runs.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 3rd XI. v. STANLEY HOUSE 3rd XI.

Played at Crieff on June 28th. Jamieson ma. batted in very nice style for his runs. The team must learn to keep their places, and not wander all over the field. They have made themselves famous this term on account of the noise and wrangling that goes on whilst playing sides. By careful practice some of them should make good and keen cricketers.

XI.		STANLEY HOUSE 3RD XI.	
b Leni	nox, II	Sec. on 111, 5 == ======,	I
	- 8	Mackay, c Jamieson i., b Thomson,	0
Steven,	- 14	Turnbull, b Thomson,	2
- " -	- 6	Tullis, b M'Haffie,	6
	- 0	Fyshe, b M'Haffie,	0
	- 6	Elder, c Jamieson i., b M'Haffie, -	0
oull, -	- 3	Hogg ii., b Thomson,	3
	- 0		5
	- 0	Goossen, b Thomson,	3
	- 2	Nisbet, c and b M'Haffie,	2
	- I	Campbell, not out,	0
	- 5	Extras,	I
		TOTAL THE STATE SHOW THE LAND LAND	
	- 56	Total,	23
	Steven,	b Lennox, 11 8 Steven, - 14 6 6 6 6 0 6 1 - 0 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 -	Steven ii., b M'Haffie, 8 Mackay, c Jamieson i., b Thomson, Steven, - 14 Turnbull, b Thomson, Tullis, b M'Haffie, Fyshe, b M'Haffie, Elder, c Jamieson i., b M'Haffie, Hogg ii., b Thomson, Lennox, b Thomson, Lennox, b Thomson, Misbet, c and b M'Haffie, Campbell, not out, Extras,

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 2nd XI. v. KELVINGROVE HOUSE.

Played at Crieff on June 21. Kinloch ma. and Parker were the only batsmen of our team to shape anything like cricket. Parker's bowling was remarkably good. The 2nd humbug about at the nets too much to do much good at cricket. It is a great pity, as there are some at this net who would do well if the loafers were kicked out, and this is what will certainly happen to them,

as we cannot have a team demoralised for the sake of a few lazy fellows. Drill will be the cure.

Morrison's Academy.		KELVINGROVE HOUSE.
Balderston, b Dilworth, - Kinloch i., c Dilworth, - Lang, c and b Dilworth, - Birrell, c Wylie, b Dilworth, - Parker, c Wylie, b Deacon, - M'Haffie (capt.), b Brown, - Jamieson i., b Dilworth, -	- 0 - 19 - 3 - 6 - 13 - 2 - 1	Burgess, c Kinloch iii., b Thomson, 6 Evans, b Parker, 5 Dilworth, c Kinloch i., b Parker, - 3 Brown, c Balderston, b Parker, - 11 Allan, b Parker, 0 Wylie, c Forrest ii., b Parker, - 0 Langlands, c Kinloch i., b Parker, 0 Jenkins, c Balderston, b Parker, - 0
	- 8	Deacon, c Kinloch i., b Parker, - o
M'Naughton, c Burgess, b Wylie, Thomson, not out,		Boswell, not out, 3 Thomson, c Jamieson i., b Parker, - o Extras, o
Total,	- 59	Total, 28

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 2nd XI. v. STANLEY HOUSE 2nd XI.

Played at Crieff on July 5th, and ended in a handsome win for the Academy by 91 runs. The batting of Balderston and Parker was extremely good; the remainder of the team, with the exception of Birrell, gave a very poor display. The Academy fielding was absolutely wretched The 4th XI. can stop balls driven straight to them, but the noisy 2nd jumped out of the way of the balls like frisky goats. Still, what cricketers they are when there is no match on. Actually Forrest thought he was playing footer, and kicked the ball away whilst keeping wickets, or rather attemping to keep them. Then M'Naughton thought the stumps were about nine feet high; if not, why did he stick up his bat to a short pitched ball that was going over his head? Wonderful team the 2nd!

