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Crieff

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The Morrisonian.

Editorial Remarks.

THIS number is remarkable for its Visions.

I suppose the results of training were never seen to better advantage than in the Perth and Stirling games. No one, looking merely at the build of the opposing teams on these two occasions, would have believed it possible for the School even to hold its own. As it was we—observe the we—won, to the no little amazement of the losers, I fancy. It was all training, training, and the moral is so plain that there is no need for anyone to thrust it down the throats of the team. As a school we are necessarily lacking in weight; but there are few things finer than to see a desperate and plucky fight, and provided the various teams look on all their training in the light of that, they may rest assured that they are giving to those who look on one of the highest pleasures in the world. It is probably in this respect that Rugby surpasses Soccer. Far more of the regimental idea seems to enter into a XV. than into an XI.; all depend on one another more, and the thrill of a big fight, and of bold, clever effort has something more electrical than similar incidents in the passing game. Conviction, gradually growing on this matter, has been firmly implanted this term.

A correspondent of a "sentimental turn of mind" suggests, in view of the mysterious headings above the Cricket and Football Notes, that we should adopt the words, "Forty Years On," as the title for our "Old Boys' Column." The

idea is derived, of course, from the School Song of the same title, the first verse of which runs as follows :—

“ Forty years on, when afar and asunder,
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
Shall we look back and regretfully wonder
What we were like in our work and our play ? ”

The suggestion seems so appropriate that we adopt the “caption,” convinced that old boys, least of all, will object to a touch of sentiment. The notes themselves this term bear witness to the truth underlying the title.

We have great pleasure in printing Selby’s “Night March,” and thank him for the readiness with which he complied when he was “held up” at Crieff Junction Station. Some of the incidents related by him may come with a shock to our complacency ; but perhaps they may bring home to us more sharply the bitterness of war, and make us realise that in battle, as someone has remarked, a warm soldier is more necessary than a cold church.

The Old Boys’ Club has been revived. R. Napier—otherwise Bimbo—is, we understand, pushing its interests in the West, while H. W. Strathairn is General Secretary. We need not point out the advantage of maintaining old school ties. After all, the world is largely governed by sentiment, and there is quite a peculiar pleasure in meeting an old school-fellow. Kindly memories of cubes and cane are revived, and time, the arch magician, transforms punishment to glory, and forgotten pain to a strange delight that defies analysis. We are expecting a visit, before the year is out, from an O.B. team. The best advice we can give them and all others is—Join the O.B.C., and keep the New Year together. We wish it and them *bon voyage* !

By the time this is in your hands we shall be 40 days on, and actually beginning the Christmas holidays. At present the temperature registers 4 degrees above freezing point, so there is every prospect of your obtaining the desire of your hearts in skating and tobogganing. And so—a Jolly New Year, and crowds of fun to you ! Thanks !

In the French Room.

BY THE INVALID.

THE Invalid sat by the dying fire trying to read a novel. Finding it impossible, he rose, and walking to the window, looked out on the bleak December night. It was very foggy, and the most prevalent feature of the landscape was a gas lamp, which, with a ghostly leer, gleamed out through the darkness like a guiding light at sea. This dismal picture was suitably framed by the dreary hills which frowned down from every direction.

In the foreground the spectral shapes of the boys on the football field might be seen flitting about in the gloaming like red-robed ghosts. After watching this till the ball became a vague something, emitting dull drumlike sounds, and the players dim, unrecognisable phantoms of the dusk, the non-player returned to his seat before the fire, which, like everything else, seemed to be under the dark influence of the fog outside. Suddenly, while he was gazing at the sole remaining spark, he heard a noise behind him, and, looking round, found that all the boots, stockings, shirts, and other underclothing were being filled up with invisible bodies, and had started to dance about the room. There was the neat pair of brown boots, with the beautifully pointed toes, which were never meant to be used for any purpose more wearing out than a walk down town on a nice dry day, dancing with a pair of a much coarser material, and with as many nails in their soles as the others had stitches. There was a neat linen shirt with irreproachably starched front and cuffs, which Bobbie's fond mamma had put away so carefully and with many sighs into her only son's box on his starting out for his first term at such a cruel, unfeeling place as a public school. This work of art was cutting capers with the coarse flannel garment whose owner's fond parent had six other hopeful sons, and who therefore left his warm, if perhaps not so fair garment to be flung by her boisterous, though untidy, offspring into a box, the contents of which were not all meant to clothe the owner, but rather to help to still that unceasing craving for G.R.U.B. Here a well-cut, well-pressed pair of knickerbockers, with a pair of dainty sewn braces attached, were kicking out their folds in company with a pair of trousers which could not boast of having in the more used portions the same kind of cloth as that of which the legs were composed. Many other like curious garments the Unhealthy One saw; there were red shirts, brown shirts, grey shirts, white shirts, all

tossing their arms with cuffs attached, or arms with not a cuff pertaining to them. There were long trousers, short trousers, thick trousers, thin trousers, of every shape and quality; boots, shoes, of every imaginable size and breadth of toe. A garish splendour was thrown on this wonderful scene by the most disreputable of incandescent lights; the fog had given it a rakish, reckless, hang-all sort of look, and the light wobbled like an over-gay young man. These garments were all preparing to spring simultaneously and blot the Invalid off the face of the earth, when suddenly there was a mighty clashing, which grew to a crashing, and the echoes of it rang all over the place. The doomed sick one sprang from the form on which he sat, thinking that at last his end had come. All the articles of clothing resumed their old confusion as if by magic; the neat garments flew to their respective corners, took unto themselves their former neat folds, making artistic little heaps, while the belongings of the untidy boys were scattered all over the benches, seats, and floor. But the place where they were thickest was beside the fire—which had by some strange circumstance sprung into life again—this part of the room being the most popular for the purpose of disrobing. Every conceivable article of clothing might be seen here, all mixed up in the most rainbow-coloured disarray you could imagine.

The crashing continued, and became louder every second. Suddenly there was a more deafening crash than any of the preceding ones. The Invalid gave a gasp, opened two wide astonished eyes as the French Room door was flung open, and his dream dispelled by the headlong entry of a wild mob of red-jerseyed, knickerbockered, muddy young ruffians. The game and the dream were over.

House Notes.

Once more we opened our scholastic year with the time-honoured ceremony of initiation. The proceedings began with an hour of ravishing music supplied by artistes from almost every clime. The Bacchanalian chant of the representative from India's coral strand was particularly appreciated.

The *pièce de résistance* of the evening was, of course, the immersion of the novices, as curiously enough this part of

the performance did not entirely coincide with their ideas of comfort.

A wonderful athletic revival has taken place this term ; almost any day the scarlet runners may be seen careering over hill and dale.

The cold bath is still as popular as ever in the mornings. (ED. NOTE.—As we correct the proofs we learn that the “cold bathers” now number one. Date, December, 20th).

Football has, of course, been the pastime to which most attention has been paid ; and this, in some cases, to such an extent, that one budding Internationalist was heard to shout “Forward !” in his sleep.

