

THE MORRISONIAN.

Esse quam videri.

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Death of Mr Lewis Miller, Benachie, Crieff.

THE sudden death of Mr Lewis Miller, on the 1st of April, has caused deep and widespread grief. By our presence at his funeral, in common with many others, we paid that tribute of respect which was due to the memory of a man whom to know was to love. It is but right, however, that in the pages of our school magazine we should give expression to the sense of loss which the school has sustained in the death of Mr Miller.

We believe that Mr Miller was one of the band of boys who entered the school when it was first opened in the autumn of 1860. It was the intention of his parents that he should be educated for the ministry. The sudden death of his father, however, necessitated a change of plans. The story of Mr Miller's successful business career has been told elsewhere, but busy as he was Mr Miller never forgot his old school. The Education Endowment Commissioners in their scheme for the government of the school enacted that two of the Governors should be elected

by the School Board of Crieff. As Mr Miller was at the time a member of that body, he was with singular fitness chosen as one of their representatives to the governing body. This position he held until 1906, when the County Council returned him in the same capacity.

For the twenty years that he had been a Governor Mr Miller acted as local Chairman. This school has never had a warmer friend or truer supporter than Mr Miller. With many calls upon his time he always found opportunity to discuss school business. Although he was not a familiar figure about the school (it is many a year since he has been present at an exhibition), his interest remained strong and unabated to the end. "The King is dead: Long live the King!" is as true of a school as a nation, for the school's business like the nation's must be carried on, but those who are responsible for the conduct of affairs in the school—Governors and masters—realise what power has gone out of them. That strong business capacity, keen sense of justice, and great generous kindly heart were qualities we could not lose without feeling distinctly the poorer.

To Mrs Miller, who was also educated at this school, and to her family, who are also old Morrisonians, we offer our deepest sympathy.

The entire school—masters and scholars—were present at the funeral of Mr Miller, which took place to Crieff Cemetery on Monday, 5th April.

House Notes.

ON Saturday, the 27th March, we had a very enjoyable entertainment in the dining-hall. The subject, "Wonders of the World, past and present," was treated by Mr Mungall in a very interesting manner, and it was beautifully illustrated by lime-light views of all parts of the world. At intervals, Mr Allison very kindly sang us three excellent songs, just the kind we like, viz., "The Lads in Navy Blue," "Good Old Jeff," and "The Swanee River," and he, of course, was ably accompanied by Mr Turner. At the close, Forbes, in a very appropriate speech, thanked Mr Mungall, Mr Watt, Mr Turner, and Mr Allison for their kindness in coming up to help us to enjoy a Saturday evening.

* * *

For several evenings in the close sultry weather, large flocks of birds were accustomed to fly about during the night. The dark was filled with their mysterious cries. This was very annoying to most of us, as it was not at all propitious for slumber, but there were some who did not mind. It was a rare chance for the natural historians and I am sure that someone must have succeeded in stating the correct species of the birds, as the suggestions ranged from a crow to a skylark. The suggestions, for the most part, were made in perfect good faith, which made them all the more amusing. Indeed, a more profound ignorance of natural history was displayed on these first nights of spring than one would have believed. Half the fellows don't seem to know a bantam cock from a canary, while the cawing of a crow seems to them indistinguishable from the cry of a peewee.

* * *

The billiard table was placed *hors de combat* by a dangerous thrust in the region of the heart, from the lance of Sir Kenneth of Fife. The Rector, however, very kindly had it re-covered, and it is now as good as new. No record scores have been made yet, but we hope that it will have a long and happy life.

* * *

It is quite the fashion to play golf now-a-days instead of football, and it is quite a treat to see the enthusiasts strolling along the Cinder Path every afternoon. It is hard luck that they had to help to roll the pitch instead of going up. But there is a terror among them, his name is Nimrod, so I had better not say too much about them, or I shall be getting hurt. His mashie is deadlier than he thinks.

* * *

We have been very fortunate with our Soccer this year, as the weather has been dry and the ground in good condition. We had a Soccer five-a-side league, and it was really a great success. The Rangers, led by the great R.G., won it after a hard struggle with Dundee. The games were very hard, as they were played on the knoll and only lasted for twenty minutes. Another set of very interesting matches was that played between a team representing the school, and a team of masters and the rest. In all, three matches were played, one was drawn, and each side claimed a victory. It is a pity that there was not time to play a deciding game, as the teams were very evenly matched.

* * *

Some of us are getting very enthusiastic, and are going in hard for physical

exercise. It is no uncommon thing to be awakened in the morning about seven o'clock by a great puffing and blowing from the region of the Big Doss door, but one soon gets accustomed to it, and just turns over and goes to sleep again, saying, it's only the chef at his exercises. There are also great boxing matches in the French room on Saturday, but there is more hard hitting than science, and I am afraid that we will have to take lessons from the "immortal Joe."

* * *

Scrambling for sweets in the dark is quite good fun, as those of the Big Doss know to their cost, but one is apt to be rather rudely interrupted, and one also has to take the consequences the next morning. Still, it is great fun, especially if one succeeds in getting a sweet, but it is often very difficult.

* * *

Last term the great Bon Jull left us, an event which was celebrated in verse. Two other members have left this term, but, as I am not a poet, I am not going to try to write a poem. One is the under cook, the other the gymnast. The former played a magnificent game against the Old Boys, a fitting conclusion to the season; but why, oh why, did he sully a bright reputation by taking heart-failure on the eve of the L.C. Exams.

* * *

A DESK as a model zoo has its disadvantages for those who like nice—not mice—flavours.

The odours dear to mice and men

Are wide astray;

The former cause more grief and pain,

Than one dare say.

The "pot" has been safely piloted

to the end of the term by her crew, escaping frequent disaster only by a hair's-breadth. (What does this mean?)

An unexpected German invasion took place just before the L.C. exams., and the most powerful Dreadnought of the Fifth was captured at the first engagement. He had no heart to fight, but the Hart was quickly restored to him.

Rolling, rolling over the football ground,
There's many a boy condemned to roll, who'd
rather not be found;

Then here's to the roller, and here's to the pitch
so true,

That after a few weeks' rolling will be found by
you.

Rolling, rolling, rolling, up and down again,
It's jolly rough work, but the fun you get will
pay for all your pain.

School Notes.

1ST FORM—

It is proposed to get a pair of crutches for the boy who fell off his seat.

The greater number of this form have no fixed place of residence. Recently, some who were late, on being asked where they had come from, replied, "Nowhere." What bothers us is to know how they got there.

From the ——— *Herald*.

SERIOUS STATE OF AFFAIRS IN CRIEFF.

April 2nd.—Our correspondent writes:—We have just finished rebuilding the hall at Morrison's Academy, which was wrecked by the voices of the First Form during singing. It has been decided by the authorities to give the pupils singing in an iron-bound room, where all danger of roofs and walls falling like Jericho will be removed.

This news will soothe the shattered nerves of the other forms.

Recently, one of the First ran away with the roller, but was captured at the pitch. Naughty Tom!

That fearful disease "Swottism" has been meeting with severe treatment in the First. The following notice was recently sent round:—"Tuesday, March 3rd.—All swots are hereby given another chance to recant. Anyone not recanting will be generously supplied with biffs by the members of the S.K.C." As a result "swottism" is dying out. S.K.C.! Who are the S.K.C.? Yes, I see—the Stupid Kids' Corps. Of course, the S.K.C. has always been against working, or, as they call it, swotting. That has been the great and guiding principle of stupid kids since the beginning of the world.

The Spanish Armada is said to have been wrecked in the Bay of Biscuits.

A First Former is reported to have stated, after profound thought, that the French for three was "twa." (Not far wrong, either, if he were *very* English.

The value of a gymnastic training in correlation with geography was well seen in the reply of the boy who said that "Musselmen" were "men who were very strong." It is a good thing he did not say they were men who ate shell-fish.

More history! Who was the chief man in England during the Commonwealth? "Oliver Twist," was the overwhelming answer.

II.—

II. B or not II. B—that is the question between the rival classes.

THE BATTLE OF LEDNOCK, by J.S.

The cannon's distant roar we hear,
The foemen are in sight,
But we of them need have no fear,
For soon they'll be in flight.

For down about the Lednock Bridge,
The Scottish Horse are hidden,
And under Corporal D——'s command
Will do what they are bidden.

The rifles now they open fire,
They take the Germans by surprise;
At every shot bold Scrubber fires.
A German soldier dies.

And so on to the utter rout of the
enemy at the unexpected sound of
the bagpipes—

But row the skirl of pipes is heard,
The foe in terror turns.—

From which we infer that the deadly
bagpipe is the backbone of Britain's
defence and fatal to any German Band.

Another poem has come in from the
Bees, a poem dealing with some great
"swot," whom the "non-swots" look
down on—yet

"He's contented with his lot,
The boys' taunts he doth scorn."

and

"Comes to school through every storm,
And makes marles at his leisure.

What are "marles," and how do you
make them, O poet?

The fourth verse is very remarkable.

"His weak point does in pandrops lie
In fact he's ne'er with (out one?—Ed.)
And so to tease him all boys try
And oft succeed; it's great fun."

He sucks pandrops, you see, while his
taunters succeed.

A very good set of verses on Rugby
football has also come in. Therein the
mauling game is set down as a "cure
for too much fat." The last verse will
show its quality:

"Now why should mother fret and frown
Because her Tom will play,
Instead of staying in the town,
And walking there all day.
Because she thinks he will be hurt,
Or, on his trousers, bring home dirt."

On the whole we scarcely think this
can be the work of a II. B boy; if it
is, it is remarkably even and well put.

Another breaks into song about
Suffragettes, and says that he prefers
the company of the most ferocious lion
in the Zoo. We should like our poets
hereafter to deal with school matters.
Politics lie beyond our Magazine's
horizon,—*The Morrisonian* has no
politics.

