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The
Chapbook
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THE CHAPBOOK OF THE ROTTENROW

EDITED BY

MRS. ROBERT JARDINE

*For the Funds of the
Glasgow Maternity and Women's Hospital*

GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH
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THE EDITOR DESIRES TO EXPRESS HER MOST GRATEFUL
THANKS TO ALL THOSE WHOSE LITERARY AND
ARTISTIC WORK HAS BEEN SO GENEROUSLY GIVEN.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Rottenrow—Prof. John Glaister, M.D., - - - - -	5
The Gipsy's Bairn—John F. Fergus, M.A., M.D., - - - - -	10
The Glasgow Maternity Hospital, yesterday and to-day—Robert Jardine, M.D., M.R.C.S.(E.), - - - - -	13
The Return of the Native—Neil Munro, LL.D., - - - - -	17
The Daurk—Walter Wingate, - - - - -	23
In the Dawn—D. Macleod, H.M.I., - - - - -	24
If Baby kept a Diary—J. J. Bell, - - - - -	32
Alexandrines—Prof. J. S. Phillimore, M.A., - - - - -	38
The Old College Coffee-Stall—William Findlay, M.D., - - - - -	40
Strangers—Will. H. Ogilvie, - - - - -	47
The Old Schoolhouse—Rev. L. MacLean Watt, - - - - -	49
Mater Dolorosa—C. J. Kirk, - - - - -	54
Stairhaven—Rev. C. Hill Dick, - - - - -	56
A Maker of Music—Miss Miller Mackay, - - - - -	61
Iona—Prof. W. MacNeile Dixon, Litt.D., - - - - -	64
Meredith's Doctors—James Davidson, - - - - -	67
Lines suggested by a visit to Spinoza's cottage—Rev. Prof. Cooper, D.D., D.C.L., - - - - -	71
A Western Bride—Miss K. T. MacMillan, M.A., - - - - -	73
A Birthday Wish—Miss Wilson Pender, - - - - -	77
Chivalry—Miss Carswell, - - - - -	78
A Lonely Passing—John Reid, - - - - -	79
Madame, the Washerwoman—Miss H. E. Marshall, - - - - -	86
Dorothea—Miss Levack, - - - - -	93
The Land of Lost Things—Miss Dill, - - - - -	94
"But Those Unheard are Sweeter"—Arthur Lang, - - - - -	99
The Island—Mrs. Robert Jardine, LL.A., - - - - -	101
The Founding of the First Maternity—Louis A. Barbé, B.A., <i>Officier d'Académie</i> , - - - - -	106
Fight on!—W. S. Syme, M.D., - - - - -	110

ILLUSTRATIONS

Design on Cover—Mrs. Maxwell Hannay.			
Dr. Gourlay, from Photo. by Annan, - - - -		<i>Frontispiece</i>	
Maternity Hospital; Old and New, - - -		<i>Facing page</i>	12
Autumn Gloaming—George Houston, R.S.A., - - "	"	"	16
Old Houses, Crail—Mrs. Maxwell Hannay, - - "	"	"	22
Autumn Leaves—A. Kay, R.S.W., - - - -	"	"	28
Memorable Encounters in History—O. H. Mavor, - "	"	"	42
Watering Horses—Miss Sherriff, - - - -	"	"	49
Stairhaven—Rev. C. Hill Dick, - - - -	"	"	56
Iona Cottages—Miss Story, - - - -	"	"	66
L'Ingre en hiver—Mrs. Bryce, - - - -	"	"	72
Notre Dame—Miss Crawford, R.S.W., - - - "	"	"	78
Riquewiler, in the Vosges—M. von Glehn, - - - "	"	"	88
Mischief—Miss E. Rose Parker, - - - -	"	"	98
In the Luxembourg Gardens—Miss H. Paxton Brown, "	"	"	106

THE ROTTENROW

“A local habitation and a name”

By Prof. GLAISTER

DERIVATIONS

Rat-hat-an-rath, the road of the fort or stronghold

Rathad'n Righ, the road of the king

Route-en-roi, the king's highway

THE Rottenrow, spelled so in 1643, but later as Rattourow, Rattounrow, Ratonrow, Rattenrau, or other variant, is one of the oldest thoroughfares in Glasgow. From its height it has seen the gradual development of the city through the centuries. It has in its time been the abode of prominent Scotsmen, lay and ecclesiastical. It was before the Reformation the aristocratic residential quarter of the town. It was the birth-place of the University. The name appears first in history in a legal document of 1283, in which it is recorded that Gilbert, the chamberlain of the archbishop, Robert Wischard, held land in the Ratonrow to the extent of three roods. At its east end, according to Blind Harry, was fought the battle or skirmish of the Bell o' the Brae between Wallace and some of the troops of Edward I. in 1298. Some are inclined to the view that it was in the near vicinity of the Rottenrow, in a house just outside its gate or port, that the betrayal of Wallace took place, and not

at Robroyston. The port of Rottenrow remained long after that time. In 1584 when the plague was in Fife the magistrates of the city ordained the "portis of the Drygait and Rattinraw" to be kept by the bailies of that quarter; and again in 1588, when that disease had reached Paisley, the authorities "haifng foirsene the grit apperand danger of pest lik to ensew throw the infectioun of Paislay and utheris placis thairabout" ordained "that the Rottin Raw port be lokit nicht and day, and the kie thairof be keipit ather be maister Andro Hay or maister Harie Gibsoun." The port must have stood nearly midway between John Street and the present Barony Church. The street was then close to the Cross, which stood at the intersection of the Rottenrow and Drygate with the High Street or Hiegait and the Kirkgait or Wyndheid. "*Crux lapidea ex parte australi vici Rattounum*" says a legal document of 1497. In 1575, on 11th October, at "The Heid Court held eftir Michaelmes, haldin in the tolbuytth" by William Conyhame, one of the bailies, "James Rankene is fund in the wrang and amerchiament of court for the takin downe at his awne hand of ane greit croce liand in Rattounraw pertenyng to the toun."

The street was the abode of ecclesiastics and gentry. It contained the following prebendary manses, viz.:— of Carstairs, Luss, Eddleston, Moffat, and Roxburgh. That of Roxburgh is believed to have occupied a site now numbered No. 155, opposite the east end of the Maternity Hospital, sometimes called the Angel Close from the sculpture of a winged cherub above the lintel of the entrance. The original manse of Luss was also on the north side of the street, but was changed later to the

south side, being then the building first used for University teaching and known as the "Auld Pedagogy." This stood where the Lock Hospital now stands. Where now Weaver Street opens into Rottenrow stood the manse of Eddleston, and a few doors east the manses of Carstairs and Moffat. The manse of Luss was tenanted in 1573 by the Reverend David Weems or Wemyss, the first Protestant minister of Glasgow and the minister of the Inner High Kirk. In 1594 he had moved into the manse of Carstairs. While he lived in the Carstairs manse, his daughter Helen was courted by Maister Peter Low, surgeon in Glasgow, and Founder of the Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in 1599. Weems came to the city at a critical time. It was then not uncommon for clergymen even to go about their duties armed with other than spiritual weapons, owing to the unsettled conditions following the Reformation. In the Presbytery Records for 1587, it is recorded that in August of that year, when on his way from the High Kirk, he was attacked furiously near the Wyndhead by William Cunningham, an ex-bailie, and his son "with a quhinger and a pistolet." Wemyss, struck on the neck and breast and in fear of his life, "cast his gown over his arm and drew his quhinger in defence," and was being hard pressed, when Mr. Andrew Hay, parson of Renfrew and Rector of the College, "with an quhittel in his hand" came to his assistance. The assailants were tried and sentenced "to ask pardon of God, of the Kirk, of the Magistrates, and of Mr. Wemes, first at the Wyndheid, and then in the congregation of the High Kirk, and last of all to take Mr. Wemes by the hand and ask his friendship."

The Manse of Eddleston was occupied by this same Mr. Andrew Hay. While he was Rector of the College he caused the College gate to be opened at 5 a.m. in winter and 4 a.m. in summer. The Manse itself disappeared when the Incorporation of Weavers took it down to open a thoroughfare from Weaver Street into Rottenrow in 1792. At that time they were building another property close by, the Cross Keys Inn, and they caused certain sculptured stones on the walls of the Manse to be built into the back walls of the new building, where they may now be seen. If the reader will pass through the entry to the back of No. 64 Rottenrow he will see the stones just below the lintels of the windows of the top flat facing Rottenrow. Their legends may yet be read. One bears the words *DOMUS EDLSTON* in raised letters, with a scallop shell. The other is an armorial stone with the inscription *JUSTITIA: JURA: FIDES:* below, the three escutcheons of the Hay family, and the letters *A.H., ANNO 1573.* On the front of the tenement facing Rottenrow is a square dressed stone with the following legend still legible—"1796. Thomas Alston, Deacon. John Coats, Collector." These stones and that over the "Angel Close" are the only locally existent remains of the old Rottenrow manses.

The most interesting building on the south side of Rottenrow was the "Auld Pedagogy." In 1478 it was the property of Gilbert Rerik, then Archdeacon of Glasgow. After the new erection in High Street it became the Manse of Luss. Later, in turn it came into the hands of Ninian Hill of Lambhill, of Craufurd of Jordanhill, and of John Robertson, a writer in Glasgow. In the

deed of sasine the property is thus described :—“ All and Whole that tenement of land, high and laigh, back and fore, with close, garden, and orchyard, and pertinents thereof, formerly called ‘ The Auld Pedagogy,’ afterwards the Manse of the Parson or Prebend of Luss, lying in the Burgh of Glasgow, on the south side of the street thereof called the Rottonraw.” ‘ It was only pulled down about the year 1860.

One more interesting association with this old street must be alluded to, because it brings the present generation into touch with the literature of the first half of last century. No. 112 Rottenrow, now called “ Dean Place ” over the doorway, was for some time in 1846-47 the abode of the quaint but brilliant De Quincey. On the top flat, just beneath the attic window at the east end of the building, was the room he occupied while a lodger with Mrs. Tosh. His chief friends then in Glasgow were Professors Nichol, Lushington, and Buchanan. De Quincey was a strange being. While he was living with Mrs. Tosh, he was also supposed to be occupying a room at 79 Renfield Street, where a mural tablet has been erected to that effect ; but he mainly stored his books there. It was while he was in Rottenrow that he wrote for *Tait's Magazine*, which about that time had been bought by the proprietors of the *North British Daily Mail* and had been transferred to Glasgow from Edinburgh.

Space forbids further trespass. Had the stones of the street a voice what a story they could unfold !

THE GIPSY'S BAIRN

By DR. JOHN F. FERGUS

They're cryin' up and doun the toun,
The Laird's wife's got a wean ;
But she's nae better aff than me,
I've got yin o' ma ain ;
I wouldna change my bonny bairn
For Laird or leddy's wean—
He's just the bonniest, sweetest thing,
An' he's my ain. My ain !

The Laird's bit wean's a' happit up
In claes o' linen fine,
A' 'broidered ower wi' finest lace,
A clout's a shift for mine ;
The Laird's wife's got a graun saft bed
Whaur she at ease may lie,
My bed is o' the bracken fern,
My counterpane the sky !

But, oh ! her wean's a puir bit thing,
A wee bit shilpit mite :
An' mine's a bonny sonsy bairn—
To see him's a delight !

His een are like the lift abune,
His hair like yellow corn,
He's just a dear, wee, bonny doo---
The bonniest ever born !

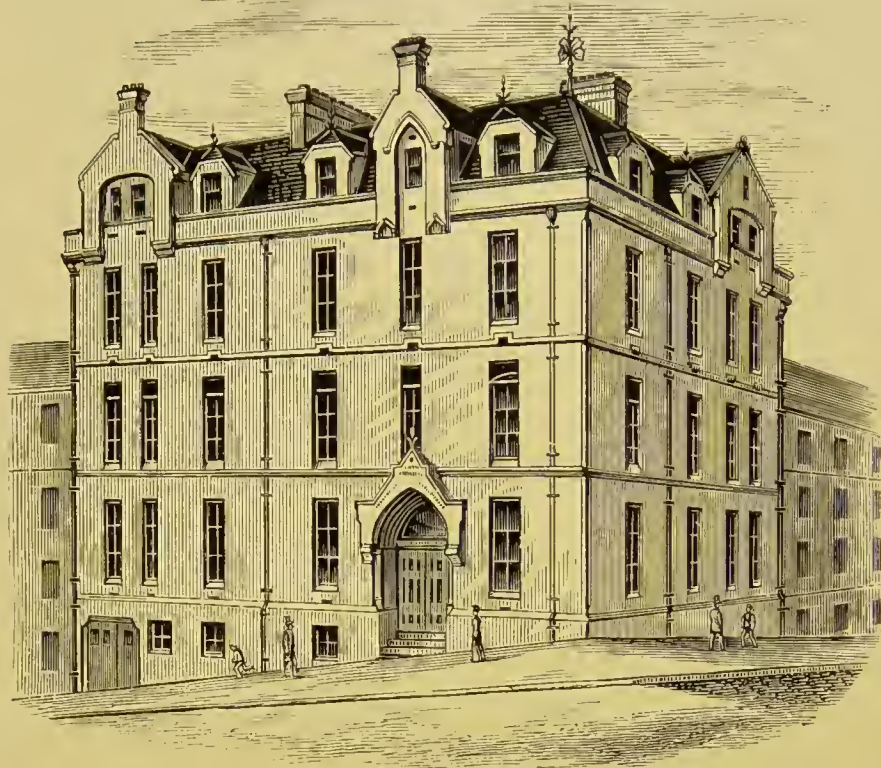
The Laird's graun leddy canna nurse
Her wee bit wizzened wean ;
But my wee mannie grows and thrives
On naething but my ain ;
To feel him nuzzlin' at my breist,
I kenna ought sae fine ;
But she, the puir, flat-breisted thing,
Maun see her bairnie dwyne.

My wean's got lips like rowan's red,
His breath's like caller air,
His ears are just twa wee pink shells,
The sunshine's in his hair :
His wee bit legs are straught as darts,
His skin is like the snaw—
An' when he laughs he gars ye feel
That Heaven's no far awa.

The dimples on his bonny cheeks
Keep playin' keekie-bo ;
His airms an' shouthers weel are matched
Wi' sturdy hips below ;
His wee pink hauns an' bonny feet
Ye canna help but kiss ;
For a' the gear the graun Laird has,
He's naethin' got like this.

THE GIPSY'S BAIRN

A bonny, sonsy, buirdly bairn—
A dawtie o' a wean ;
An' syne, the best thing o' it a'
Is that he's a' my ain.
I wouldna change for rowth o' gowd
Wi' Laird or leddy grand,
I've got my bairn—my bonny bairn—
The bonniest in the land.



Maternity Hospital, Old Buildings.



Maternity Hospital, Present Day.



THE GLASGOW MATERNITY HOSPITAL YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

By ROBERT JARDINE, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c.

IN his interesting "Memorials of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow," Dr. Duncan tells us that at the end of the sixteenth century there were at least two midwives practising in the town. "Where the Glasgow midwives got their training at that time does not appear, but that their morals were looked after by the Kirk we have evidence to prove." Thus, on 4th April, 1589, one Kate Freland, was summoned before the Presbytery "to ans^r for her profession to be ane mydwyffe, q^{lk} has not been knawn w'in ye toun and citie of Glasgow to ye inhabitatis yair, and to underly ye censure of ye Kirk according to her demerites." It was not with the professional abilities of the midwives that these ecclesiastical authorities were concerned. They were chiefly interested in the manner in which the midwife, called in to an illegitimate birth during the night, performed a function which in the daytime devolved upon the minister—"If it be in the nicht time, that they take aiths o' the woman, before they bear the bairne, who is the fayther of it, as they will be answerable to God and the Kirk."

In 1740 the Faculty instituted an examination for midwives. The charge for the license was a merely

nominal one of 2s. 6d. sterling, but any woman found practising without the license was liable to a fine of forty pounds. Surgeons delivered lectures on midwifery to these women. Thus, in the *Glasgow Journal* of 15th October, 1759, we find a Mr. James Muir advertising that he "will begin a course of lectures on Midwifery on Monday, 12th November. No woman will be admitted to these lectures unless her character for sobriety and prudence is attested by some person of reputation in the place she lives in. Mr. Muir continues, as usual, to deliver gratis all such women as apply in that way for his assistance." This gratuitous attendance of poor women in their own homes, for the purpose of instructing midwives and students, foreshadowed the work afterwards carried on by the outdoor department of the Maternity Hospital.

The first Maternity Hospital of Glasgow was opened in 1791, by Mr. James Towers, surgeon. It was entirely financed by him, with the help of fees received from students. In 1796, however, the magistrates gave a grant of ten guineas towards the expenses. Long before 1815, when Mr. Towers became the first Professor of Midwifery in Glasgow University, this Hospital seems to have been closed.

In 1805 Dr. James Wilson made an attempt to found a Lying-in Hospital, but the Fellows of the Faculty refused to assist, and the attempt failed. It was not till 1834 that he secured sufficient public support to warrant taking the second flat and garrets of the old Grammar School in Greyfriars Wynd, off George Street, for the purpose. The rent was £30 a year. The Hospital

was opened in December, 1834, and the first patient admitted bore the uncommon name of Mrs. Virtue. Considering the entire want of lavatory accommodation, it is hardly surprising that puerperal fever soon broke out.

