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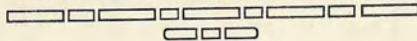
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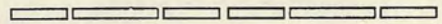
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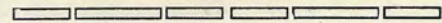
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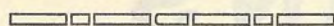
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Maybe your Hair is overlong,
I can cut it.
Maybe your chin a Stubble's showing,
I can remove it.
Maybe a bonnie Beard your growing,
I can improve it.
Be you tall, short, stout, or thin,
My Address is at the foot, step in, and
Let me Prove it.*



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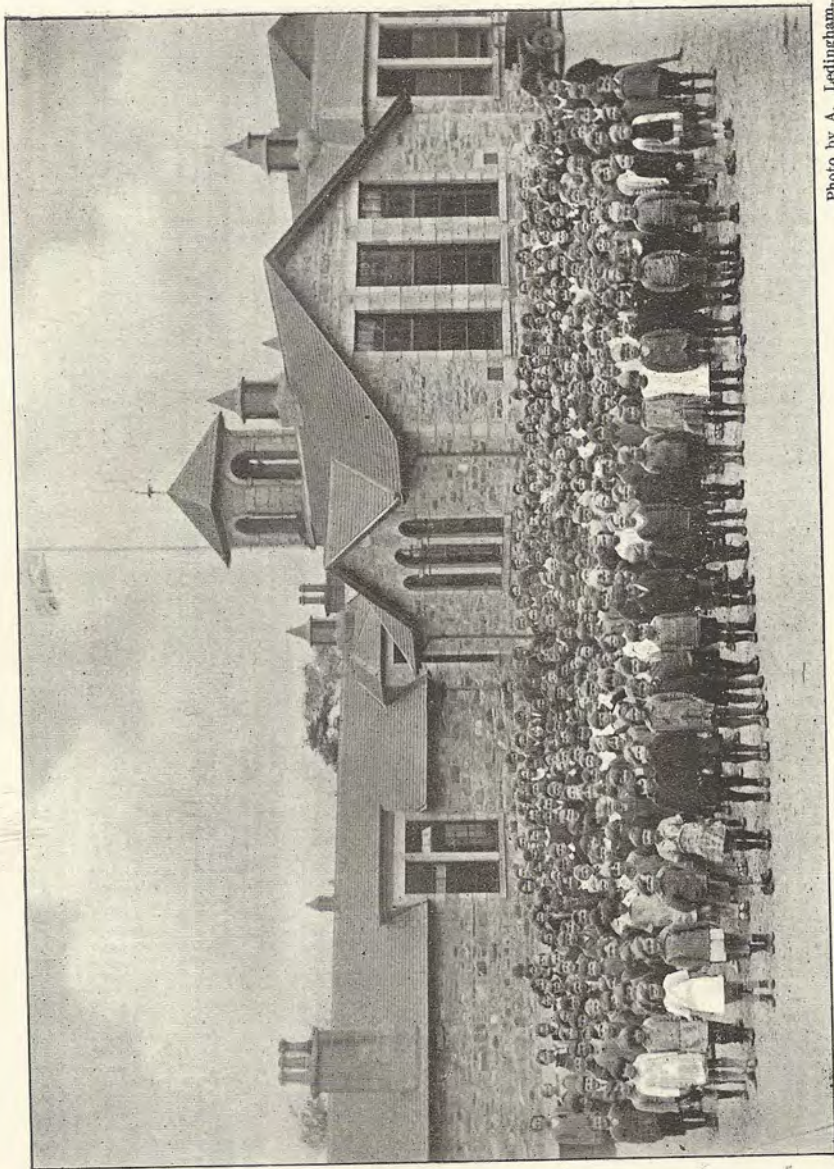


Photo by A. Ledingham.

EMPIRE DAY, 1929.

MEMORIES OF STRATHSPEY.

At home the hills with snow-capped peaks,
Are towering in the sky,
While down their steep and rocky sides
The little streams rush by.

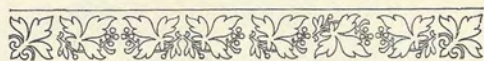
The streamlets winding in and out,
'Mid birches, firs, and willows,
Are carried by the rushing Spey
To join the foaming billows.

I ventured here with anxious heart,
And found it to my mind,
But oh! I cannot quite forget
The hills I left behind.

To foreign lands I'll bid adieu
And homeward wend my way
To the dear glens and rugged bens
That circle round Strathspey.

MARY STEELE.

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STORES - SAVOURIES - VEGETABLES - FLOWERS

EDITORIAL.

WE would, at the outset, tender an apology for the manifold shortcomings of this issue. It is our first attempt at producing a magazine, and consequently we trust that the reader will not criticise it too severely, for, we fear, it is wholly unable to withstand such treatment. Yet, while we do not deny that it has many deficiencies from a literary point of view, we publish it in the hope that it will not be received more coldly than it deserves, and that the public will give it a trial. The first instalment is bound to suffer from the want of experience, by which we are handicapped, and we are hopeful that future editions will show a decided improvement on this.

It was felt that the pupils would welcome the publication of a magazine in which they would have an opportunity of expressing any opinions which they might entertain on any subject and of bringing to light verse or other composition which might prove either amusing or instructive. The preparation of contributions was also calculated to improve their English and to provide a bright side to what might otherwise be an uninteresting subject. The contributions, coming as they do from so many different sources, ought to prove of interest because of their variety and this may in some way compensate for their literary failings. At this stage in their careers the pupils cannot be expected to produce classical compositions, but owing to the exuberant spirits and the enthusiasm which are generally found to prevail in those who have attained their early 'teens, the predominating trait in their contributions ought to be humorous; and in this, we hope, we do not fail.

School children's humour may differ considerably from that of adults, but for that very reason it ought to appeal the more to their elders. Moreover what man or woman does not look longingly back on childhood's days, and where are their memories more readily awakened than among the writings of the younger generation? We are confident then that a book-loving public will not disappoint us by abstaining from purchasing our first maga-

zine. If a ready sale be effected for this edition, we shall be prompted to issue another, and a more attractive one next year, for this, as we have already noted, is only an experiment. We shall not be disappointed, however, if it provides any entertainment or amusement to its buyers, for it will have accomplished its purpose.

We are fortunate in being able to subjoin a contribution in his happiest vein from Dr Grant, Achnacaille, who has always taken a great interest in the literary side of the school's activities:—

POOR PUSSY-CAT.

(A LITTLE POEM FOR LITTLE FOLK).

Ah pussy-cat thy big sad eyes to-day
Reveal the crushing sorrow of thy heart;
Alas how great thy grief; we know so well
What all true lovers feel when they must part!
How often little Shag and thou have romped,
And played at ball together on the green;
Now thou has lost a faithful loving friend—
For little Shag will never more be seen!
The bonnie heather on the hills may bloom;
The meadow flowers again may grow as sweet,
And happy birds may warble in the woods
But thou and little Shag no more shall meet.
Dumb animals, they say, can ne'er proclaim
Their hearts' deep woes—they cannot speak: ah well;
'Tis true that with their tongues they cannot speak—
But they have hearts that feel, and eyes that tell!

ALEXANDER GRANT.

Achnacaille,
Grantown-on-Spey.

"I THINK we should tak' a walk doon the toon an' see the shops, wumman," said an Aberdonian to his wife.

"But they're a' shut," she replied.

"D'ye think I didna ken that? I'm no' daft a'thegither," he replied.

SCHOOL NOTES.

As these notes must be completed at least five weeks before the end of the session, it is impossible to include a complete summary of outstanding events during the year. The senior pupils still await the results of the Leaving and Day School Certificate Examinations, while the pupils who sat the Qualifying Examination are in the same interesting position.

* * * * *

Two staff changes during the year are to be reported. At the beginning of the session Mr Robertson took over the duties of Principal English Master. Mr Jack, who had filled this post for seven years and who was held in high esteem by all, passed away after an illness last summer. Miss MacRae, who had taught the Qualifying Class with much acceptance for over ten years, left in November to be married. She was made the recipient of a wedding gift from staff and pupils. Miss Lawson took over Miss MacRae's duties, and Miss Cameron was appointed teacher of Class Junior I.

* * * * *

The School Hall has been transformed by its new coat of paint. It is hoped that the general appearance of the Hall will soon be further improved by the erection of a dux board. The sum required to erect a suitable one is £50, and £27 have already been collected. In December last the staff and pupils organised a Cake and Candy Sale, with the result that £20 became available for the dux board fund. Up to date, the following have very generously augmented this sum:—Bailie Campbell, to the extent of two guineas; Dr M'Intosh, one guinea; Miss Gillies, one pound; Miss Campbell, ten shillings; Mr Fraser, Monduie, five shillings; Miss Bessie Grant, two guineas. As over twenty pounds must still be realised, the School intend to have another sale towards the end of June. It is hoped that the total sum will then be sufficient for the erection of a dux board worthy of the School.

Since Easter a welcome innovation in the arrangement for Morning Prayers has been noted. The local ministers, Rev. Messrs Gillan, Cochrane and Roberts, have very kindly lent their services, and each Tuesday morning one of the three comes along to give us a five minutes' address. Their subjects prove both instructive and interesting.

* * * * *

Armistice Day this session fell on a Sunday. The staff and pupils met in the Hall, and a wreath was placed on the School War Memorial. They proceeded thereafter to the Inverallan Parish Church where the Silence was observed and a Memorial Service held. A wreath from the School was afterwards placed on the public War Memorial.

* * * * *

An epidemic of influenza swept the district in January. Few pupils escaped and the attendance suffered accordingly.