After the frost had stopped the more violent forms of exercise, we descended once more to the less ambitious “walks.” The Witch’s Tree has, as usual, been the most popular walk ; but the most enjoyable, and longest of all, was taken along the river bank to Baird’s Monument, one bright and frosty Saturday morning. Large salmon were to be seen leaping in the warm sunlight at every turn of the river. Some one’s sharp eyes spied a large 20 lb. fish lying half out of the water. On close inspection we found this fine fish had been caught by the gills on a branch during the spate, and was left half-dry when the waters went down. It was curious to note how the seagulls had eaten half the flesh from the fish’s back. (Rats. This is not an exclamation, but an explanation).

For the first time in the annals of the School we groan beneath the rule of three Prefects. These officials have not yet found it necessary to carry firearms, and though none of us see why we should be bossed by them, we still pursue the even tenor of our way, comforted by the thought of what might have been had more deserving persons been exalted to this high office. The fasces borne by these officials are

affectionately termed "Provokers." (This is mere envy, of course).

MORRISON'S ZOO.—NOTES FROM THE KEEPER.

Squirrel.—This little denizen of the forest has given very little trouble this term. However, one day it was found lying insensible on the floor of its day cage. Some said it was a severe case of "huperzewtics in the parallelogram"; subsequently, on close examination, this was found to be untrue, and the general verdict was "Winded by some person or persons unknown." There is a rumour that another representative of the species will be deposited in the collection before long.

The *Bulldog* has been too "seh-i-mental" this term. We have it from influential quarters that he will "bay the moon" at no distant date.

The Rabbit.—Till a short time ago the keepers laboured under the delusion that there was but one specimen in the hutch. However, the growing popularity of the expression, "A second Bunnie," leads them to suspect that there is at least one other member of the genus present.

We take this liberty of thanking the kind donors of the following additions to the collection:—A young amphibian, a parrot, and a new supply of farm produce.

At the annual meeting of the Philzoological Society, after heated discussion, it was decided that the only point of resemblance between a potato and a white elephant lies in the fact that neither can climb up a lamp-post.

As we were laying down our pen with a sigh, a luckless wight, suffering from a week's detention, burst into the room,

with dishevelled hair and bloodshot eyes. Ere we could prevent him, he burst into the following effusion :—

“Push on faster,” said the master,
 “Or stop in after school ;
 You’ll find five cubes against your name,
 ’Tis my invariable rule.”

As the rest is not fit for publication, we leave it to the imagination of our readers.

“Little H. has got his ‘cap,’
 Isn’t mother proud ?
 Won’t she take him on her lap ;
 Kisses on him crowd ?”

Cave the “Hasty Half !” Only “feed him.” He does the rest.

“How doth the little football cap
 Improve the golden hair ?
 By dangling silken tassel white
 On every lock so fair.

How fixedly the ladies stare !
 It makes him almost cower,
 And wonder, can he really be
 The hero of the hour ?

School Notes.

The First Form has broken out thus :—

When Alexander came to the throne
 He vowed that Scotland should be his own,
 And for this purpose got a fleet
 The men of the Western Isles to meet.
 Now, they had long since sworn allegiance
 Unto the king of the Norwegians ;
 And so to save their lands and bacon,

They made appeal to their liege-lord Hakon.
 Hakon at once for the South set sail,
 And reached the Clyde in a howling gale;
 So some of his ships were flung on the mainland,
 Others wrecked on the Cumbrae Island.
 To save the rest, they went ashore,
 To return to their native land no more,
 For the eager Scots made one great charge,
 And drove their foes to the blood-red marge,
 And Hakon fled by the way he came,
 Bearing disaster, ruin and shame;
 For the battle of Largs, what was the date of it?
 1263.
 The fleet of Norway, what was the fate of it?
 Went to the bottom of the sea.

A verb, said a Prep., is something without life or a tail.
 If 12,000 be taken from 400, how many will be left? Ask——.
 What is a goblin? No; it is not a turkey or a bubbly-jock.
 What were the early stone houses built of? No; not wood.
 Who said Rats?

A wonderful story has been sent in about a golf match played
 in Africa. A ball was lost, but was afterwards found inside a lion,
 which interrupted the game. We should like to know if the lion
 should be regarded as a "hazard," or could the ball be lifted?

The following anonymous contribution has been sent in:—

A certain worthy in Form II.
 When in jims to wrath he flew;
 And when in study, "new"
 How fast the strap could go.
 I am a poet; and I "now" it.

We print this for the purpose of improving Mr. Poet's spelling.
 The period at the end is ours.

From the large number of notes sent in, it is not quite clear:

1. Whether salad oil comes from vines.
2. Whether cheese is a vegetable.

3. Whether figs grow on the vine.
4. Who made hardware.
5. How many half-crowns are in a pound.

Beware! Out from among the clustered palm-trees of its native wilds beyond the city of St. Mungo, with lordly stride that shakes the earth, and swaying trunk that grasps at half the world, comes Punwallah, the hunting elephant of the South-west.

There was a flash of brains in the boy who said that the French for 18 was De Wet.

Hello. Fizz!!!

The Latin verbs now fly so hard
They've turned one boy into a bard.

We were all profoundly sorry when the Fr. Cl. became poorer by the retirement of the Crab. The Crab! Yes; the crab runs backwards, you know. Oh, I see you mean——. Hush! No names.

Had Alfred the Great been a Second Form boy, nothing short of eight hours' feeding would have satisfied him.

-
- Master: How did the children of Israel cross the Red Sea?
Boy: Fine, sir.
Master: How many letters are in the Latin alphabet?
Boy: A lot, sir.

One contributor sent in, by mistake, we suppose, a bill for mangling. The amount is 1/-, so he will know what is to be paid.

Form III.

There is nominally only one guy in this form; in reality there are about thirty. So says a Form II. boy.

WE HAVE NO III. FORM NOTES.

However, "The Story of the Mystery" will henceforward be told by "The Three Musqueteers." We thank "The Invalid" for his contribution to this number. Why is the "Stanley Weyman of Castle Noir" silent?

Form IV.

Poetry again.

Hurrah for our English Class, there's nothing to beat it;
 Prove that this statement is false, and I'll eat it;
 But good as we are, a chap, if you please,
 Asserted there was no singular for peas.

One of us wanted to know if we shall get as far on in mathematics this term as — Ephesians. Alas! it was ever always, as "The Irrepressible" would say.

A new Tie. Never! Yes; it's a fact.

We have eight in the footer team this year, and the Captain, too, dear man.

A very loud cap was seen in the School lately. This does not refer to the colour.

The scalp-lock is very much in evidence. Best say nothing about it. The wearer is a good man, but not quite an angel.

Evidently we are supposed to be fond of exams. If they go on at this rate they'll be my leveller.

Our flying quarter is very graceful at the rings.

While we were discussing the wrong use of "mine's" the other day, one of our brightest asked why nearly all ministers used it in their benediction, "Keep your hearts and mine's (!!)" from evil." The IV. looked aghast.

The Fourth has had a poor reputation for some years, we believe, but we're going to change all that. We, or some of us at least, intend likewise to reform all spelling. The present way of spelling words is a sorce of laphter.