Still another poet,—this time on
Robbie Burns, and not bad verse,
either, with one stanza packed with
wisdom.

"But man I ne'er was guid at that, (i.e. verse),
As you nae doot will ken,
And I could never keep masel'
Wi' scribbles frae ma pen."

Our own case exactly.

III.—

"Who wrote Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather?"
"Shakespeare," was the gentle boy's reply;
And at the word a tear of joy
Dropped from my dexter eye.

It is said that the age of a man can
be accurately guessed from the length
of his beard. In the same way the
youth of a boy can be guessed from the
extent of his cheek.

It was one of us who solemnly
assured his master that a boarding-
pike was a kind of fish.

"Up on the tree in the garden sat
A nice little birdie."

This is a fragment from a famous
poem.

Zybaco has left to go to sea. One of
these days he expects to be beech-
combing on Thursday Island. He is
not the only one of the Third who is
frequently at sea.

Talking of this and the sea—Why does a mother's work-bag often make her feel sick? Because a *malle de mère* suggests *mal de mer*.

"Name the cases."

Boy—"The first case, the second case, the third case"—

"And your own case, which is hopeless."

A Fifer has recently put on the market a billiard table cloth harrow, which is warranted to destroy any cloth while you wait. Testimony to its efficacy can be got from any boarder. Its trial performance was greeted with great enthusiasm.

A bulky member of the Third narrowly escaped being burnt alive recently. Rumour says that he entered or was squeezed into a box *only* four feet wide. Groans from the interior—of the box—drew attention to the peril of the prisoner, and the box being opened revealed the purple countenance of the Third Form prophet. The box was too narrow. Narrow! Four feet.

IV.—

"Most of us," says the scribe of the Form, "have heard of the Plymouth Brethren, but who can tell us about the Plymouth Sistrer"? C.? Well, the former ply mouth in preaching, the latter makes one ply mouth in drinking. (Dreadful.)

The form is getting on swimmingly in Mathematics; but one of us proved himself in deep water when he discovered an "aquatic" equation.

What kind of a man was Cromwell? And the historical haberdasher of the class replied that "he was a man who wore a hat without a band."

After that it was not surprising to be informed that the uniform of the Scots in the time of Charles I. was sackcloth. (There is no mention of ashes, a grate omission!)

Scientific detail or evolution outdone. An elephant can be made into a midge by looking at it through a microscope.

Q.—What deficiency did King James want to put right in St Paul's?

A.—He wanted to get an organ.

It was probably a cousin of A. who, in another class, assured us that from 1307 to 1314 Bruce was engaged in digging pits.

The Exercise; a study in 9 replies—

1. "Please sir, I forgot all about my exercise."

2. "Please sir, I did it and left it in the house."

3. "I did it, sir, and then let the ink fall on it."

4. "I had no exercise book, and it was too late to get one."

5. "Please sir, I let some chemical fall on my exercise in the Lab., and it got all burnt up, so I thought there was no use bringing it in."

6. "Please sir, I had no lesson paper so I've done the wrong exercise."

"But you did that one last week."

"Did I? So I did; I thought I did it last night."

7. "Somebody has taken my exercise out of my pigeon-hole. I had it this morning."

8. "Please sir, I've brought my mathematical exercise instead."

9. "Please sir, I can't find my books. Have you got them, T.?"

To be continued next term by —

Reference was recently made in the German Class to a woman with "seven hundred children."

Reference was also made about the same time to Charles's First execution, while a certain classic phrase from a great contemporary drama has been applied to Gustavus Adolphus, with more humour than point.

V.—NOTES BY THE V.—

We've simply nothing to say;
 We grub from day to day,
 We grind from day to day,
 In the usual stolid way—
 But we've nothing to say.
 Ian had nothing to say,
 Geoff. of course was away,
 And Arthur in bed by the Tay:
 Silence came from J.,
 John smiled in a hopeless way,
 While Jack could say but "Nay"—
 No wonder the editor's grey—
 All had nothing to say.
 V. is this the way
 To make the Magazine gay?
 And this is the V. once gay
 As a bird in the month of May,
 Who worked as if it was play,
 And chattered the livelong day.
 Ah, life is dismal and grey,
 For the V. of yesterday
 Is faded for ever away—
 Grub and grind they may,
 But, as for the "Morrisonian"
 They've nothing—nothing to say.
 Nothing to say; nothing to say;
 V. is this the way
 To make the Magazine gay?
 Well, well, if the editor's grey,
 And goeth seeking to slay
 The V., his natural prey,
 On that dark, vengeful day
 The V. can have nothing to say.
 They've had their way and their say,
 which was "Nay,"
 And so they will have to pay.

The V. is wreathed in sadness. The one and only Arthur has faded like a flower, and the other one and only—the great J.—has flown. What will the German Class be without them?

And shall they go and ne'er a song be sung,
 In memory of that immortal day,
 When bring was conjugated bring, brang, brung,
 By the illustrious J?
 Or was it A?

VI.—

They who lived in days of yore,
 Slashed and hewed and shed much gore,
 Lost a leg or arm or more,
 Little trifles they'd deplore;
 Life had still one joy in store,
 Never was their heart made sore
 With thinking of exams.

We within the present day,
 Find our few brains sucked away,
 Hair above them getting grey,
 All our senses gone astray
 Into premature decay,
 Thinking what to write or say
 At the dread exams. (All over now!)

Some of the noble ones are accused of trying to hide behind a wall of collar these mornings. Then the collar being fitted on to their—braces, shall we say?—these are drawn up to the full, and several inches of gorgeous coloured sock are revealed. Add to this a Chamberlain-like eyeglass and you have "le dernier cri" in schoolboy sartorial adornment.

You must not mention the word Grammar anywhere within hearing of the Sixth. Between you and I, when I were in the Fifth, didn't he not say it was him who done it? Hush, a grammatical storm is beginning to blow from the east.

A First Former—fancy that—reports a conversation between a Third and a Fourth or Sixth on Ties and their cost. Is talk about dress the only Tie between the Third and Fourth or Sixth? We hope knot.

The following contributions to mathematical knowledge are said to have been made of late :—

1. To find the area of a circle multiply the base by the altitude and divide by two.

2. It was probably a cousin of the discoverer of the above who said that a semi-circle was a "straight line which had been caught bending."

This suggests a new proverb—When the boy is bent the twig is inclined.

3. As a variation on the above theme we have the bewilderingly brilliant statements that "a straight line is a line that never meets," and

4. That two parallel lines will meet when the spots are big enough. Spots! What spots?

Spots suggest stripes, and this leads us to the statement that a zebra is a dog with a Q.P. jersey on. What does Paul say to this?

6. Still keeping to mathematics, we would draw medical attention to the case of the boy who said he had the neuralgiabra—or was it newer-algebra. Disease or book—which?

7. In the former case it was probably brought on by an overfeed of iron filings, which our friend, the B-f-n, took in mistake for tea. So he says.

A boy recently alleged in self-defence that he did not do nothing.

A problem—"Nobody was present," what is the gender of nobody? Not masculine or feminine, seeing that "nobody" is not living; not neuter, seeing that "nobody" does not refer to anything inanimate. Has it any gender? Further, what is its number? Singular?—No, for it means less than singular. We give it up.

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.

THE following volumes have—or should have—been presented at the close of the term. If the Bairns in question will write to Mr Carnegie he will probably put it right. Mention this magazine in your correspondence:—

- "The Parsing of Arthur," to Galloway.
- "The Strange Case (of Dr Jekyll, &c.)," to Shepherd.
- "Food of the Gods," to L. Bull (per his cousin).
- "Three Men in ae Boat," to Twelves, Denis, and [Hart.
- "The Ballad of Splendid Silence," to the V.
- "Notes on the Scottish Dialect," to F.A.G.
- "The Fell Sergeant," to Aitken.
- "Exercises I have Lost," to Clement.
- "The Captain," to Forbes
- "The Rivals," to Logan and ———.
- "Wee, Modest, Crimson-tipped Flower," to Stewart.
- "All's Well that Ends Well," to Jim C.

Football.

MORRISON'S ACADEMY V. OLD BOYS.

PLAYED at Crieff, 27th February, 1909. The Old Boys had brought up a strong side! for this game, which had been postponed from the 6th of February. The Old Boys won the toss, and A. Biggart kicked off. For the first quarter of an hour the Old Boys pressed continually owing to their superior weight, and it was only the expected which happened when, after some scrummaging in our 25, the ball came out to the Old Boys' threes and thence to Tom Caldwell, who, out-flanking the defence, got in at the corner for a try, which W. Biggart with a splendid kick improved. The game now proceeded on more level lines, as the school forwards were warming to their work, and at last Galloway broke away in our 25 after some passing by our threes, and running practically the whole length of the field, scored a magnificent try, which Thom for once in a while failed to convert. The Old Boys,

however, soon returned to the attack, and Morton Muir scrambled over from a scrum on our goal line and scored a try which was not converted. Soon after the whistle blew for half-time, the score being—Old Boys, 8 points; Morrison Academy, 3 points.

On resuming, the game was fought out in mid-field, with constant rushes to either end. It was early seen that the School were lasting the game better than their opponents, several of whom were somewhat out of training. However, it seemed as if they would score again, as they were pressing hard. Galloway, however, again received the ball, and, although Russell was at his heels the whole way, he out-paced him, and scored another fine try, which was not converted. The Old Boys were now feeling the lack of training more than ever, and it was no surprise when Galloway again scored. This try was also unconverted. The Academy now led by 9 points to 8. The game became most exciting, both sides striving their hardest. Still, we could not be kept out, and once again Galloway, who played splendidly throughout, scored, and Biggart converted. A few minutes before the whistle went Biggart again scored a try which he converted himself. The game thus ended—Morrison's Academy, 19 points; Old Boys, 8 points.