* * * * *

The responsibility of maintaining order and good manners outwith class-rooms has been undertaken by the pupils themselves. Prefects have been appointed for both girls' and boys' sides of the School, and the system gives promise of being a success.

* * * * *

The division of the senior pupils into the three Houses, Roy, Revoan, and Revack, has caught the imagination, and it is already evident that keen and healthy rivalry will add zest to school life generally and to the sports section in particular. The colours adopted to distinguish the Houses are:—Roy, red; Revoan, white; Revack, blue. The respective House captains are Jas. G. Bruce, Frank Roberts, and Kenneth McCabe.

* * * * *

Dr Grant of Achnacaille, one of the School's veteran former pupils, has very generously come forward again with prizes for elocution. The competition for these takes place about the beginning of June

when we hope for a keen and interesting contest. Dr Grant has even exceeded his former generosity by offering an additional prize for the best original composition, either in verse or in prose.

* * * * *

Under the will of the late Mr G. Harvey, who was one of the Grammar School's most notable benefactors, an endowment of six pounds' annual value has been left for the provision of a dux medal. The full benefit of the endowment will not be realised till next year, from which time onward a gold medal will be awarded to the dux pupil.

* * * * *

At the Musical Festival in Elgin several individual pupils competed this year, some with marked success. Miss Younger entered a group of senior girls for Scottish Country dancing and they made a very satisfactory appearance, gaining a first-class certificate. The School Choir, however, did not go forward this time, and the Challenge Banner which they won last year now adorns the wall of an Elgin school. It is hoped that enthusiastic efforts will be made in the future to regain this coveted trophy.

THE LATE MR A. JACK, M.A.

THE death of Mr Jack, although he had been separated from us for almost a year, could not but cast a dark shadow over the school. A familiar figure for so many years in Grantown and the school, to the interests of which he dedicated himself with unfaltering and devoted industry, he was compelled, in November, 1927, to return to his home in Avoch, for health reasons. Some of his pupils received letters from him right up to the week of his decease, full of the same exuberant spirit that was so characteristic of his nature, and of an intimate friendliness towards themselves. The climate and conditions of his home village seemed to improve his health, and he looked forward eagerly to many more years of useful work. In July, 1928, it was evident that the disease, against which he

had fought so long, had gained the upper hand, and in spite of the best medical assistance, he never rallied.

At Avoch Grammar School, where he was educated, he was dux in his final year. Graduating with Honours in English at Aberdeen University, after teaching in Macduff and Aberlour he was appointed English master in the Grantown Grammar School, where he worked so faithfully for 8 years—in later days often under many physical difficulties—and where he impressed us all by his cheerful presence and his strong personality. Always genial and inspiring, he won the confidence of many a backward pupil.

He will be remembered with affection by many old pupils—the pupils whose characters he helped to form, while those who were privileged to know him more intimately will never cease to mourn the loss of a dear and kind friend.

B. M.

MY SUBMARINE.

When I get into bed at night,
I make believe that I
Am captain of a Submarine,
Ready to fight or die.

Right underneath the clothes I creep,
How dark it seems to me!
I feel as if I really were
At the bottom of the sea.

Of course, sometimes I come right up
To get a little air,
Then down again to try and give
The enemy a scare.

When mother comes to say "Good-night,"
She says, "Where can he be?"
And when I say where I have been
She only smiles at me.

JOHN R. SURTEES, FORM I.

DUTHIL.

It has been said that in studying history we should begin with our own house, connecting it with past events, and thence travel down the street from door to door. Though this method would not exactly correspond to that of the average history teacher, yet too much stress can hardly be laid on the importance of connecting our district with past history. In a similar way, if we know something of the history of a building in our district, that place invariably takes on a new interest for us. Such has been my experience of Duthil Parish Church.

The churchyard at Duthil has been used as a burying ground since the end of the seventeenth century. Many of the old flat, table stones were made of slate and still remain to-day, though many of them are overgrown with turf. One feature of these old stones is the carving and inscriptions, of fine workmanship, which has stood the test of many years. The churchyard, too, holds more of the name of Grant than any other in Strathspey.

The present church is a plain, white, and comparatively new building with leaded windows, and near it are the two mausoleums, one of which has been the burying place of the Seafield family since the end of the seventeenth century.

But Duthil Church was not always as it is now. Sixty years ago it was a long low thatched building, perhaps a little larger than the present church. Inside, the floor was of huge slabs of stone, and underneath, dead bodies were often buried. The pulpit was in the centre of the church, and the seats rose in steps parallel to three of the sides. On the fourth side was the door, with the gallery above it. The minister when preaching faced the doorway. Outside the present church is a stone hollowed out in the centre, now almost overgrown with grass. This stone was inside the old kirk, and was used as a christening font. An old story says, that a certain man of the parish had gone mad, and when he was mad expressed his determination to drown

himself in the river. His friends for safety's sake put him in the church for a night. However, in the morning they found him dead, having drowned himself in the water in the font.

The old Scotch Sabbath was very strictly observed. Only "the works of necessity and mercy," or illness, kept the Highland folk from attending church. If the minister missed one of his congregation on Sunday, he would have paid the missing member a visit before that week had been half spent.

It must be remembered that church in those days was the meeting-place of relatives and friends. For the people lived apart, and newspapers and letters were rare things. Thus the congregation assembled before the service, and sat about on the gravestones talking. It was in this way that gossip and news of the parish circulated.

The service began about eleven or eleven-thirty. Before it began, however, the beadle stood up and "gave the cry." This was an interesting custom. The beadle went up before the pulpit, and read out any intimations. It was he, and not the minister, who read the proclamations of marriage. If there was to be a sale, he intimated the day fixed and the goods to be sold. He also advertised stray beasts, and gave the owner the chance of reclaiming his lost property. Clan summonses, too, were sent round in this way. For instance, when the Grants raided Elgin in 1821, because Lady Jane Grant had been insulted there, word was sent round all the churches in the estate, and the news was given in the beadle's cry. This means of proclamation was so successful that the first question that was asked at home was—"What was the cry in the kirk the day?"

The service proper followed. First came the English service. The praise of the congregation consisted mostly of psalms, unaccompanied. Then the minister delivered a sermon which lasted till nearly one o'clock.

Next came the Gaelic service for those who "had" no English. This was even longer than the English service, and might last till after three o'clock. It was customary for those who knew both English and Gaelic to remain for both services. Church in those days was indeed a lengthy affair.

However, the tediousness of the sermon—and it could not but be tedious for young people at any rate—was relieved by watching the wood pigeons that nested in the thatch, and flew in and out of the broken windows, greatly annoying the preacher by attracting the attention of his hearers.

Nevertheless we may certainly say that Sunday was the most eventful day of the week for the hard working Highlander, and, church over, he returned home contemplating another week's work and looking forward to another Sunday.

M. N. G. PATERSON.

WHY HAILSTONES FORM.

If it were not for the countless hosts of dust particles that float, separately invisible, in the atmosphere, there could be no raindrops, snow crystals, or hailstones. From a perfectly dustless atmosphere the moisture would descend in ceaseless rain without drops. The dust particles serve as nuclei about which the vapour gathers. The snow crystal is the most beautiful creation of the aerial moisture, and the hailstone is the most extraordinary. The heart of every hailstone is a tiny atom of dust. Such an atom, with a little moisture condensed about it is the germ from which may grow a hailstone capable of felling a man or smashing a window. But first it must be caught up by a current of air and carried to the level of the lofty cirrus clouds, five or six, or even ten miles high. Then, continually growing by fresh accessions of moisture, it begins its long plunge to the earth, spinning through the clouds and flashing in the sun like a diamond bolt shot from a rainbow.

ROMANCE.

The moon had risen o'er the hills of sand,
And bathed the city in silvery light.
It gleamed on the houses on every hand
And the minarets rising into the night
On the sultan's palace the moonbeams
shone,
And flooded the garden with pure white
light.
And deep were the shadows across the lawn,
And the fountains and pools were sparkling bright.

On the moonlit balcony stood a maid,
And the cold light gleamed on her
coppery hair;
It lit up the jewels which graced her head
And kissed her face which was glad and
fair.

But why did she stand in the moonlight cold
On the balcony gazing over the plain?
She was waiting her own young Mussul-
man bold

Whom she longed so much to see again.
A year ago he had ridden away
Over the desert to fight the foe,
And now was returning, the victor, nay,
The hero of all both high and low.

The princess waited his coming with joy,
For now her father had given consent
To marry his daughter to one, a boy
Who had been his herald before he went.
At midnight he came o'er the desert sand
And the moonlight glanced on his flash-
ing steel,

His snowy plume, and helmet grand,
And the maiden wept such joy to feel.
He did not care for the pomp and might
That greeted him at the city gate
But sought out his bride in her balcony
white

Where the scent of roses hung heavy and
sweet.
And the nightingales chanted with joy till
dawn

The fountains merrily tinkled and sang
The trees bent whispering over the lawn
For the Hero and Lily their praises rang.
C. M. SMITH.

TOM'S AEROPLANE.

I.

"I say Jack," Tom Jacobs asked his young brother as they walked home from school one Friday evening, "did you hear about the flight to India?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Jack casually. "There was something about it in the papers a day or two ago, wasn't there? Why? What about it?"

"Well, I was just wondering——"

"Wondering what?"

"I was just wondering——here, do you think it would be difficult to make an aeroplane?"

"What? Yes! Do you mean——"

"I only meant that perhaps you and I——"

"But it would never fly would it?"

"Oh, I think it would. You see, I've been thinking about it all week nearly."