For the first ten years the Hospital was sadly straitened for funds. In 1841 a cheaper house was taken in St. Andrew's Square. This building was also unsuitable, and again and again the Hospital had to be closed for cleansing and fumigating, after outbreaks of puerperal fever. The Managers were blamed, and an opposition place called the General Lying-in Hospital was started. This place was closed in 1853, and the opposition seems actually to have done good, for about 1843 matters began to mend, financially and otherwise. A larger house in an adjoining land was taken, and an effort was made to collect funds for providing better accommodation, the need for which had been emphasised by frequent outbreaks of puerperal fever.

At length, in 1860, the Managers secured an old house at the corner of Rottenrow and North Portland Street. Many alterations were made, and it was fitted up for 21 beds. For two years septic cases were rare, but in 1863 there was an outbreak of puerperal fever of some violence.

Towards the close of the seventies it was decided to pull down the old building and erect another on the same site. During its construction the work was carried on in the old Fever Hospital, in Kennedy Street. The new Hospital was opened in January, 1881. In his plans, Mr. Robert Baldie, the architect, endeavoured to give effect to all the improvements suggested.

This Hospital was a great advance on the previous ones. At the time of opening it was quite up-to-date, but within twenty years the great increase in work and the many changes in methods of treatment called urgently for a larger and better equipped building, if the Glasgow School of Obstetrics was to maintain the position which it had won.

In 1905 the Directors were able to begin building the new Hospital, now known as The Glasgow Maternity and Women's Hospital. It was opened in May, 1908. The late Mr. Robert Bryden was the architect. In order that the building should be thoroughly up-to-date, he, with the consultant architect and the two physicians in charge of the old Hospital, visited over a dozen of the most modern Maternity Hospitals on the Continent. As a result, the Hospital is undoubtedly the finest of its kind in the British Empire. It is questionable if there is a finer one in the world.

A department for the treatment of Diseases of Women formed part of the first Hospital, but was soon given up. No modern Maternity Hospital is considered complete without a Gynæcological side. Provision was made for this in the new Hospital, and Gynæcological wards were opened last year. For lack of funds, however, these have had to be temporarily closed.

The old Hospital has been altered into a residence for the nurses. There is also accommodation for students in close proximity to the main building.



Autumn Gloaming.
(George Houston, R.S.A.)



THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

By NEIL MUNRO

THE village stands high upon airy hills, to be got to only on foot, or by a motor omnibus which comes twice a day to it from the railway station five miles off. The small community which inhabits the long, wide street is quite entitled to call itself the hub of the world, for, save when the omnibus comes, there is no sign of life or movement, though at a radius of ten miles there are the busiest towns in Scotland making a felly that whirls furiously round this Arcadian hamlet. November finds it specially somnolent; on any November afternoon (except it be the day of the Farmers' Ball), the street seems to fall into a swoon that may, for that calm hour between the baker's dram at the inn and the rising of the reek of green fires just put on for tea, be unbroken even by the throb of a passing motor car, since motor cars rarely venture up the long ascent that leads at the last to desolate moors.

This was a particularly Novemberish afternoon. The sun was going down among saffron clouds; a haze was over all the moorland, and the schoolmaster's

garden sent up the smoke and incense of burning weeds and leaves. Standing alone at the door of the inn, I looked down the whole length of what might have been the village of a dream, destitute of human life. A Bedlington terrier nosed along the gutter opposite Peter Dick's coal-ree; a flight of crows squawked over the trees in the kirkyard; they were the only evidence of life—except the hens.

Hens are ever the most conspicuous feature of the village, to which urban men retire from business that they may be assured of genuine fresh eggs. At dawn it wakens to the clarion of a hundred cocks; all day the broad street is impeded with fowls; at dusk you see children herding them into their backgreen bauks as t'were Mary calling the cattle home—separating Buff Orpingtons and Black Leghorns as cowboys round up their cattle on the prairie. I have never anywhere else seen hens so reluctant to go to roost—they might be schoolboys.

The village this afternoon was singularly flush of hens, which, scratching round the grass tufts in the middle of the street, or idly parading up and down the pavement under the approving eyes of several of the most complacent looking cocks I ever saw, seemed somehow to accentuate the solitude of the place, which looked as if it could never awaken to human activity again.

By-and-bye there came to me another sound beyond the clamour of the rooks and the occasional cluck of the hens—it was the reedy strain of a mouth harmonium; I glanced across the street at the little

building with the blue and white enamelled plate bearing the words

COUNTY CONSTABULARY,
POLICE STATION,

and I knew that Sandy Cameron was having an hour of uninterrupted ecstasy with his art. He was playing "The Barren Rocks of Aden." When the last 'bus of the day had gone, it was his custom to retire from the unvexed world to the little office decorated by portraits of murderers urgently wanted in London; take off his blue coat and his boots, and give up his soul to melody. On such occasions, I have many times wished I were a country constable.

Have I conveyed the feeling of utter peace that wrapped this moorland village? Have I sufficiently indicated that it had the aspect of being a thousand miles away from the frets and fevers of the world—a backwater of life forgotten by the men who haggle in shops, hammer in factories, or cry along the seaport quays? Then let me repeat that from end to end the long, wide, grass-cumbered street was in the possession of hens.

The dominion of the hens was, indeed, so marked (though not exceptional to this afternoon) that the landlady of the inn commented on it. She came out to the door beside me, where I waited the preparation of a meal, which my frank nature compels me to admit was high tea, with ham and eggs, and glancing down the street, she said, "We're no' very thrang in the toon the day."

And then, on an afterthought, she added—"except for hens. 'There's no' much harm in a hen,' as Wully Mushet says."

"Who's Wully Mushet?" I asked, anxious to discover the source of such deep philosophy.

"The plooman at the Driepps," she said. "He's a canny chiel, Wully; he went doon the Clyde on a trip on a steamer three years syne, and he's no' gaun back in a hurry. 'It's a gey chancey thing a steamer,' he says; 'I like to hae plenty o' room about me in a park.'"

"It's a contented, stay-at-home kind of man you seem to rear here," I remarked, being, it should be noted, a frequent visitor, but not a resident.

"Indeed, they're decent lads," she said with a smile; "but they're no' a' like Wully Mushet; whiles there's a wild stravaigin' ane like Tom Ireland."

It took her five minutes to lay bare before me the life of a gentleman of whose nativity the village seemed to be very proud. Though he had been born and brought up in this Auburn of the moor, far from the appealing odour of tar and the general fascination of the sea, he was a sailor. The village never knew what ship he was in, since he left no relatives or correspondents behind him, and had only once come back a dozen years ago; but when the natives of the village ventured, as in the case of Wully Mushet, on an adventurous voyage to Kilcreggan or Dunoon, or when more daring ones took part in the hegira to Canada, they always searched the steamer hopefully to see if Tom Ireland was not on the bridge. There is a

kind of molecular attraction about the natives of villages when they are abroad, even if it be only so far as Paisley, and it was remarkable how often Tom Ireland was encountered by his old school-mates. On these occasions they found him steadfast in his loyalty to the village, which, for natural beauty, and joys of human intercourse, and what he comprehensively termed Life, beat any place he had seen in the course of twenty years wandering round the world.

The landlady had just completed her story and gone back to her bar-parlour, leaving me a little longer to the contemplation of a village of hens, when an outburst of vocal music came from the lower end of the street, and three men, turning the corner from the road that leads to the railway station, came climbing up towards the inn. They were musical, and they gambolled on the pavement in a way that suggested intoxication, but I found when they drew closer that their manner was less due to rum than to the exuberance of the sailor ashore, for they were seamen.

As they picked their way up the street between the hens, they sang blithely "Rolling Home to Bonny Scotland," and in five seconds they had wakened the village from its swound. Every shopkeeper in the place came to his door; every upper window opened, and a woman's head came forth. The blacksmith's shop—which may be called the parish club—disgorged a surprising number of farm-hands and idlers who had been watching a man getting his hair cut by the blacksmith's apprentice; three tramp tailors came out

of Dan Lawrie's workshop ("Cutting and Tailoring in All its Branches"); the village school dismissed (for it was exactly four o'clock), freeing fifty or sixty children, who promptly made a procession in rear of the nautical revellers; the policeman came out buttoning his tunic, with his boots unlaced. The street went like a fair, and dispossessed of their supremacy, hens by the hundreds flew from the crowded pavements into the closes.

"Whit did I tell ye?" said one of the sailors triumphantly, to his mates, as they drew up instinctively at the door of the inn, which has the only license in the village. "Did I no' say that for genuine Life there wasna the bate o't in the world?"

"Ye did that, Tom!" they agreed heartily. "Ye were a —— fool ever to have left it."

"Mercy on us! Is that you, Tam Ireland?" cried the landlady, coming forward; and then I knew that, bearing about with him his own breeze like a wise man, the sailor had come home to find his native village all that he had dreamt.



Old Houses, Crail.

(*E. Maxwell Hannay.*)



THE DAURK

By W. W.

Mither, the Daurk's oot-bye :
What wye does it come ava,
Coverin' a' the sky,
And puttin' the sun to his ba?
For I keekit ablow the blind,
And there's only a broken mune :
God wad be awfu' kind
If he keepit the Daurk abune.

I daurna gang ben the house,
For I ken that the Daurk is there :
It maks me as quate as a mouse,
To think o' gaun up the stair :
For the Daurk wad fauld me roun'
Wi' airms that I couldna see :
What wye does the Daurk come down
To frich'en wee weans like me?

For whyles when I wauken up,
I feel him down at my taes,
And oh ! but I'm gled to grup
Your haund ablow the claes.
And whyles tho' I haud ye ticht
I never can sleep ava
Till ye rise and lichten a licht
To fricht the Daurk awa.

IN THE DAWN

By D. MACLEOD, H.M.I.

THERE is a strange magic in the silence of the early hours, while all life is still hushed in the aftermath of the night's sleep. It was into a veritable dreamworld that I stepped. Not a sound broke the stillness except the haunting murmur of the breeze, the voices of the distant burns, and the thunder of the Black Fall tumbling its riotous waters into the Black Pool. From the ever-growing brightness in the eastern horizon a pale opalescent light stole imperceptibly over the heavens, and threw into greater relief against the western sky the towering peaks of Suilvein, Coulmore, and their lesser satellites, but the Glen with its scattered whitewashed cottages still slumbered in the dark shadow of Knockbraec. Then all of a sudden the world awakes. The chirp of a sparrow under the slates is answered by the coo of a pigeon in its cot attached to the gable of the cow-shed, a harsh protesting cackle from the henhouse is followed by the sound of flapping wings, and the loud triumphant peal of the domestic cock pierces the stillness and shatters the glamour of the hour. Hoarse barking from the direction of the kennel, and yapping cries from the two terriers in the kitchen, complete the pandemonium of sounds, and I hurry from the scene

with a mind oppressed by a sense of sacrilege, as if I had listened to a drunken orgie in a house of the dead.

Two weeks earlier I had gone to the Glen for some fishing, and all the time the great creaming lakes in which on calm days the mountains mirrored their mighty heads, and the dark, sullen tarns of the uplands, had given me of their best. Every evening as I trudged to my snug quarters in the gamekeeper's house the merry creaking of the basket, slung over Rory's shoulder, testified to the day's success. But the trout, if plump and red-spotted, were individually of no great weight, and I sighed for the privilege of pitting whatever modest skill I possessed against the wild cunning of one of the fabled monsters that were said to haunt the Black Pool. This was the only water that gave promise of satisfying my ambition, and even the Black Pool was hopeless so long as the low state of the stream made it inaccessible to big trout from Loch Veyatie. What we wanted was a twenty-four hours' deluge, Rory maintained, and every day we scanned the heavens for any sign of rain, and rejoiced when a dark cloud trailed its ragged mass across the western sky. Then, at last, in the silent hours of a Friday night the longed-for cloud burst, and on Sunday every scar and watercourse on hill and mountain were foaming torrents. The Black River was at last in a condition to tempt the elusive monsters of Veyatie to make their annual honeymoon trip to the Black Pool. Late on Saturday night—in the Glen one may think of fishing, but not talk of it, on Sunday—Rory appeared clad from head to foot in glistening oilskins and advised a visit to the Pool on Monday morning; and in order to forestall

other equally watchful anglers—for the neighbouring hotel was crowded with them—he deemed it prudent that we should be first on the scene. Hence this early start.

The path to the Pool straggled over a stretch of broken moorland. The footsteps of many a generation had worn away the peaty surface, and laid bare an outcrop of white marble, the polished surface of which suggested unpleasant possibilities to an unwary wayfarer. The boom of the Fall grew louder and louder as the intervening distance decreased, and from the shoulder of a hillock over which the path curved itself I soon saw the wide frothy mouth of the Black River where it emptied itself into the shimmering waters of Veyatie. Beyond Veyatie, Coulmore rose up in silent majesty into the paling heavens. For now the sky was brightening from the east. A dull pink glowed from the horizon line, and grew more and more bright as though the wind were blowing into flame the embers of a dying fire. Streaks of crimson showed themselves in unexpected places, and the shadows sought their deeper haunts.

I had arrived at a spot immediately above the Fall, and was gazing at the foaming river far below, where it raced madly on the shallows after leaving the boiling cauldron of the Black Pool, when it seemed to me a new note detached itself from the vast volume of sounds—a note that was neither the voice of the waters, nor yet that of the breeze moaning in the willows and rowans fringing the river. I listened intently, and this time clearly enough a strain of music rose triumphantly above the tumult of waters and floated away on the fitful breeze. Then there flashed on my memory the many uncanny

legends that centre round the Black Pool rendering the spot fearsome in the eyes of the good folks of the Glen, a place to be carefully shunned in the dark.

We are all more or less superstitious, and I must confess it was with an eerie sense of curiosity that I approached the edge of the steep rock overlooking the Fall, and gazed down into the depths. At first I could see nothing to account for the foreign note in Nature's magnificent orchestra. The Pool eddied and bubbled and foamed, and a breath of spray-laden wind chillingly met my brow, but no definite form, human or otherwise, rewarded my searching scrutiny. A couple of steps more brought the left bank of the Pool within the range of vision, and there was neither water-sprite nor kelpie, but Rory, stretched full length in the heather, his face turned towards the ethereal blue, while from his lips flowed lustily the strains of a well-known Gaelic love song. There was something wonderfully fitting in the picture and its setting. Here, bedewed with the spray of the Falls, when the last stave still strove with the dawn, was this child of Nature, whose cradle had been rocked to the music of the mountains, singing of the charms of a maid, and of the joys begotten of her company in the distant sheiling on the far moor, when Beltane again came round with its birds and flowers.

“The wild hawk to the windswept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wold,
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid
As it was in the days of old.”

Rory was busy rigging up a suitable cast and making other preparations for the work before me

when I descended the steep face. The mountain tops now glowed in the first rays of the sun, and there was sufficient light on the Pool to enable me to mark the fall of a fly. After a few preliminary casts where the water swirled merrily over the broad shallow reaches below the Pool, in order to free the line from kinks, I quietly slipped up to a flat boulder lying in the eddying backwash of the water, the only point which gives a fisher with a long rod command of practically the whole Pool. From a cranny in the high steep rocks on one side of the Pool a dwarf rowan tree grew outwards towards the water, making a sharp angle with the rock. On the far side of the tree is a small cove, a favourite haunt of big fish. Our main hopes centred on this cove, but the lower branches of the rowan intervened between me and the coveted bit of water, necessitating a difficult underhand cast to reach it. The shadow of the rock still darkened the cove, and so we amused ourselves with several plump half-pounders,—among which was one fish exceeding a pound in weight,—as we waited patiently for as much light as would enable me to follow a fly.

So far our early venture had failed to come up to expectations, although the ordinary denizens of the Pool, of which by this time we had about a dozen, were by no means to be despised. At last, we judged the moment was opportune for "our last shift" as Rory put it. A greyish light now fell upon the cove, that kind of light which gives the motion of the water the appearance of countless snakes wriggling and unwriggling themselves into the most elusive and fantastic shapes imaginable. Reeling in, until I got what I considered the required



“When Autumn Leaves Breathe not a Sound.”

(Archibald Kay, R.S.W.)



length of line, I made an underhand cast curving past the troublesome though picturesque rowan, and saw the fly drop lightly between the jaws of the cove.

If the truth must be told, and even anglers are not always strangers to it, that delicate and successful cast of mine was rather in the nature of an experiment than a tempting of some monster fish on the alert for an early breakfast. The placing of the fly in the cove seemed such a difficult task that, in the few moments of intense satisfaction following on its accomplishment, I had altogether forgotten the purpose of it. Thus it was that when the water in the neighbourhood of the fly swirled into agitated circles, with a dip in the centre, a sure sign of a large fish, not even the angler's instinct, which makes the "striking" of a rising fish almost an automatic action, came to my aid. I failed to strike in time; and when I did strike I was just a second late, and I missed!