The feature of the game was the play of Galloway, who displayed running powers with which he has not always been credited; indeed, the victory might be not unfitly put down to the credit of him and Biggart, though the whole team worked gallantly.

Character of the Fifteen.

THOM (Back).—Has played a sound game at full back. Tackles extremely well, and generally finds touch. Is rather slow, and relies too much on his dodging powers.

GALLOWAY (Three-Quarter).—Has been our most consistent scorer this year. At

left wing three-quarter he has put in some invaluable work. Kicks and tackles well, and has a very good turn of speed. Should be heard of again.

HOSSACK (Three-Quarter).—Rather disappointing, will not go straight for the line and never passes till his wing three-quarter is crowded to the touch line. Kicks well but tackles weakly.

FORBES (Three-Quarter).—Another disappointment. His play lacks dash, and by it one might suppose he lacks courage; not so, it is really unselfishness, for he passes when he should have gone on. Tackles poorly, fair kick.

PURDIE (Three-Quarter).—Yet another disappointment. Has speed and kicking powers above the average, but will slow up when faced by an opponent. A good kick; will improve.

TWELVES (Half).—Has played extremely well the whole season. Tackles fearlessly, but room for improvement in kicking. Works the scrum in good style.

LOGAN (Half).—Began the season very poorly, but bucked up at the end, and put in a deal of good work. Uses his feet nicely, and has a good turn of speed. Will improve.

BIGGART (Forward).—As this year's captain he has done remarkably well. A player of the robust type he has led his men in splendid style. An excellent forward. Should be heard of again.

MURRIE (Forward).—Another good forward. Always on the ball and tackles very firmly. Should practice kicking, as his punts lack length.

AINSLIE (Forward).—Rather light, but a rare worker. Follows up very hard and can use his feet. Weak in kicking, but tackles in the correct style. Will improve.

GRAY (Forward).—Does not shirk scrum work and tackles well. Rather slow in following up, but dribbles nicely. Poor kick. Must practice.

KIRSOP MA. (Forward).—Works very hard, and like Gray revels in hard scrum work. Tackles soundly, but must practice kicking. Inclined to go too high in his tackles.

KIRSOP MI. (Forward).—Invaluable in the line-out, where he makes the most of his height. Dribbles very well indeed. Rather slow and must practice kicking.

BENNETT (Forward).—An excellent forward when in training. Tackles decidedly well, but inclined to poach. Should be heard of again.

HART (Forward).—A sound scrum worker with plenty of pluck. Kicks poorly and has room for improvement in his tackles.

From the above criticism we notice that the forwards have really played the better football. The whole season they played a real good forward game and but for the weakness in the back division (with the exception of Galloway) more victories would have been recorded.

Forbes, Logan, Purdie ma., Bennett, and Hart have been awarded their caps this season.

Cricket Fixtures.

Captain, D. FORBES.

Vice-Captain, R. LOGAN.

Professional, RUSHWORTH.

1ST XI.

- May 8.—Dollar 2nd XI.—Dollar.
 „ 15.—Kelvinside Academy.—Crieff.
 „ 22.—Stanley House.—Crieff.
 „ 29.—Dollar 2nd XI.—Crieff.
 June 5.—Glasgow Academy.—Glasgow.
 „ 12.—Glenalmond 2nd XI.—Crieff.
 „ 19.—Stanley House.—Bridge of Allan.
 „ 26.—Edinburgh Institution F.P.—Crieff.
 July 3.—Royal High School.—Crieff.
 „ 7.—Mr R. P. M'Glynn's XI.—Crieff.
 „ 10.—Glenalmond 2nd XI.—Glenalmond.
 „ 14.—The Scottish Hockey XI.—Crieff.
 „ 17.—Mr R. M. Pattison's XI.—Crieff.
 „ 24.—The Wanderers.—Crieff.
 „ 28.—Old Boys.—Crieff.

CRICKET FIXTURES.

2ND XI.

- May 15.—Kelvingrove School.—Bridge of Allan.
 „ 22.—Stanley House 2nd.—Bridge of Allan.
 June 5.—Kelvingrove School.—Crieff.
 „ 12.—Glenalmond 3rd XI.—Glenalmond.
 „ 19.—Stanley House 2nd.—Crieff.
 July 10.—Glenalmond 3rd XI.—Crieff.

3RD XI.

- May 22.—Stanley House 3rd.—Bridge of Allan.
 June 5.—Stanley House 3rd.—Crieff.

Five Days in June.

WIOSAKTEOS.

“ATTEND a Committee Meeting on Thursday and bring your article with you,” was the gist of the peremptory letter I received. Well, here am I with an article before me, and very little to write about. Of course, I could write an article on how not to be sea-sick in an aeroplane, or how to skin an elephant successfully, but somehow they won't do I suspect.

The cold weather we are experiencing just at present recalls to my mind some very warm days about the beginning of June last year, and if I can induce some to follow my example it will be worth while having written this article. One Friday Avis and myself caught an early train at Buchanan Street Station, and arrived at Loch Awe about mid-day. The day was beautifully clear and the sun was very warm, and the Loch seemed to us to deserve well the name of the most beautiful one in Scotland. We both had knapsacks, and, having arranged everything, we were very soon on the road along the shore, whence we intended to strike over the top of Ben Cruachan to the little village of Taynuilt

on Loch Etive. After some difficulty, we found the path up the Ben, but we found also that in the sunshine, which had been so pleasant by the Loch side, we were becoming very hot and parched, and, though now and then we came upon little springs, we soon got out on to the stony sides of the Ben where there was no shelter. As the day was drawing in we determined to strike down to the road just beside the famous Pass of Brander, and about half-past six arrived at Taynuilt. In any account of a walking tour I find descriptions of the meals bulk very large, but to do any justice to the meal Avis and myself had is impossible, for, in the classic phrase, "there isn't a word."

We determined to get up early next day so as to have a good start. Carrying out our resolve we got away on Saturday morning about eight o'clock, and had a hot though fairly easy walk into Oban, about 13 miles away, the last two miles, by reason of a stop at Connel Ferry, being spoilt by the need to hurry so that we might arrive in time to catch the Mull boat.

We found the Mull boat just ready to start, and about one o'clock we left Oban and began the beautiful sail to Mull. As Oban Bay receded behind us we entered the Sound of Mull, running between Mull and the mainland. The day was a perfect one, and the scene quite beyond description. To our left was the island clothed in vegetation of every shade of green—from the black green of the pine woods to the light soft green of the grass on the shores and the patches of unripe crop; to our right the hills on the mainland showed that indescribable colour that the heather has before the

purple flush of its bells appears; in front of us stretched the deep sparkling sea, and above us was the pure sapphire blue of the sky.

We zig-zagged down the Sound, touching at various little piers on the way, and we caught glimpses of quaint little clachans among the trees usually within sight, with the one-time protection of some ruined castle standing within its broken walls very silently and proudly on a rise near by. The shores of the sound are dotted with these castles, standing just in sight of one another. In old days, they belonged to the Maclean clan, and though they were always fighting among themselves, it was woe betide any outside foe that came up to attack them, for then they joined and fought with all the proverbial thoroughness of our ancestors.

The famed Duart Castle and Ardtornish Castle, whose beginnings go back into the ninth centuries, were but two of these pathetic and silent reminders of another past. Indeed, where can we turn our eyes, whether on the bleak north uplands, or on the soft grassy hills of the south, and not see great witnesses of another great past and hear mute appeals to make the future still greater?

About five o'clock our steamer drew alongside of Tobermory quay. We were within a beautiful land-locked harbour, surrounded by steep cliffs fully wooded, and leaving only a ledge between their foot and the sea at one part, where nestled most of the houses of the town. Across the bay could be seen the towers of a fine house rising amidst magnificent trees, with a low wind-swept island at its feet.

Avis and myself soon found lodgings, being the first to stay at a boarding-house that had been just opened there. I would gladly tell of the walk along the cliffs, the beauty of the harbour as we lazily paddled over its surface, and the sweep of the long sunbeams eastward down to the sound till they fell in glinting waves on the Morven hills, but words again fail.

Sunday passed quietly, and on Monday we caught the eight o'clock boat and arrived back at Oban. Oban is too well known to need description, the eight hundred years old Dunolly Castle (ancient home of the Lorne family) and the half-built, coliseum-like Hydropathic above the town, are sufficiently typical of the place, the one being so old and modest, and the other so new and blatant. We were glad to leave the town by train, and at six o'clock, after an interesting journey through the wild country by Appin and Duror, arrived at Ballachulish, where we stayed the night. Next morning we made an early start, and began our long walk up the far-famed Pass of Glencoe. For some three miles the walk was quite easy, and the grand hills on either side made an unforgettable picture, but soon the Pass closed in, and the mountains became rougher and rougher until only bare crags hung above the road which wound by the side of a raging stream. As we went on the day became colder, and the wind blew sharp showers of rain down the Pass, and a few wreaths of mist passed over the crag's face. We were glad after a stiff 15 miles' walk to arrive at Kingshouse Inn, on the lonely Moor of Rannoch, where we rested and had a welcome meal. There was still a two

miles' rise to climb, and at the top we turned for our last look down the magnificent Coe valley. The twelve miles from Kingshouse to Bridge of Orchy passed without incident, except that Avis and myself argued about the wisdom of going on during a heavy shower that came on. However, a meal at Inveroran House, by the side of Loch Tulla, gave us a different view of life, and we caught the train at Bridge of Orchy about half-past five, and arrived back at Glasgow sadder and wiser men—sadder because we had to leave so much beauty and grandeur unseen, wiser because of the beauty and grandeur we had seen, for a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, and real joy always makes men wiser.