"Well it *might*, you know."

"It really *ought* to fly. I've got it all planned out an' everything. Of course it'll fly!"

"An' where will we go to when it's made? India?"

"Oh, we'll see," said Tom, walking in at the gate of Ivy Cottage, "and remember," he whispered as they entered the open door, "you won't tell anyone, will you?"

"No! Of course not!" replied his brother.

II.

That evening Tom and Jack hastily rose from the tea-table without even excusing themselves, and rushed out to the back yard. Here, in front of the garage where Mr Jacobs kept his motor car, lay a pile of things, evidently the material from which the aeroplane was to be constructed.

"Have we got everything then?" asked Tom.

"I don't know. Show me your list," replied Jack.

Tom drew out of his pocket a huge sheet of foolscap, rolled it out, and in a quick business-like manner, began to read:—

Sledge, fly wheel (in garage), wire,

soap-box, oblong toffee tin, piece of flint, empty match box, petrol tin, old umbrella, fuel, etc., etc.

"All there?" he asked.

"Yes, all except the fuel."

"Never mind it. It's in the hen-house. We'll get it when we are ready to fly the machine."

"Oh, I see. We'll start then."

III.

Later in the evening the machine was completed. Mrs Jacobs came out to call the boys in for their usual cup of tea before bed-time.

"Tom!" she shouted, "Where are you?"

"Here, mother," came the reply.

Mrs Jacobs glanced at the roof of the hen-house, and there spied her two sons, viewing with satisfaction the result of their labours.

"Good gracious, what in the world are you doing?" she asked. Come down at once. What in all the world of creation is that heap of scrap iron doing up there?"

"We've been building something mother," said Jack rather timidly, as he and his brother scrambled down from the roof.

"Building something!" gasped Mrs Jacobs. She looked again. There, was an old sledge, with a toffee tin nailed on at the front, and a petrol tin at the back. Two bicycle wheels were fixed on at the sides, while an old umbrella towered over all. From the toffee tin, a network of wires radiated in all directions: some went underneath the sledge, through holes in the sides; one dipped into the petrol tin and another was fixed to one of the wheels.

"My word, if father sees that!" Mrs Jacobs roared. "You'd better have it down before he comes home from Edinburgh tomorrow."

With that, she went into the house, followed by Tom, while Jack waited to shut the garage door. Just as he was on his way in, who should appear but Frank, the little boy who lived next door.



HOCKEY FIRST XI.



FOOTBALL FIRST XI.

Photos by A. Leding

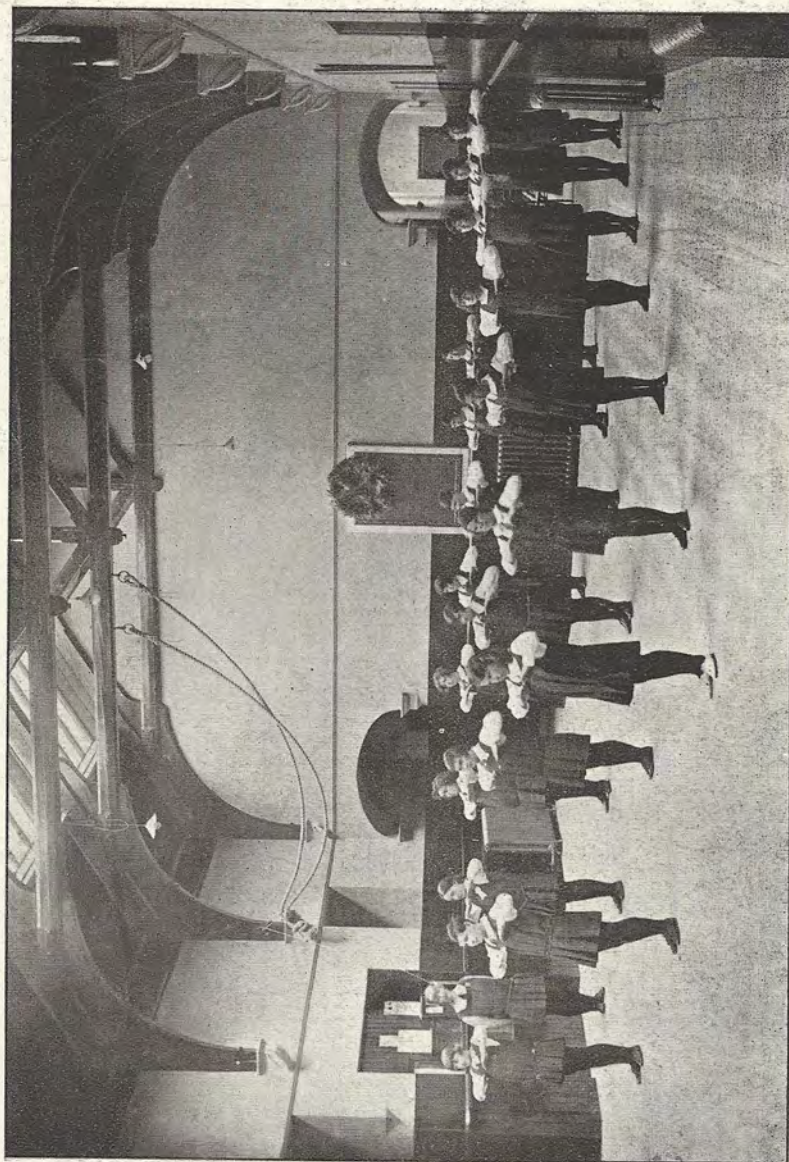


Photo by A. Ledingham.

THE SCHOOL HALL.

"Oh, Frank, do you know this?" cried Jack, forgetting what his brother had told him earlier in the day.

"What?" came the quick reply.

"Tom and I have made an aeroplane."

"What? An aeroplane?"

"Yes."

"And will it go?"

"Of course it will. Come and I'll let you see it." Soon Jack was on the roof of the hen-house again with Frank scrambling up after him.

"This is it, Frank," said Tom. "I'll show you how it works."

He pointed to the toffee tin.

"That's the engine. Look!"

"Oh yes."

"It's just a toffee tin with a bit flint and an empty match box in it. Well, you put some petrol in the tank at the back there, and just a little gunpowder in the match box."

"What?"

"Then you put the propeller going with this stick. The propeller will strike the flint and a few sparks will land on the gunpowder. Then——"

"Eh?"

"Then you're off, you see. It's *easy* once you get off."

"Gosh, I don't know if it would be very safe though."

"Oh, it's quite safe."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, of *course*."

"Well, I must have a 'shot' on it sometime. But you've no petrol or gunpowder, have you?"

"Yes, Tom got them. They're in the hen-house, at the back of the door. I must go for my tea though. I'll see you tomorrow."

IV.

Tom and Jack were far too excited to sleep after going to bed: they were talking of aeroplane flights. Indeed, after some time, Jack ventured to ask his brother to fly the Atlantic and so win world-wide fame for themselves. Tom was just wondering if it would be wise to set out on

such a journey when Mrs Jacobs retired to her room and the conversation was stopped. No sooner had she entered her bedroom than she was startled by a noise in the hen-house. She opened the door and called through to the boys' room.

"Tom, do you think there could be a fox about?" she asked.

"No, mother, don't be silly," replied Tom, jumping out of bed and running to the window.

He looked out. It was not yet dark. He could hear the hens cackling quite distinctly, so he hastily threw on his clothes and rushed out with Mrs Jacobs. As they reached the back yard an excited hen flew out of the hen-house door. Something moved on the roof.

"Mother, what's that on the——"

Tom had not time to finish. There was a terrific roar which shook the whole hen-house, while an old sledge and other things came flying through the air and landed not far from the hen-house door, and only a few feet from Mrs Jacobs. They hit the ground with a crash and immediately burst into a sheet of flame. At the same time there was a noise of breaking glass and something heavy fell amongst the hens in the hen-house. Another hen flew out at the door, but unfortunately landed in the midst of the heap of burning rubbish and was quickly killed and roasted. The others made their way out at the little hole at the back, led by the cock, cackling, wild, almost ferocious.

All this time Tom and Mrs Jacobs could only stare open-mouthed in amazement. When at last, Tom tried to stammer a few words, his voice was drowned by the noise and clamour around. Neighbours flocked round from all directions, shouting and yelling, while some men who had hurried from the village with a hose, set about putting out the fire.

Jack then darted out. "What is it?" he yelled.

"The aeroplane, the aeroplane!" cried Tom, crawling in at the hole at the back.

Just as he entered the shed, someone darted out at the door. Who could it be? Tom rushed out again, and there lying in the midst of a pool of water (evidently discharged from the hose) was the figure of a little boy. He quickly picked himself up, however, and Tom had only one glimpse of him as he disappeared among the crowd of people.

Yes, but one glimpse was enough. It was Frank. Wending his way among the people, that dripping-wet young rascal soon found Jack.

"Yes, why did *you* say that thing o' yours was safe?"

"It is safe!" was the angry reply, "and besides *you* had no right to spend the gun-powder and all that!"

"It's *not* safe. Just *you*—An' I fell through the window in the roof an' every-thing. Just—"

"Shut up, you big ass!" was the pertinent retort, "you have to get into the thing—you've got to sit on the scap-box before you start it, and then keep the propeller going with the stick when you're up, you fool!"

BERTIE MACKINTOSH, Class IIIA.

DREAMING.

THE fairy queen is passing by;
I see her golden coach.
The bright flags in the breezes fly;
The bugle men approach.

I hear the music shrill and keen,
I hear the fairies shout,
So glad to see their smiling queen
On pleasure driving out.