The missing of a six-inch putt on the last green, to win the Open Championship of Golf, is not to be compared, in its agonising effect on the soul, with the sickening aftermath of a lost opportunity in the cove of the Black Pool, whose deep waters are frequented only by the robust aristocracy of the *salmo fario* kingdom. One deep, heartfelt, expressive monosyllable fell from the lips of Rory at my unpardonable stupidity. Next moment he was again the cautious, resourceful gillie.

"Give him a rest, Sir," he urged, in a loud whisper. "You have frightened him; but he is on the feed, and in a minute may come again."

I allowed a short interval to elapse before repeating the cast. In my next attempt the fly fell short, but the

next again was more successful, the lure now dropping well towards the heart of the cove. A breathless moment followed while I slowly and carefully raised the point of the rod, with eye glued on the fly, and every muscle tense and taut; then there was a heart-thrilling commotion in the cove, a turn of the wrist perfectly true to time, followed by the glorious sensation born of the knowledge that my former blunder had been made good, as the series of uncertain tugs and quivers running along the line bore ample testimony.

The fish was in no hurry to make a definite move. This is often a peculiarity of large fish. This fellow appeared to be cogitating as to the nature of the morsel the ever-generous Black River had on this occasion offered him. Meanwhile the situation, from my point of view, was not free from danger. If the quarry elected to fight the battle within the confines of the cove, the chances were that the line would either become entangled in the willows fringing its shore, or run along the sharp edges of some half-submerged rocks jutting out on the near side. In either case the result was a foregone conclusion. The depth of water beside my boulder made wading unthinkable, and I could not back shorewards to get into a more favourable position without running the risk of fouling the line on the drooping branches of the rowan.

Then things began to hum. With the speed of an arrow from a bow, the trout, at last giving way to panic under the steady strain of a good greenheart rod and excellent tackle, never before in use, darted for the boiling heart of the pool, the line cutting the water

as if it were a knife-blade. Now was my opportunity. Cautiously backing off my boulder, I retreated down the bank to the shallower reaches of the stream, gradually giving out the necessary line as I went, and wading into the water up to the knees, found myself in a position so much improved strategically that I could offer battle with a reasonable prospect of success. And a gallant fight it proved to be. But I have no intention of describing it here in detail—the rushes of my victim from one side of the Pool to the other, his futile attempts to get back into the cove, his burrowing under the leafy fringe of the banks, his sulking fits on the gravelly bottom on the far side of the Pool, and those most nerve-trying of all manœuvres—his rolling and splashing tactics on the surface, when a flap with his tail might have snapped the gut as though it were a thread. No! These details are only fit to be treasured in the memory. It is enough to say here that the end of a good half-hour's fight, brimful of thrilling moments, saw the quivering beauty lying panting on the green sward, Rory having successfully manipulated the gaff at the first attempt. And when my trusty gillie, with the light of victory dancing in his eyes, proudly held up the spring balance on a level with my face, and heard me murmur, "six-and-a-quarter pounds, Rory," his joy exceeded all bounds.

IF BABY KEPT A DIARY

By J. J. BELL

1st May, 4 a.m.—Woke up. Room almost light. Chuckled pleasantly to attract attention. No response. Chuckled again, but not quite so pleasantly. Still no response. Waited patiently for a whole minute, and then whimpered in an appealing tone. Silence. Politeness is lost on some people. Wailed. No result, save a sluggish movement in the big bed, also a grunt. Bawled, and kicked clothes off. A reply at last, though I must say there was no reason for Papa losing his temper as he did. He ought to go to bed earlier, and be fresh and bright in the morning. Mama much more reasonable, but a little slow. She took nearly half-an-hour to understand that I wanted to play and not to sleep. Got taken into big bed. Played with Papa's watch.

5.30—Mama fell asleep. Roused her.

5.35—Roused Papa. High time, too. But it was a tough job. Had to bang back of his head with watch. Papa spoke hastily, and Mama had to tell him to hush. Good thing I was between them. Mama got up and brought me doll. Took it to please her. Amused myself for fully half-an-hour.

6.45—Felt hungry. Shocked to find both parents again asleep. What sloth! Pulled their hairs. Mama

got up and brought me a drink. Felt grateful to her, but ashamed of Papa. Just to punish him, allowed him to fall asleep again, then struggled up and fell on his face. Long ago, a Nurse told my parents and grand-parents, and many others that I was the heaviest baby in all her experience. At the same time, there was something about that Nurse's face I could not trust. I think it was her smile.

7—Parents asleep again! Enough to make a child weep. Wept.

7.5—Cried.

7.10—Roared.

7.15—Mama rang for Nurse. Might have known better.

7.20—Mama rang for Nurse again.

7.25—Ditto.

7.26 to 7.30—Papa rang for Nurse. I flung watch out of bed and settled down to girm. Mama thought I had a pain. Papa said I deserved one. Brute! Girmed with additional gusto.

7.50—Nurse came, looking cross. Wonder why *I* should be the only one to be bright and cheery in the morning.

8—Nurse bathed and dressed me. Why the latter?

8.30—Breakfast. Again that horrible pap! I'm sick of it! Wonder if my parents will try to have me photographed for a testimonial. They better not! I'll girm! Nurse had a kipper, and ate it all. Selfish pig!

9.30—Cook came into the nursery to tell Nurse her candid opinion of my parents. Said she would like to know what they meant by ordering breakfast for 8.15

sharp, thus having her roused from a lovely dream about her bottom drawer at 7.45, and then fugging in bed till all hours. Thanked heaven that the dear little innocent (meaning me) knew nothing of what went on in the house. Winked at Cook, but rather late, as she had thought she heard some of those slug-a-beds moving at last, and went running for the stairs. Cook can be amusing, but is rather indiscreet.

9.35 to 10—Entertained by Nurse. She is well-meaning but dull. Made me drowsy.

10.5—Felt like lying down for a little. Didn't want usual morning airing.

10.10—Put in crib. Nurse sang, but could not keep me awake. Just as I was falling asleep, however, Mama and Papa appeared, probably to apologise, but I forgave them without making trouble. Thought it was high time Papa was at business making pennies. Slept.

11.40—Awoke, feeling very fit and in best of spirits. Hungry too. Intimated the fact. Offered more of that beastly pap stuff. Motioned it away. Nurse pressed spoon to my lips murmuring "Nicey, nicey!" Thinks I'm a fool. Refused to open mouth. Nurse persisted, so blew pap out of spoon and over her sleeve. Nurse refilled spoon and plastered contents on my chin. Yelled till Mama came. Nurse explained situation from her point of view. Mama smiled and shook her head at me, saying playfully, "Little man must take ums good sweet food-ums." Resumed yelling. Mama *pretended* to taste pap, and said, "Nyum, nyum!" as if she enjoyed it. But I wasn't taken in. Farce went on for a long time.

12.5—Mama alarmed. Very sorry to disturb her, but

felt that I had done all I could to make her understand. Mama and Nurse whispered together, and then Mama went downstairs. Cheered up, thinking she had gone for a sponge-finger at least.

12.10—Mama returned with copy of "Everybody's Baby Book" and read a bit out to Nurse. Nurse nodded, and looked at me in a way I didn't like. Heard something about "loss of appetite and slight feverishness," and "a little castor oil." Oh, lor'!

12.14—Endeavoured to indicate that I would take pap—under protest, of course—but failed.

12.20—Bottle and spoon produced. Roared and struggled for all I was worth. Kicked over bowl of pap. Nice mess, if I had been in a position to enjoy it.

12.22—Laid on my back. Roared and struggled. Roaring an error of judgment in this case. Should have kept my mouth shut.

12.23—Gurgled.

12.25—Petted by Mama—daresay it's want of thought more than want of heart with her—but felt too disgusted to respond.

12.30—Laid in crib. Felt seedy. Heavens, what a luncheon.

12.45—Dozed off.

2.10—Woke again. Slight headache, but otherwise fit. Offered pap from new bowl. Took it. No use trying to fight superior force in the meantime.

2.30—Afternoon airing in pram. Nurse met another nurse—the usual one with the fat, stupid baby girl. The two nurses talked straight on, and I got some nasty bumps at the kerbs. The nurses did not talk about

babies, but about giving warning and not putting up with it a day longer, and young men, and clothes, and, in short, about anything but their own business. Lost my soother, Nurse having forgotten to tie it on to pram. Sucked thumb till Nurse interfered. Can't call even my thumb my own. Girmed during remainder of airing.

4.45—Arrived home, feeling so-so. My luncheon, no doubt. Taken into drawing-room to see, or rather to be seen by, lady visitor. Hate that sort of thing. Lady visitor entire stranger to me, and I had no desire to make her acquaintance. A forward, impertinent old thing. Poked me, giggled, and inquired if I had been "away ta-ta, having a nice ickle ridey-pidey, and seeing all the pretty bow-wows and horses," and so on. Treated her foolish remarks with silent contempt as long as I could, then howled to be taken away. Sorry to affront Mama, but I simply can't stick her friends.

5.0—Nursery once more. Fancied Nurse prepared pap rather carelessly. Remembered it was her night out. Took it gingerly, giving my feeder as much as possible. Nurse, however, did not seem to mind where it went to so long as she got it out of spoon. Noticing her haste, I dallied.

6.0—Mama came to bath and put me to bed. Spent quite a pleasant hour. Teeth a trifle troublesome, but got a new soother.

7.0—Fell asleep.

9.30—Awoke. Found myself alone. What next? Yelled indignantly. Mama came and wanted to know if I had been dreaming. Dreaming, indeed! Might have asked *her* that! Insisted on being taken down to

dining-room. Found Papa there in a wonderfully good humour. Had a fine time with him. He gave me a bit of strawberry when Mama wasn't looking. Think I'll stay up late in future instead of waking early.

11.15—Still wide-awake, but put in my crib by force.

12.50 (a.m.)—Stopped protest on being taken into big bed. Mama quite pleasant about it. She really is a nice person to live with after all.

12.52—Fell asleep.

ALEXANDRINES

"Non sum qualis eram"

(from the Russian of Polonsky)

By J. S. PHILLIMORE

Doubt and dismay appal my sick lethargic state,
My muse no more comes near me, no more, this long
time.
Why should I bid her come? For what's the good to
mate
Autumnal weary-wise with buxom fancy's prime?
And oh the brood of songs we launched on God's bright
air,
What needy God-forsaken vagabonds they were!
Where are the listening few, those few that loved them
well,
And read their own soul's vision imaged in my tones?
Some wait their end, benumbed; the rest are gone to
dwell
With ghosts beneath green willows by the graveyard
stones.

Strange feet pursue the quest we failed in, eyes unknown
Peer for the gleam which we beheld the darkness
smother.

They do not want for songs and singers of their own,
And, we and they, we think some scorn of one another.

Sing on, sing on, and have no fear of my reproving!
I shall rejoice to feel your tears; and if I may
Catch but a glimpse of my lost goddess' shadow moving,
Immortal, in your hearts, she'll not disown the day

When on the earth we two for song-making did meet.
Poor unavailing songs that yet defy defeat!

THE OLD COLLEGE COFFEE-STALL

By "GEORGE UMBER"

THOUGH this humble and democratic institution had no particular connection with the Collegiate life of the venerable building from which it took its name, being so called wholly on account of its vicinity to the ancient seat of learning, it nevertheless borrowed, at least in the eyes of its simple and reverent-minded proprietor, certain rays of reflected glory from the occult sciences taught within its walls, and from the famous Professors, who had their residences along the upper side of the northern quadrangle, the back windows of which looked into the squalid and populous Vennel. For two or three hours during the early morning of each working day it stood in the High Street, a little above the north corner of College Street, not far from those haunts so dear to undergraduate memory—the closely-packed, dingy old book shops, made all the dingier by the sombre shadow of the grim old College on the opposite side of the street, "its very winnocs," according to Sir Andrew Wylie, "like the peering een and bent brows of Auld Philosophorum." To the alumni of Alma Mater generally—those who, in the parlance of the neighbourhood, were coming out for doctors, ministers, and lawyers, it was, therefore, quite unknown, they being usually snug among the blankets and deaf to College bells when it was in evidence. Nor

were the Professors, unless when tempted on the early summer mornings to saunter forth into the High Street, likely to make its acquaintance. Indeed, it only casually touched the life of the University when such budding obstetricians as urgent duty happened to call abroad at that early hour were attracted by its inviting fare.

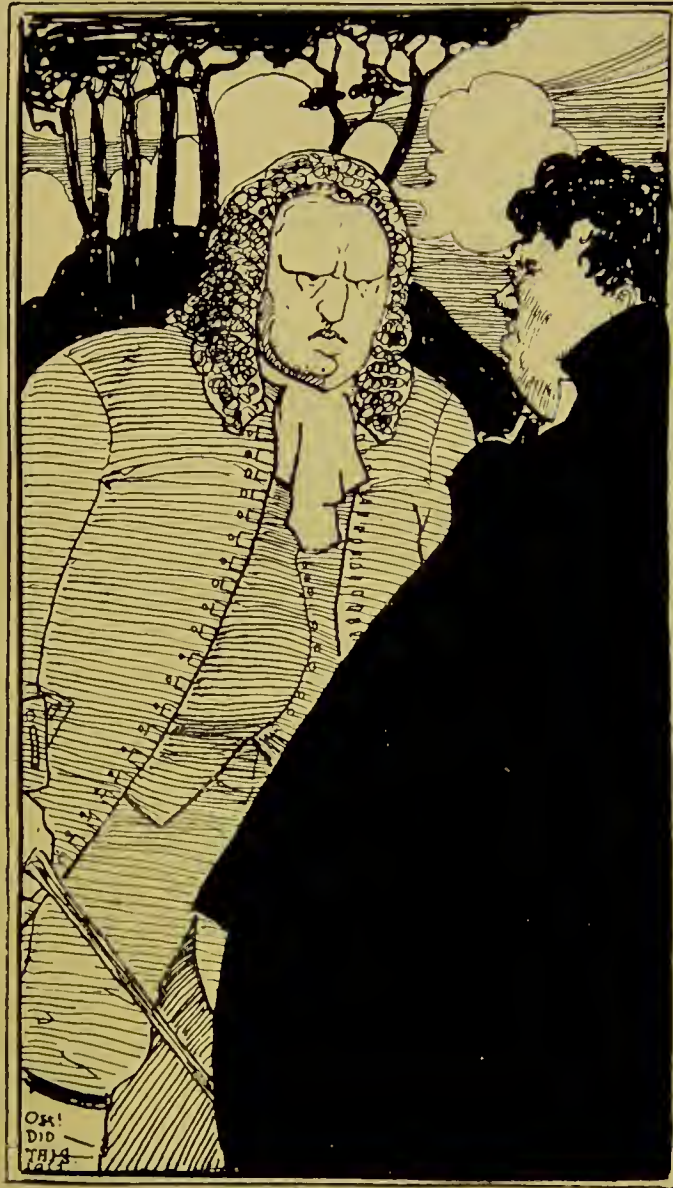
Sitting to-night in the friendly glow of my first autumn fire, listening to the ghostly rustle and scamper of dead leaves chasing each other along the gravel paths round the house, and wondering to myself what would be a suitable subject for the contribution I had, I fear somewhat rashly, promised to the "Chapbook of the Rottenrow," this old College coffee-stall keeps thrusting itself into "my study of imagination," more real and living than when I knew it in the long ago. In reverie my thoughts go wandering away back to an early morning in the winter of 1868, on which I see two medical students, in answer to a summons from the Lying-in Dispensary at the foot of Portland Street, leave their lodgings in the Rottenrow and cheerfully battle their way down into the High Street against the strong, keen wind, which is driving the blinding flakes of fast falling snow in their faces. Nearing the junction of George and Duke Streets, they espy, silhouetted against the white snow, what at first sight looks like a dark, feebly moving blur or mass, of the shape of a slanting cross—for hardly any light is coming from the moon, though there is one sailing somewhere up among the murky cloud-rack—but what, on closer approach, turns out to be the figure of a little old man, muffled in a blue pilot greatcoat and bear's skin cap, and carrying on his shoulder a large flat board. He

has just emerged from one of the neighbouring closes and, in staggering across the street, is being speedily borne to the ground by a furious gust of wind which has caught the flat surface of his load, when the young men rush forward to his assistance, one of them saluting him, as they do so, with "Hallo, old chap! whare are ye gaun wi' the straughten brod?"

"St—straucht ower there, gi—gin this gurly win' wad let me," gasps rather than speaks the old man, in reply. The students carry his burden, which is one of the gables of his coffee-stand, to the place indicated, where the other gable and platform or table are already in process of erection close to the kerb. Their strong and willing hands also assist him to fix the board in position, and to stretch the tarpaulin for the roof, after which they vanish as mysteriously as they had but a few minutes before appeared upon the scene.

I now watch the old man going and returning, amid the wind and swirling snowflakes, between his home and the stall to fetch the various implements of his trade. First he brings, swaying in his hand, a paraffin lamp, its bright yellow light flaring and hissing in the wind like a tortured fire spirit, and hangs it up to the roof of the stall. Then he goes for his brazier full of hot burning coals, sets it up at the head of the table, and places his large tin coffee-urn thereon. He is now joined by his wife, a little, old, dumpling-shaped woman, smothered in a superfluity of cloaks and shawls, who assists him to set out the table with cups and saucers, plates of buttered toast, hot rolls, scones, and such like appetising dainties, to break the early morning fast of *demos*.