If this article will encourage others to lay aside all the more accessories of life, and, carrying off themselves only the few things they "cannot do without," walk in the "great" places of our land, it will not have been written in vain.

The Land of the Gael.

"HAVE you ever been to Stornoway?" said Bob one evening. "No, have you?" "Rather! what do you say to going this year?" This snatch of conversation took place one evening in April of last year, and there and then three O.B.s decided to spend one week of their holidays "sailing the briny," and in order to obtain private sleeping accommodation a friend was found to make up the necessary fourth member of the party.

In case any reader should be thinking of trying this cruise, I will try to

describe just what we found it like. It is a splendid way of spending a week's holidays, and a very inexpensive one, too, all things considered.

It was Glasgow "Fair week" Monday that we had decided on for our cruise, and as one of our number had been up at Crieff playing in a cricket match on the Saturday, we met at the "digs" of one of our party, had dinner there, and drove down to Lancefield Quay, where our boat was lying. "The Chieftain" is one of Macbrayne's latest acquisitions, built at Troon in 1907, and capable of carrying a passenger list (cabin) of about 100. The prospect before us, when we came on board, did not look at all inviting with coal dust flying all around, and at the front and midships a crane pouring down goods into what seemed an inexhaustible hold. These cranes, it may be said, were electric and noiseless. The boat during its journey made several calls at night and discharged cargo, but at no time was any of our party disturbed. While we were waiting to get away we were hailed by a well-known voice, and found no less a personage than Johnny R——l up to see us off, and to wish us a pleasant journey. His wish must have found favour with the gods, as ours was indeed a pleasant journey.

Our boat was timed to leave at 2 o'clock, but it was half-past that hour before the ropes were thrown off. It was a lovely summer day, and we enjoyed the sail down the Clyde very much. It is a sail as a rule avoided by the upper denizens of Glasgow, but for once there were no noxious effluvia, and everything was looking at its best.

We reached Greenock about 6 p.m., and tea was served shortly after our

arrival. We carried a full complement of passengers, and as the saloon only accommodated 50 at a time there were of necessity two services; we secured seats at the "first table," and kept this order throughout the journey. At this point, perhaps, it would be better to say a few words about our table companions. There were four of our party, and we picked up a friend on board. Another young Glasgow fellow, a mining engineer — a very agreeable companion as we found out later — made a sixth. Our complement was made up with a family, consisting of father, mother, and son, from Edinburgh. We were never very familiar with these latter beyond passing the time of day with them. We had, therefore, a very nice table, and the steward who looked after it was a first-class man. How often have I longed to emulate his balancing feats as he cleared the dishes off the table, so to speak, at one fell swoop. We remained at Greenock till 2 p.m., and then set off on our twelve hours' sail to Oban *via* the Mull of Kintyre.

It was a glorious evening following on a glorious day, and I witnessed what I thought to be the finest sunset I had ever seen, not even to be beaten at Crieff, where, of all places, you do see glorious sunsets. The sky right round was of a lovely pale green colour, except over the Dumbarton hills, where the sinking sun still shed its ruddy glow. And to set this off was the dark green hue of the almost glassy sea.

We remained on deck till Pladda Light had been passed, and as it was then close on midnight we went below and were soon, at least as far as regards two of us, asleep on the deep for the

first time. One of our party wakened through the night feeling rather queer, and in order to ward off "the attack" sat up in his berth, switched on the electric light, and commenced to read a novel. This must have had a soothing effect, as he soon fell asleep again, and only came to as we sailed into Oban Bay.

There was just sufficient time here to look around, but as the place seemed only to be wakening up we did not see much, at least not enough to justify the late Professor Blackie's words:—

"For Oban is a dainty place,
In distant and in high lands;
No place delights the tourist race
Like Oban in the Highlands."

So far as we could see there were no tourists, only a few sleepy shopkeepers pulling down the shutters. Soon we were off on our journey again, this time to Tobermory.

On our journey thither let me introduce you to our fellow-passengers. Well, there was one point on which we were much disappointed—the almost entire absence of the "eternal woman." However, we made up our minds that a holiday could be quite pleasantly spent without the company of the gentler sex. Of our own party no more need be said than that they were, of course, the cream of the lot on board. The others were divided into two lots—the cabin passengers like ourselves, and those who preferred the steerage. The latter were composed entirely of people from the north country taking a chance of a run up home during the holiday. They were cooped up among the luggage, and a miserable crowd they looked that first morning. The passage round the Mull had evidently been a

trial for some of them. The cabin passengers were a rather mixed lot. On the one hand there were the elderly passengers who sat and played whist most of the time. Again, there were the younger lot, who like ourselves explored the country, when the boat made one of its numerous calls, or spent a good part of the time, when sailing, playing deck billiards. Lastly there was the smoke-room band—seasoned toppers most of them, who knew best themselves how to put in their time. One stout, good-humoured specimen was known to all as "Wee Willie," and another caught the sobriquet of "Sunny Jim," or (from his appearance) "The Chauffeur." Such was the company amongst whom we were thrown for the period of our cruise,

We had left Oban at 9 a.m., but before reaching Tobermory made several calls to discharge cargo on the journey through the Sound of Mull. What memories, though, does the name Tobermory bring back to us; memories of happy days spent up at Lochearnhead, and of how we used to make the welkin ring on our journey home with the refrain, "O Hielan Rory, hoch! she cam' from Tobermory"—memories of the same refrain ringing through the dining hall on a Saturday night, with Bobbie Strang the presiding genius at the piano. But that is another story, as Kipling says!

Tobermory itself has perhaps become better known to the general public as the scene of "Buried Treasure," or "Missing Motorists." Here we saw the first symptoms of that fell disease, which developed strongly later—the sending of post-cards to friends and relations. On landing anywhere that

was always the first object, and one of our company actually boasted he had sent off exactly 100 postcards, or twenty a day, at the cost of—but we never had a good head for figures.

Leaving Tobermory we made for Mallaig, the terminus of the West Highland Railway. The afternoon sail to Mallaig was a treat, the sun shining brightly, with scarce a breath of wind, and the sea with just the least suspicion of a roll as we rounded Ardnamurchan Point. We had just time here to scamper ashore and send off some of the eternal post-cards. An attempt was made, too, to obtain the daily papers, but the only paper shop in the district, the bookstall, was sold out. Farewell, Civilisation.

From Mallaig we proceeded to Armadale and Isle Ornsay, and then through one of the prettiest bits of our journey, the Kyles (or straits) of Lochalsh. These resemble the better known Kyles of Bute in contour and appearance, but are longer, and from the water appeared, if anything, bonnier. It was evening and most of the passengers had descended to the saloon to take part in our first concert. I went down with the rest, but was soon "fed up," and came on deck again. Going through the Kyles we called at places with such outlandish names as Glenelg, Balmacarra, Kylerkin, and so came to the port of Kyle of Lochalsh itself. This port, where we made quite a long call, is the terminus of the Dingwall and Skye section of the Highland Railway, and has a considerable town lying behind. We made a midnight excursion, and then back to our boat. We left Kyle of Lochalsh about one o'clock in the morning, and, slipping on a coat, over

my pyjamas, I went out to view our departure. What the captain had done to the natives I don't know. Half an hour before they were working away like a pack of niggers unloading the cargo; now they were more like a crowd of savages. I never knew till then the power of the Gaelic language. All we heard was a torrent of words (I'm sure they were bad words). All we could make out was occasionally the word Sassenach. Sometimes, however, the speakers changed from the language of the Garden of Eden to that of the hated Sassenach, and I heard one burly porter expressing his desire that the adjectived boilers would burst. Such an invective I never heard. There must have been some reason for it, but the explanation was not forthcoming.

That night—our second on board—promised, I remember, to be rather a rough one. When we left Kyle of Lochalsh the wind was whistling strongly, and the waves were dashing against the sides of the ship, but to my surprise no bad effects were felt, and by the time we tumbled out of our berths in the morning we had put through a considerable amount of sailing, and were just entering Portree. Portree did not look an inviting place in the drizzle of rain we were experiencing, so we just took time to stretch our legs by walking up through the village and back to the boat; of course, purchasing and sending off the inevitable p.c. The weather looked as if it were going to break down, but a seasoned traveller cheered the crowd by remarking that it always rained in Skye, and his words proved true, for when we left Skye we left the rain too. As we

sailed from the island the weather picked up, and by noon we had lovely sunshine and a glassy sea, with a heavy ground swell. From Portree we crossed back again to the mainland, calling first at Ullapool, one of the bonniest places on our journey. Here we had some time to wait, and were able to make a long inroad inland. The weather was of the best for photography, and several fine groups were taken, notably one with Maud and her friends in it. But did I tell you of Maud? Well, she was the daughter of one of the officials on board—it wouldn't do to say which—a bright wee girl of about sixteen summers. She and her sister, along with a friend who was travelling with them, had a great time on board, being made of by all the male passengers. But at last the whistle went, and we had reluctantly to return to our boat to continue our journey to Baden Tarbert. That place was famous for one thing alone, and that was that it was only a mile and a half from Achiltibuie. But "Where in the earth's that?" I fancy I hear you say, good reader. Well, it was the post town for Ullapool, and as all roads seem to run to it, the name fairly caught on on board, and if at any time you felt annoyed at anyone, instead of consigning him to the lower regions, you simply send him to Achiltibuie. It was just as effective, and sounded much better. And now for our beauty spot—the loveliest place for scenery we touched during the whole of the journey—Lochinver. Words cannot be found to adequately describe its beauties. Sailing into a loch studded with small islands, behind us the setting sun dipping into the sea, and in front a little village nestling among trees on

the shore made a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Once we were moored alongside the quay we found ourselves faced by a huge hotel, for the size of the place—a building which, however, we found out was formerly a shooting lodge of the Duke of Sutherland. Striking inwards, three of us found our way up by a shady waterfall on to the shores of an inland lake. Beside the lake was stationed the village school, and ne'er was school so fortunate. It was the end of a lovely day, and just the time, 'twixt the gloaming and the dusk, when everything looked at its best. This little lake, surrounded by the eternal hills, seemed to the tired city toiler a first glimpse of Paradise. Several of the ship's party climbed one of the higher hills, where they must have had a magnificent view of the adjoining country. We contented ourselves with surmounting a smaller mound, where the view towards the loch at least was equally grand. On that hill top one felt oneself a part of nature, and cut adrift altogether from the vulgar throng of city life. With reluctant steps at last we traced our way back to our temporary home, the *Chieftain*. The boat lay in the bay till dawn, and long before that we were in the grasp af Letha.