But now she fades from sight, alas!
And in her place, I view
The waving plumes of quaker grass,
And drops of sunny dew.

M. CRUICKSHANK.

OUR TEACHERS.

A worthy mannē is our dominiē,
That from the tymē that he came herē
Full streytē is he in his gouvernaunce
That now in school there is no daliaunce.
For sothe he is a worthy man withalle
And Mr Hunter do him folkēs calle.

A man there is, a fair for the maistriē
That lovēs comic plays and tragediē
With lōkkēs crulle as they were leyd in
pressē,
Of thirty (?) yeer of age he is I gessē.
And he is cleped J. K. Robertson
To lyven in delitē is his wone.

A teacher is of Aberdeen also
That unto Latin haddē longe ygo
And for his learning and his greetē sport,
And cricket, golf, and tennis he doth
court.
Sowning in greet rebukēs is his speech
And sometimes does he play and some-
times teach.

A wyf is there of Nethybridge also
And Frensh of Paris is to her well knowe
And it she spakes full faire and fetisly
Entunēd is hir nose ful semely
And if to hir you mightē say "Bonjour."
Full of delyte would she be I'm sure.

With us there is a teacher of Physic
In all this world ne is there noon hir lyk
Of everich action does she know the cause
The why and wherefore, reason and
because

And hardily she is nat overgroe
And Mariel Grantē is hir name I troue.

There is also a teacher of Grantown
And her yclepēd isē Connie Brownē
Of English, French and Latin she knows
muchē

And all of them she right well dothē
teachē;

For us is levere have hir at the piano play
And in much hastē doth she walk alway

M. PATERSON and D. MACPHERSON.
(with apologies to Chaucer).

THE IDEAL SCHOOL.

THIS school has, first of all, an ideal position. It is situated on the slope of a hill, commanding a view of all the surrounding district. The building itself is magnificent, consisting of forty rooms, twenty-five class-rooms and fifteen other rooms. It has a kitchen, where splendid dinners are provided for those who cannot go home, and, opening off from the kitchen, is their dining-room. For the teachers who have any periods off duty, there are two sitting-rooms, one for the ladies and the other for the gentlemen. These are the only two rooms, with the exception of the kitchen and the headmaster's private study, which contain fires. All the rest are heated by pipes and radiators.

The pupils are, however, also very lucky as regards comfort. There are nine common-rooms. One for the girls and boys of the infant department; one for the girls from class one to class five; one also for the girls of one, two and three Higher Grade; and a special one for the senior pupils. The same is provided for the boys, although they are all smaller, as their numbers are less than those of the girls. Two reading-rooms are also provided for Forms four to six, in which lessons can be looked over, or where free periods can be spent. But the most magnificent of all the rooms, if it might be called a room, is the central hall. The whole school assembles every morning in this hall for prayers, and to sing a verse of a psalm or hymn.

One would almost begin to wonder if any work is done in such a beautiful "mansion," or if the pupils go there to pass a pleasant day. Everyone, however, works very hard, but with no sullen hatred of the teacher who imposes the task. Teacher and scholar are regarded, not as oppressor and oppressed, but as friends working together. But best and kindest of all is the headmaster. Every one loves him. No one keeps stronger discipline in the school, and yet no one does it in a kinder way. It is indeed a sorrow if any teacher or scholar has to part, but this very seldom occurs

as everyone seems so contented in our "Ideal School"—wherever it may be.

D. MACPHERSON.

INSPECTORS.

I did want to write something original, something that no one else would think of. But, as I have been searching for it for some weeks past and have not found it, I have come to the conclusion that with so many clever people in the world, subjects have all been exhausted.

Inspectors' visits are quite a common occurrence. I wonder if anyone thought them important enough to write about before. Perhaps the very idea of them would put a writer in panic. Let me try. The gentlemen in question might be offended if they were ignored.

They are really quite ordinary men, except for their extraordinary smartness. I wonder what they think when they get us at their mercy. We are all willing enough to show our cleverness, of course; but I am sure our knowledge must seem very small to their large minds. Still we are not always mice caught in traps. You must remember that they are never quite unexpected guests. And we are often clever enough, with the help of our teachers, to anticipate their extraordinary wishes.

We too have our little joke. When they are gone they leave us quite excited. Everyone likes excitement, and the inspectors, it may be, do not get any out of us.

Another thing I must not forget to mention is their manner of arrival. They do not come like mighty princes amidst the cheering of their people, nor do they come like conquering heroes at the head of a noble army. They arrive like ordinary mortals, even subject to the same inconveniences of delayed transport.

But nothing stays them. Announced or unannounced they came—flying, riding, gliding or striding. I care not. They came; they saw; they conquered—or was it we who conquered? We do not know, but at any rate we are now free.

A.G. (Class VI.).

THE MEASUREMENT OF TIME.

CLOCKS, watches, and chronometers are the instruments chiefly used in the measurement of time, while hour-glasses and dials are occasionally to be met with, but more in the character of curiosities than of time-keepers. The clepsydra was another—a very simple means, by which the ancients reckoned the passing of time. Originally they estimated the hours by the sinking of the surface of water in a vessel, as it escaped through an orifice, but later on the water surface was connected by means of weights and floats with a dial plate and hand. In Shakespeare's tragedy "Julius Caesar," reference is made to the striking of a clock, but the Romans had no such conveniences, only dials, waterclocks, and similar devices. We hear of several attempts at clock construction in the early half of our era, but the striking clock, propelled by wheels and weights, seems to have been a production of the twelfth century monastery. They first appeared on steeples in the fourteenth century, while in the same century Richard, Abbot of St. Albans, invented one which, besides indicating the course of the sun and moon, showed the ebb and flow of the tide. In 1379 a clock, constructed by a German called Henry de Vick, was set up in Paris for Charles V., and seems to have been a model for the next three hundred years. Then came the practical application of the pendulum to clock-work by Huyghens about 1657. The laws governing the vibration of the pendulum had been discovered by Galileo in 1583 while he was still a youth of nineteen, by seeing a lamp swinging from the roof of the cathedral in Pisa.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the length of the sermon in churches was commonly regulated by the hour-glass, an instrument which is still used for certain purposes at the present day. It generally consists of two bulbs one placed above the other and connected by a narrow blue tube. The upper bulb is filled with dry sand, water, or mercury, so

as to occupy an hour in descending into the lower bulb.

The dial is an instrument of great antiquity, for it was known to the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Greeks, and after the first Punic War to the Romans. It may be horizontal, inclined, or upright, but in every case the principle is to show the sun's distance from the meridian by means of the shadow cast by a stile or gnomon on a graduated surface. The time registered by a dial, except on four days of the year, is slightly different from that of a well-regulated clock, but nowadays it is seldom consulted, perhaps because it is so difficult to find King Sol in the garden. The dial has found much favour, however, as an ornament in the garden, for if situated amid pleasant surroundings and artistically set off it imparts a charm to the vicinity which the garden-lover may readily appreciate.

The chronometer is chiefly of value to the sailor, and is easily portable, being little bigger, and very similar to a watch. It differs from the watch in that the escapement is so constructed that the balance may not come in contact with the wheels during the greater part of its vibration. Marine chronometers usually beat every half-second, and are hung in gimbals in boxes six or eight inches square.

At sea the day is divided into seven watches, beginning at twelve noon and each lasting four hours except the two dog watches between four p.m. and eight p.m., which were introduced to obviate the necessity of the men being on watch during the same hours every day. This system ensures that those who have four hours rest one night will have eight the next. Time is kept by means of bells. One bell is struck at 12.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30 p.m., 12.30, 4.30 and 8.30 a.m., and the clapper sounds once more than previously every half-hour until at noon, at 4 p.m., midnight, 4 a.m., and 8 a.m., it strikes eight times. This arrangement sometimes proves confusing to land-dwellers on their first venture over the domains of Neptune. An

old lady was once undertaking a sea-voyage for the first time, and had opened conversation with a sailor during a quiet moment on deck. Suddenly eight bells struck and the sailor commented, "That's my watch below," as he turned away. The old lady gazed incredulously after him, and you may be sure she spread the news about the sailor who possessed the wonderful watch, for it was the talk of several tables and the cause of not a little bewilderment in the saloon that night.

The watch was first invented at Nurnberg, at the end of the fifteenth century. It is now one of the commonest articles carried on the person, and its great advantage lies in the ease with which it may be carried about, for the clock is necessarily a stationary machine. The principal difference between the watch and the clock is that the wheels of the watch are urged on by the force of a spiral spring of very slender dimensions, while those of the clock are set in motion by the vibration of a pendulum. Keyless watches continue to gain popularity and are manufactured in ever-increasing numbers. Large quantities of cheap watches are now turned out by machinery in Switzerland, France, Germany, England, and the United States, usually on the interchangeable system so that any damaged or worn part may be replaced, without trouble, by an exact duplicate.

The chronograph is largely used in racing, and is operated by the pulling of a string whereupon one of the hands makes a black mark on the dial. Schultze applied electricity to the chronograph with the result that it can now register time to the five-hundred-thousandth part of a second. Another very useful instrument also used in races is the stop-watch which can be stopped at any moment but can only register once at a time.

One important invention which ensures greater accuracy is the addition of a compensation adjustment by which two metals, having unequal rates of expansion and contraction in different temperatures, are

combined in the balance-wheel or pendulum. The one metal counteracts the other, and the vibrations are consequently the same in any temperature. This arrangement is especially useful in the chronometer and was perfected in 1726 by Harrison.