Did the duster hurt much — ? What an unfeeling world !

Form V.

The Fifth Form have been going in strong for electricity lately. The method of obtaining it was to rub a piece of sealing wax with a cat's skin, and listen for the sparks.

The other day a press was opened which had not seen light for a while. Inside was an assortment of stones and curios. Two large V-shaped fossils were produced, which Uncle Stalky thought might be teeth of a kind, but two of V. begged to differ, and declared them to be the toe-nails of an amphitorand.

Some fierce disputes often take place in the German room at the English hour. Two of our friends try to teach the rest the latest English fashions in pronunciation. But we are impregnable, *invincible*, *indomitable*—Scotch. ("Fierce" is highly metaphorical—Ed.)

One wet afternoon a few of the boarders were in No. 3, where

one of them was passing H_2S , and making an attempt at singing "Dolly Grey." It was not recognisable at the time.

The same afternoon a lively animal of the party gave another a sniff of bromine, which made him think he was poisoned, and he complained of a dry sensation in his throat, which was cured by a drink of water. Bromine! a pleasant word that. It ought to be a name.

Two members of the V. overheard the following as they came downstairs after roll-call one morning:—"Whose slippers are these? Eh? That's a funny lookin' place to leave slippers lying about." (They were in the corridor.) "Whose are they? Are they yours, Jimmy? They're mighty like yours." "Naw, sir," said Jimmy.

Another morning "Jimmy" was seen after roll-call slouching out of the German room with the "brown fuggies" under his jacket.

Chlorine was the prevailing smell in the lab. the other day, or, for that part, in the whole school; and if anybody had come in they would have seen—not heads at anyrate. A few patches, and two or three pairs of legs were all that could be seen; the other parts were outside trying to get a breath of fresh air. The beaker breaker was responsible for this.

Break, break, break,
 When I'm not in the room, O beaker,
 For the rich brown fumes of the spilt bromine
 Make my weak Magen weaker.
 Break, break, break,
 When you're filled with another liquor,
 For the horrid smell of the yellow Cl.
 Makes a sick man only sicker.

Forty Years On.

Caldwell has gone to London to study leather dyeing.

Robert E. Selby returned from South Africa in September, and he has now given up sharpshooting for the study of medicine.

David James M'Leish, M.A., has graduated B.Sc. at Glasgow University.

George M'Neil has passed the examination for master-mariner.

J. J. Bell, another old M—n, who is making a name for himself in literature, was married in Glasgow in October.

BELL—GEDDES.—At 3 Doune Terrace, Kelvinside, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. David Strong, D.D., J. J. Bell to Helen Robertson, daughter of David Geddes.

There has just appeared from his pen a series of sketches entitled, "Wee Macgregor." These have appeared in the *Glasgow Evening Times*, and are marked by quiet humour and tender human feeling. We much prefer them to his "Young Man's Fancies," which likewise form a regular feature of the *E.T.*, though they too have their merits.

The Rev. David F. Liddle, B.D., lately an assistant in Dundee, has been elected minister of Tannadice, Forfar. At the induction dinner, in the course of an amusing speech in reply to the toast of his health, Mr. Liddle said: "He supposed it was customary on an occasion such as that to designate it as the happiest moment of one's life. (Laughter and applause.) At all events, it was one of the happiest moments in a probationer's life when he found that he had landed into a church and parish, and was thus relieved of the thought that no longer—for a time

at least—would copies of his testimonials find their way into the wastepaper baskets of Vacancy Committees.” (Laughter.)

Donald Strathairn is going in for “the law,” and has entered the office of the Town Clerk of Crieff.

A correspondent is of opinion that we should start a Colonial Old Boys' Column, so many Morrisonians having left the homeland for distant shores. The latest departure is John Lawrence, who has gone to take up banking in Canada.

It is with much regret we chronicle the death, on 19th October, of Peter Drysdale, another Old Boy, and brother of Mr. Swanston Drysdale, solicitor, which took place at Karonga, Lake Nyassa, British Central Africa, from fever. At the time of his death Drysdale was engineer to the African Lakes Corporation, Ltd., He was only 26 years of age.

Still amongst the Colonials—William Millar (of Roundelwood) has again left Crieff for the Cape.

Three Old Academy Boys met in Port Elizabeth one day recently—John Brown, of the Union Castle Company; J. Stothard Nelson, of the African Banking Corporation, Ltd.; and J. Swan, who is in Steele, Murray, & Coy.'s, in Port Elizabeth. “We spent the first night talking of Crieff.” And what a night it must have been.

John Forbes has been spending a holiday in this country. He left recently to take up again his work in Penang.

The Rev. W. F. Anderson, M.A., one of our former English Masters, was, in October, in Crieff, licensed to preach by the U.F. Presbytery of Auchterarder. Mr. Anderson had a very successful Divinity College career.

An Echo of the War—A Night March.

“Christmas Day on the open veldt,
 The men not over pleased ;
 Some were killing the wily louse,
 Others the Transvaal fleas.
 ‘Ikona’ rations had not appeased
 The Yule-tide appetites
 Of the men on column with Rawlinson,
 And the weather had damped their lights.

Upon this over-rated day
 Their thoughts to distance ‘swam,’
 Some to Stratford-atte-Bowe,
 Some to Twickenham ;
 And visions of the festive board,
 For rich and likewise poor,
 Did not restrain a healthy curse
 Upon the mobile Boer.

But they cheered their lot with a tot of rum
 The A.S.C. sent round,
 Hoping that Xmas Day next year
 Would find ‘em safe and sound,
 Drinking the healths of the folks at home
 At a time when they’d felt most dry,
 Remembering Xmas Day on the veldt
 With the 21st I.Y.”

From “Irregular Rhymes and Moanings from the Veldt.”

ERMELO is, or was—there was not much of it left by us—a little Dutch village, about sixty miles north of Standerton. The first time we touched it was with “Micky” Rimington, and then we outspanned for one night only ; but Bruce-Hamilton made it his base of operations. We were with Rawlinson at the time, operating with Wing and Williams, under the generalship of Hamilton. It was a lovely South African December day, when we camped about a mile from the town. However, just as we had off-saddled, down came a terrific hailstorm, and we, drenched to the skin, had to stand to our frightened horses for nearly an hour. After the horse-lines were down, as usual, a party of us was detailed off to forage for firewood. In the town there was little fuel

to be had, owing to the depredations of successive columns, the only building intact being the church, a fine big stone structure, with a splendid pipe-organ, which, perhaps owing to superstitious fear or religious scruples—though there's not much of either in the B.A.—had been left well alone. Alas! when we entered the sacred edifice the work of demolition had begun. One huge bearded Bushman was using his bayonet freely on the pulpit, while some of his West Australian kinsmen were utilising the pipe-organs as pick-axes, battering-rams, levers, etc. Our party modestly annexed a few pews, slinging them across our horses in front of us, and retired. We joined a long line of unkempt, unshaven, reckless regulars and irregulars, bowed down with church furnishings.