Next morning saw a change. We were at Lochinchard, about ten miles from Cape Wrath. Here the scenery was wild and rugged; this coast, indeed, has the name of being the wildest in Scotland. It seemed to be a foreboding of the troubles to come in the crossing of that ill-favoured piece of water—The Minch.

We commenced the journey across about 10 o'clock, and by 11 numerous

passengers had gone below "to read." It was getting very rough. Here and there one encountered in secluded corners passengers with strained yellow-greenish faces murmuring almost inaudibly, "Are we far off Stornoway"? One individual whom we met just after he had "fed the fishes" said that he had smoked just rather much after breakfast; fancy blaming the poor innocent pipe. He might have admitted the truth and said he had a bad attack of "mal de mer." At dinner that day ours was the only table that came up to anything like the scratch; out of nine seven turned up, those absent being our lady *vis-a-vis* and the mining engineer. At the remaining tables only fourteen out of forty sat down, and some of these—dropped early out of the running, shall we say?

At Stornoway we had the first break in the weather, which up till then, barring that half-hour at Portree, had been magnificent. Up at Stornoway, however, it always seems to be wet, if one is to believe the report in the *Glasgow Herald*. Or else they are more truthful folk there than, say, at Douglas (Isle of Man), where there is always reported "12 hours' sunshine." The rain, however, did not deter us from making our usual tour of inspection. Truth to tell, in Stornoway itself there is not overmuch to see. The place appears at one time to have been entirely dependent on the fishing industry, and now to have tried to develop on other lines. We were fortunate enough to see the fishing-boats putting out to sea, a great crowd of them making a very interesting sight. Sometimes, we were told, in the season there are as many as six hundred boats leaving for the fish-

ing grounds at one time. The feature, however, which impressed one most at Stornoway was the Post Office. Nowhere else had we come across such a fine building for this purpose. Arguments were rife as to whether it was used for a town hall or a church. Anyhow it was a magnificent building, with its vaulted roof and stained glass windows. The inhabitants of the town seemed to glance askance at us "southern devils," but one shopkeeper—a dealer in Harris tweed and Shetland shawls—must have blessed the advent of our steamer. Dear knows how many orders were given for the former, or how many of the latter were carried away!

We left Stornoway about six o'clock in the afternoon, and, the rain having apparently calmed down the sea, had a magnificent passage direct to Portree, which was reached about 10 p.m. Our arrival at Portree was heralded by much shouting and waving of lanterns by those on the pier, it being a pitch-dark night, and Portree even in daylight rather a difficult port to make. After a raid on shore we returned about midnight and got to bed at once.

When we wakened the next morning the boat was back in the Kyles of Lochalsh, lying anchored in Glenelg Bay, where two large ferryboats brought on board an enormous quantity of wool. As the boats had to make several journeys back and forward the unloading of the wool took quite a long time, and we hung over the rails chaffing the ferry-men, they retaliating for the most part in Gaelic, which, perhaps fortunately, we were only beginning to pick up.

Our calls to Oban were pretty much the same as on our outward journey,

but the straits seemed to have lost a good deal of their attraction in the daylight. The weather had now, unfortunately, quite broken down, and we had the experience of our first really wet day. Waterproofs were all the vogue, and the covered deck was a favourite spot. The gloomy day, however, showed up Loch Howin (the Loch of Hell, so-called from its foreboding appearance). Near it, by the way, is the Loch of Heaven (Loch Ness), so that we seemed to have solved a great geographical and theological problem on our journey.

Soon we were back at Mallaig, and this time we secured the papers in spite of a great rush for them. From Mallaig we sailed straight down to Tobermory, where we only waited about a quarter of an hour, and then on to Oban.

Oban at seven o'clock at night is a different place from Oban at 7 a.m., as we soon found out: all the population seemed out to greet us this time. The rain had decided to clear off, and we were able to see Oban at its best. Many took the last chance of obtaining a souvenir of the trip for their friends at home in the shape of a Highland cross of Iona stone. Leaving Oban we had what might be called the first touch of enthusiasm; our farewell was quite of the opposite kind from what we had received at Kyle of Lochalsh. One fervid individual on the pier indeed had to be restrained from jumping after us into the water, and we left Oban Bay to the strains of "Will ye no come back again?" followed by its almost invariable accompaniment, "Auld Lang Syne."

Our last night on board was memorable on account of the first real touch of a rough sea, for the journey across

the Minch to Stornoway had just been a slight toss. Matters went all right until about eight o'clock, when we were awakened by a tremendous thumping; this was the water pouring on deck. For the next hour or so one had to hold on to the rail of his berth to prevent being thrown out, so great was the rolling. Fortunately, once we "got round" the Mull again we got into smooth water and sleep. Others, however, had not been so lucky, the smoke-room furniture having been thrown about during the night, and those on whom it fell rather badly damaged. One of our party had been taking a turn on deck and found a couple of female heads projecting from port hole windows and a couple of quavering voices inquiring if it were all past. The voices further informed the visitor that they thought all night their last moment had come. On being reassured that the good ship was still afloat they retired comforted.

By seven o'clock we had reached Greenock, and at half-past sat down with mixed feelings to our last meal on board the boat, feelings which were accentuated on reaching our destination—Lancefield Quay, about 10 o'clock. At last we were back in smoky Glasgow. A relief you say to get on *terra firma* again! Not a bit of it; everyone on board only set foot on the quay most reluctantly, and one or two of us who had thoroughly enjoyed the trip made a vow there and then to make the same journey in 1909. At present we are making our holiday arrangements, and "Stornoway trip" appears at the head of the list. We think of going this year in the first week of July, and would welcome in our midst any Crieff

Academical who may be persuaded by this article to join us. As I have already pointed out, it is a splendid way of spending a holiday. The catering is excellent, and the internal arrangements of the boat could not be improved on. You are on the water practically all the time. When the boat does make a call you are all excitement to see what is to be seen, and some of the places, notably Ullapool and Lochinver, are well worth the journey. The scenery is ever changing. When you retire to bed at night you may be leaving the lovely and peaceful bay of Lochinver; on awakening in the morning you find yourself at the rugged coast around Lochinchard with the sound of the breakers rolling on the shore. Well might we say with that ancient bard as he left his native land of Skye—and this applies to the rest of the journey as well as to that well-known Isle:—

"Farewell to each cliff on which breakers are
foaming,
Farewell to each dark glen in which red deer
are roaming,
Farewell, lovely Skye—to lake, mountain, and
river,
Return, return, return, shall we never?"
"Cha till, cha till, cha till sinn tuille."

H.R.H. & Co.

"Forty Years on."

ONCE again the time has come round for your Secretary to throw aside all idea of pleasure, and set to work to wrack his brains to furnish some information for this column, no easy job, as the respective ex-holders of the position can testify! With the majority of us, as, alas! just now with most

of the world, things have been very black. The Club has carried through its annual smoker, an account of which will be found in another column, inserted just as we go to press. It has also played two football matches, the doleful tale of the first being elsewhere related, and the fate of the second, at the moment of writing, is "on the knees of the gods."

This term has seen the end of another year of the Club's life, with the usual reckoning up at the annual meeting. The various reports will, to our readers, make satisfactory reading, and we are sure they will be pleased to see its finances on such a gratifying footing. Unfortunately this year we have to say good-bye to several of our hard-working officials. After a year of office, Pattison has perforce been obliged either to give up all hope of qualifying as a C.A., or to throw aside for the nonce the burden of bearing the affairs of the Club on his shoulders, and as the Club has not yet been able to offer its Secretary a princely salary he has quite rightly chosen the latter alternative. We hope, however, to have him back very soon in harness again when he is qualified to add the mystic initials to his signature. And the same, too, may be added of George Wallace, who, curiously enough, is carving out a similar path for himself, and whose ability as treasurer could not be surpassed. But what is the dance to do in future without the genial "Hamie" at the head? We shudder to think, but have no doubt the new convener, "Jack Croll," will successfully manage to console us. We are glad, however, to have another representative of the Caldwell family installed in official

position, this time as guardian of the money bags. Our officials have done us well in the past, and we have no doubt that the same will happen in the future.

One of the most gratifying features of the annual meeting was the presence amongst us of one of our oldest officials, no less than the being who called the Club into existence—viz., its first secretary, R. H. Napier. Robin's visits amongst us have been few and far between of late, but he let us have the words of wisdom at our gathering in no uncertain fashion. We understand we have to congratulate the town of Blantyre, Central Africa, on a most promising accession to their midst in the near future, and the best wishes of the members of the Club go out to Napier in the sphere he has marked out for himself. We hope to hear from him occasionally, and to let our readers have the benefit of his experiences.

Another departure from our midst, we understand, is that of Alex. Forrest, who has left the town of "Bunnets" to join his brother "Jan" in a far-off land. His presence will be much missed at all our social gatherings.