Memorable Encounters in History



THE MEETING OF DR JOHNSON AND MR
G. R. CHESTERTON.

(O. H. Mavor.)



Scarcely have the old couple completed their arrangements when the trudge, trudge of city workers along the snow-covered pavements sounds strangely muffled to the ear. Already odd customers begin to make their appearance at the coffee-stall, and by the time the first six o'clock bells have rung trade is quite brisk. Around the brightly-lit, comfortable breakfast table, partially protected from the falling snow, is gathered a motley, and, in the main, silent company ; for early morning, especially amid a snowstorm, and in the case of such as these grouped before me suddenly tumbled out of bed as it were, is not conducive to conversation, even if there was time for it. Like the Jews of old in the land of the Pharaohs, they stand with their loins girded, their shoes on their feet, their staff in their hand, and eat their meal in haste. By the restless flap and flare of the lamp, as it swings to and fro above the table, flickering on their several forms and faces, and throwing its reflection on the dark, wrinkled features of "Auld Philosophorum" sitting opposite, made all the darker and more enigmatical by the surrounding frame of white, tranquilly surveying with me these modern "lords of labour," I can note more particularly the various representatives of the work-a-day world grouped around the stall. There are the mechanic in blue, grease-marked dongarees, the artisan in fustian, the slouching Irish labourer in brown-stained moleskin, the pallid mill- or factory-hand, the young apprentice with roving eye, greedy far beyond the limits of his slender purse, the nondescript, from the "halffin" to bent, rheumatic eld with thin scant locks as white as the falling snow ; and there are the

infirm and decrepit, the wan consumptive with the sweat of last night still clammy on his wasted body, and an irritating cough that will not let him drink the fragrant liquid in peace; and the "purpled" blue-faced bronchitic, his noisy wheezing as audible above the clatter of the coffee-cups as if his breast were a veritable aviary.

But, with the advance of the morning, customers become fewer. The aged stall-keepers are just enjoying "a blink o' rest" from their bustling labours when the two young medicos present themselves at the now comparatively empty board.

"Are na ye the twa chiels that cam' to my rescue this mornin' when I was like to be smoor'd in the snaw 'neath the gavel o' my ain coffee-stan'?" asks the old man, eyeing the new-comers.

They acknowledge that they are.

"An' what made ye flec awa' the gait ye did? Lo'd! When I turned about to say 'thank ye,' I could neither see hulk nor hair o' ye."

"We were hurrying to a midwifery case in the Fiddler's Close, further down the street, and had no time to put off in ceremony."

"Then ye're Collegioners--medical students?"

They nod assent.

"Here, guidwife, pour out a cup o' coffee to each o' them; they'll be nane the waur o' a refreshment after their mornin's wark, an' they're welcome to their will o' a that's left on the table. Troth, but for their timely assistance, your auld man micht ha'e been lyin' up in the Royal Infirmary by this, or a cauld corp on his ain

straughten brod. Faith! but yon was a guid ane. I ha'e laughed twa three times at the straughten brod."

"I'm sure it was vera kin' o' the young gentlemen, an' them wi' anither urgent distress ca' on their han's. But ye mun ha'e a bite to your soup. Try ane o' thir soda scones; it'll maybe min' ye o' your ain mither's hame-bakin'."

"An' ha'e ye got your job a' safely by?" asks the old man.

"All's safely over," reply the students.

"A boy or a lassie?" queries the wife, woman-like.

"A girl."

"Puir thing!"

"I dinna see what ye're puir-thingin' at. I'm sure it's just as heartsome a lassie-bairn's birth as a laddie's."

"Boys are better able to fen for themsel's, an' to fecht a contrairy worl' than lasses."

"Ay, but they'll fecht it a' the braver an' mair successfully wi' the help o' the lasses. Whare wad I ha'e been the day without the helpin' han' o' my auld lass, think ye?"

The students at this sally join in the well-pleased laugh of the old woman, then, after a few more words of conversation, light their pipes and set off up the High Street to their lodgings in the Rottenrow, where perhaps another urgent summons is awaiting them.

Customers to the stall are only quite occasional now; traffic is being gradually resumed on the streets, and shops round about are beginning to open. A grocer's apprentice stops in the middle of the operation of taking down the shutters to fling a snowball at the little

hump-backed barber. The knight of the razor, disdainful of such small game in the presence of metal more attractive, throws a missile at the plump dairy-maid, who, with bare, red arms, is scouring her milk cans outside the shop door. She retaliates, gives chase to the bold little deformity, seizes him and rubs his face with snow, much as he is in the habit of lathering his own customers, amid the laughter and applause of the gathering bystanders, who, catching the infection of the sport, gleefully join the combatants. And in the height of the *mêlée* the janitor, who has just unlocked the College gate to be in readiness for those who will soon be trooping to Professor Ramsay's Humanity Class, stands in the open gateway, his broad, red Highland face grinning from ear to ear at the fun.

When I turn from this amusing scene to the coffee-stall again, to see how it fares in the midst of the skirmish, the old man, doubtless fearing damage to his property, has folded his tent, like the Arabs, and as silently stolen away.

Aroused from my reverie, by the clock on the mantelshelf striking the "wee short hour," I find it is time that I too was stealing away—to bed; for the coals in the grate have burned themselves to ashes as white and dead almost as the snow in the High Street I have for the last hour or so been contemplating; and the oil in my lamp has nearly exhausted itself leaving the chamber a prey to melancholy chill and gloom, while my mental gaze has been fixed on the noisier and more fitful illuminant suspended from the roof of the old College coffee-stall.

STRANGERS

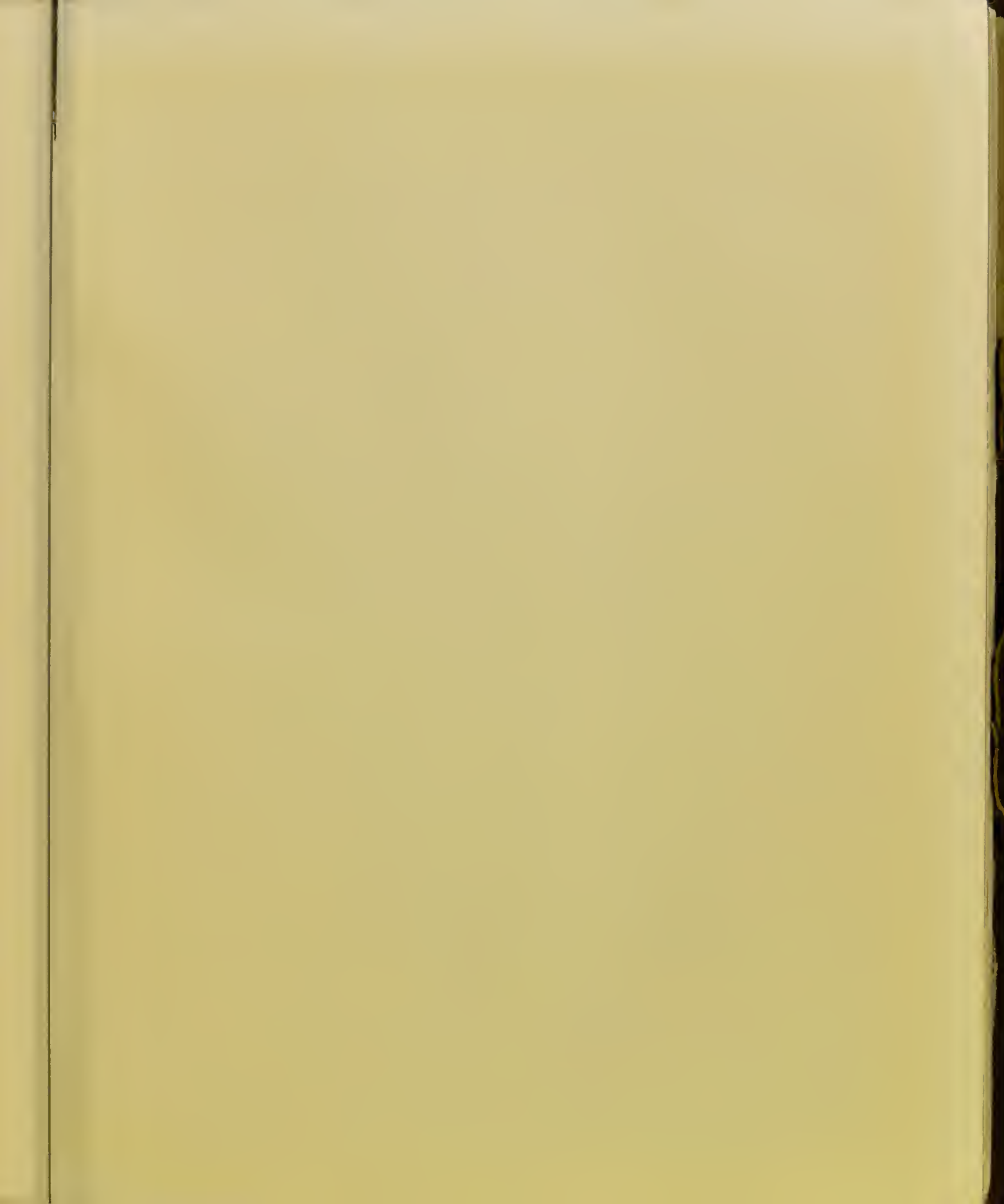
By WILL. H. OGILVIE

O, pink little feet and rosy,
Tucked warm in your cradle sheet,
Clean, and mottled, and cosy,
What do you know of the street?
Burrowing under your eider-down,
What do you know of the barefoot town,
Rosy, cosy, warm little feet?

Soft little snow white shoulder
Under the laced nightgown,
Comrades of yours, and no older,
Fight through the pitiless town,
Fluttering rags from collar to wrist;
Shoulder! And you lying here to be kissed,
Sleeping, keeping the firelight's crown!

Fairylike, cared, combed tresses
Over the pillow outspread,
Never a curl of you guesses
At locks whose lustre is dead,
While the gaslight stoops, trying to twine
A wreath where no garland will shine,
Bright little, light little golden head!

Sleep, baby, safe hid from the dangers
And hungers the harsh streets hold ;
Your pink little feet still strangers
To bare feet blue with the cold ;
Some day you will sorrow and turn
To the outcasts of Earth, when you learn
Pity's part, little heart, growing old !





Watering Horses.
(Flora Sherriff.)

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

By LAUHLAN MACLEAN WATT

Author of "The Tryst," &c.

It's away and away o'er the waves I'd be,
With the gull in its flight ;
For a little lone isle in the Western Sea
Is calling to me
To-night !

THE old schoolhouse on the hill is no longer stone and lime. It has a personality. It is human, smiling softly in the sunshine, or with the mists of the Hebrides hanging over all, and the drip of the melancholy rain of the West falling from the eaves, like the sound of heavy weeping, in the dark.

Before they built the big new school, our sitting-room was where the scholars used to meet—bare, brown-footed, warm-faced boys and girls, who knew every track across the moors, and every nest beside the way that led to the school. On Sundays the Protestant congregation of the island met there also, before the new Church was built—a little band of quiet men to whom faith meant a very real thing, the more real because they were so few among the people of the old faith, whose firesides the Reformation had not reached yet.

The people were poor, and cheap food was scarce,

and the houses were draughty and damp. So you often read in the school reports that there was "a poor attendance to-day, owing to the children suffering from colds." That quaint refrain comes back like the wail of a bell in the mist.

The schoolhouse itself was not immune from sickness, and now and again the master was very anxious and uncertain as he wrote down his brief summary in the log-book, explaining why the benches were thin; till at last one day, with a trembling hand and tearful eyes, he entered there, "No school to-day, as my dear wife died last night."

Sitting in the little room, I can fancy I hear the quiet steps overhead; and I should like to lay my hand on the shoulder of the poor man, so lonely, as he sits, stricken and broken-hearted, by the dead comrade whose companionship must have meant so much to him here in the lonely, wind-driven, rain-beat nights. I do not believe that he ever lifted his head again. All gladness died within him. For soon he was away from the old garden and the old house on the hill. He could not face the empty rooms, where the echo of desolation was awakened by his feet upon the floor, or by his own voice speaking when there was none but echo to reply. And even the children's games fell into silence when his steps came wearily through the playground from his walk to the knoll behind the house, whence he could see the little graveyard in its loneliness above the waves. And one day he was seen no more among the scholars, and he wrote no longer these brief notes in the log-book that, for all their brevity, have still a voice of weariness in them.

It was a jolly man that succeeded him—little, keen, with sparkling eyes and a laughing heart, and a small black fiddle which he pressed in under his chin at nights, a thing of speech and weeping and weirdest laughter. His fiddle was his familiar. When the children played about the schoolroom door they felt their feet moved to rhythmic motion by the impulse of leaping tunes of quaintest mirthfulness. And at night, when the island lay dark, and all were sleeping, and only the window in the gable of the schoolhouse glimmered and leered like a mischievous eye that seemed to open and shut as the wind made the candle flicker and flare, they said you might hear him if you passed, playing away, in the heart of the night, all by himself.

Once an elder, near midnight, passing the place, heard the unhallowed shrieking of the tormented strings, and opening the door, entered the house to remonstrate with him. He was guided up the steep, stumbling stairs by the rollicking rant of the fiddle, and he saw the gleam of light at the foot of the ill-fitting door of the master's room. He knocked but got no answer. So, entering, he saw the old man, with a red nightcap on his nodding head, sitting up in bed, playing away at the wildest of all imaginable music. The elder coughed a loud, characteristic cough of warning, but the odd figure in the bed heard or heeded not. He then tried what moving his feet noisily on the floor might do, but vainly. So he leaned forward into the light of the candle, and said, "Do you think this is a suitable work for one who has——," but never a blink did the master heed; and the elder, in holy disgust, turned and groped his way out again, nearly falling down

the stair, while the fiddle seemed to follow his discomfiture with shrieking mockery of laughter.

Poor master! The record of work neglected and carelessness of behaviour at last brought judgment day to him, and he and his little black fiddle had to be cleared out of the old house by the wayside, and the room of his mirthful communings seemed very dark and quiet without him.

The trees around the house make it conspicuous on the hill; and one old plane tree was especially sacred. It was Clanranald's own hand that planted it. It is dear to the island. And in these days of modern lairds a name like Clanranald's has a glamour that cannot be defined, that money cannot buy, folded about it—the beat of oars in sea-sweeping galleys, the tramp of brave men going to battle; ay, more than once, the laughter of men whose sorrow sees broad lands passing from their race for ever. The old tree is higher than the schoolhouse, and its thick leaves hold the sunshine back, keeping the upper rooms in a dim, shimmering gloaming. Sometimes it would beat on the windows, as if it had some message for you—which, perhaps, it had, if only we had the knowlege to interpret that weird telegraphy, so like the soft beating of an open palm upon the pane.

The school is always most touching when it is empty and silent, and the children away on holiday, helping in the little croft-lands of their parents to get the hay crop or the corn safely in. But everywhere you get the traces of their busy play; in the adjacent hillside, little houses they have made in heathery dells, with scraps of broken cups and saucers, and with the doorsteps marked out by round,

white pebbles from the burns. You can picture the little girls, swaggering their short petticoats over their sunburned calves, as they played the fine ladies, calling on one another—little rudimentary caricatures of the visitors at the lodge or the manse—the yellow curls of the mother crowning the brow of early care as she rocks the bundle of heather tied in a shawl, which is her sick child ; and the short homespun skirt is a real dreamland silk, and the peat-stained kilts of the boys as veritable society garments as any in the big world of afternoon callers beyond the narrow seas.

Past the end of the schoolhouse is a track worn by frequent goings to and fro, carrying water from the well. A drink of clear water is well earned by the carrying of it. Through a green patch, across a turf dyke, and down a steep brae, over which the path just seems to have stumbled and fallen right down to the pool where the stream gurgles and tinkles out of the moss. It ripples in the open a while, then coyly dips away out of sight, and you hear it humming and sobbing and laughing to itself under the grassy banks that lean over to hide it, as girls draw their skirts together to screen a shy little one, in whose laughter modesty and fear, conflicting, mingle. In the still night, from the schoolhouse door you hear the croon and the gurgle, like fairy music, from a dozen pools like that, all round about you.

MATER DOLOROSA

By C. J. K.

Little white feet that scarce had learned to walk,
Save in my heart that now with grief is riven,
I hear your echoes in the ticking clock
Sounding adown the garden-ways of Heaven.
God's hand in thine, I wonder will you miss
These hands of mine outstretched for you in vain?
And if you fall, will His dear mother kiss
Thy bruised head, to make it well again?

Eyes like the stars, what wonders do you see,
That I have never heard that querulous voice
Wearied of all things, crying out for me?
Is Mother Mary now thy second choice?
I have no son to take my dead son's place—
Greedy my arms are for thy weight in them.
Does she who holds you, looking in thy face,
Live once again that night in Bethlehem?

O baby hands, that groping in my breast
Made my heart leap for joy that you were mine,
Why do your ghostly fingers break my rest?
Are you so tired of Jesu's holy wine?