Just as we entered camp we heard "Come for Orders" going on the bugle, and ten minutes afterwards we were saddled up and ready for a night march. Naturally the language was rather strong, to put it mildly, being a mixture of Dutch, Kaffir, and English "cuss-words," rather unusual for a "church-going crush" like Bruce-Hamilton's. Here were we expecting to have a night of it, which for us poor "trekkers" meant a good fire and a full belly, instead of which there's a night march dished up to us. We could only grumble, and "grouching" is no crime even in the army.

The three columns left Ermelo in different directions, riding in troops. The night was now pitch, and after each troop-sergeant had whispered along the line, "Lights out; there ain't no smokin' nor talkin'!" there was nothing heard but the soft pad of the horses' hoofs and their regular breathing and snorting. Frequently "Hole" was whispered hoarsely by a preceding troop, and passed back along the column, warning some sleepy horseman of a probable rude awakening did he not keep his eye "peeled." Glow-worms sprinkled our path like so many cigarette-ends, and the dreary croaking of frogs was eternal. Now and then there was a brief halt to allow of the pom-poms crossing a spruit or marshy ground—Bruce-Hamilton never took anything heavier than pom-poms on his "flying columns"—when we dismounted, dropping off to sleep as we sat or lay among the horses, reckless of the consequences so long as we could snatch a brief moment's rest. In a minute we were up

again, wakened by a kick from a horse or the thunder of hoofs. Many a time have we sprung to our feet, dazed and blinded with sleep, to find our "gee-gee" gone, and in our search for the missing one forgetting where we had laid our rifle. We chewed tobacco all night long, assuaging our hunger and inviting sleeplessness.

Thus we were advancing in a more or less comatose condition, after—so it seemed to us—an eternity of night marches, when suddenly, "Boom-boom, boom-boom-boom" awoke us, and we found it was misty dawn. (For pure, unadulterated brusqueness commend me to the pom-pom). Horses pricked up their ears and neighed. Men laughed and shouted, "The pom-pom's found 'em!"

As we crested the rise we had a brief glimpse of a Boer laager completely surprised. Tall, dark Dutchmen from the high back-veldt stood nervously fingering their death-dealing Mausers, while weeping women and children rushed hither and thither amongst the out-spanned wagons.

The surprise had been almost complete. One of the Boer outposts, a Zulu, had fired his rifle, and they had just begun to inspan the sleepy trek-oxen when the pom-pom made all attempts at escape useless. Meanwhile our regiment went off hell-for-leather to the right, as there was a small detached laager, which was rapidly scattering and making off. On our headlong gallop we passed stray Boers, riderless horses, lowing kine, a great many of which had been hit by our rifle-fire. All this time we were undergoing a pretty heavy fire from a large farm-house, occupied by members of the second laager. "Cluk-clug" went the heavy double report of the cursed Mauser, and then "Ping! whiz! whew!" or the dull "phug" of an explosive bullet in the sodden ground.

The sun was just struggling through the mist when we came up with the first waggon, up to the axles in mire in a steep-banked spruit. Two or three Dutchmen were "schamboking" Kaffir boys, who in turn belaboured the straining ox-span. As the advance of the "verdomdt rooineks" came down the bank at a gallop, up went their hands, while one of the Boers stoically pulled out his pipe.

In another minute we were all over that farm-house, which was now deserted, save for a bed-ridden old man and his two daughters, who, instead of indulging in hysterics, continued making mealie-pap for the old gentleman on the bed.

Two of us, with four of the 8th M.I., went in pursuit of a fleeing waggon. On coming up with it, one of the 8th, a regular "bli'me boy," four foot none in his boots, squared up to a six-foot bearded Boer, threatening to knock "blizes" out of him, as the wee fellow had lost his "mite" only a day or two before, and wanted to get "his own back!" Eventually we suppressed his pugilistic inclinations, much to the amusement of Johnny Boer.

Not a few waggons escaped. Our horses, tired out with forced marches and insufficient "scoff," could not overtake the cumbrous trex-oxen. It was the first time we had seen a span of oxen galloping over rough country. Our chaps were coming in, most of them leading captured horses, and loaded down with Boer bandoliers, rifles, etc. One Dutchman, who could speak fairly good English, said to us: "We know you were Ermelo last night five o'clock. How you come here this morning four o'clock?" We said, "Ask Big Bass (Bruce-Hamilton)!"

We captured 133 prisoners, not counting women and children, besides an immense number of cattle, horses, sheep, etc. The laager was supposed to be one of Botha's. After two hours' halt and slumber in the blazing sun, we began our long, wearisome trek Ermelowards, laden with our spoil and aching with fatigue, now the excitement was over.

This was the first of that series of successful night marches undertaken by Bruce-Hamilton, probably without parallel during the war. We have heard him called "Brute" Hamilton, on account of his tireless energy, but no General was thought more of by his men. There was not much "kid-glove," take-your-piano-and-gas-stove-on-a-night-march soldiering about him—he got there every time. All honour to him! Here's to you, Bruce!

R. E. S.

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Football.

ACADEMY *v.* STANLEY HOUSE.

PLAYED at Crieff on October 25th. Academy won the toss, and after the preliminary exchanges had been indulged in, play settled in mid-field.

The visitors were a trifle heavier in the pack, and though the difference was very small, yet they managed to push us about in a very inglorious fashion. This was greatly owing to our bad packing, and also allowing our opponents to have always first push. Behind the scrum there was very little difference. The game was very fast, and the tackling keen on both sides. Stanley managed to get into our twenty-five, and the ball coming out smartly to Fernie, he scored a capital try, and managed to bring out the major points. At half-time the game stood a goal to *nil* against us.

We re-started with a capital rush and took the ball into our opponents' twenty-five. Very bad forward work lost us a deal of ground, and it was only by vigorous tackles that we kept our line intact. Our forwards seemed as if they had had enough, and played in the second half fearfully tame. Harris, for Stanley House, broke away and scored. Fernie converted.

The game was now fought out in the middle of the ground, and when no-side was called, Stanley House were winners of a good game. Stanley House won on their merits. They were

superior to us on the day's play at all points of the game, with the exception of back. Here Paul did remarkably well, and he was in no way to blame for the tries scored. At three-quarter, Macrae and M'Haffie played decently, but Murray ma. and Lang were very much off. Birrell was good at half. Higgins will improve.

Forwards very disappointing. No method whatever in attack, and very little strength in defence. The pick would perhaps be Scott (captain) and Gray. Score—2 goals to *nil*.

ACADEMY *v.* 2nd PERTSHIRE.

PLAYED at Crieff on November 1st. With the consent of our opponents, we had the assistance of H. W. and D. B. Strathairn, a pair of players who more than helped to win the game for us. The Perthshire forwards were much the heavier lot, but our wretched forward display *v.* Stanley House seemed to have brought out a determination amongst our fellows to do better, and it was really marvellous the way our small forwards worked the scrum. The result of this satisfactory state of affairs was that our three-quarters had heaps of chances to score.