Unfortunately at this time we have again to record the loss the Club has undergone in the death of one of its members. Mr Alex. Crawford was not known to most of us, being away from our midst, and also belonging to an older generation than the majority of our members. He had always, however, taken the kindest interest in the Club, and had been one of the first life members after its resuscitation in 1903. We give the following extract from the *Strathearn Herald* :—

"DEATH OF MR ALEXANDER CRAWFORD, PENANG. —We regret to announce the death of this gentleman, which took place at Caledonia Estate, Province Wellesley, Penang, on Wednesday of this week. Mr Crawford had been suffering from malaria, and went to India for a change. His health did not improve, however, and the sad news was cabled home that he had passed away on Wednesday last at the age of 41. Mr Crawford was educated at Morrison's Academy, Crieff, and received his training in the Bank of Scotland here. He accepted an appointment on a sugar plantation at Penang, and he has been engaged in business there ever since. He had a most successful career, and was looking forward to settling down in the home country. He was of a frank, cheerful disposition, and was greatly liked by those who knew him, and his early removal is much mourned. He was the second son of Mr John Crawford, who is well remembered as the popular Inland Revenue official at the Hosh Distillery, and as a leading elder in the Parish Church here, and who died a few years ago. His sisters, the Misses Crawford, and his aunts, the Misses Mackenzie, reside at Sauchie Cottage here, and much sympathy is felt for them and his other relatives in their bereavement."

We take the opportunity of joining in that expression of sympathy.

From the underrated list it will be seen that Crieff O.B.'s are holding their own in the academic world, and to each and all we offer our congratulations. The honours have been taken in connection with the winter session of Edinburgh University recently closed :

Greek—Prize—P. H. Borrowman (son of Dr Borrowman, late of Crieff).

Logic and Metaphysics — First-Class Certificate—P. H. Borrowman.

Political Economy — Ordinary Class — First-Class Certificate — J. Leslie Hill, Monzievauid.

Faculty of Divinity—Third Year—W. J. Forbes, M.A., Madderty. First Year—L. Maclean, M.A., Monzievauid.

Junior Hebrew—Prizeman (Medallist), L. Maclean.

Biblical Criticism and Biblical Antiquities —W. J. Forbes, Madderty (medallist).

Ecclesiastical History—W. J. Forbes.

Anatomy—Second-Class Honours—W. Macdonald, Crieff; also Second-Class Certificate in Physiology.

Materia Medica—First-Class Honours—Robert S. Lawson, Blackford.

Medical—First-Class Honours—R. S. Lawson.

Midwifery and Gynecology—First-Class Honours—R. S. Lawson; W. MacNaughtan, Comrie; do., First-Class Honours in Junior Division of Medicine.

Musical Analysis—Honourable Mention—Antrobus T. Harris, Crieff.

In Glasgow, Snodgrass has passed in Zoology and Botany for his degree of M.A.

In closing this editorial we would add our tribute with that of others to Harry Paul on his run of success in the football world, a run never before attained by one so young, and, as those who have seen him this season can testify, only the due reward of all-round brilliancy.

Athletic Column.

THE one outstanding event to chronicle this term is perhaps the gaining of an international cap by one of our members, and not only one, but as many as fate or the selectors could give. We refer, of course, to the success of Harry Paul, who has quite fulfilled our prophecy of turning out the best outside left in Scotland. His play, especially in the English League match, was brilliantly effective, and in the match in question he gave Crompton, the well-known English international back, as warm an afternoon as ever he had. By the time these lines appear in print we have no doubt he will again have assisted his country to defeat the

Sassenach—(Ichabod!)—and will have gained the almost unique record of obtaining every international cap in one season, an honour, we understand, only gained previously by two players—Bobbie Walker and J. T. Robertson.

The other matter to which we want to refer at some length is the proposed golf section—"Vagabond Golf Club," as it is termed. As will be seen in another column, this question was brought up at the annual meeting, when Mr Rankin Smith was appointed to take charge of the matter. The idea of course is to start in a very humble fashion, and to try rather to bring members together in friendly intercourse than to exploit the feeling of rivalry. We should be glad to have the names of any golfing members of the Club, and of the course with which they are connected, so that prospective golfing members may know in what Club they could find a kindred spirit. Then, again, the publication of such a list would help golfing members to know who the other enthusiasts in the game were, so that matches could be arranged for the summer Saturday afternoons, and that spirit of camaraderie, which it is the main idea of the Club to develop, could be fostered. But in order to bring members together in the first instance, the Committee of the Club would not be adverse to trying a competition—necessarily, this year at any rate, a scratch one—to determine the championship of the Club, if only they had an assurance that the idea would be taken up enthusiastically by at least a fair proportion of the members. Once the names were obtained it would be an easy matter to make the draw, leaving it to

the challenger to fix the time and place with his opponent, with the necessary condition, of course, that each round be competed within a fixed period. Of course, if the idea were to catch on, it might be possible to get over the travelling difficulty, get an eastern and western draw, and the champions of each district to play off for the higher honour of championship of the Club. We have gone into this matter in detail, because the idea emanated from one of our most respected members, and because it is the wish of the Committee, who are unanimously in favour of the scheme, to find out the feeling of the members of the Club. Several letters have already been received, which, however, we are unfortunately unable to publish—some in favour of the Committee's idea, others rather deprecatory. We invite opinions and suggestions on the matter from all or any of the members, so that it may be decided whether the section is to make a beginning or not. There are possibilities in the idea, but on the other hand there are drawbacks too. Any correspondence on the matter should be forwarded to the Golf Convener, Mr J. Rankin Smith, 3 Westbourne Terrace, Kelvinside, Glasgow.

To proceed to another section of sport, that in which a large number of the Club members are interested—Rugby football, it is unnecessary to say much. There are more now, perhaps, taking part in this healthy exercise than at any other period of the Club's existence. We append a list as far as we can remember of those playing, with a note of their Club. Most of them take part in first-class football, though some, of course, do not aspire so high:—

Edinburgh Institution—F. Tait, D. B. and H. W. Strathairn, W. McNaughtan, and A. B. Forbes; Watsonians—Menzies; Clydesdale—J. Russell, W. D. Lang, C. Small, W. Biggart, R. M. Pattison, F. J. L. Macrae, and M. M. Muir; Kilmarnock—N. Jamieson.

Quite a serviceable team could be gathered together out of these, with, say, the addition of Bertie Weir, who, though on the retired list, is by no means a spent force.

But we hear the Academy boys chuckling, for did they not beat our chosen fifteen by 19 points to 10? Well, we by no means wish to disparage the clever play of the School team, and especially of Galloway and Biggart, the outstanding members of that team; but, on the other hand, the team that represented us was absolutely the weakest ever sent up to Crieff. Without attempting to raise ill-feeling, it seems strange that of the six or seven Edinburgh members asked to play not one could accept. The Clydesdale contingent turned out in full force, bar Lang, who was crooked, and Fred Macrae, who had a train connection to get at night, and so couldn't get off. The rest of the team, bar the two players we got from the Academy, and who both played well, were mostly old crocks who had not turned out for several years. No wonder before the end there were "bellows to mend" with the majority. Of our side Small was the best man behind, though Russell and T. Caldwell played fairly well. Of the forwards the most prominent were Biggart, Pattison, and Napier. Of our opponents the full back played a really fine game. Galloway was the outstanding three-quarter, if only for his

speed, and promises to turn out an acquisition to any Club that receives him. He was well played to by his partner, and of a fine set of forwards none played better than Biggart. The latter looks like turning out as well as his big brother, who in his first year in Club football has played several games for Clydesdale first, and is certain to be a regular player for them next season if he keeps on. Our team was—C. Small; Herbert Paul, T. Caldwell, H. M. Caldwell, J. Russell; H. J. Weir, G. Caldwell; Biggart, Napier, M. M. Muir, Crosbie, H. H. Muir, R. M. Pattison, and two others. The scorers were T. Caldwell and M. M. Muir. Biggart kicked one goal and J. Russell the other.

Our other match *v.* Clydesdale, on 30th March, was off, scratched by our opponents, who found at the last moment, owing to illness and injuries to players, they could not raise a team. This was unfortunate, as it was then too late to reach the members of the team outside Glasgow, and accordingly Nick Jamieson, Menzies, and M'Naughtan all travelled through. To them is due the apology of the Athletic Secretary for the unfortunate *contretemps*.

PAUL ON FOOTBALL.

In concluding these notes we would like to give a few words which our one and only international has supplied us with. It was with great difficulty that we could get Harry to write at all, and he begs to be excused for his short article, saying that football is more in his line than literature. However, what he says may be interesting, hinting, as it does, at his views on the huge offers that have come or are reported to have come to him.

Harry says—"In my opinion there is no more enjoyable or more invigorating game than football. To play football properly, however, one must not depend entirely on one's feet, but must learn to kick, so to speak, with the head. This statement may appear strange, but while nearly everyone can kick with the feet few can use both their head and feet when kicking the ball. The head is the controlling power in playing the game well, for you must think out instantaneously what is best to be done under the circumstances. You must decide at once how to kick the ball, where to kick it, and when, so as not only to beat your opponent, but give your partner an opportunity of beating his. Carelessness in playing football is like carelessness in work. A careless footballer, like a careless worker, never gets on. To enjoy football one must take it as a recreation, and not allow it to interfere with work or study. The more one attends to his work or study the more will he enjoy his football. The more, too, he enjoys the game the more good will he derive from it, for he will bring more thought into his play, and so develop his mind as well as his body. While I am a lover of football, and would recommend it to all who are physically fit to stand the strain, nevertheless I am of the opinion that it has its time and place. It is bad, indeed, when it interferes with one's more serious occupation, and it is not a game that can be played in a drawing-room, without serious risk and discomfort. Football, too, has its humorous side, and many are the jokes which enliven the proceedings on and off the field. Perhaps one of the best is as follows:—

"One of our best centres missed an open goal, and his inside partner told him to go and learn to shoot. Somewhat annoyed at his failure the centre retaliated rather sharply with 'Mind your own business, and don't speak to me again.' 'All right,' replied his partner, 'I'll write next time.'"