Tongue that no one but I could understand,
Babble of sounds and utterances odd,
Can Mary tell what thy speech doth demand?
Are thy fond mouthings understood of God?

Little white son, not long thou wert with me,
I scarce had traced thy image on my mind
Ere thou wert gone, and I who gavest thee
Life closed thy bright eyes now for ever blind.
Still in the night hours do I feel thy breath
Warm on my neck, thy limbs against my side.

My son is *here*, as real to me in death
As if he ne'er had died!

STAIRHAVEN

By the Rev. C. H. DICK

STAIRHAVEN looks like the name of a place, and of a place on the coast. This appearance is not deceptive. I can imagine a reader saying to himself, moreover, that the name looks familiar; but I am sure that in nine cases out of ten this would be a mistake. The reader who says this may be thinking of Stonehaven, a place diagonally opposed to Stairhaven both topographically and in every other respect, or of the Fair Havens, which lies beyond the field of Scottish topography. It would not be difficult to explain why Stairhaven is not known more widely. I was resolved to visit it nevertheless for four reasons: (1) I liked its name; (2) George Borrow visited it; (3) it has a practically disused harbour; (4) it was once the haunt of smugglers.

I have said I was resolved to see Stairhaven, but the resolution involved no strenuous travelling. The distance is little more than two miles from Glenluce, the road is easy, and with a northerly wind one's bicycle almost takes one along of itself. The route lies along a raised beach and gives wide views westwards across the Bay of Luce and the sand-flats on the north to the higher ground of the Rhinns rising ten miles away. The sand-flats are broken by the final windings of the Luce Water



Stairhaven.



Luce Bay.

(From Photographs by C. H. Dick.)



and the Piltanton, behind them stretch the sand-dunes of Genoch, and close at hand there is a noteworthy detail visible at low tide—the remains of the long, low walls stretching across the mouth of the Luce and containing the old “fish-yards” where the receding tide stranded the fish that delayed their retreat too long.

Stairhaven is a modern name and has a simple etymology. It signifies “a haven belonging to the Earl of Stair.” The older name is The Crow’s Nest and is etymologically obscure. It has nothing to do with either crow or nest, but is a corruption of Crossness, “the headland of the cross.” The place was known to Borrow as The Crow’s Nest.

“A house by the sea side ; little pier ; a few fishing boats ; place seemingly deserted.” These are the jottings entered by Borrow in his diary when he came to Stairhaven in July, 1866. He would have found nothing to add or to subtract to-day. There is the one little house inhabited by one fisherman. For so modest a port, the “little pier” seems a gigantic structure. It has survived from the days when Stairhaven exported the agricultural produce of the neighbouring farms and imported their lime and manure, and although very few steamers come now to discharge and receive cargoes, it remains in perfect condition, with not a stone out of place. It contrasts strikingly, therefore, with the scattered fragments of the piers at Portpatrick and Port Logan, and points to the comparative protection afforded the waters of Luce Bay by the colossal break-water of the Rhinns. Yet the sands of the Bay have buried many a wreck, disasters caused in some cases not by storms, but through seamen

sailing into the Bay at night when they thought they were entering the Firth of Clyde, and then running ashore on the sands. Near the head of the Bay I saw the tops of a vessel's ribs appearing above the sand at low water. It might have been lost in just this way. Accidents from this miscalculation have been less frequent since the Mull of Galloway lighthouse was built.

Stairhaven without its pier would look very much like many another bit of the Galloway coast with a lonely fisherman's cottage and a range of stakes for drying nets and boxes for packing fish lying around ; but that substantial, unused pier, that might have been a scene of busy trafficking and resounded to the clanking of steam winches and cranes and the rattle of chains gives a curious sense of desolation in its apparent abandonment.

A microscopic scrutiny of Galloway literature has resulted in the discovery of one incident belonging to the history of Stairhaven. Since it is of the smuggling order, it may be regarded as representative. It happened that in the year 1771, when the place was at the height of its importance as a channel of smuggling activity, three luggers arrived from the Isle of Man ; but before the unloading of the contraband goods could be completed the smugglers received an alarm, and sailed away to discharge what remained of their cargoes on the coast of Ireland. Enough tea, tobacco, and spirits, however, had been transferred from the ships to load a hundred and fifty horses, and so soon as the caravan had been made up it advanced into the interior. Its progress was not to be entirely uninterrupted. The neighbouring justices had learned that three vessels were to discharge valuable cargoes at

the Crow's Nest on this night. A large party of soldiers, who had been summoned from Stranraer, had been placed in ambush near the river Luce while the excisemen watched, without disturbing, the smugglers' operations. The smugglers, on their part, had information of what was toward. They unmasked the ambuscade and scattered the soldiers before them. Hearing musketry fire, the excisemen who had been following the caravan, rushed forward to assist the military, as they expected, in making a valuable capture, but were dismayed to find that the smugglers were marching on as if no interruption had occurred, that the soldiers were nowhere to be seen, and that the caravan presented too strong a rear-guard for themselves to attack.

That this was not an isolated instance of smugglers being strong enough to overawe, defy, and defeat the forces of law and order is attested by some reminiscences of an excise officer at Wigton which he communicated to Joseph Train in 1840. He remembered that, as a boy, he had seen a smuggling caravan of two hundred and ten horses, accompanied by about a hundred "lingtowmen," passing within a mile of Wigton "in open defiance of the supervisor, two excise officers, and about thirty soldiers, stationed at Wigton to assist the revenue officers in the suppression of smuggling." The incident had been fixed in the boy's mind by the fact that four of the smugglers' horses, overcome, it was supposed, by the heat of the day and the strong smell of the tobacco, had fallen dead on the road.

On another occasion two luggers had arrived off Port William, each with a crew of about fifty men, and the one

mounting twenty-two guns and the other fourteen, and were about to unload their contraband cargoes when the excise officer stationed at Wigton, the supervisor, and about twenty-five soldiers presented themselves. The commander of one of the luggers came ashore and told them that, if they did not retire immediately, he would cause a broadside to be fired upon them and land a hundred armed men to drive them away. On the other hand, if they removed themselves and gave the smugglers a clear coast, he would leave thirty or forty ankers of spirits for them on the beach. The excisemen's party retired, and the smuggler kept his promise.

A MAKER OF MUSIC

By LYDIA MILLER MACKAY

IN the old far away time there were three young brothers who were pipers.

"I will not be pleased," said one, "till I am as good a piper as any in the land."

"Is that all your wish?" said another. "For myself I will not rest till I can myself make music for my pipes that all the land will listen to."

But Alasdair the youngest went further than either of them. "I will not be content," said he softly to himself, "till I can make and till I can play such music as no one has ever before heard."

Time went on and every one was speaking of the piping of the three brothers. The eldest was good, and the second was good, and the third was said to be best of all, but him it was difficult to hear, for he was not satisfied with anything he did, and he played in secret, waiting till he should play as no one ever played before. On the far side of the high hills there he herded the sheep through the long summer, and there among the heather he piped, till his piping was like the burn running and the birds calling. In winter on moonlight nights, he piped in a quiet hollow among the hills where a deep loch was, and strange echoes went in and out among his music, till it

seemed like something unearthly, and there one night he saw a girl, standing with her lips parted. "Is there beauty in it?" he asked breathlessly, for he knew her well.

"It has drawn from me my very heart," she answered weeping. The lad looked deep in her eyes.

"You have no need for it," he said, trembling and laughing. "You have no need for it, for you have mine."

And now he played more wonderfully than ever, but still he played in solitary places. At last the girl grew jealous of the music. "You have more care for it than for me," she said. "Ah no!" answered the piper, "I have more care for you, but before we are married I must play as no one ever played before, so that all the land may envy you the piper you have got." And he went on playing.

"I think at times," he said, "that there is something wanting in me."

Time went past and one day the girl fell ill, and in a few days she was dead. Alasdair sat with the watchers by her body for three days and three nights, and he neither ate, nor slept, nor spoke, nor wept. He went to the funeral and remained longest at the grave. When at last he came home there was a great gathering of people there who had come from all parts to the funeral of the girl. Alasdair came in and went through them as though he did not see them, and took up his pipes and before them all began to play.

One looked at another and there was such silence as comes between blasts of wind at night, and then in a little there was a sound of weeping, for such a "lament" no one had ever before heard. He played

a long time and when he ceased no one at first said a word. Then his eldest brother, hot with admiration, spoke at last. "You have now done what you desired," he said, "you have made and you have played such music as no one has ever before heard."

The piper looked at him and laughed strangely. "Is that so?" he said; "I have desired that all my life." He took up the pipes and broke them in pieces across his knees. "That is done then," he said, and looked at the broken sticks. Then he burst into a terrible weeping and fled out of the house.

But in the barn the second brother picked out the notes softly and eagerly. When he had every note he laid down his pipes.

"Well, at all events," he said, "we have the 'lament.'"

IONA

By W. MACNEILE DIXON

The wishes oft wander,
The fancy may roam,
But here, O Beloved,
The heart is at home.

Divine are the mountains,
The peaks that are trod
By stars to the silence,
Where only is God.

Divine are the mountains
Dim seen through the haze ;
Divine are your waters,
The sand in your bays,

The rock-rooted rowan,
The storm-twisted tree,
The thyme-scented pasture,
Where murmurs the bee.

The heather-clad moorland,
The tarn with its rills,
The far purple spaces,
The sheep on your hills.

Dark Staffa broods yonder,
 There beacons Duni
To Ulva, and Islay,
 And stormy Tiree.

Or threshed by the tempest
 And swept by the spray,
Or at sleep in the arms
 Of the long summer day,

Art thou, O Iona,
 Of islands most blest,
Where saints have their slumber,
 Where kings have their rest.

There flit the rock pigeons,
 There hovers the gull,
There blaze in the sunset,
 The red rocks of Mull.

High crowned with his garland,
 Up-rises Ben More,
Far gleams the tall pillar
 Of lone Skerryvore.

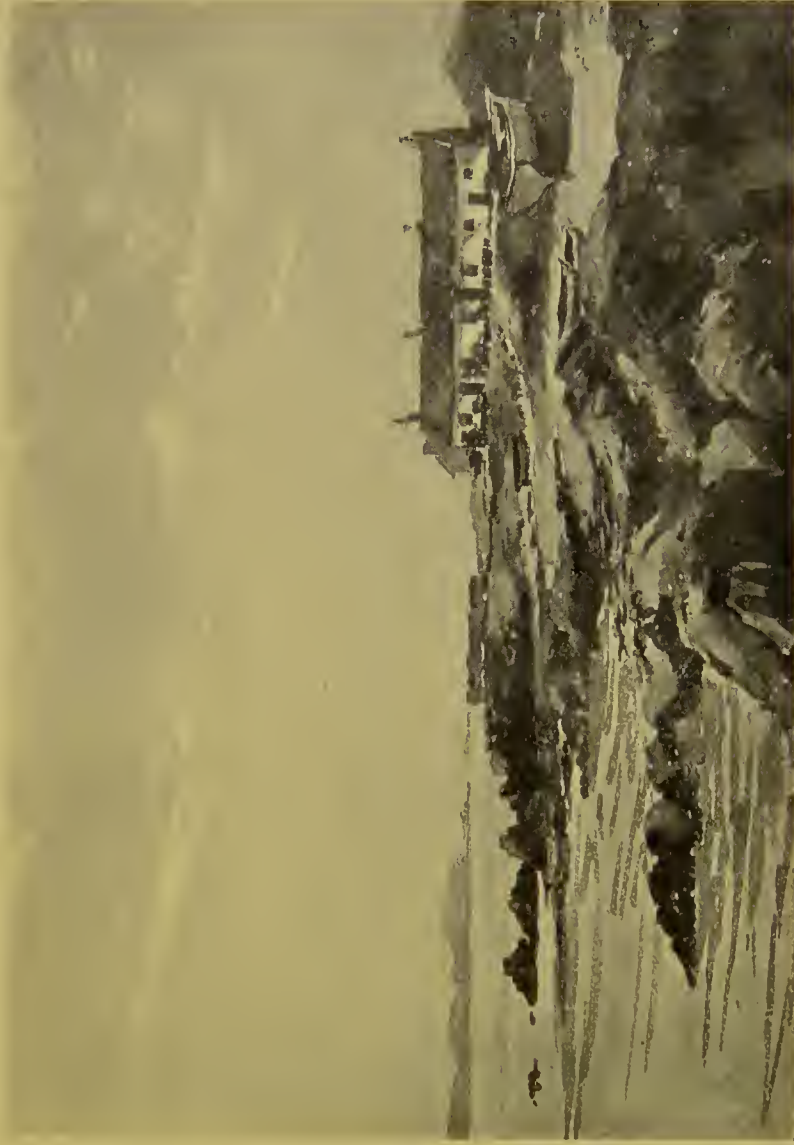
Peace lingers on Erraid,
 The peace of the flocks,
White waters of tumult,
 Flash white from her rocks.

What cairn rises yonder?
 What tale does it tell?
Columba bids sadly
 To Erin farewell.

Yet exile of Erin,
Not ill were the days,
All thine was this beauty,
Thy lips gave it praise.

Give me, too, in exile,
The clouds and the breeze,
The stars, and the mountains,
The salt driven seas.

The wishes oft wander,
The fancy may roam,
But here, O Beloved,
The heart is at home.



Cottages, Iona.
(*Elma Story.*)



MEREDITH'S DOCTORS

By JAMES DAVIDSON

ONE should perhaps rather say Meredith's doctor, for he exhibits only one, Dr. Corney in "The Egoist," and he is not essential. There is another, it is true—Dr. Shrapnel in "Beauchamp." He is essential, if you like, but not *qua* doctor. The story of Admiral Maxse's revolt against his class could not have been told without his mentor, the fire-worshipper, the truest type of mid-Victorian Radicalism in fiction. But it is his Radicalism and his humanity that count, not his doctoring. He is introduced—by a foe—as "a notorious old rascal revolutionist, retired from the licensed business of slaughterer, one of your gratis doctors." We do not see him in practice; he never talks medicine. "The God of day," he said to Rosamund Culling, "is the Father of poetry, medicine, music." Poetry, you observe, has the place of honour, and when his creator shows his more humane side, it is under the influence of music. When Beauchamp was delirious, Dr. Shrapnel "was planted against the wall outside that raving chamber, at the salient angle of a common prop or buttress, . . . the hair of his head had gone to wildness, like a field of barley whipped by tempest. One hand pressed his eyeballs, his unshaven jaw dropped." Not a flattering picture of the physician, though no intentional reflection upon the profession.

He had retired, you see, and the patient was "my Beauchamp."

Yet one dare not affirm that Meredith had a profound respect for the profession. It is certain that he did not regard it as the properest stuff for fiction. Novelists may not be charged with all the sentiments of all their creatures. Yet one has a shrewd suspicion that Meredith sympathised with his (Rev.) Dr. Middleton, who said of Corney, "He is a sparkling draught in person: probably illiterate if I may judge from one interruption of my discourse when he sat opposite me, but lettered enough to respect learning and to write out his prescriptions. I do not ask more of men or of physicians." It was for a sop to the doctors that the scholar threw in "*Quod autem secundum litteras difficillimum esse artificium? Ego puto medicum.*" He did not really think so. Dr. Middleton's health was disturbed by nothing but widow's wine. His appreciation of the profession was that of the perfectly healthy man. Perhaps the secret of Meredith's attitude is the same.

Corney comes into "The Egoist" to tend Mr. Dale, to pump Crossjay, the greatest of bounding human boys, to enliven with Irish humour the melancholy dissection of the Selfish Man. If you can like Meredith's wit, you will like him well enough. He has at least the distinction of being an active Meredithian wit, and not a mere cause of Meredithian humour. But you never get very near his doctor-nature. He is "the popular physician of the county and famous anecdotal wit." In one character he exhibits hot brandy and water to Vernon who is wet to the skin, and he commended Chartreuse to the other

Irishmen on the Holyhead boat. Quoad anecdotist, he tells the story of the man who prayed (in Middleton's translation), "Save my wife for me. I shall positively have to get another if I lose her, and one who may not love me half so well, or understand the peculiarities of my character and appreciate my attitudes." He talks of "draughts" (Victorian for mixtures), and suggests that change of bed may "tone" a patient. This is no Goodenough or Quackleben. Lydgate would furnish a dozen of him ; he is the very Shallow of physicians. He is true enough, no doubt, so far as he goes. There is a right professional touch in the half-sceptical apostrophe, "Here's Dr. Corney's dog-cart post haste again. There's no dying without him now, and Repentance is on the deathbed for not calling him in before. Half a charge of humbug hurts no son of a gun, friend Vernon, if he'd have his firing take effect. Be tender to't in man or woman, particularly woman." Nearly as likeable as Dr. Chillip, but a shadow all the same—Meredith's one doctor, and as has been said, not essential.