The clock of the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, was first set in motion in 1860 and cost £22,000. The dials are each 22½ feet in diameter, and the hour figures are 2 feet long, while the pendulum measures 13 feet and weighs nearly 700 lbs. The hour bell weighs 13 tons and the quarter bells collectively 8.

In 1340 a monk named Peter Lightfoot made a clock for Glastonbury Abbey with an escapement and balance. The hour numerals are in two series of twelve each and a portion of the dial, in the centre, which rotates every lunar month shows the phases of the moon through a circular aperture, while its age is also indicated by an index mark. Horsemen originally revolved in opposite directions above the clock when the hour struck.

In 1541 a clock, which showed the phases of the moon, rising and setting of the sun, and the motions of some of the planets, was set up in one of the towers of Hampton Court Palace, but at the present day the dial alone remains. In Venice there is a clock which has a blue and gold dial above which bronze figures strike the hours on a bell. On Ascension Day, and daily for the ensuing fortnight, Magi come forth from an aperture between the dial and bronze figures and salute the Virgin and Child.

A peculiar clock dating from 1527 exists at Berne. A cock crows three minutes before, immediately before, and immediately after the hour, while between the first two cries a procession of bears walks round a bearded man. When the hour is struck by a fool with a hammer, the man raises a sceptre, opens his mouth, and turns an hour-glass, at every stroke on the bell, while a bear instantaneously inclines its head.

Of three successive clocks set up in Strasburg Cathedral, the earliest was con-

structed about 1352, the second in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and the third, after four years' work on the part of Charles Schwilgue, was completed in 1842. The last-mentioned, besides showing ordinary time, shows phases of the moon, the passage of the nearest stars over the meridian of the town, the month, and the day of the month. A procession, representing the days of the week passes in order below the dial, and above, four movable figures representing the different ages of man, strike on a bell the second stroke of every quarter. The first stroke of the quarter is struck by a figure with a sceptre, while a similar image turns an hour-glass at each hour. The hour is struck with a bone by Death, and overhead at noon the twelve apostles pass before the Redeemer, who acknowledges their courtesies by making the sign of the Cross. While the apostles are passing beneath, a cock, perched on a turret, flaps its wings and crows three times.

J. M. LAING.

CLASS VI.

We in six are a grand old crowd,
We're always bright and cheery,
Our teachers say we make them proud;
Of work we're never weary.

Exams. for none of us hold dread,
We never dream of failing,
We're never longing for our bed,
Or on to dreamland sailing.

But at our lessons hard we swot,
And never feel the strain;
But this is dreadful Tommy-rot,
For none of us has brain.

A DUNCE.

ENGLISH INSPECTOR—"Sandy, could you give me an example of 'exaggeration'?"

SANDY—"Please sir, when an elephant is hanging over a cliff with his tail tied to a daisy."

G. J. B.

PLUMBERS BOTH.

WHEN the Summer weather comes,
And the Winter frosts are gone,
Then the plumber's mate is happy,
When he thinks of work that's done;
Hardly any more to do,
And regular pay per week,
While the master plumber searches
Almost vainly for a leak.

All the worry of the work,
It settles on his head;
He bears responsibility,
His mate just bears the lead;
So, if you're to be a plumber
Take my advice and wait,
Consider who is better off,
The master or the mate.

FLUX.

THE PIRATE STRONGHOLD.

THE little gunboat, "Daring," came steaming up the river. It was noon, the hottest part of the day. The "Daring's" duty was to patrol the river and see that no piracy was carried on. Suddenly, as it turned a bend, Captain Henderson, the commander of the gunboat, was just in time to see a junk disappearing into a small creek. "That junk looks very suspicious," he said to the sailor at the helm.

He immediately ordered full speed ahead, and entered the creek just as the junk disappeared into a dark tunnel at the other end. The "Daring" followed it, and soon overhauled it. Then a stern battle began. Captain Henderson took charge of the guns. One of the "Daring's" heavy cannons sank the junk. Afterwards a patrol of police searched the creek and found it to be a crafty pirate's lair. There were a few other pirate junks in the creek, but they did not put up a fight. At a celebration aboard the "Daring" that evening, Captain Henderson and all the crew were the heroes of the hour.

A JUNIOR, Class Sen. II.

AN ADVENTURE IN MOROCCO.

We left the Canary Islands about midnight, and at sunset of the following day we came within sight of the coast of Morocco. My chum Betty and I were members of the yachting party, which had left the cold shores of Britain for the sunny South, to escape the January frost and snow.

When the coast was sighted we decided to cast anchor in some sheltered inlet and to remain there for the night. The more adventurous spirits on board were not in favour of this scheme, and wanted to camp on shore, so that when the "grown-ups" were well away in Dreamland some fifteen young people (Betty and myself included, of course!) stole from their cabins and tiptoed across the deck to where the yacht's motor boat swung on its davits.

After much studious care it was launched, and we were heaving in a long swell. We had not dreamed of encountering the heavy ground swell of the shore, and before we knew what was happening the boat capsized, and we were thrown into the cold blue water. Betty and I had been sitting side by side at the oars (for we dared not use the motor), and we managed to keep together, but lost sight of the others entirely.

When we came to ourselves we were lying on a sandy beach, under the dark star-spangled vault and the silver moonlight flooding the earth. Then the sound of an approaching horseman startled us into the full realisation of our circumstances. We were alone in a strange land among wild desert tribes.

Suddenly the rider, a Moor, swung into sight and drawing rein before us exclaimed, "Crikey! What's the circus?" We almost collapsed on the sand again in our amazement, but before we had time to do so, our new acquaintance started, listened, and without another word swung us both to his saddle, sprang up behind, and we set off at a furious gallop. "Some Moorish devils after me!" he muttered through his teeth, "Hang on!"

The tribesmen were not far behind, and

had not the horse been of a very special breed we would never have escaped from our pursuers, some of whom were on camels. As we swung round a clump of palms we almost went headlong into something which was poised like a gigantic bird ready for flight, the moonlight gleaming on its silvery wings and huge propeller. Fortunately our gallant steed saved us a second time, and sat down on his hind legs at the sight, for being an Arab horse he was not familiar with aeroplanes. As we dismounted, there came a grunt from some remote corner of the 'plane and from another quarter an English voice was calling on his sainted aunt to come and witness the scene. But our friend was not going to wait the pleasure of anybody's sainted aunt, and dragging us after him, he set off at a run to the machine. By this time two sleepy aviators had appeared at the top of the ladder, and in a word or two our friend explained the situation, whereupon the engines were started, and we took off without any more ado, except that we looked back wistfully at the poor old horse who was left behind after saving us. We flew over the pursuing tribesmen, mounting rapidly to avoid their bullets and then keeping along the coast we soon observed the rest of our party of midnight adventurers, bedraggled but all safe, sound and bewildered at the sight of the 'plane. Explanations came later when we assembled in the lounge after a long sleep and were lectured, threatened, admonished and finally pardoned for our exploit. Our friend turned out to be a British explorer who, disguised as a Moor, had lived among the Moorish people till, having been put in prison for a paltry offence, he decided to "flit" and took with him as a keepsake the "Lamp of Peace" from the Mosque. His escape was discovered, he was pursued by numerous Arabs, and the rest is already told. The aviators happened to be tracing a lost 'plane in the locality, and had put up for the night in that most convenient spot.

This was our first and very striking adventure in Morocco.

C. M. SMITH.

BETSY SEES A FOOTBALL MATCH.

THE hands of the Orphanage clock indicated ten minutes past three as Sandy, the diminutive but dilatory farmhand—for he was still a halflin—and Betsy Ann, his buxom protege, took up their station in the queue which was impatiently waiting to pass through the turnstiles of the Black Park. Betsy, though a maid of twenty summers, felt anything but at home in her present circumstances, for only a few days previously, after a life-time spent in and around her native shieling had she been prevailed upon by her father to leave the still seclusion of the surrounding hills, on which he had for the last quarter of a century tended his flock in order to earn a mere competence. Ever since her mother's death, while she was still attending the little country school which nestled on the hillside some four or five miles from her home, she had ministered to the modest wants of her bereaved father. Consequently, when she was at length instigated by curiosity to see the outer world she felt so shy and awkward that diffidence overcame her lust for knowledge, and she remained at home.

Only prolonged entreaty, on the part of her father, finally induced her to undertake the journey to the humble cottage of Sandy's mother and there to remain two whole weeks for the express purpose of enjoying herself. It may be readily inferred that the idea of such a fortnight held no attractions for Betsy, but once the novelty of the occasion had died away she became more composed and soon began to assume an interest in her surroundings. She had, however, confined herself to the cottage, occasionally venturing into the garden without but never beyond the little green gate which gave access to the road. Then on Saturday Sandy invited her to accompany him to Grantown, doubtless thinking that she would refuse as she bore a natural prejudice against all thickly populated districts. To his surprise, however, she

accepted his invitation, and half-an-hour later followed him down the garden path and out on to the road which meandered through the gorse and heather to the little rustic station in the village. Now Sandy was a football enthusiast, and as Nethy-bridge were due to challenge Grantown in a League match that very afternoon, he repaired to the Black Park to witness what promised to be a thrilling contest. Where he went Betsy was also obliged to go (fortunately he was teetotal) and we may well imagine her uneasiness on finding herself in the midst of a football crowd. To her it was like coming out of the mill-pond into the sluice.

The match was scheduled to start at 3.15, and several players had already gathered on the field for a little preliminary practice when our worthy couple found themselves a vantage point on the terracing. Betsy viewed the proceedings in silence until the referee appeared and blew his whistle. She then inquired what was the matter and was promptly assured that all was well and that the match was about to begin. "What's that man flingin' in the air?" she queried. "A penny," came the ready response.