Grieff Academical Club— General Meeting.

ON the evening of Thursday, 28th Jan., 1909, the members of the Club foregathered in the Central Station Hotel, and after many wanderings in the crooked passages thereof at last found the place of rendezvous thereof in Arbitration Room A, a palatial apartment, thus emphasising the fact that the Club was now well in funds. What a contrast to our first gatherings, the one, for instance, in the Cabin Tea-Rooms. The attendance of members was, however, rather disappointing; one would think that every member in town and even in reach of town would try to keep the date open so as to see that the business affairs of the Club were kept strictly in order. All the working officials of the Club were present, and welcomed about 20 other members to the conference.

Mr Clark, our senior Vice-President, was elected to the chair, and the meeting at once got to business, formal work making up the first items. Apologies for absence were intimated from Messrs Henderson, F. Tait, Balderston, H. Heys, and J. Crosbie, and the minutes of last year's meeting, held 30th January, 1908, were passed without remark. Then we came to the various reports. R. M. Pattison spoke in glowing terms of the continued success of the Club, and eulogised the work of his predecessor, now in Australia. With becoming modesty he made no refer-

ence to his own record, but the members present showed their appreciation of this in no uncertain fashion.

The Treasurer then rose to ask the members to give their seal of approval to this his last year of office. He showed how the surplus had gradually increased during his term of office, the most welcome being that of last year, when from £30 it jumped up to practically £50. After a few questions, the Treasurer's statement (a copy of which will be found later) was duly approved of.

The Magazine Convener declared that he believed in deeds, not words, as regarded his department, but that he would not object to words from the members, provided these formed some continuous narrative. He emphasised the importance of his section of the Club's life and the want of spontaneous contributions.

The Social Convener in a few words thanked the members for their appreciation of his efforts in turning out in large numbers, and making all the social events such a success.

John Russell spoke of the success of the football team, which had won both matches played, scoring something like 70 points, and losing none. R. M. Pattison, however, had a different story to tell as regards the cricket section, which had been none too successful, but from which he hoped for better in the near future.

Up to this point the meeting had been a quiet one, but when the motions regarding the Constitution were brought up differences of opinion soon arose. The first motion, in the name of Mr M. M. Muir, to the effect that seven days' notice instead of fourteen should be enough to give of any change in the Constitution was unanimously passed, so that members now have an extra seven days to wrack their brains to see how they can improve on the rules. F. Macrae then brought up his motion, which had already been discussed in Committee, that associate members should be admitted, such

as members of any other accredited Public School, giving as one of his reasons the fact of so many such in Glasgow who had no Old Boy Club to join and who might throw in their lot with us. The motion was seconded by M. Thomson. M. M. Muir then moved the previous question, stating that in his opinion there would need to be an immediate and pressing reason why the Club should be thrown open to outsiders, that he saw no such reason given in the speech of the mover of the motion, and that in any event the motion if passed would lead to endless trouble as regards the rights and obligations of such associate members. J. Russell seconded. R. H. Napier made a strong plea against the motion, which, however, was approved of by Messrs G. A. Clark, H. M. Caldwell, and others. On a vote the previous question was carried by a large majority, so that there will be no associates this year at any rate.

The next business was the election of the office-bearers and Committee. For Hon. President, Mr George Strathairn, M.A., was unanimously re-elected, as was also Mr Swanson Drysdale as acting President of the Club. For Vice-President Mr Clark met with no opposition, and as his colleague the name of M. Thomson had the entire approval of the meeting. The second Vice-Presidentship is an office that is keenly sought for, the honour going round each year and being the hall-mark of the Club's esteem for services rendered. R. M. Pattison announced that owing to the calls on his time he had reluctantly been forced to give up his office as Secretary, and M. M. Muir was unanimously elected in his place. G. A. Wallace also intimated that he could not see his way to continue as Treasurer, and G. Caldwell, jun. was given charge of the money bags. Then came the selecting of the Committee. It was announced that according to rule J. Russell, Parker, H. H. Muir, M. Thomson, and H. M. Caldwell retired, and that in addition, as M. M. Muir

was now a member of Committee *ex officio*, there would one more place to fill, making six in all. As representative of the latest recruits T. Caldwell was unanimously elected. To the consternation and general surprise of the members, H. M. Caldwell announced that he would not stand for re-election to the Committee, thus making a necessary change in the Social Convener-ship. Pressure was brought on Caldwell to alter his decision, but without success. For the five places the ballot showed that Russell, Parker, Pattison, H. H. Muir, and J. Croll, jun., were deemed worthy.

G. Wallace and H. H. Muir were unanimously elected Auditors for the forthcoming year.

The Chairman then called for any other the competent business, the question of the jubilee was brought up. This, Pattison assured the meeting, was in 1910, so that there was another year to determine what was to be done. After a long and somewhat acrimonious discussion, it was finally determined to leave the matter to the Committee to draw up a scheme, and submit it to the members later.

Mr Clark then moved that a Vagabond Golf Section should be formed, and added a few words as to the practicability of such a section. After some discussion the motion was carried, provided that the Committee could see their way to run such, and Mr Rankin Smith was appointed Convener of the section, if formed.

As it was nearly closing time, the question of the cricket section was only briefly discussed. Owing to the lack of interest shown by the members last season, it was felt by several that this section should be dropped. J. Russell and H. M. Caldwell however, were strongly in favour of retaining it, the latter even urging the playing of matches every Saturday. However, it was ultimately agreed that the Club should not take on any more fixtures, but carry through the ones already fixed, and see with what result.

The meeting, which had been a very long and interesting one, terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr Clark for his services in maintaining order throughout.

At a subsequent Committee meeting held on 10th Feb., 1909, the following appointments were made:—Social Convener, J. Croll, jun.; Athletic Secretary, John Russell; Magazine Committee—J. C. Weir, F. J. L. Macrae, H. H. Heys, and M. M. Muir (Convener.)

Crieff Academical Club.

LIST OF OFFICE-BEARERS.

Honorary President, George Strathairn, Esq., M.A.; President, Swanston Drysdale, Esq.; Vice-Presidents, G. A. Clark, Esq., and M. Thomson, Esq.; Hon. Secretary, M. M. Muir, 226 St Vincent Street, Glasgow; Junior Secretary, W. M. Biggart, 39 Sherbrooke Avenue, Pollokshields, Glasgow; Honorary Treasurer, G. Caldwell, jun., 9 Crown Terrace, Downhill, Glasgow; Committee—O. M. Parker, J. Russell, R. M. Pattison, H. H. Muir, T. Caldwell, F. Tait, J. K. Macdonald, F. Macrae, Wm. Snodgrass, and J. Croll, un.

CONSTITUTION.

1.—That the Club shall be called "THE CRIEFF ACADEMICAL CLUB."

2.—That the Club shall consist of Honorary and Ordinary Members; that the Rector and Masters of Morrison's Academy shall be Honorary Members; and the Ordinary Membership shall be open to all Former Pupils of Morrison's Academy (subject to the approval of the General Committee of the Club).

3.—That there be a Life Subscription of One Guinea; that otherwise the Annual Subscription be Half-a-Crown, payable on or before the 31st March of each year.

4.—That the Office-Bearers of the Club shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Junior Secretary; that the Committee consist of these officials, with the addition of ten other members—five to form a quorum.

5.—The Office-Bearers shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting, except the Junior Secretary, who shall be elected every year by the boys leaving school from amongst their number. The ordinary members of Committee shall be elected for a term of two years, but five shall retire by rotation each year, all of whom shall be eligible for re-election. Of the five ordinary members to be elected each year, one shall be chosen from amongst the boys who left school at the end of, or during, the preceding session.

6.—Vacancies in Committee occurring during the year may be filled up by the Committee themselves.

7.—That the Committee be left to deal with re-unions, and also to appoint some one to present the Old Boys' Medal each year.

8.—That the Annual General Meeting be held in Glasgow some time in January of each year for the purpose of electing Office-Bearers and Committee, and transacting other competent business. This meeting shall be deemed the beginning of a new year, and the Treasurer shall submit his Financial Statement for the past year, duly audited by two members chosen for this purpose at the previous Annual General Meeting.

9.—The quorum for the Annual General Meeting shall be fifteen.

10.—That any alteration in the Constitution of the Club can only be effected at a General Meeting of the Club, and notice of any proposed alteration must be submitted in writing to the Secretary at least Seven Days before the date of the meeting.

11.—That the Secretary be bound to call an Extraordinary General Meeting on receiving a requisition, signed by at least Twelve Members, or by order of the General Committee. At such meetings there shall be at least Twelve Members present.

12.—The Committee may appoint any one or more if their number to superintend the arrangements of Athletic and Social Gatherings and shall appoint a Sub-Committee of at least three members to attend to the interests of the Club Section of the Magazine. This Sub-Committee is not necessarily to be comprised of members of the General Committee, but shall be answerable to the General Committee for all its actings.

13.—That at all meetings whether Club or Committee, the Chairman shall have a casting vote as well as a deliberative vote.

INCOME.

Cash Balances, 1st January, 1908—			
In Commercial Bank on Deposit Receipt,	£25	0	0
In Savings Bank,	6	1	5
	£31	1	5
Less Balance due Treasurer,	0	16	1
		£30	5 4
Subscriptions—			
9 Life Members at £1 1s,	£9	9	0
59 Ordinary Members, at 2s 6d,	7	7	6
		16	16 6
Surplus from Social Gatherings—			
Smoker held March, 1908,	£1	1	8
Dance held 20th Nov., 1908,	11	8	4
		12	9 5
Interest,		0	19 6
N. Macrae's Presentation Fund (Surplus),		0	7 6
		£60	18 3

EXPENDITURE.