There are of course plenty of doctors in Meredith's novels, but they are mostly supers. There is a Gannet in "Beauchamp," who subdues the fever while Shrapnel collapses outside. In "One of our Conquerors" Dr. Peter Yatt jeered at globules: Dr. John Cormyn "mourned over human creatures treated as cattle by big doses." They do not materialise. In the same tale there is a Dr. Themison, who "kills you kindlier than most, and is much in request for it." But the more one studies the story, the more convinced one becomes that Meredith deliberately avoided a study of Mrs. Burman

Radford's physician, and preferred to spend his strength on her lawyer. And to an amateur it seems quite obvious that more should have been made of the medical man of a lady who eavesdropped behind a green shade in a chemist's shop for odd prescriptions to try on her tortured stomach. In "Diana" Lady Dunstane's surgeons, Sir William and Mr. Lanyon Thomson, never see the daylight; Sir William is not even graced with a surname. The doctors in "Rhoda" and "Sandra" are implicit merely; like Bairam and Desprès in "The Ordeal" they are shadows of shades—though there is great accommodation for doctoring in the last-named unbearably painful story. For the rest Meredith seems wilfully to shoulder out the profession. Harry Richmond is cured by gypsies. Carinthia Jane would have cauterised a dog-bite with her own hand as coolly as she let a mad dog worry her skirt. There should be a doctor in the mixed company at Beckley Court, but there is not. The profession did not lend itself to Meredith.

Which is a pity. The profession owes much to the novelist for Mrs. Chump's advice to the doctor whom she found feeling Pole's pulse. She exhibited champagne—"And if ye aver saw an astounded doctor! 'Why' says I, 'doctor, ye think ut's maguc? Why, where's the secret? *I drink with'm*, to be sure! And you go and do't, my lord doctor, my dear Mr. Doctor, do ut all round, and your patients'll bless your feet.'" Yet that is hardly compensation for the want of a Meredithian doctor in that picture gallery which contains Old Tom, Sir Willoughby Patterne, Sandra Belloni, Rhoda Fleming, and Roy Richmond.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO SPINOZA'S COTTAGE,
AT RYNSBURG, HOLLAND.

September, 1912

By JAMES COOPER

Note.— The apartment in Spinoza's house at Rynsburg, in which the great philosopher toiled at the loom, bears his motto, "*Bene agere et latari.*" On the outer wall the first of the following verses, in its Dutch original, is inscribed on a modern tablet. Though too fierce for the gentle spirit of Spinoza, it is not without suggestiveness.

"If every man were wise
And willing to work well
This world would be Paradise,
But now 'tis mostly Hell."

So, on Spinoza's cot
A poet wrote to tell
How high and holy thought
In humblest home might dwell.

All honour to the sage!
No stress of earthly ill
From GOD could disengage
His fixed and happy will.

But ONE, once poor as he,
Like wisdom can impart ;
And fill with joy and liberty
Each sad and burdened heart.

JESUS ! Thou art the Way ;
Let Thy rich grace be given,
Till earth beneath Thy sway
Is ante-room of Heaven.



L'Ingre en hiver, Cormery, Touraine.

(Mary K. L. Bryce.)



A WESTERN BRIDE

By K. T. MACMILLAN

I MADE the acquaintance of Miss Jeanie Holmes when I was crossing the Atlantic one summer. The gossip of the ship reported her as one of the eight brides we were carrying westwards, and it pleased me that she looked the part. Brides should always be young and charming; and what could be more alluring than those eyes, blue like a mountain tarn, touched by sun-light, those cheeks, soft and pink as newly opened apple-blossom, and those waving locks, golden as the flower o' the broom? Was her voice as beautiful as her face? I thought one day as I passed the sheltered corner where she was seated in her deck chair. She must have read the look of friendly interest in my eyes, for she threw me an enchanting smile and next moment I was sitting beside her. Her first words were a shock. "Have ye been sick yet?" she inquired solicitously (by this bloomless path did Miss Holmes seek to improve our acquaintance). "I was awful bad the first day," she went on, "but the fog's the worst—uh—ha!" Her accent was pure "Glesca," none but a denizen of this great city could ever hope to reproduce these peculiarly flattened vowel sounds, that curious

lengthening of the last syllable, followed by the expressive "uh—ha," which defies spelling. After the first plunge, however, I discovered that her conversation was as delightful as her appearance, and vastly more entertaining than that of any one on board; after all, accent is a matter of taste, and at the best negligible. Does not the untutored Englishman think that all Scots speak the same, and all more or less like Harry Lauder?

By easy and pleasant stages Miss Holmes and I reached the subject of her prospective husband, who I learned was called Tom Cameron, and was a prosperous farmer in the far west. "Where did you meet him?" I asked, with deepening interest. "Do you know the Dumbarton Road?" she inquired. I owned to being familiar with that thoroughfare. "Well," she pursued, "I stood in a stationer's shop in the Dumbarton Road, and one night who should come in but an awful good-lookin' young man—he was buyin' a pencil from me, and what does I do but gives him two? And says he to me, he says, 'I asked for one and you've given me two,' and I up and says as quick as anything, 'it's not often in this world folk get more than they ask'—and it was just that answer that did it! Tom told me after." (It was the first time I had really learned the value of repartee in matrimonial affairs, and I was much struck by the discovery.) "Yes, it was that answer that did it," she repeated portentously, "and the same night he was waitin' outside for me with a box o' chocolates. He came every night after that, and sometimes we went to Miss Cranston's. Tom was awful fond o' the cream puffs she had: I can tell you I've had to learn how to make

cream puffs before I got this length." "And tell me more about Tom," I insinuated. "Oh, he's the right sort," she said proudly, "he's never missed a mail since he went out eight year ago. I've had many a one, but Tom's never had but me" (I wondered—cynically), "and he's sent me my passage money and all. He's that well-connected too: d'ye know he's a brother a *lawyer*, and another a *solicitor*?" (I looked duly impressed.) "Aye," she went on, "and his youngest brother's comin' through the College for a Doctor, he's been five year at the classes, and he's to be three year in the dessicatin' room—that's where they cut up the dead bodies" (kindly explaining). "Three years!" I exclaimed, "that's a long time," "Aye, it's a long time—it'll be eight year before he's done. Tom's an aunt, too, that's awful well off. She keeps two girls, and has a house at the coast and all, mind ye, and she gave me an awful nice present before I left. It's in my box in the hold, or I would show it to ye." "What is it?" I asked, my thoughts roaming to silver tea sets and pearl pendants. "Two show towels, the acorn pattrin, her own work!" she said in triumph. Thus does a charming simplicity accept life with gratitude. I felt ashamed of my momentary anger against the well-off aunt and her cheap gifts. "You're going to be very happy, then?" I remarked. A shadow crossed her delightful features, she laid her hand on my arm; our acquaintance was advancing with rapid strides. "There's just one drawback," she confessed, sadly. "There always is," I assured her, consolingly. "Tom has an uncle with him," she explained. "But he needn't stay with you," I suggested. "Oh, but, ye see, he's paid for the machinery, and, if he left, he

would take it all with him, so I've advised Tom just to put up with him for a wee while, till we've saved a bit more." (What a jewel of a wife Tom had secured.) "But," I said, trying to comfort her, "perhaps he's a nice old man." She sighed deeply. "That's the bit," she confided, "ye see, he takes a wee drop, an' Tom's a teetotaler, just *rabid*, and ye know what men are; they've no tact." . . . I agreed warmly. "But," she pursued, "I've an idea. Ye see, Tom just hates to see the old boy takin' his dram at nights, but I have the notion to give it to him before Tom comes in, and he'll never know a thing about it, and I think the uncle an' me'll get on fine." Poor Tom! already the net was being prepared for him. But I did not really pity him. Had not his Jeanie as pure a heart as in the whole world he could find, and where could he match the lights in her hair, the sparkle in her eye?

As the voyage drew to a close, the "old boy" and Tom and every member of Jeanie's family became as familiar to me as my own relatives. As we slowly steamed up the St. Lawrence, on the last evening, I said to her, "You'll write to let me know how you get on?" "I'll do that," she assented, heartily, "I never forget old friends." I had known her exactly six days! . . . But her blue eyes were misty as she wrung my hand at parting. . . . Yet, I have never heard from her. I wonder why? Has the struggle with the old uncle proved too complex for her naive diplomacy? Or is her new life too strenuous? Or—I am loath to think it—has she forgotten me?

For my part, she is one of those trivial fond records that I shall never wipe away from the table of my

memory. Some day I hope to greet her again ; to see once more that enchanting smile ; to hear her dramatic talk delivered in that dulcet drawl, which the superior Glaswegian, who "has been through the College" would—Heaven help him !—most profoundly despise.

A BIRTHDAY WISH

By E. W. P.

Not worldly fame nor greatness wish I thee,
But Wisdom's eyes, the True in life to see,
The calm content that holy living brings,
The glory, beauty, of the hidden things.

Let earnest thought now in thy soul find place,
Take root, and blossom into deeds of grace.
And may each birthday, in its whirling flight,
Bring thee the nearer to God's endless light.

CHIVALRY

By ISABEL M. CARSWELL

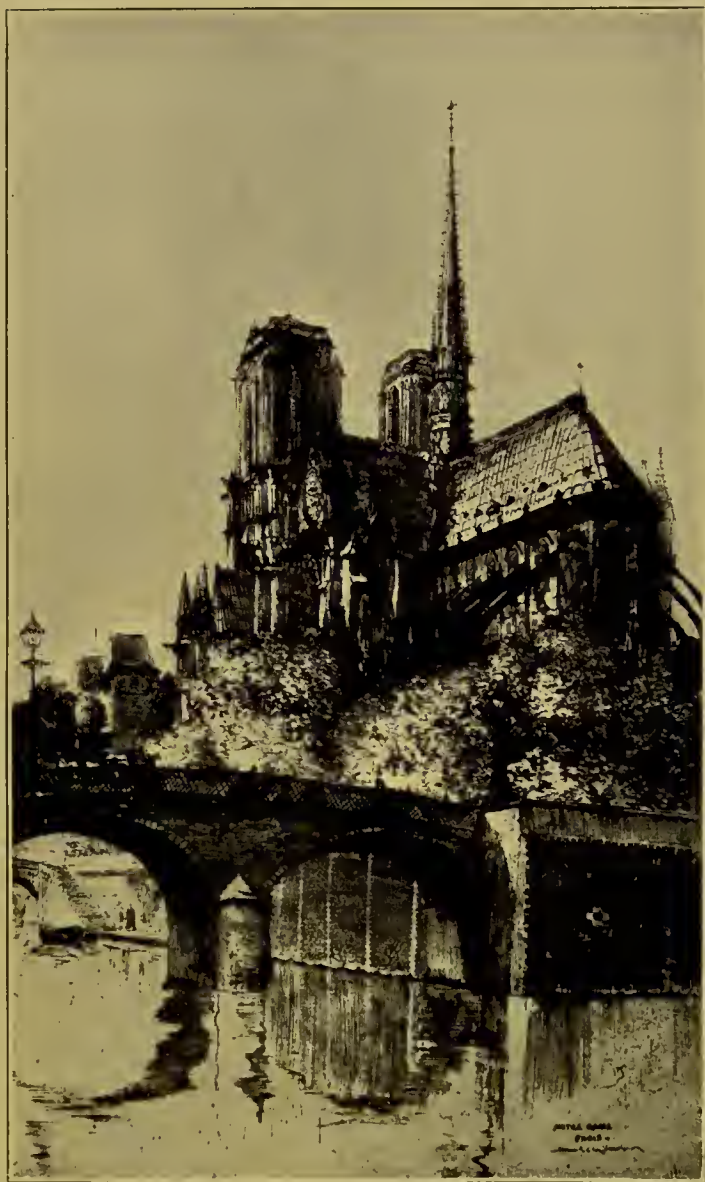
I mustn't play at engines, and I mustn't beat my drum,
And I mustn't play at horses in the hall
In case I waken Baby, for since ever she has come
There isn't any fun for me at all.

Mother used to tell me that all baby-girls were good,
Yet Daisy screams and screams the whole day long,
And Nurse is always telling me that I am wild and rude,
For everything I do just now is wrong!

Aunt Ellen told me yesterday that I must learn to share
My sweets with sister Daisy, while my toys
Must all be offered to her, for she says it's only fair
That girls should get more sweets and things than boys.

But she *shan't* get my new pen-knife nor my leather
handled whip,
And I'll hide away my engines and my trains,
But I'll let her have my crayons and my oldest sailing
ship,
And my picture book to look at when it rains.

But I wish she'd been a boy instead, and then we both
could play
At Indians in the nursery at night,
But since she's just a girl I only wish she'd stayed away,
For I don't want to be gallant and polite.



Notre Dame, Paris.

(From the Etching by Susan F. Crawford.)



A LONELY PASSING

By JOHN REID

FIRST Katie read the letter to herself, then the Sergeant read it aloud, and, because he was not just to its matchless eloquence and wanted to slur over the sentences in which his own praises were sung, Katie read it all over again to the Sergeant. Thereafter, the Sergeant read it once more to himself, and aroused Katie's indignation by trying to look coldly critical, which forced her to pick out the best bits and declaim them with dramatic effect that not one tuft of resentment might be left growing in her father's heart. They stopped reading the letter only when the darkness made Katie ashamed to show that she knew every word of it by heart, and then the Sergeant and she sat in the gloaming talking of Colin with voices soft and low like those of lovers after sundown.

The slight bitterness of tone which had recently marked the Sergeant's references to Colin was quite swept away. Katie was electrically happy. The dusk could not pale her radiant cheeks nor hide the gladness in her eyes that every lift of her long lashes revealed. The prince had remembered them and, like a cloak, the natural kindness of two lonely hearts fell over all the shortcomings of their hero.

His Little Blossom, tired with happiness, lay on the Sergeant's breast, and he was too weary in mind and

body to reason about the quick change that had come over her mood. The danger signal shone bright ahead, but his eyes were dim so that he could not see past the light on his daughter's face.

"Isn't it queer," she was saying with dreamy enjoyment in her eyes, "that this should have come just when you were saying he had forgotten us?"

"It was never my thought," answered the Sergeant mendaciously. "I knew the lad was gentle to the backbone."

"And what kind things he says of you. Confess, daddy, you blushed when you read them?"

"The lad's a flatterer. That he has a ready tongue and a civil one I never did deny. He knows what kind of corn to spread for his birds."

"Oh, well, perhaps you're right. Maybe he thinks as little of you as you do of him."

"Then," smiled the Sergeant, "he'll have no very poor opinion of me. I like the lad. He's too good for a lawyer. What a soldier he would have made, with his merry face and his bold ways. That's the kind we want in the army. They used to say my long face was worth a company to the enemy."

"Never mind, daddy, your long arms made up for it. The Colonel told me you were a terrible man in a fight."

"Ay, grim enough, lassie, to fight the French."

"But the French were on your side, weren't they?"

"More's the pity!"

"You bloodthirsty old thing, you would like to fight the whole world and you can't even fight me. See that

—and that.” Katie slapped the smiling warrior on both cheeks, then locked her arms about his neck, telling him he was a prisoner of war, and would not be released till he had kissed, in token of submission, the hand that had smitten him. The broken-spirited captive bowed his grey head and paid the price demanded for his freedom.

Then, arm in arm, victor and vanquished went up the path together, so big and dark the one, so little and rosy the other that it was as if a tree of the forest had gone sweethearting with a rosebush, but the tree knew that it was smitten to the core and that not all the warm life in the rosebush could put sap into its withered veins.

It was pathetic to see the efforts which the Sergeant, ill and weary, made to respond to his daughter’s mirthful mood. Coming at length to see that even the delightful subject of the letter could not charm away his melancholy, Katie became at once the gentle mother-maiden, and set about making her big child happy in his own way. She settled him snugly in the big arm-chair, with his pipe by his side and his slippers on his feet. Then, repressing her excited craving for sympathetic talk, she went softly about the room stirring the fire to a cheery blaze, trimming and lighting the lamp, and setting forth their modest supper so that the bright and cheerful look of the table should stimulate the most reluctant appetite. When the Sergeant had eaten a little and finished his mug of beer, she sat at his feet on the hearthrug and read aloud to him terrible descriptions of bloodshed from a book of history so big that Colin’s face, which smiled at her from the page, was life-size and yet could wear a halo within the margins. The Sergeant resting his hand upon her head, which leant

against his knees, was glad that she could not see his face, for there were lines of pain in it because, somehow, he found it hard to breathe that night.

Lulled by the march of the ponderous narrative and worn out with the emotion of the day, Katie at length fell fast asleep ; but for the weary Sergeant there was no refuge in the land of dreams. With the wearing activity of a searchlight, his mind kept flashing hither and thither among the recesses of memory. He was the victim of a double consciousness that spared him not the smallest detail of the familiar scene around him, even while he was living over again a past that he had deemed forgotten. His senses seemed to be whirling in air, so free were they from the normal clogs upon their action. In some degree of mental panic he wakened Katie, making the excuse that it was time for her to go to bed.

"Oh, but I'm sleepy," she said, rubbing her eyes and leaning with all her weight against the Sergeant's knees ; "Couldn't we just rest here where we're happy ? Beds are such stupid things."

The Sergeant patted her cheek. "Roses grow in beds," he said.

Katie got up with an effort, and leaning over her father's chair laid her cheek against his, whispering, "You'll frighten your little Blossom if you look so sad. You're not really ill, are you ? Only a little tired ?"

"That's all," sighed the Sergeant ; "but, Katie, I'm an old fellow now. My time must come soon. I don't like to see you so sure of my life. It frightens me."