"Oh," said Betty, "an' has he naethin' better to dae wi' his money than to fling it about like that?" Sandy, ever willing to enlighten her, proceeded loosely to explain, "That's to see which way they'll kick the ba'."

The whistle again shrilled, and the ball immediately swung out to the Nethy right winger as his team had lost the toss. He ran up the touchline and crossed in front of goal, the home keeper was ready and intercepted the ensuing header which seemed a sure counter.

When the cheering had abated Betsy again appealed to her guide for an explanation. "Why," she said, "did that fellow no' fling a penny to see what way he'd kick the ba'?"

"Well, you see," said Sandy, "they only fling the penny up once. Then they kick

ane way for three quarters o' an hoor, and the ither way for the rest o' the time."

"An' where are they trying to kick to?" she continued in bewilderment.

"Oh, they're tryin' to kick the ba' in betwixt the twa posts at the end there, where the man in the green jersey is standin'," came the rejoinder.

A Nethy half-back had gathered the home custodian's clearance and had passed to his centre-forward. The latter eluded the Grantown pivot, but was frustrated by an opposing back who sent the ball once more upfield.

"They'd get on much better if they kept oot o' each ither's way," ventured Betsy. This actually brought a smile to the solemn features of Sandy, and necessitated his informing her that the men in the blue jerseys were kicking one way, and the men in green and white the other. A few minutes later some clever play by the Grantown forwards resulted in the first goal and led the mystified shepherd's daughter to observe, "That's in noo, but the poor man couldna' help it. Why don't some o' the ither's go in an' help him, the lazy carickers?"

"There maun only be ane in the goal," said Sandy. "Twa widna get on for trippin' on each ither and besides ane nicht leave a' the wark to his mate. Hoots man, awa' hame an' wash yer breeks." This last request was addressed to a player who had missed a splendid chance to score, and the above-mentioned article of whose rig-out had seen brighter days before their owner became associated with the puddle in the centre of the field.

When half-time arrived Betsy watched with suspicion the exit of the players from the field and expressed herself in the following words, "Noo, I thoct they were goin' to kick baith ways. They've gone off an' only kicked ane. Well, what d'ye mak' o' that? Robbery I call it—robbin' honest folks as paid their pence to see the show."

"Oh, dinna be sae hard on them Betsy," Sandy remonstrated, "they're jist goin'

ower to the club-house for a cup o' tea an' a piece. They'll be back in twa or three meenits."

Betsy said nothing more until four minutes had elapsed and there was still no sign of the players. "Could they no tak' their tea afore they cam' off, the same's we did, an' no' had us waitin' here in the cauld?" were her next words. "Besides," she continued, "I can drink a cup o' tea in less than a meenit. Twad tak' me to be a fitba'er." Scarcely had she said these words when the referee's whistle again claimed her attention and whatever thoughts passed through her mind after the resumption she kept to herself, for Sandy had engaged in conversation with some acquaintances, and she was for the next half-hour entirely forgotten. When these young men at last moved away Betsy watched them disappear. Then, turning to Sandy, she remarked, "They should really stop playin' noo, afore they get tired, poor creeturs. Anyway I think we'll shift for I've seen enough for ane day."

Sandy at first protested vehemently that the game would be finished in ten minutes but as it appeared to be lost and won he finally complied and escorted her from the ground, followed by the critical glances of these spectators it was his lot to pass.

THE NAUGHTY BUNNY.

LAST night before I went to bed
The moon was shining bright;
I strolled around with brother John
And saw a pretty sight:

It was a bunny bold and bad—
He came, you know, to steal;
We saw him nibble cabbage leaves
And make a hearty meal.

I s'pose we should have shoo'd him off,
But it was quaint to see,
The little fellow sitting up,
Just like a child at tea.

JAMES CALDER, FORM II.

THE GRANTS OF STRATHSPEY.

GRANTOWN is the home of the Grants, and it is needless to say that the Chief is proud of his town and clan.

Were not the Grants famous in the far-off days when they made a name for themselves in the never-to-be-forgotten Grant raid to Elgin?

I have heard the following story told amongst the Grants which I think is well worth repeating. In a school, not one hundred miles from Grantown, there was a schoolmaster of the name of Grant, who was proud of his name and loyal to his chief and clan. He was a very democratic schoolmaster, and he was feared and respected by his pupils. As was the custom long ago, the Bible lesson formed a very important part of the day's curriculum in this particular school, and woe betide the scholar who appeared without a correct repetition of the Bible or Catechism.

One morning, as the Bible lesson was proceeding on as usual, one boy in a mischievous mood seized his neighbour's Bible and with a dash of the pen put a curl on an i—changing the word "giants" to "grants." Quite unsuspectingly the boy, who was rather dull, read from the Old Testament, "And there were Grants in those days."

"What," roared the master, "repeat that again."

"And there were Grants in those days," repeated the boy, to the great merriment of the whole class.

Up marched the teacher with an angry scowl on his face, as he thought the boy was poking fun at him.

"Show me the place where you see that," bellowed the master. The unsuspecting boy, who was wondering what all the row was about, pointed to the place. The master looked and saw quite distinctly the word "Grants." Thereupon he saw red for a moment, and then the greatness of the Grants calmed his angry temper, and he heard a small voice within him say "Why not?"

He squared his shoulders, held his head

up a little more proudly, and said "All right; next boy read, please."

The real culprit heaved a sigh of relief and his quickened heart began to beat more normally.

JESSIE FRASER, Class I., H.G.

MY FUTURE.

As education is to be the important thing in the future I am to go through the University and learn a part of everything. I will study cleanliness in particular and machinery, because I am aiming at becoming the Chief of the Cleansing Department.

I am at present studying a washing-machine which will scrub and wash the street. It is a very complicated piece of machinery. Inside is a large reservoir for holding carbolic soap, Rinso, and Lux. The carbolic soap is for disinfecting the streets, the Rinso for taking the dirt out, and the Lux is to keep the street from shrinking. Above the soap reservoir is a still larger one for holding the water which is heated by electricity. Before "The Cleaner" does its work, a traction-engine will go round with a large vacuum-cleaner—a very expensive thing indeed.

The old method of putting the ashes in a dust-bin and waiting for the cart to come round is done away with. Instead there is a large pipe running down the middle of the street into which there runs a special pipe from your grate. This saves the labour of carrying ashes about.

We also have a motor-cart which is used to lift the stray caramel papers and used matches.

If you have a cat or a dog of which you want to get rid, you need not go to the expense of getting a man to do it. You just ask one of our cart-men and he places the animal on the electric chair behind the cart, and the trouble is ended.

Our men are all dressed in white uniform, with white gloves which are given out new each day.

From the above you will see that my idea of cleanliness has reached its fulfilment.

"SCAFFIE."

INTERESTING THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT FLOWERS.

I.—THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF A FLOWER.

Few things could be more interesting than the study of flowers. By this, I do not mean a prolonged study of Botany—one which, when completed, will enable you to distinguish one particular flower from the midst of a few dozen others—but one which will enable you to find out for yourself some of the most interesting things about flowers, such as how life-like they are, their fertilisation, and the different parts Nature has given them for their protection, etc.

To begin with, we all know that ordinary green leaves form part of a flower, but what are they there for? Would it be just the same if they were not there? Certainly not. The green leaves help the plant to breathe and to assimilate its food. The other parts are named below, along with their uses:—

- (1) The CALYX—made up of sepals—for protection when a bud.
- (2) The COROLLA is made up of brightly coloured petals, and the use it is put to is that of attracting insects.
- (3) The STAMENS form the male part of the flower and produce POLLEN.
- (4) The PISTIL, with the seed-box, is the female part of the flower.

II.—DISPERSAL OF SEEDS.

It is perhaps most interesting of all to note how the seeds are scattered. The different methods adopted can be divided into four groups:—

- (a) The fruits of some plants explode, and send their seeds some distance away. Most of us have heard the pods of broom exploding and dispersing the seeds in this way.
- (b) The fruits of other plants are provided with wings, and the seeds are scattered by the wind. We all know the dandelion uses this method.
- (c) We often find tiny hooks on the fruits of some plants. These stick on to the

coats of passing animals and the seeds are thus scattered, e.g. Bur and Goose Grass.

- (d) Such plants as the cherry and wild rose depend on birds, etc., scattering the seeds by eating a juicy covering which grows round them.

BERTIE MACKINTOSH, IIIA.

CASTLE ROY.

On the banks of many of the rivers in Scotland, there stand the ruins of old castles, abbeys, and priories, which have been the scenes of numerous historical events. In the shadow of the bleak Cairngorms, near the beautiful River Spey, and within five minutes' walk of Nethybridge, stand the remains of ancient Castle Roy. It was built over 700 years ago during the reign of David I., and is supposed to have been the residence of the Camys when they were overlords of Abernethy.

Castle Roy stands on a knoll, 10 to 15 feet above the level ground, which gave it a good position for defence. The stones in the walls of Castle Roy are unusually small. There is no trace of a chisel or tool upon them, and the mortar seems to have been mixed with charcoal, giving it wonderful strength. It is alleged that there is a crypt or vault in the central court, which people living sixty years ago have seen with the opening and steps leading to this underground apartment.

Other traditions say that a treasure is hidden within its walls, and a secret passage leading from the Castle to Croft Roy.

A QUALIFYING HOPEFUL.

WHAT HE WANTED.