H. W. Strathairn, inside left, opened for us after a nice passing run by the whole back division, and from a difficult angle converted. We kept up the pressure, and it was only by being tackled with ball in possession that we failed to add to our points. Good work by the forwards enabled D. B. Strathairn to get over near the corner. Half-time, 8 points to *nil* in our favour.

On the game being resumed, good kicking by Paul transferred play into our opponents' twenty-five, and after some tight scrums on the line, H. W. Strathairn scored, and his brother converted. A lot of loose play followed, and after a very fine dribble, D. B. Strathairn scored under the bar and easily produced the major points. Our fellows now slackened down, and from a fine burst away, Perthshire got over in an easy position, and not much trouble was needed to get the extra points. We bucked up after this, and fought the game in the Perthshire twenty-five. Score—Academy, 3 goals, 1 try (18 points), to 1 goal (5 points).

The forwards showed wonderful improvement. We hardly recognised the lazy pack of last Saturday in the keen lot to-day. Macdonald played remarkably well. Scott must stick in the

scrum. Continually breaking out from the sides weakens us. Push so long as there is an opponent in front of you, *and keep your eyes open*. Behind a winning pack the halves had plenty to do, and did it well. Our three-quarters were good, and they had lots of opportunities of showing their work. How frequently have we mentioned, both on the field of play and in our Magazine, the great fault of being tackled with ball in player's possession. One must really grant to our opponents the supposition of being as good as we are at the game—often we find them better—and to see a half or three-quarters absolutely ignoring his partners, but trying to force his way through when passing was the correct thing, shows a tremendous ignorance of Rugby. It is the passing game, or, in other words, the unselfish game, that wins matches. Paul, as usual, was great at back, but inclined to take flying kicks.

THE ACADEMY *v.* GLENALMOND 2nd.

PLAYED at Glenalmond on November 8th.

The weather was simply wretched and quite unfit for football. The Glenalmond team was much heavier than ours, and we must consider ourselves fortunate to have had only twelve points recorded against us.

We attacked very seldom, but defended splendidly. Macrae and Macdonald were extremely good. In the first half our forwards did very well in the tight scrum, but showed no method whatever in the loose. Birrell and Higgins at half were fair. Have seen them do better even behind beaten forwards. Birrell is inclined to ask the forwards to do too much, and thereby neglects the threes. Graham played a hard game, and is good in the line-out. Gray tackles too high. Very disappointed with Lang and Murray ma.; they must buck up.

Result—12 points to *ml.*

Team—Paul, back; Macrae, M'Haffie, Murray ma., and Lang, three-quarters; Birrell and Higgins, halves; Scott (capt.); Macdonald, Graham, Gray, Forrest ma., Tait, Murray mi., and Forbes, forwards.

THE ACADEMY *v.* STIRLING HIGH SCHOOL O.B.s.

PLAYED at Crieff on November 15th. The visitors were rather late turning up, and this obliged us to play two twenty-fives only.

It is some years now since we played the Old Boys of Stirling School, and we were informed by their Secretary that they were a heavy lot, and that he had no objection if we strengthened our team by including some of our Old Boys. We found it a very difficult task to get men, so resolved to depend on our light school forwards, and get H. W. and D. B. Strathairn to play at three-quarters, the only strangers in our XV.

If size and weight could win matches, then we were beaten before the game began, for Stirling averaged quite a stone heavier than the Academy. Our forwards stuck to their men in capital style, and though of course we were pushed about, yet in the loose we were far superior. Our back division had plenty to do and did it well, and it was only by sound tackling that we were kept from scoring. At half-time nothing had been scored, though Stirling had touched down twice.

Shortly after beginning the second half, Strathairn mi., after some good passing, forced his way over near the corner flag, but kick for goal failed. Stirling now made several dangerous rushes, but Paul, by judicious kicking, forced them back, and the game settled down in Stirling's twenty-five. A few minutes before time, Strathairn ma. fielded the ball near the touch-line, and scored a splendid try after a capital run. The game was now very hard to follow, as darkness came on very suddenly, and when no-side was called, the Academy had won a real good match by 6 points to *nil*.

Paul at back was extremely safe. The two Strathairns kicked, tackled, and ran very strongly—they were invaluable to us. Macrae made some beautiful openings, but M'Haffie did not get an opportunity to show his speed, though he tackled well. The halves played very pluckily against such a heavy team. Macdonald and Graham were the pick of the forwards, though they all worked well.

Team—Paul, back; H. W. Strathairn, D. B. Strathairn, Macrae, and M'Haffie, three-quarters; Birrell and Higgins, halves; Macdonald, Graham, Gray, Forbes, Murray ma., Murray mi., Tait, and Forrest ma., forwards.

THE ACADEMY *v.* 2nd GLENALMOND.

PLAYED at Crieff on November 29th, on a rather slow pitch. Glenalmond, as usual, were the heavier team forward, and in

the straight push had the advantage, but perhaps we had the best in the open. The game was keenly contested, and good football was played by both sides.

In the first half Glenalmond were obliged to touch down twice, but nothing had been scored by either side when ends were changed. Our opponents went away with a magnificent rush, and owing to a deal of slackness amongst our men, scored through their captain, Mitchell.

The Academy bucked up at this early reverse, and by clever foot-work got into Glenalmond twenty-five. Capital play by their back put us again on the defence, and after some very nice passing, one of their unmasked three-quarters scored, and a capital goal kicked. When whistle blew for no-side, the game was being fought out in the middle of field. The tackling was remarkably good on both sides. The score, 8 points to *nil.* about represents the play. Macrae played a sound game, but is tackled very often with the ball. This must not be; pass out to your wings. M'Haffie again had very little to do, through no fault of his; he never got a fair pass; his stopping was good. Lang must make more use of his pace. Murray is improving; about time. The two halves think, or seem to think, that all that is required of them is to chuck out the ball to the three-quarters; they never attempt to make an opening for their men behind. Scott, Gray, and Macdonald were conspicuous amongst a lot of hard-working forwards.

Team—Paul, back; Macrae, M'Haffie, Murray ma., and Lang, three-quarters; Birrell and Higgins, halves; Scott (capt.), Macdonald, Gray, Forbes, Murray mi., Forrest mi., Tait, and Graham, forwards.

The following boys of the XV. have obtained their "caps":—
Forrest ma., M'Haffie, Higgins, and Graham.

THE ACADEMY 2nd v. STANLEY HOUSE 2nd.

ON the 25th October the 2nd XV. travelled to Bridge of Allan. The weather was wholly against us, as with the ball in the state it was in we could not get passing at all, and their weight told heavily. One of our heaviest forwards was away owing to illness, and the forwards who took the field were about as light

as they could possibly be. The three-quarter line was stronger if passing could have been possible. From the kick-off Stanley pressed; their heavy forwards were always on our line, but they were held up again and again. Tait was playing a lovely game at three-quarters for the Academy, and saved dozens of times. At last Dobie broke away along the touch-line, but was brought down by the back. At half-time the score stood—Stanley, 1 try; Academy, *nil*. In the second half Murray went forward and played a fine game there. On resuming Tait and Murray dribbled up right through Stanley, and Murray touched down. Burns had a fine kick for the goal, and just narrowly missed. It was easily seen that some of the forwards did not know much of the game, as one in particular seemed to think it was right to run backwards. They pressed again, and in the last few minutes they got over again, the final score being—Stanley, 2 tries (6 points); Academy, 1 try (3 points).