Magazines (including Postages),	£5	18	10
Old Boys' Medal,	3	3	0
Sundry Expenses—			
Printing and Stationery,	£0	14	11
Postages, and Sundry Charges,	1	2	9
Room for A.G.M., 1908,	0	7	6
Cricket Balls,	0	10	0
		2	15 2
Cash Balances, 31st December, 1908—			
In Saving Bank,	£50	0	0
Deduct Balance due Treasurer,	0	18	9
		49	1 3
		£60	18 3

GEORGE A. WALLACE,
Hon. Treasurer.

Glasgow, 8th January, 1909.—Examined, compared with vouchers, and found correct.

H. HEYS, MUIR, AND J. CROLL, JUN.,
Auditors.

Smoking Concert.

THE annal smoking concert was held in the Windsor Hotel on the evening of Tuesday, 30th March. Unfortunately, owing to the football match

previous to the smoker being off, the attendance was greatly affected. Indeed, at one time it was actually proposed to postpone the event. However, wiser counsels prevailed, and a very enjoyable evening ultimately was spent. Chiefly through the exertions of Bertie Weir and one or two others—in particular of Mr Harris, a friend of Croll's—the entertainment was kept up till about 11 o'clock, when all the members moved for train and car.

Our thanks are due to the visitors who so kindly helped in the night's entertainment, one or two of whom dropped in from an adjacent dance, but the small attendance of members is regretted. True, we had Menzies all the way from Edinburgh, and Nick Jamieson would have waited on had train arrangements allowed. But the local members were chiefly conspicuous by their absence—at no time did the number present exceed thirty. There appeared a letter in the last number of the magazine asking for more social entertainments. If the writer were present at the concert he had his answer. And specially would we deprecate the action of those members of Committee and others who had promised to be present themselves, and who stayed away without one word of apology or explanation.

Letters to the Editor.

March, 1909.

To the Editor of the Morrisonian.

DEAR SIR,

I read with amusement a letter by one signing himself "Progress," appearing in your last number, and I

regret that any member of the Academic Club should be so ignorant of the ways of his fellow-members as to write in such a strain. One has only to attend a smoking concert of the Club to see how impossible it is to run more than one, and in saying this I do so without fear of contradiction, in view of the poor turn-out which we had at the annual smoker held in the Windsor Hotel during this month. Out of a matter of 20-25 people there would not be more than half of these members of the Club, and it is an indisputable fact that at all such functions the percentage has not even been up to that, and we have had to rely on our friends for our entertaining.

I regret to see that the Convener of the Magazine Committee so far encourages "Progress" as to say "that there is something in the complaint"; no doubt after his most recent experience of smoking concerts he will withdraw.

In concluding, I should like to say that it would give me pleasure to propose "Progress" for the post of Social Convener, in order that he might show us how to run, and successfully run, even one smoker in connection with a Club whose members do not take sufficient interest in it to turn out.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

H. M. CALDWELL,
Ex-Social Convener.



C.A.C.—List of Members.

LIFE MEMBERS.

G. W. Barbour, Bonskeid, Pitlochry.
R. W. Bow, Westhouse, Uddingston.
R. W. Bow, Westhouse, Uddingston.
W. Bow, jun., Westhouse, Uddingston.

H. M. Caldwell, 9 Crown Terrace, Glasgow.
George W. Caldwell, 9 Crown Terrace, Glasgow.
T. Caldwell, 9 Crown Terrace, Glasgow.
L. T. Carmichael, c/o Duncan Brothers and Co.,
21 Canning Street, Calcutta.
G. A. Clark, 35 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

Swanston Drysdale, Solicitor, Crieff.

John Forrest, Arden, London Road, Kilmarnock.
John Foster, 31 La Crosse Terrace, Glasgow.
Malcolm Finlayson, Solicitor, Crieff.

G. J. Glen, P.O. Box 3, Durban, Natal.
Alexander Graham, Amfield, Uddingston

William Harvey, Blinkbonny, Woodside Road,
Cape Town, South Africa.
S. Hoey, Tighmounath, Balgrayhill, Springburn,
J. A. Hepe, 19 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

Nicol Jamieson, The Braes, Darvel.
W. Jamieson, The Braes, Darvel.

W. S. Kennedy, 31 Princes Square, Glasgow.

H. K. Locke, Nether Kirkton, Neilston.

R. Menzies, 12 Mentone Terrace, Edinburgh.
M. M. Muir, 226 St Vincent Street, Glasgow.
W M'Kechnie, Ferntower, Pollokshields, Glasgow.
Duncan S. M'Nair, Bruvue, Dowanhill, Glasgow.

R. H. Napier, Schiehallion, Dunblane.

W. Ralph Reynolds, 12 George Street, Richmond,
Surrey.

A. R. Richards, Bank of Bengal, Agra.
J. F. Robertson, Saughton Vale Terrace, Murray-
field, Edinburgh.
Alexander Russell, Silverwells, Newark Drive,
Glasgow.
John Rus-ell, Silverwell, Newark Drive, Glasgow.

W. Scott, Hyndford, Dundee.
 Dr Strathairn, Academy House, Crieff.
 D. B. Strathairn, Academy House, Crieff.
 John Smith, 29 Newark Drive, Glasgow.
 W. Snodgrass, 11 Victoria Crescent, Dowanhill,
 Glasgow.

F. Tait, 23 Eildon Stret, Edinburgh.

G. A. Wallace, 22 Maxwell Drive, Pollokshields,
 Glasgow.
 H. J. Weir Bellard, Kilmalcolm
 J. C. Weir, Bellard, Kilmalcolm.

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

I. Lyle Aitken Richmond Villa, North Avenue,
 Govan.

W. H. Birrell, 24 Glasgow Street, Hillhead,
 Glasgow
 R. Balderston, The Place, Fairlie
 J. J. Bell, Clyde Cottage, Craigendoran.
 W. Biggart, 39 Sherbrooke Avenue, Pollokshields,
 Glasgow.
 James A. Brand, Cairnhill, Busby.
 J. C. Brown, 3 Bowmont Terrace, Glasgow.
 A. G. Brand, Cairnhill, Busby.

John Campbell, jun., Overdale, Busby.
 J. Croll, jun., 29 Moray Place, Strathbungo,
 Glasgow.
 J. Crosbie, 42 Glencairn Drive, Pollokshields,
 Glasgow.
 Rev. J. H. Cappell, The Oaks, Walton, Stafford-
 shire.
 A. G. Cairns, St. George's Preserve Works, Paisley.
 William Caw, Whinmount, Crieff.

Rev. M. T. Dodds, 140 Grange Road, Ramsgate.

Alex. Forrest, Arden, London Road, Kilmarnock.
 A. B. Forbes, Old Blair, Blair Atholl.

A. M. Gourlay, Thornlea, Partickhill, Glasgow.
 D. Gillies, Thornleypark, Paisley.
 James Gilfillan, 2 Queen's Crescent, Kelvinside,
 Glasgow.

Frank Heys, St Ronans, Meikleriggs, Paisley.
 Harvey Heys, Woodneuk, Barrhead.
 H. Heys, South Arthurlie House, Barrhead.
 J. E. Henderson, U.F. Church Manse, Monzie.
 A. Harris, 135 Bonnygate, Cupar Fife.

A. Jamieson, jun., The Braes, Darvel.

D. Kennedy, Farrington Street, Dundee.
 J. W. Kennedy, Castlebank House, Anniesland,
 Glasgow.

D. P. Ligat, Broaddale, Newmilns, Ayrshire.
 W. D. Lang, Holmhurst, Thornleypark, Paisley.
 R. S. Lawson, Bank House, Blackford.
 Rev. D. F. Liddle, St Margaret's Manse, Arbroath.

H. Heys Muir, 29 Aytoun Road, Pollokshields,
 Glasgow.
 William Muir, 29 Aytoun Road, Pollokshields,
 Glasgow.

James M'Haffie, Kirktonfield House, Neilston.
 Hugh M'Haffie, Kirktonfield House, Neilston.
 J. R. M'Donald, 94 Hyndland Road, Kelvinside,
 Glasgow.
 N. Macrae, The Manse, Toorat, Melbourne.
 F. J. L. Macrae, 233 West Regent Street, Glasgow
 W. M'Naughtan, Cowden, Comrie.
 R. M'Farlane, 58 Robertson Street, Glasgow
 W. M'Donald, 3 Peel Terrace, Edinburgh.

Orme M. Parker, Lorachan, Callander.
 Harold M'D. Paul, 36 Overdale Street, Langside,
 Glasgow.
 Herbert Paul, 36 Overdale Street, Langside,
 Glasgow.
 Robert M. Pattison, Drimnamona, Kilmalcolm.

J. D. Robinson, 2 Saltoun Gardens, Hillhead,
 Glasgow.

J. C. Smith, 8 Braid Avenue, Edinburgh.
 Thomas S. Strathairn, Academy House, Crieff.
 H. W. Strathairn, Academy House, Crieff.
 W. Scott, 58 Cadder Street, Pollokshields.
 Dr Stuart, Ivy Lodge, Crieff.
 Ranken Smith, 3 Westbourne Terrace, Glasgow.
 J. A. Smith, 3 Westbourne Terrace, Glasgow.
 J. Strang, 3 Greenlaw Terrace, Paisley.
 P. Small, Bruce Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

J. P. Thomson, Hyndland Terrace, Dundee.
 Malcolm Thomson, Roslyn, Craw Road, Paisley.
 G. Thomson, Royal Bank House, Cupar Fife.

George G. Whyte, 3 Chalmers Street, Edinburgh.
 R. G. Walker, 44 Bridge Street, Montrose.

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