"Oh, don't talk like that, father !" Katie cried, her voice quivering and her eyes filling with tears. "You

don't know how I feel it. I have no friend but you. You *will* get well again for my sake."

The Sergeant, too, was crying. "Of course I will, if I can," he answered, "but if I don't, God protect you. It's never out of my mind—What will my lassie do without me?"

It was almost a scream that Katie suppressed, as she raised her wet face from the Sergeant's neck to ask, "And you'll go to the seaside, no matter what it costs?"

"Ay, lassie, I'll obey orders now."

"May I sit up with you to-night, father? I'm not tired."

The Sergeant straightened himself grandly.

"You foolish body, do you want to change an old soldier into an old woman? Go to your bed and sleep soundly. My fanciful talk has frightened you. Forget all about it, and to-morrow we'll settle where we'll go for our holiday. I feel better already at the thought of it."

And hopeful Katie, with a tender kiss on her lips and a heart full of faith in the future, crept away to bed. Soon afterwards the Sergeant rose and taking the lamp with him, made his way with unsteady steps across the passage and the kitchen to his own room. He rested for some minutes on the edge of the bed, looking, even in the warm light of the lamp, grey and worn. Undressing slowly and painfully he put the light out and laid himself down to rest.

He was not a religious man, but before going to sleep he invariably said in his heart the Lord's Prayer, adding to its petitions, with a livelier interest, one for his daughter's welfare. On this night he prayed aloud with

vehemence, as if to assail the ear of God, "Bless my little Katie and be a father to her when I am gone." As his heart broke out from his lips, the stars, keeping their steady watch in heaven, shone through the kitchen window upon a slim white form that stood, like a spirit on guard, at the Sergeant's door listening, with straining heart, to every breath that he drew.

There may have been a merciful God behind the stars, for to the terrifying suggestion of the Sergeant's prayer succeeded the sound of regular breathing which tells of sleep, so that Katie was able to steal back to bed with cold hands and feet, but with hope lying warm at her heart. Soon her own wearied eyes closed, and her dreams were beautiful, for her last conscious act had been to touch with her hand Colin's letter that lay upon a chair by her bedside.

In the pit of the night she awoke suddenly with the feeling that some one had called her. She rose on her elbow and listened with beating heart for a repetition of the cry, but as the silence was complete she lay down again smiling at her own foolishness in the certainty that she had dreamt of Colin till his voice, calling for her, had taken shape in her dreams. In giving her peace through this pleasing delusion, the merciful God had become cruel. It was the Sergeant that had called her.

The rest that had begun so peacefully while Katie listened at his door was soon turned to unrest. To and fro upon the pillow moved the Sergeant's head uneasily, in a sleep made feverish by dreams of battle. His tired soul was shaken from its rest and tossed like a cork upon the billows of war. In the clearest depth of the soundless

sea of night, the Sergeant, with sweat on his brow, sat up in bed, waving an arm in the air, and gathered all his strength for a great shout of battle. He awoke then and called faintly, "Katie!"

Afterwards, in what must have been an awful moment of loneliness, while his head moved weakly from side to side upon the pillow, his dry lips tried to utter the name again, but failed. He sighed wearily and lay still. Merciful God, was it not enough that Katie should come in her white gown to the bedside with the morning's greeting on her lips? Was it needful to sear for ever the little lonely soul with the memory of that unheeded summons in the night-time?

She thought he was cold in his coffin and she tied her prettiest 'kerchief round his neck. To see it there touched even the men who closed the coffin lid.

MADAME, THE WASHERWOMAN

By H. E. MARSHALL

I HAD been to see the giant Menhir of Kerjean, and it being a glorious autumn day, with a hot sun shining continuously out of a fleckless blue sky, I had stayed long, dreaming beside the great stone, which towered in mysterious loneliness from out the surrounding gorse and heather. But now as I cycled homeward in the rapidly deepening dusk, the sky became overcast, and heavy rain fell.

It was already almost dark when I reached the gaunt barn of a place which the proprietress of the little inn dignified by the name of garage. The only light came through the open door, and as I bent over my cycle, wiping it down with unwonted care (for it was still new and rustless) the light was suddenly darkened.

Looking up I saw in the doorway a lank rawboned Breton woman in the black dress and picturesque white cap of the country. She was but a silhouette against the darkness, and it was not until later that I discovered that the expression of her fine brown face, seamed with countless wrinkles, was spoilt by a terrible squint. Now I only saw the tall powerful figure.

“Good evening, Mademoiselle,” she said.

“Good evening,” I answered, and waited.

“It is the English miss whom I seek.”

"Yes," I replied, "what is it?"

"It is I, Madame, the Washerwoman, I have brought back the washing of Mademoiselle."

"Ah, thank you. How much?"

"Ten francs, fifty, Mademoiselle."

"What," I exclaimed in astonishment, "you must have made a mistake."

"But no, Mademoiselle, of a certainty not. I have brought my little note. Mademoiselle will see that it is all correct."

I took the scrap of paper which she held out to me, and bending to the fading light of the doorway saw that it was indeed my list.

"But I think that it is absurdly dear," I grumbled.

"Ah! but Mademoiselle should first regard and see how it is done. Never! but never! has the linen of Mademoiselle been done with such perfectness. I engage myself to that. I myself will conduct Mademoiselle to her room and she shall behold. Such whiteness! such smoothness! Ah, but it is of a beauty! Mademoiselle shall see."

And without more ado the gaunt washerwoman stalked before me down the long passage, and up the bare wooden stair, I following meekly. Having reached the landing she threw open the door of my room with an air of ushering me into the presence.

As I passed in I was forced to laugh. The bare room was festooned with white garments. On the backs of the two chairs, on the bed posts, on the key of the "armoire," wherever they could be hung, they were hung. The effect was comical. I imagined an English laundress sending

home her work in such a fashion. But a French laundress is an artist, and my cross-eyed giantess was proud of her work, and she had "hung" it with as much care, and with as great an eye for effect, as any Academician. One glance was enough to show me that she had spoken the truth, and that never before had my poor rags looked so white and glossy.

"I rejoice myself that Mademoiselle has returned," said Madame, the Washerwoman. "Otherwise, with this weather the things will fall, and Mademoiselle would not see them in their true beauty." She glanced at the wide open windows. "I have desired to shut the windows," she said, "but Louise she say absolutely no. 'Mademoiselle will not permit,' she says, 'neither night nor day.' Pas possible, Mademoiselle, that you sleep with windows open?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"But you English, you are a surprising people!"

That, however, was by the way. Madame, the Washerwoman was not to be turned from the real question at issue. She gazed round the room for a minute, seeming to gloat over her handiwork. Then carefully she lifted a blouse from the back of a chair, and with her hands thrust through the sleeves the better to show it off, held it lovingly towards me.

"Is that not a perfection, Mademoiselle?" she said.

"Very nice," I replied, without enthusiasm, "but I think two francs twenty-five a little too much for washing an old rag."

"Old rag! But Mademoiselle makes the joke. It is of a chicness! And consider all these little tucks.



Riquewiler, Old Town in the Vosges.

(Alfred von Glehn.)



It is the little tucks which cost. Behold, every one lies as he should, not one out of his place; so smooth, so white! And what elegance! Mademoiselle did not buy that for fifteen francs. It is of a fineness superb, but truly superb! It is of Paris, is it not? Ah! of a truth, it is only in Paris that one buys such elegances, is it not?"

"Well, I don't know, I bought that in Glasgow."

"Glassco!" she shook her head puzzled. Glasgow was completely beyond her ken.

"It is one of the biggest towns in our little Island," I said, wondering what she thought about our little Island. But my Bretonne refused to be led away.

"Ah, yes," she said, "and it is I who wash for all the English ladies, even for Madame Thompson, and never, never, do they complain. Mademoiselle knows Madame Thompson?"

"I have not that pleasure."

"Not Madame Thompson! Of the Banque d'Angleterre! a lady, very rich, but very rich."

"I know the Bank of England, but I am afraid I have not the honour of Madame's acquaintance," I said with an amused laugh.

"But not possible, Mademoiselle. And you both come from the same Island! C'est étonnant ça."

The cross-eyes gazed at me in astonishment. It was, however, but a fresh proof of the eccentricities of the English, and, with a shake of her head, Madame, the Washerwoman, dismissed it. Carefully she replaced the blouse on the chair back, and picked up another garment.

“Behold, Mademoiselle,” she said, as she caressed it softly, “behold the lace. Is it not like new? Never, never, have I washed things of a fineness such as Mademoiselle’s, not even those of Madame Thompson, and she a very rich lady! No, not even those of Madame could compare with these of Mademoiselle.”

The flattery was so gross and palpable that it was amusing, and my cross-eyed friend was evidently fond of the sound of her own voice. I too was not unwilling to exercise my French, so I sat on the edge of my bed, listening to the flow of rapid French, and deciding in my own mind that the washing was cheap with so much amusement thrown in. The conversation, or rather the monologue, took a wide range. Many things were touched upon, from our King to my coloured stockings, from the sardine fishery to the postmaster’s wife’s baby’s last tooth. But after every discursion the refrain was the same—never had it been Madame’s happy lot to wash linen more beautiful than that of Mademoiselle. At length my friend departed triumphant, with her money tightly tied up in the corner of a great handkerchief, and a bundle of fresh washing under her arm.

“That washerwoman of yours is a regular thief,” I said to Madame, with a smile of amused recollection, as I stopped to chat with her for a moment on my way to bed that night.

“It is true, Mademoiselle,” she said, with a shrug. “It is to rob the people. But what is to be done? Many in the village can wash, but she alone can iron, therefore one must submit.”

"But surely some others can iron. They must do their own things—their own caps, for instance."

"Of a certainty, Mademoiselle, but their things are of no worth. They are not to be compared with the linen of Mademoiselle. Regard! It is of a fineness, an elegance——."

"Good-night," I said, hastily, with an exasperated laugh, and as I took my candle I marvelled anew at the French tongue.

But I had not yet seen the last of my friend. When I descended the next morning for petit déjeuner in the little café, I found Madame, the Washerwoman, pouring forth a storm of indignation upon the head of little Mr. Brown, the only other British occupant of the inn. He understood no French, so it disturbed him hardly at all. And, as he stolidly proceeded with his breakfast, he ejaculated at intervals, "Nong, nong, preenny, alley!"

Upon the table was a roll of collars and a franc.

"What's the matter?" I asked, looking from one to the other.

Immediately the Washerwoman turned to me with a perfect avalanche of words.

"Ah! your friend here is un vaurien, a perfect——"

I held up my hand imploring peace. "He is no friend of mine," I murmured with a deprecating grin, and under cover of her angry protest, "What is the matter?" I asked again.

"Look here," said Mr. Brown, "just look at these collars—not one fit to put on. They are as soft as putty. And she wants to charge me two francs fifty—2½d. a collar! Did you ever hear of such a price?"

"Yes," I said meekly, "I have—since last night."

"Well I'm not going to pay it, that's all."

Madame, the Washerwoman, had fallen silent a moment as we spoke. Now she burst forth again.

"Ah! Monsieur is a skinflint, and Mademoiselle here she has paid without a word. But you are a marvel of cheapness," she says. "Never have I seen linen so white and smooth! And Mademoiselle she has the linen of a fineness and an elegance——."

This was too much. A third time it was not to be borne. "Madame," I said, with all the sternness I could muster up, "Monsieur has said the last word. Take your franc and go."

She hesitated.

"Wee, preenny, alley," said Mr. Brown.

And she vanished.

Such is the supremacy of the male mind.

DOROTHEA

By M. R. LEVACK

She came to us when the snow-clouds
Were shadowing all the land,
Like an Angel strayed from Heaven,
With its flowers in her hand.

She smiled—and straight from Heaven
A sunbeam lit the gloom :
Without, the snow-drifts deepened—
'Twas Summer in our home !

She faded when the roses
Were blossoming white and red ;
We lay them on her quiet grave,
The Summer, for us, is dead !

STORY FOR CHILDREN

THE LAND OF LOST THINGS

By Miss DILL

"WHERE *has* my pencil gone?" said Tommy. "I only laid it down on the grass for a moment, and now it's lost."

"Of course," said Gladys calmly, "some things go out of sight the minute you take your eyes off them. At least that's what Nurse says about her spectacles, and I think pencils are quite as bad."

"Oh, dear! Where can it have got to?" cried Tommy, hunting about among the leaves. "I won't have my sum finished by the time Miss Miller comes, and then she'll say we mustn't do our lessons out of doors any more."

"I've done mine," said Gladys kindly. "I'll help you to look for it." But they both searched in vain.

"Here," said Gladys, "take mine, and hurry up, or we won't have any time to play."

Tommy set to work, while his sister sat with her hands round her knees, gazing up at the sky through the leaves.

"I wonder," she said in a dreamy voice, "where all the *really* lost things go. I don't mean 'luggage' and 'property' that's found by some one and put in offices, but the things that go lost and never are seen again. Now, if I had invented the world I should have made a place for them all to stay in."

"Like the Home for lost dogs," cried Tommy, quite forgetting his sum. "Yes, that *would* be funny!"

"There *ought* to be such a place," Gladys went on, and then she nearly jumped out of her shoes with astonishment as a very small, clear voice replied, "But so there *is* of course, my dear! Have you never heard of the Land of Lost Things?"

Both children stared with amazement at what a few moments ago they had thought was a head of clover. Now they saw that it was a tiny woman dressed in green, with a hood of pinky purple on her head. She had the dearest, kindest little face in the world, and she held out both her hands to the children. "Do you want to see it? Come along."

Without a moment's hesitation they put their hands in hers, and immediately became as tiny as herself—and *she* was six inches high.

"Are you a fairy?" asked Tommy, but the little woman only laughed, and it was Gladys who answered, "Oh, Tommy, as if you *needed* to ask that!"

They slipped out of the garden gate, but instead of the road they knew they saw a very strange place which was neither town nor country. On one side flowed noiselessly a broad, dark river, and the street was paved with what looked like silver sparkling in the sun.

"That is the River of Time," said the fairy. "So much time is lost among mortals that this stream is always full."

Next moment Gladys exclaimed with delight, "Why, Tommy, what do you think? This pavement is made of *pins*—millions and millions of pins stuck in the ground. See how their little heads glitter." Tommy laughed. "Now we can tell Nurse where all the lost pins go," he cried. Next they saw a great building like a bank, and the fairy said, "That is where all the money is kept. Pennies and shillings that roll out of sight and are never found, treasure hid in walls and fields, and the money that misers hoard and that does no good to any one."

"What will become of it?" asked the children.

"It will be taken and used in the proper way at the proper time," said the fairy.

Then they saw that they were in a street of shops, and the windows were full of things that the children knew were always being lost. In one were gloves, ties, handkerchiefs, waterproofs, in another were rings, brooches, keys, spectacles, in a third, pencils, knives, india-rubber, compasses, and a fourth was quite full of walking-sticks and umbrellas.

"All these things ran away of their own accord," said the fairy, "so we caught them and put them in prison here until the proper time."

"Ah!" said Tommy, feelingly, "I'm glad they're being punished."

Just then they heard the singing of birds in the trees, and looked up surprised. "Are the birds lost too?" asked Tommy.

"These," said the fairy, "are the beautiful thoughts and dreams—*Ideals* mortals call them—that go astray sometimes. We catch them and change them into birds and bring them here. They, too, will be set free at the proper time."

And then they came to a great high wall with a gate in it, through which they caught glimpses of what seemed a beautiful garden. Above the gate was written, in letters of gold, "Faith," "Hope," and in front of it stood a figure like an angel, with a high and solemn look that made the children feel as if they were in Church.

"*These* are not really lost," whispered the fairy. "They are being well guarded until the proper time."

"When will that be?" said Gladys, softly.

"When the mortals who have lost them know that they need them again."

"And where is Love?" asked Gladys, who was a thoughtful child.

"Oh," said the fairy, with a tender, happy laugh, "Love is never lost, you know; she has no place here."

And by and bye they came to a place like a quiet Churchyard, full of monuments on which were words that the children could not read.

"Now this," said the fairy, "is the only sad thing here. These are the graves of lost opportunities—opportunities of doing good you know, of being kind, and all that. They are *really* lost, for they are never given back again. But mortals know more about these things than we do."

"Yes," said Gladys, in a low voice, "Mother talks to us about them every Sunday."

"We'll tell her about this place," said Tommy, "won't we, Gladly?"

But before Gladys could answer the fairy had disappeared, and she found herself again sitting with her hands round her knees, and Tommy beside her with his unfinished sum. Miss Miller was speaking to them.

"Why, Tommy, is your sum not finished yet? What a lot of time you have lost."

Tommy looked up confused.

"It wasn't time I lost," he said, "it was my pencil."

Miss Miller laughed.

"You look as if you had both been asleep," she said.

And perhaps they had!



Mischief.

(*E. Rose Parker.*)



“BUT THOSE UNHEARD ARE SWEETER”

By ARTHUR LANG

I fear I never was exactly witty ;
My conversation's stilted as a rule ;
People regard me with a sort of pity,
And liken me, in secret, to a mule.
But once, in very painful circumstances,
I fashioned in my head a grand bon mot,
The sort of thing on which a great man chances
Once in his life or so.