THE ACADEMY 2nd v. GLENALMOND 3rd.

WE were hopelessly beaten in this match, but by a team which averaged at least two stones heavier per man. Johnstone found touch inside their twenty-five with the kick-off, but this was the only time we were inside their twenty-five the whole game. Although Glenalmond scored about ten times the first half, they only managed to get over twice the second half. The team tackled splendidly, bringing down their heavy opponents in great style, Burns, M'Naughtan, and Balderston being especially good. Glenalmond played a hard game, but took too much out of themselves the first half. One thing worth noticing about the game is that nobody seemed to know what the score was, not even the winners.

Football Fixtures.

18. XV. CAPTAIN—SCOTT MA.

| | | | | | |
|------|---------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-------------|
| Oct. | 25.—Stanley House,... | ... | ... | ... | Crieff. |
| Nov. | 1.—2nd Perthshire, | ... | ... | ... | Crieff. |
| „ | 8.—2nd Glenalmond, | .. | ... | ... | Glenalmond. |
| „ | 15.—Stirling High School O.B.s, | ... | ... | ... | Crieff. |
| „ | 29.—2nd Glenalmond, | ... | ... | ... | Crieff. |

| | | | |
|-------|-----|-------------------------------|------------------|
| Feb. | 7. | —Royal High School, | Edinburgh. |
| „ | 21. | —Stanley House, | Bridge of Allan. |
| „ | 28. | —Stirling High School O.B.S., | Stirling. |
| March | 14. | —2nd Perthshire, | Perth. |
| | | 2nd XV. CAPTAIN—M'NAUGHTAN. | |
| Oct. | 25. | —Stanley House 2nd, | Bridge of Allan. |
| Nov. | 29. | —Glenalmond 3rd, | Glenalmond. |
| Dec. | 6. | —Glenalmond 3rd, | Crieff. |
| Feb. | 21. | —Stanley House 2nd, | Crieff. |

The New Boy at Tomkinson's

(TO BE CONTINUED BY THE THREE MUSQUETEERS).

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE opening chapter begins by telling of the arrival at Tomkinson's of Master Harris Hawkins. Then it goes on to speak of his curious behaviour, which soon earned for him the nickname of "The Mystery."

A mutual dislike, which afterwards ripened into an open quarrel, sprang up between Hawkins and one of the boys called Wilkins. This was most apparent in the football field, where poor Wilkins often found himself tripped up, Harris being usually the cause of the mischief. In the field Hawkins showed by his wonderful feats that his nickname was by no means a misnomer. On the first night, as the boys were scattered over the play-room, suddenly everyone was startled by the sound of breaking glass. Hawkins, in spite of much innocent pretence and wonderful tales, was proved to be the culprit.

In school he was the same mad Hawkins; even his spelling was quite unique. Thus time wore on; he seemed to go from bad to worse, out of one scrape into another. Things came to a climax one afternoon. As the first eleven were away playing a match, Hawkins amused himself by joining in a friendly game with some youngsters. After a time the game became rather slow, and suddenly the shout arose that "The Mystery" had disappeared. Search parties were sent out in all directions, but no Hawkins was found. When the excitement had reached its height, Master Hawkins coolly walked in just as the others sat down to tea.

CHAPTER II.

Chapter II. begins with a description of the scene which took place on the sudden reappearance of Master Hawkins. As he could give no satisfactory explanation of his disappearance, he was ordered to the study, and while waiting there he knocked down and smashed a choice piece of statuary. His glib tongue, however, served to get him out of this scrape. Some time after this, Harris distinguished himself by receiving a flogging for having a packet of cigarettes in his pocket, and ingeniously introduced another boy—Wilkins—as his companion in misfortune. This caused inquiries as to his former disappearance to be made by

some of the bigger boys, and as usual Harris introduced an element of mystery into his replies, this time by hinting at a hollow tree as his hiding-place. The story rapidly passes on to winter and the first snow. Harris now had an opportunity of showing his originality in sledging matters, and thereby increased his reputation as a mystery. When the ice became sufficiently solid, the local curling club held its annual competition. The Head and one of the masters—Mr. Sunnyface—were leading lights of this club, so, of course, the school had to have a whole holiday, and once again Hawkins showed his idea of the proper way of doing things—this time in skating matters. After lunch the Mystery was seen carrying a parcel across the loch, but he was soon forgotten in the delights of skating. After tea, however, he was brought forcibly before public notice by the fact that a cap with his name was found floating in the swan pool. After some hours of fruitless dragging for his body, Hawkins was discovered seated comfortably in front of the fire in the club-house.

CHAPTER III.

Chapter III. begins by quoting a telegram which was sent to all parts of the district to the effect that Harris had again disappeared, and also a letter, sent by the Rector to Mr. Hawkins, stating that his son had again been lost. On Sunday, 15th, Wilkins saw a ghost. Of course it was not believed by any of the boys, but they were rather chilled when they saw on the bed-cover the print of a blood-red hand! The Crimson Brotherhood!

On Wednesday morning, about half-past three, the ghost was seen to hurl itself on Hawkins' bed. He raised a curdling shriek, but all hid themselves under the blankets. A little afterwards they began to peep up, and there sat Harris on his bed.

In the afternoon the boys were playing cricket when Cleavers drove a ball on to the roof of one of the outhouses. Harris was sent to fetch it. He noticed, while there, that a sheet of corrugated iron made an excellent protection from the rain. Accordingly that night the hero crept from the dormitory to this hiding-place, bringing with him a good supply of food. Various reports arose as to where he was seen. The great match of the season was fixed for the 21st. The game was a great one, for the Blankshire men were all out in eighty minutes for only 73 runs. Tomkinson's won the day for the loss of four wickets. During all the fun Harris lay on the roof watching the game, and wishing that he could take part in the shouting; but no—he had to be dumb. At night, when the boys entered the dormitories, there, sure enough, was the Mystery in bed sleeping. Thereupon ensued questionings of every description; but silence fell upon all when the Head entered.

CHAPTER IV.

A BOY'S VISION.

FOR the first time in his life Harris felt the awkwardness of the situation. For the first time in his life, indeed, was he not quite convinced of his own slimness. He knew within himself that he could "jolly" the other chaps as he wished;

he was not sure this time that that was anything creditable. In fact, for the first time in his life it dawned dimly upon him that there were fine things to be done at school. The cheers of the victorious schoolboys rang higher than the weakly trumpeted satisfaction in his own heart. So when the Head told him to come to his room at once, he proceeded to do so with a good deal of the stuffing taken out of him, as Wilkins remarked.

What took place in the interview which followed never transpired, but when Harris returned there were tears in his eyes.

"Hello," cried someone mockingly, "the chee-ild has been squalling. Where's its mammy?"