The political orator was in full spate. "I want land reform," he shouted. "I want housing reform. I want educational reform. I want—"

"Chloroform," said a bored voice from the audience.

MARJORY BELL.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

Who is she on yonder shore
 Intently gazing out to sea?
 Who is she since long of yore
 Daily bent in scrutiny?
 Alas! alas! for twelve long years,
 Twelve years of weary waiting,
 She has watched with growing fears
 And hope for e'er abating.
 The sun shone from a cloudless sky,
 The sea was blue as sapphire,
 When Dave prepared to say good-bye
 To his true-love for ever.
 The "Bailbo" was a clipper sound,
 Had spirits for her freight,
 For Chinese waters she was bound
 And Davie was her mate.
 They lingered o'er their last caress
 For home he ne'er returned.
 And she, poor thing, in dire distress,
 For many years sojourned.
 They say the yellow pirate drank
 The wine meant for her master.
 But sure it is, howe'er she sank,
 The "Bailbo" met disaster.
 Widow's weeds the garments were
 Of broken-hearted Alice.
 You'd see her in the house of prayer
 Cast down by Fortune's malice.
 But now a sailor sought her out
 And asked her why she mourned.
 "Your husband's well, beyond all doubt,
 Why are you thus adorned?
 Heard you not he went ashore
 When we were off Bombay?
 I myself, at Singapore
 Had perforce to stay.
 We both escaped the wat'ry grave
 That yawned before our fellows,
 And now I've come to seek in Dave
 A partner at the bellows.
 Can it be that he's not back,
 And I am here before him?"
 —And Alice, though the Fates seem black,
 Is still there waiting for him.

J. M. LAING, Class IV., H.G.D.

THE TREASURE OF THE FOREST.

THE canoe soon approached the island, and the two men, Hooker and Evans, sprang ashore with a sheet of yellow paper. They sat on a rock and studied it. "This crooked line is the river, and the star marks the place where the treasure is hidden, but I do not know what all these dashes at the foot mean," said Evans.

The two Englishmen had heard the two Chinese talking of the treasure one dark night as they sat by their fire. A Spanish galleon from the Phillipines had run hopelessly aground, and all the crew were lost. Then last year Chang-hi had stumbled on the treasure (which was a great number of gold ingots) and reburied them safely in a different place, single-handed. He laid stress on the safety—it was a secret of his. Evans picked up his carved paddle and they set out to paddle up the river. They landed at a part of the bank where there was a clump of bushes and palm trees. They pushed through a tangle of reeds and young trees, and came to a place where the trees were like vast pillars which rose into a mass of greenery overhead. Presently they saw in a clearing ahead, something blue. The thing was the figure of a Chinaman lying on his face.

The two men drew closer together and stood staring at the dead body. Nearby was a spade of Chinese pattern close to a newly dug hole. They approached the hole, and Evans began to pick up the ingots and put them into his jacket. He noticed a few small thorns which had punctured his hand. Hooker looked at Evans—little drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead. Suddenly he fell in a crumpled heap, gave a little cry, and fell over. Hooker knew that it was no use going to his friend's assistance, because Evans was dead. He picked up one of the gold ingots and felt a little prick on the ball of his thumb. "God help me!" he said. For the thorns were similar to those used by Dyaks in their blow-pipes. He understood Chang-hi's assurance of the safety of the treasure now

Suddenly he felt an acute pain all through his body, and a moment later he fell on his face and became limp. Far above him a faint breeze stirred the greenery, and the petals of some unknown flower floated down through the gloom.

PETER S. MACPHERSON, Class III.

NELLIE'S NEW FROCK.

"Is it not time you were finishing sewing?" said Mr Barton, as he laid down his newspaper, when the clock struck ten.

Mrs Barton shook her head and said, "I want to get Nellie's frock finished; her school frock looks a little shabby in the spring sunshine."

At last the frock was finished, and Mrs Barton sighed wearily as she prepared for bed, for she felt tired.

Next morning Nellie put on her new frock, feeling rather proud as she hurried along to school, because her mother had embroidered the front of it with coloured thread.

At the school entrance she was accosted by two girls who were in the same class.

"Girls, look!" they cried at once, "here is Nellie Barton with a new frock; it is far too long; what a 'dud' she looks in it!"

Some of the other girls laughed, and poor Nellie hung her head with disappointment. It never entered sensitive Nellie's mind that it was only envy that prompted the girls to speak so of her new frock.

However, the words rankled. When Nellie arrived home at dinner-time she said quite rebelliously to her mother, "I am not to put on this frock again, the girls say it is far too long."

"Dear me!" exclaimed her mother, "never mind what the girls say, as long as I do not think it too long."

Nevertheless Nellie dashed into her bedroom, threw the new frock on a chair, put on her old one, and rushed off to school.

Mrs Barton heard the door clang, and saw Nellie rushing away with her old frock

on, and she felt vexed, for she had tried to make the frock as nice as possible.

When Nellie finished her lessons that evening her mother said "Come, we shall go along and ask for Mr Dunbar; he has been very ill, and I have not seen little Elsie at the Sunday School since some time."

When they arrived at the house Mrs Dunbar told them that her husband was improving.

When Mrs Barton asked for little Elsie, Mrs Dunbar said "Oh, Elsie cannot go to the Sunday School because she has no frock. I require all my money to buy nourishment for her sick father, but Elsie does not mind. She is a kind, unselfish girl."

Nellie Barton heard every word, and a shamed look crept into her eyes, for she was thinking of the discarded new frock.

On the way home Mrs Barton felt a small hand push into hers, and Nellie said in a shamed voice, "Mother, I do like my new frock, I shall put it on to-morrow, and can I give this one to Elsie Dunbar?"

The mother kissed her little girl and said "That is the right spirit; now Nellie you will feel happy."

Next day Nellie donned her new frock. Could it be the same frock? It did not look a bit too long, and the embroidery was lovely. At the school gate Nellie was accosted by a big girl in the Higher Grade.

"Who made your frock?" said the big girl.

"Mother," exclaimed Nellie, quite pleased because the big girl took notice of it.

"Well, you are a lucky girl to have a mother to make a pretty frock like that," and the Higher Grade girl sighed, because she had lost her own mother two years before.

One or two other girls took notice of the pretty embroidery, and nobody said whether it was long or short, but Nellie did not care because she felt so happy, and proud of her mother's work.

MARGARET H. FRASER, Senior II.

THE LIFE STORY OF A MOUNTAIN HARE.

THE slopes of the Cairngorms lay deep under snow. Here and there the dead white of the landscape was relieved by little ridges blown bare by a southerly gale, and thawed out by the strengthening April sun.

In a patch of heather on one of these ridges a little mountain hare first saw the light of day. The tiny creature arrived in a cold world fully furred and with eyes open. It did not receive much attention from its mother, as often she had to travel long distances in search of food, only returning now and again to feed her offspring.

After a few weeks the mother did not return, and our little friend, learning by instinct that now it had to forage for itself, began to nibble shoots and tender grasses. Nevertheless the little hare made rapid progress in its growth, feeding on the vegetation that sprang up on the hillside.

One day as it was sitting on a mossy bank, it saw strange forms approaching. At intervals loud reports broke the silence of the glen and struck fear to its untutored heart. It squatted close, hoping to escape detection, but in a few minutes a large animal halted a few feet away. This was too much for its nerves, and it wildly leapt aside and fled uphill.

Autumn drew on, and once again the hare saw snow on the high tops. When November came round it began to change to winter white.

Early in December a heavy snowstorm came on, and our poor friend for the first time felt the pangs of hunger. It came down to the lower ground, and on one bright moonlight night, emboldened by want, it ventured down to the turnip field of an upland croft. It was almost at the pit, when there was a flash, a sharp report and a charge of shot hissed over it into the snow beyond. One pellet passed through its right ear, and this coupled with the fright, sent it uphill at top speed.

By the beginning of March a strange

madness seemed to possess our friend, and it jumped and turned head over heels in sheer joy. In April its coat turned to a summer blue, and it returned to its old haunts higher up on the hills.

One evening, as it was quietly feeding all unconscious of its danger, it suddenly saw a red body leaping through the air. Instantly it sprang aside and the fox bounded over it. Summer came and went, Autumn followed, and soon winter set in with its frost and snow. Our little friend kept nearer the homesteads and managed to forage for food. One night, as it was racing uphill, something suddenly tightened round its neck. It sprang from side to side uttering pitiful screams, but its struggles merely hastened its end, and soon our hardy mountain friend was at the end of all its troubles.

HARRY A. FRASER, Class IIIA. H.G.

SCHOOL.

At almost nine each morning,
To the school upon the brae,
With heavy sighs and groaning
I wearily wend my way.

Each day the bell rings just in time,
Never a minute late;
With a loudly, horribly cheerful chime
It calls us to our fate.

French, Latin and Geography:
What wretched subjects those!
History, Algebra, Geometry—
Oh give us the smallest dose.
We groan and sigh and grumble,
We sometimes laugh and smile;
We whisper, chatter and mumble,
The teacher scowls the while.

Yet it is really very queer,
That they who ought to know
Of schooldays usually say, "My dear,
'Twas much worse long ago."

RUTH GILBERT.

SPORTS ACTIVITIES.

UNDER the captaincy of James Bruce the school has had what may be considered a successful sports year, being runners-up to Elgin Academy in the Schools County Football Championship in the first year of their entrance. The exact figures are as follows :—

Goals.					
Plyd.	Won	Lost	Drawn	F. A.	Pts.
6	3	3	0	9	20

Five players were included in the Select XI. to play Elgin Academy of whom two, Bruce and Cooke (reserve), were chosen for the annual inter-county match with Banff. The result of the latter was one goal all, Bruce being the marksman for Moray.