Alas that a conception such as mine was
Should not be given to the human race !
For it, by some infernal power malign, was
Lost to that sphere which it was meant to grace.
When my idea first appeared inside me,
I was partaking of a thing I love,
Some sticky toffee, wherefore (woe betide me !)
My jaws refused to move.

Thus was the world robbed of my great idea
Which, though I cannot quite remember it,
I feel assured would have afforded me a
Perpetual reputation as a wit.
But what care I for reputation's bubble !
I wish not toffee were less glutinous.
I made a jest—that thought removes all trouble—
And it was humorous.

And ever when I hear my friends together
 Conversing in their scintillating way,
Indulging all their tendencies to blether,
 I smile disdainfully at what they say,
And call to mind my beautiful creation,
 That wonderful conceit my fancy wrought,
That genuine result of inspiration,
 My cosmos-stirring thought.

THE ISLAND

By MAY B. JARDINE

IT is thus, and thus only, we name it, we Islanders to whom its stretches of soft, thick greensward, its traighs (sea-beaches) of shimmering sand, its reedy lochans, its bird-haunted cliffs, ay, even its peril-fraught rocks and skerries, are infinitely dear. For the map-maker, the tourist and the yachtsman, it bears another appellation, of meaning much disputed by the Celtic scholar. But to its children, it is always The Island. From this, our loophole of retreat, we survey the world "outside" with a certain serene detachedness of mind. Insularity is to us a boast, not a stigma. This or that peculiarity of custom or of character is at once expressed and defended by the fond and simple phrase, "Oh, isn't that The Island all over?" What need of further comment?

Long and narrow, low-lying and treeless, windswept and shelterless, it holds us with a haunting and elusive charm. Our sons and our daughters may go far afield, to seek a larger scope and a richer harvest. They may settle down, for a time, in the homes of their adoption. But, as old age creeps on, a hunger comes upon them for their mother-beach, with its fringing rocks

and sands. If possible, the wanderer returns, to look out once more on the clear wide spaces, that whisper of infinity to the waiting soul.

So narrow is our wave-washed spit of sand, that, frequently, in riding or driving along, we can see the ocean on either hand. Yet we are always careful to speak of the "east side," and the "west side," as though they were miles apart, while we claim for the Gaelic spoken at one end of the Island a decided superiority over that spoken at the other. Our six Bens are to us far finer than all their mainland brethren. What if the scoffing stranger vows he has walked over two of them unawares? From their grassy vantage-ground, the heavenly horizons open wide before us. Not Cruachan, not Schiehallion, not Nevis himself, offers more wonderful visions of skies, translucent in exquisite purity, glorious in splendour of sunset and sunrise, soul-stirring in storm-swept gloom. While for earthly outlook, have we not infinite variety, where, set in an ever-changing sea, Barra and Uist, Rum and Muck, Eigg and Mull, occupy the middle distance or break the far-off sky-line?

"On an island," wrote the monkish chronicler, "we are nearer Heaven than on the shore." Ours is, truly, the joy of the wide expanse, of the unfettered soul. We look with pity on the misguided mainlander, who craves for *trees* in his landscape. "Trees," said the old doctor to me one day, "trees are a prejudice. Very good in their own way, useful for many a purpose, but—see how they obstruct the view."

In May and June, the whole Island is a realm of fairy gold. Masses of yellow iris and patches of sunny marsh-

marigolds gleam everywhere. At all seasons, indeed, the land is the happy hunting-ground of the botanist, who here finds flowers and mosses, unknown elsewhere in the West. Legend has it that these floral treasures sprang up in the footsteps of Graine, the white-armed darling of Cuchillin. Nowhere else, surely, will you find turf so springy, so thick, so freshly green. The praise of our horses was sung by Ossianic bards. The few pigs kept have a lively and gamesome air, unlike their generally morose confraternity. As for the sheep and cattle, they thrive exceedingly. We have a quaint saying that "we produce more sheep and more ministers,—both of the finest,—than any other place on which God's sun shines." Numerous little lochs, nesting place of snipe innumerable, diversify our landscape. One is of depth unknown, the rest, so shallow, that the cows are only knee-deep, in the very middle. From the Loch na Phuill, (Loch of Clay), the native potters drew the material for the rough, yet shapely croggans, in common use, till some three generations ago.

In the centre of the Island lies the Hollow Land, little, if at all, above sea-level. Strange stories hang about this part of our little world. Sounds have been heard from beneath the ground, rushing of water, crackling of fire, wail, as of souls in pain. Long, long ago, an adventurous piper, accompanied by his dog, penetrated the recesses of the Uamh Mhor at the end of the Island, to probe the mysteries of the Great Passage, said to lead right across to Iona's lonely Isle. Men traced his progress by the faint sound of the pipes, till, right in the centre of the Hollow Land, the music ceased.

Then there was heard a lamentable cry and a heart-rending voice. "O for the sword, for the sword of my father. The green beast, the green beast is upon me."

Two days later, the dog, singed and hairless, was found wandering on the machar (sandy field) to the south. But of the overbold piper no trace was ever found.

All the Isle is rich in Pictish duns, and in Culdee chapels, over which antiquaries wrangle, but in which we, unlearned, take a pure delight. Treasures of flint-flakes, of pierced whorls, of beads and of croggans, may still be dug out of virgin mounds. Our Isle was one of the main outposts of the redoubtable Lochlannaich (Vikings), about whom Ewen the smith used to tell at the Ceilidh. Theirs were probably the silver ornaments, still occasionally discovered. Theirs, too, possibly, the rude stone pillars, called Thor's hammers to this day. But despite Ewen's assurance, we doubt his explanation that these were used by the giant strangers to knock the limpets off the rocks!

The old graveyards contain ancient stones, carved with runes, with traceries, and with strange figures. Some have upon them curious cuplike depressions, through one of which custom bids plighted lovers clasp hands, when obliged to part, before the wedding day. This may well ensure fidelity, for who would lightly break his troth, knowing that between him and his new love, "There's ONE will aye be walking"?

The clear wind-swept heavens, the open spaces, the simple life, all make for an uplifting of soul, and a generosity of spirit. There is, indeed, a surface soberness of mien and gravity of carriage as beseems those who dwell face to face with elemental forces. But, if the

springs of mirth lie deep, the hearts are fresh and young. Courtesy is the rule, if it sometimes finds odd expression, and hospitality is extreme. Old Elspeth at the Ford, wrinkled, bent, and crippled, beams with pleasure as she sets before us scones and butter and a jar of her precious honey. "It's not what we have but what we do with it," as Saint Columba said to the grudging giver. This saying, so common among us, originates in a legend that a mean woman once refused a bowlful of porridge from her full pot to the faint and weary Saint. At his rebuke, the porridge diminished in quantity, and from that day to this, as all the world knows, it shrinks perceptibly on cooling. "That woman wass no Islander, be fery sure of that," is Elspeth's unfailing comment on the story.

THE FOUNDING OF THE FIRST
"MATERNITY"

By LOUIS A. BARBÉ

IT chanced that, on the day when I received a request which, in the circumstances, became a command, to collaborate in the production of "The Chapbook of the Rottenrow," I had been reading accounts of a quaint incident that led to result in the founding of an institution which, until proof to the contrary be produced, we are, I think, justified in looking upon as the first "Maternity" ever known in Britain. The coincidence was a welcome one, for it straightway put at my disposal what there might otherwise have been considerable difficulty in selecting—a subject that should figure, not altogether incongruously, in the table of contents. I turned to the old-world chronicles once again, and the details that I gathered from them have shaped themselves into the following narrative:—

It was in the closing years of the sixth century. Mindful of the beautiful foreign slaves that had once attracted his attention and touched his heart with pity as they were offered for sale in the market-place at Rome, Pope Gregory had sent Augustine, with a band of monks, through Gaul and across the Straits to the remote island whence those fair young barbarians had been brought as



In the Luxembourg Gardens.
(Helen Paxton Brown.)



captives, and had entrusted him with the mission of converting the pagan *Angles* into Christian *angels*. The Roman Abbot had landed in the Island of Thanet. It lay in the southern kingdom of the West Saxons, and their king, Æthelberht, influenced by his wife Bertha, who had come to him from her Christian home on the banks of the Seine, had given the strangers shelter and promised them his protection. The evangelising labours, which they undertook with his tolerant sanction, had borne good fruit. Æthelberht himself had been amongst the first to accept the "good news" which they had come to preach; and, in the train of their chief, many Kentish men had received baptism at the missionaries' hands.

Heartened by the success that had crowned his efforts at the very outset, and burning with zeal to spread the light of the true faith far and wide through the land, Augustine with his brethren sallied hopefully forth from Canterbury to penetrate into the more remote and less civilised parts of the kingdom. But there he met with many a rebuff, and encountered stubborn pagan folk who refused to forsake the gods of their forefathers, and who, as one chronicler records it, held him in derision when he told them God's lore, and grinned at him when he taught them Christendom. And that was but the prelude to more grievous disappointments and to trials that called for endurance far more heroic. In the course of his apostolic journeyings the holy man came to Rochester, on the Medway—for that seems to have been the place which is described as conspicuous amongst all others for a heathenish impiety unmatched save in the nether regions themselves, and which deserved to be

denounced as the abode of the worst and vilest men that dwelt in the land. There the devil-inspired inhabitants refused to give the messenger of God a hearing. They opposed him spitefully and rebelliously in all things, relates the old Scots chronicler Bower, contradicted all he said, and did their utmost to distort his actions. And the patience with which the saintly prelate and his clerks bore this contumelious treatment, far from pacifying and conciliating the pagan multitude, only exasperated them the more and incited them further to still more outrageous conduct. They carried their sacrilegious ribaldry so far as to fasten the tails of ray or skate to the garments of the God-sent missionaries, to spit upon them, and to cast the filthy offal of fish in their faces.

If the insult had affected none but him, the Saint in his humility would have borne it without repining, nay, with a holy joy that he was thought worthy to suffer for his Master's sake. But it annoyed and grieved him that the messenger of God should have been subjected to such indignity. Shaking the dust of his feet against the impious crew, he retired three miles from the benighted city unto a mount that overlooked it. There he fell upon his knees and prayed that they who had entreated him and his brethren so despitefully might be punished, to the end that the divinity of his mission should be brought home to them. At the conclusion of his prayer the Saint wept bitterly, but was comforted by receiving the assurance that he should be signally avenged. And the manner in which the godless folk were to be chastised for their offence was soon made known to them. From that day forth, the children that were born in their city were found to

be disgraced by a monstrous deformity. They bore tails, after the fashion of swine. There was weeping and wailing amongst the distracted women, and consternation amongst the shame-stricken men, as day after day brought with it evidence of the curse that had fallen on them, and as their expected joy and pride were turned into affliction and ignominy. And such a marvellous manifestation of God's anger soon became bruited beyond the bounds of the city that had been thus smitten for its sin. The knowledge of it came to the ears of the King in his capital of Canterbury. It grieved him to think that, amongst his subjects, there should be any on whom such a mark of infamy had been inflicted, even though their offence had been heinous. And he foresaw that, unless some measure could be devised either to remove or counteract the curse, Rochester would become a by-word amongst the nations. So Æthelberht took counsel with himself as to what might best be done. He may perhaps have asked advice of Augustine himself. No chronicler, it must be admitted, conveys the least hint that such was the case. But, for the honour of the holy man, and to free him from the suspicion of unworthy spite that would otherwise dim the halo of his sanctity, one would fain believe that he was not wholly a stranger to the sequel. However it may have been, whether from his own ingenuity or at the inspiration of his guest, there came to the King a happy solution of the momentous problem. He ascertained that the prodigy of the tails was a purely local one, and that it was indeed limited to the offending city. And this suggested a means by which the Rochestrians might evade the direful

110 FOUNDING OF FIRST "MATERNITY"

consequence of their sacrilegious conduct. As is duly chronicled by the veracious historian, "He lette make ane howse in the honoure of God, wherein wymmen shulde have hire childerne, at the brugges ende." And here again, we have to admit and to regret the silence of the ancient records. But, if that bare "lette make" had been expanded, can we doubt that we should have learned with what readiness Queen Bertha fell in with the scheme, and with what zeal she set about gathering funds for it? And might we not read how she and the ladies of Rochester organised a sale of work, and how it was mainly due to their efforts that the first "Maternity" in Britain arose on the banks of the Medway?

FIGHT ON!

By W. S. SYME.

Fight on!

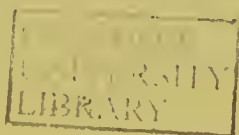
To high ideal set bend all your powers:
The prize the fighting, and in equal measure,
In each rebuff see clear the call Divine
To sterner effort and to fresh endeavour.

Fight on!

Work on!

Give of your best, nor let for gain material
E'en shadowy thought of striking flag arise.
Who steps aside, and doing, soul surrenders,
May gain the bauble but will lose the prize.

Work on!



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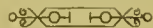
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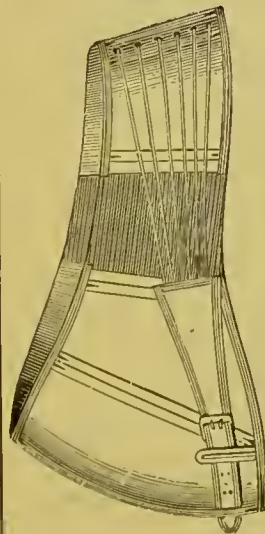
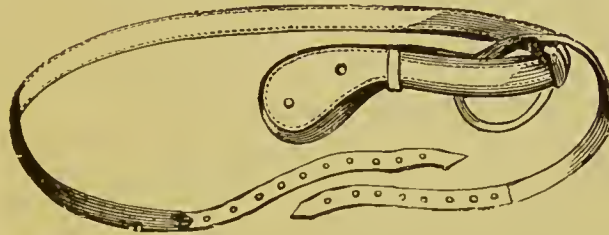
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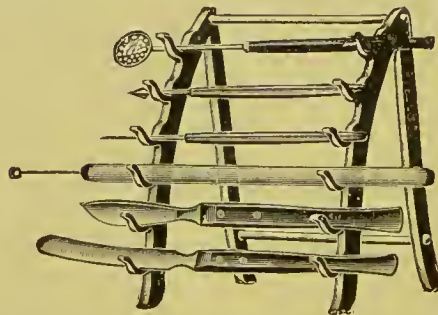
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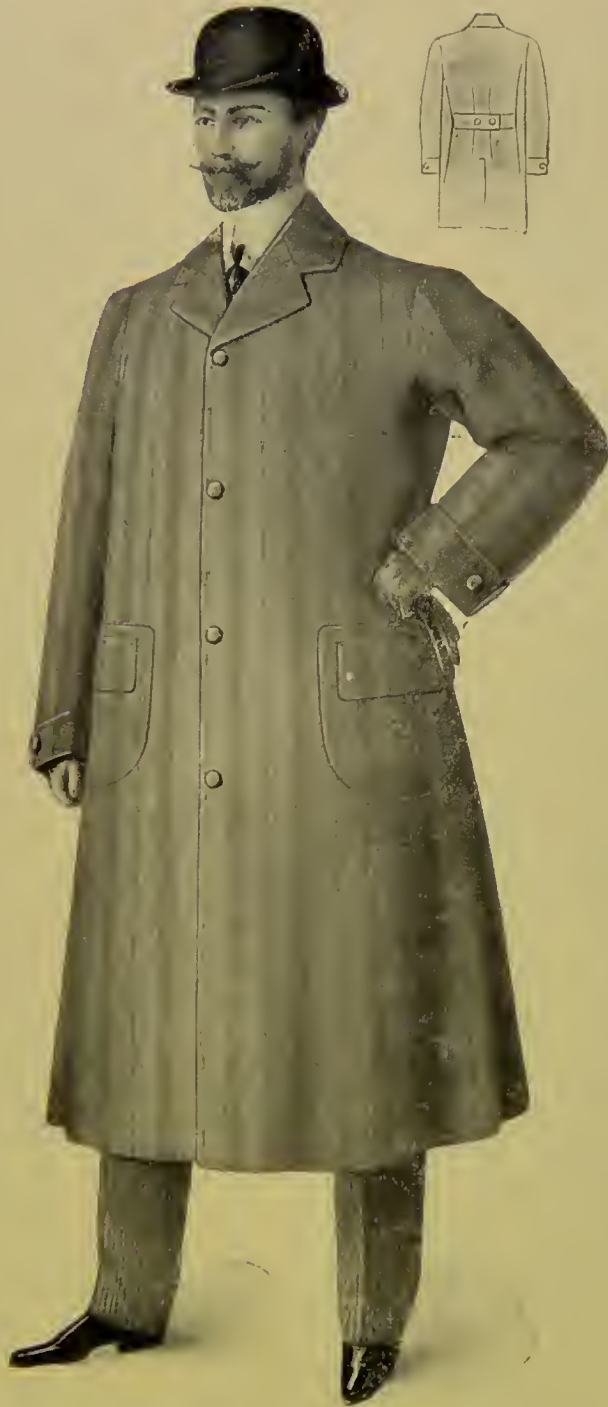
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