For only answer Harris produced a half-filled tumbler from his inside pocket, very deliberately shook two of the aforesaid tears into it, and then, with a very grave wink to the would-be tormentor, drained the contents. It was at once felt that the Mystery had scored again, and emerged with honour from the unknown conflict. The next few days the boys got plenty of fun trying to discover our hero's whereabouts during his absence, and the brilliancy of his replies and the dangerous nature of his adventures were only equalled by their variety. Then the school had closed; he had seen the last of his co-mates in exile—for there was some fun in school after all, he reflected—and had gone home to worry a doting mother's heart with endless escapades.

These have nothing to do with this veracious history, and so we pass them over to come to the events of his second session at Tomkinson's. Sufficient has been said in Chapter I. to show that Harris knew a thing or two about football. Hitherto he had played socker, however. Now he had come back with one fixed idea in the back of his head, and when Master Harris Hawkins did have an idea, that idea got a chance. From the start he used his eyes when practising at rugger. Personal observation had convinced the modest youth that boys were mostly half stupid. Given a decent pair of legs and pluck, a fellow with his head properly screwed on should be able to do as he liked. There was no side in all this, but something ever so much bigger.

It was cruel luck, therefore, that during his third practice

game he should stave his right hand, and further be confined to the house with a severe cold. It was now the end of October, and he saw his chances of doing anything blighted for a fortnight at least, and a fortnight now might spoil him all term. Reading became unwontedly stale; walking, his sole exercise, was as dreary as a treadmill; trickery had lost its charm.

So it came about that one afternoon, after a dismal day of rain, he sat looking out of the window upon the two XV.'s practising. The day had been wet and grey, but towards four the sun had broken through the thick veil, and all the west was a huddle of black clouds set in rugged rings of red gold. Harris stared at the wonderful transfiguration scene, vaguely impressed, without knowing why. But the wild splendour harmonised with certain mad ambitions of his own, and his brain and eye were still dazzled when he dropped his gaze again to the field. Suddenly, as Harris stood gazing disconsolately out at the window, a swift darkness fell over the playing field, a slow grey rain fell. The west still shone, but all else, by looking as dreary and wet as it was possible, seemed to be bewailing the fact that the sun must leave them so soon. Even the great grey hills, which had seen the sun rise and set more times than you could imagine, seemed to show their grief by presenting an aspect of unspeakable loneliness. All these solitary and uncheerful things formed a background for the picture, which had as a foreground an exciting Rugby match.

As he watched, with feelings of envy, the game seemed to become slower and slower; suddenly, just as the last ray of the sun was on the point of disappearing, the players were all lined up at the touch-line, waiting for the ball to be thrown out. All of a sudden this last beam seemed to lengthen out and expand to the edge of the line where the players were standing. Then, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do, the half who was going to throw out the ball took the hand of the man he was marking, and the two proceeded to march up the sunbeam, which seemed to turn into a great broad staircase of solid gold, mounting up until it finally lost itself in the clouds. Up this the two teams proceeded, led by the two halves and followed by the forwards, each holding the hand of the

opponent he was marking. After the forwards came the three-quarters and the backs, all in the same order. The boy who was looking on was so curious to follow them that he sprang through the window and tried to mount the golden stair, but found this impossible as the first step always managed to dodge the foot as he tried to put it on it. At his third fruitless attempt he was about to give it up in disgust and stop trying altogether when he heard a voice behind him say, "Without a partner you cannot mount to the Rugby players' Valhalla." He looked over his shoulder to see who had spoken, but the only thing he saw was the Rugby ball which had been left behind. To his surprise, however, he saw this perceptibly growing, and looking closer was dumbfounded to see that it was stretching out a long leathery arm and beckoning him to take it. On his doing this the ball gave a great bound, reached the beam which was on the point of disappearing, and, with a strength that was incredible for such a skinny unmuscular limb, dragged the boy on to the first step, which was now about thirty feet from the ground. To enable itself to span this, the arm seemed to stretch out like a piece of elastic.

When they reached the top of the golden steps, the ball and his companion were confronted by a door, which was shaped like a Rugby goal-post, the only difference being that below the cross-bar there was no opening. Only a front of cold, grey stone presented itself. The mode of entering this curious portal was as novel as its shape. Instead of going straight in, you had to go over the top, and this is where the necessity for a companion came in, for one of the two had to kick the other on to the top of the barrier between the side posts, from which he helped his companion up beside him. On reaching this curious entrance, the ball, without more ado, reduced himself to his original dimensions, and, placing himself as conveniently as possible below the strange doorway, was kicked on to the top of the bar, and by letting down his long arm, which had grown in again, he was easily able to pull his companion up beside him. From this a short drop brought them to the most wonderful place you can imagine.

There were all the great Rugby players, both ancient and modern. Here was Mark Morrison, with what looked like a halo round his head, but which, on closer examination,