STANLEY HOUSE 2ND XI.	Morrison's Academy 2nd XI.
Aiton, c Birrell, b Parker, o	Lang, c Turnbull, b Gibson, o
Brown ii., run out, I	Balderston, b Gibson, 40
Sime, c Birrell, b Parker, 5	Birrell, b Gibson, II
Gibson, b Parker, 6	Graham, b Gibson, 6
Cochrane, c Kinloch, b Parker, - 3	M'Haffie, b Gibson, 3
Tullis, c Birrell, b Parker, o	Parker, b Sime, 60
Roberton, b M'Haffie, 4	Forrest ii., b Gibson, o
Brown i., b Parker, o	Scott ii., not out, I
Turnbull, b M'Haffie, o	Kinloch iii., b Sime, o
Stiven, not out, 13	M'Naughton, c Aiton, b Sime, - o
Mackay, c Parker, b M'Haffie, - 3	Kinloch ii., b Gibson, 2
Extras, 8	Extras, 11
ENGLISHED THEN SERVICE STATE STATES IN 18 18 18 18	Chi attribut attaces (1) to 5 to 7 to 10 t
Total, 43	Total, 134

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 2nd XI. v. STANLEY HOUSE 2nd XI.

Played at Bridge of Allan on 31st May. Owing to the wet weather this match could not be played out. When stumps were drawn owing to the rain the Academy had scored 45 for the loss of two wickets.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY 3rd XI. v. STANLEY HOUSE 3rd XI.

Played at Bridge of Allan on the 5th July, and ended in a win for the Academy by seven runs. The game was well contested, the bowling and fielding on both being far superior to the batting. Thomson for the Academy took in the two innings 15 wickets for 18 runs.

NOTES ON THE GREAT MATCH, DAY-BOYS v. BOARDERS.

Date and Time-June 15th, 1902; Four o'clock.

Place-East of the Flag-staff.

Features of the Game—Ranjie minor was a point of geometical size. "A. C." had two beautiful catches.

If not very dogged in his batting, R. K. D. was bully at catching.

Whitton, 14 and 15 for the Day-boys, and Chingie, 31 for the Boarders, made the best show for their respective sides; Caldwell major had the best average of the bowlers, Campbell being a good second.

One of the wicket-keepers, who was practically unseen behind his pads, has got a nick-name since.

Result-Boarders won by 13. Score-103, 90.

The terrace was a very gay and popular resort during the progress of the game.

Old Boys' Motes.

Very few O. B's. have been here this term.

Bruce Sinclair was a week in Crieff, and is now back in Calcutta.

- J. Forbes is on holidays from Penang.
- J. Carmichael, who has been to New Zealand on business, came through to Crieff for a day.
- H. K. Locke has returned from Australia, and we expect to see him here on the 23rd.
- J. Stothand Nelson has received an appointment in a South African Bank, whither our good wishes follow him.

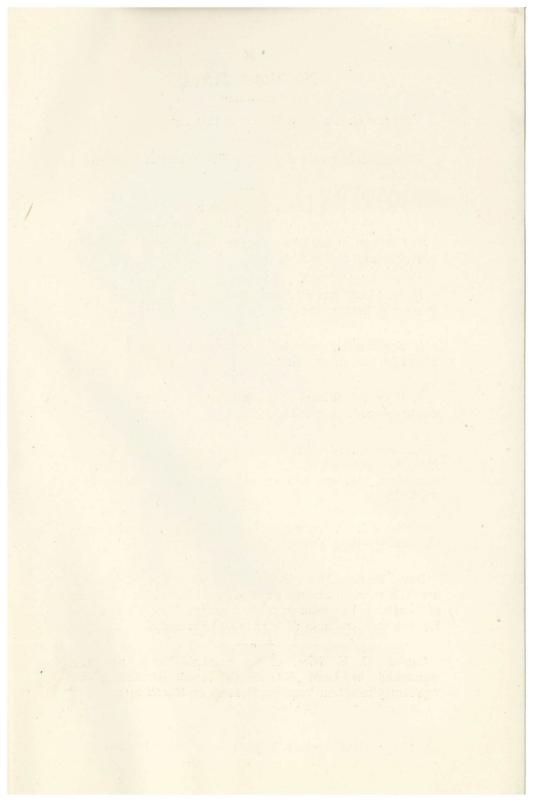
William (?) Millar, of Roundlewood, who has been in South Africa for some time, paid us a visit last term.

Alexander Anderson, Crieff, who was through the war from the very beginning, has returned home at its close scatheless. He was sent up in the Dublin Town Guard to the front.

Arthur Adie, a contemporary of J. S. Nelson, has gone to Canada to take up business there.

David M. Kay, M.A., B.Sc., B.D., head of the Constantinople Mission in connection with the Established Church of Scotland, has been appointed by the King Professor of Hebrew and Arabic at St. Andrew's University.

Captain C. E. Rice, of the Scottish Horse, has been mentioned in Lord Kitchener's latest despatches for "gallantry in action" against Delarey on March 24th.



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