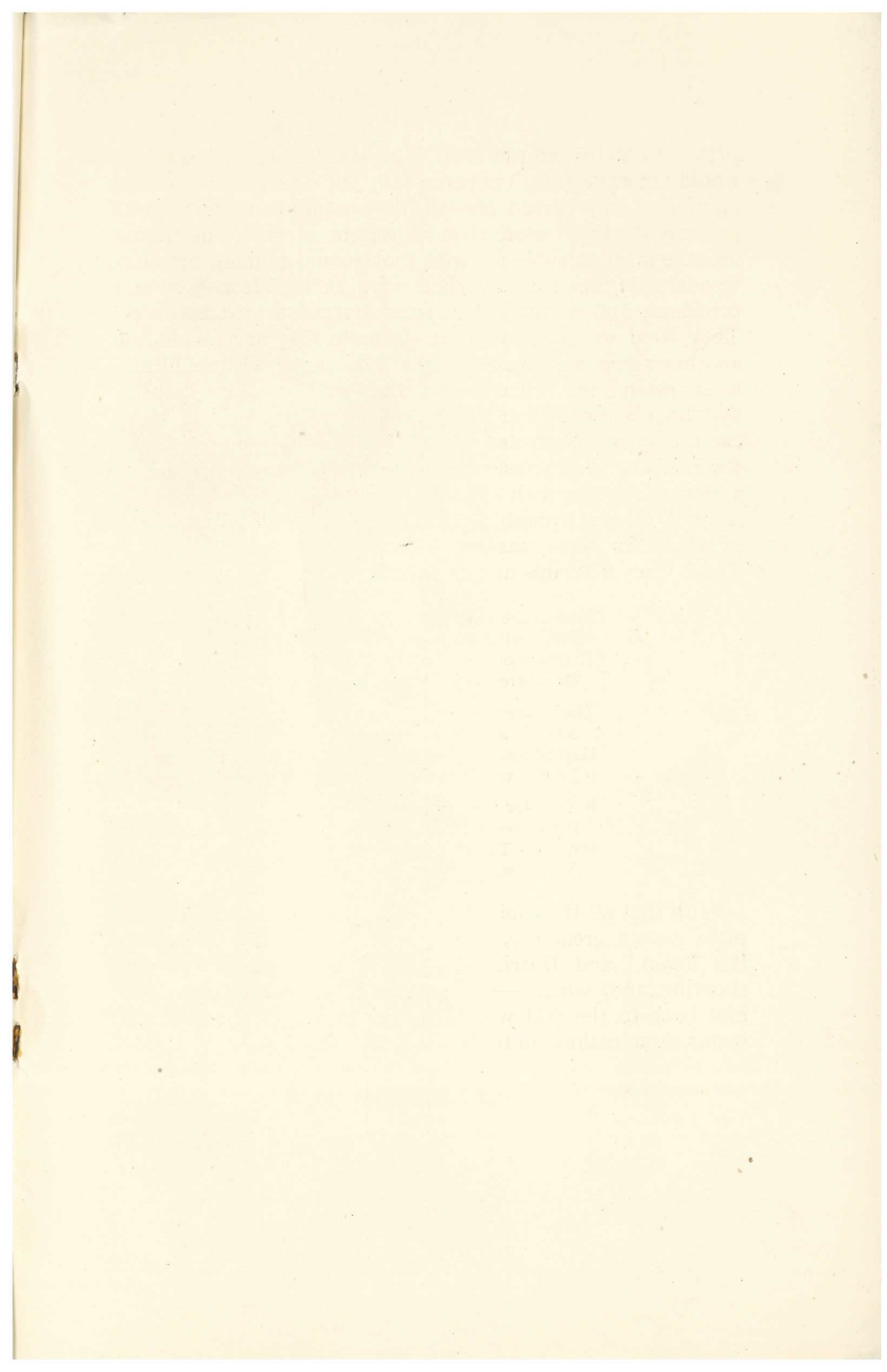
proved to be his international cap, which an old clothes man would not have given twopence for ; but if you had asked the opinion of any person present, they would have said it was not only worth far more than its weight in gold, but that it was the most valuable thing in that room of many priceless wonders. Players of all time were there, clear-eyed and confident, and many whose faces Harris seemed to know. They went in twos, *par nobile fratrum*, who had fought one another again and again, fought and conquered, fought and been beaten ; and it was an inspiring sight to see the respect, ay, the affection, created by endless battles. Then there came a great shout, and Harris looked, and behold, above the heads of all the vast host floated, just beyond their reach, a blue velvet cap, with a tassel of silver stars. In front of it shone a flower wrought in thread of white silk, at the sight of which, for some reason or other, Harris's heart bounded. And a voice from lips unseen called :—

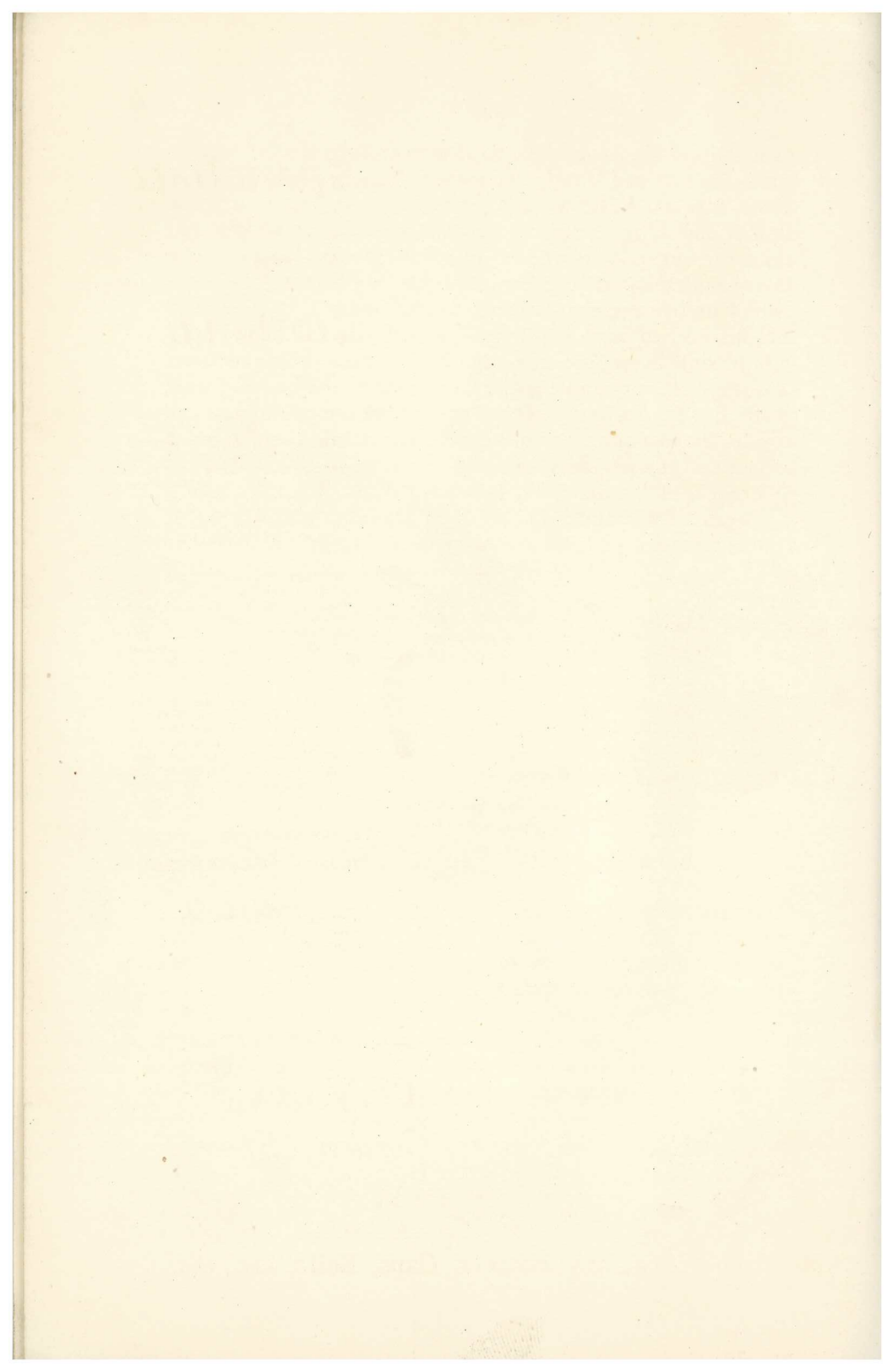
“ Sons of the Blood, to you I call,
 Filled with my purpose and my dreams,
 Heedless of what may you befall,
 O, where my Silver Tassel gleams.

The wearer's heart for ever sings,
 Alike in good or evil hap,
 High honour and sweet praise it brings
 To him who wears the velvet cap.

But not for these, my sons, must you
 Press forward to its magic gleam,
 My Silver Tassel, Cap of Blue,
 Are his who fights but for his Team.”

With that all the thousands who filled the great emerald plain gave a great cry, “ For the Team, for the Team, for the Team,” and Harris, forgetful of self, sprang forward shouting, too, when—a hearty slap on the back brought him back to the real world, and he looked up dazed as the teams came rushing in to dress.







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