The girls' hockey team, under the captaincy of Zena Gaudie, had also a successful if somewhat short season, defeating Forbes Academy in a friendly game by 3 goals to 0. It is hoped to be possible to field a team to play regularly next season.

Since Easter the new system of dividing the school into houses has been inaugurated. Each has its own house captain. This best meets the difficult problem of competition within a comparatively small school; for Form competition is apt to be one-sided, while houses are approximately equal in strength.

Thanks to this system cricket has obtained a definite footing in school. The value of the straight bat and good length in bowling are beginning to be appreciated and practised. So far Revcan seems to be "cock-house" (Captain—Frank Roberts). Should good progress be made a fixture with Forbes Academy will be arranged.

Pure athletics culminate on Sports Day, Thursday, June 13th (weather permitting), to which the public are welcomed. An attractive programme will be carried through, including the inter-house relay races and tug-of-war. The other schools in the county will be invited to send representative teams for an inter-school relay race, as the holding of a county sports meeting this year is improbable.

Next term it is proposed to start Rugby Football in school. This is not intended of course to displace the Association code, but to supplement it. The "soccer" season has been found to be too long considering the small number of fixtures available; greater enthusiasm it is thought will be provoked by a shorter season, say from December 1st to Easter. September to December therefore will be devoted to Rugby. Probably each game will benefit from the other, Rugby in better ball control amongst the forwards and Association in greater dash and readiness in tackling. Captain Hendry has kindly offered his assistance in the matter of coaching.

Houses ought to field competitive XI.'s from which a XV. could be selected to represent the school against Elgin Academy. Everything, however, depends on the spirit with which the boys take up the game.

INTER-COUNTY GAME.

THIS game at Mosset Park, Forbes, between teams representing the county schools of Moray and Banff was indeed a thrilling tussle from start to finish.

The Banff boys won the toss and the Morayshire centre kicked off facing a strong breeze. Banffshire schoolboys showed early that they were the cleverer team. The Morayshire forwards, however, had a few dangerous raids on the Banff goal; but luck was not with them. However, worse luck followed; for before the game was twenty minutes old an Elgin back deflected the ball against his arm, and the referee awarded a penalty. The resulting kick was placed well out of the custodian's reach.

After the interval the Morayshire boys showed themselves in a much better light; and it was only their due when their centre-forward put the teams on level footing. From this point onwards the game was fought on keen lines until the final whistle sounded. Result—1-1.

THE CAVES.

ON the southern shores of the Meray Firth, to the west of Lossiemouth, are many high cliffs, and when the tide is out there are lovely stretches of sand.

One Saturday afternoon a chum and I went there. Fortunately the tide was out and we climbed down to the shore by means of steps hewn out of the rock. We found the cliffs to be inhabited by hundreds of seagulls. There were also very many caves; therefore it was fortunate that we had provided ourselves with torches for the occasion.

The floors of the caves, we discovered, were strewn with the skeletons of many animals, giving the places with their high dark roofs a very eerie atmosphere. We were the more interested in them, however, because we had heard that smugglers had used the caves for storing their booty.

There was one cave which interested us very much; this was entered by a low passage. We followed it for about a hundred yards, but at a bend it was blocked by loose rubble. In another cave the floor was covered with mud, in which my chum slipped and fell. Nevertheless we continued, none the worse of this mishap.

As we were walking homewards we thought how wonderful it was that those caves should be made by the continual dashing of the waves against the cliff's face.

T. H., Class Sen. II.

THE AGE OF MACHINERY.

THERE was once an Irishman who was presented with a watch. After a time he found it would not go, so he took it back to the person who gave it to him. This man told him to open the back and see what was the matter with it. He did so, and finding a dead fly in the works, shouted:

"Ah! No wonder it wouldn't go—the driver's dead!"

JESSIE FRASER, Class I., H.G.

FAIRIES.

THE Fairies in the fairy-rings
Are very sprightly little things,
They dance all night, they sleep all day,
They never work, but always play.

When day is done and twilight falls,
They listen for the fairy bell,
And when they hear the elfin calls,
They come in crowds o'er hill and dell.

To the fairy ballroom under the trees,
Where music waits on the evening breeze,
And all night long they dance so gay,
Until the dawn of another day.

MARGUERITE K. KING, Sen. III.

FROST.

In the morning when we rise
We find that someone deserves a prize,
For when we pull up the blind
We find that someone's been very kind
And drawn some lovely flowers and leaves
On the window which just last night
Was not at all looking bright.

So don't be scared,
When you find your windows all bright,
With lovely flowers
That were not there last night.
For Jack Frost does not try to shirk
He always does his nightly work.

GOLDY LOCKS.

Oh, happy, happy, winding burn
Thou hast no care or sorrow
Thou hast the miller's wheel to turn
And no thought for the morrow.

Oh merry, merry, little birds
That at sunrise do twitter!
They know not of the joy they bring
As branch to branch they flutter.

Oh happy the heart embowered
In love's own golden cage,
But sad the heart o'erpowered,
By grief's December rage.

ZENA GAULDIE, Class III.

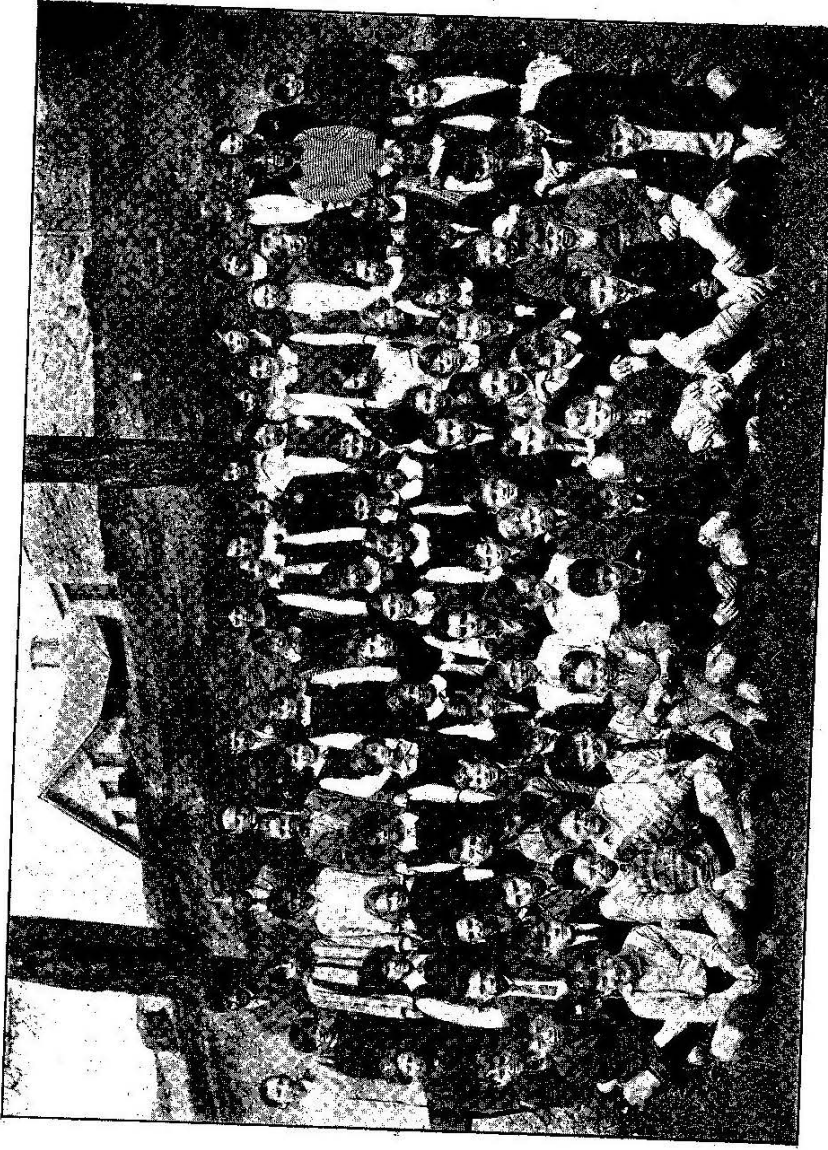


Photo by A. Lettingham.

THE SENIOR PUPILS.

WHAT ABOUT THE FORMER PUPILS?

IN offering this magazine for sale in Grantown, the promoters wish specially to thank those ladies and gentlemen whose willingness to advertise in our columns made the publication possible. By way of reward for their kindness, or confidence, we strongly urge every reader, when he has studied the purely literary part of the work, to turn to the neatly docketed notices at the beginning and end of the magazine, and to take the first opportunity that offers of laying a large order with each of the subscribers.

At the same time, the advertisement manager feels that for future issues the rate of advertisement should be lower; and the natural solution to this problem is, that the magazine should be partly financed by contributions from former pupils. Now the F.P.'s Club has not been flourishing for some years. We therefore take this opportunity of warning old members, as well as the younger generation who have never had an opportunity of becoming members, that a meeting of old Grammarians will be called some time towards the end of the year, when a new secretary will be elected (in place of Miss Macgregor, who considers that her position had fallen defunct along with the Club), the subscription fixed (a purely nominal one), and arrangements made for a Dance, Dinner, or annual function of some sort which will bring all the members together. The magazine will then become the special organ of the F.P.s as well as the school; a watchful eye will be kept on the doings of old Grammarians who have been scattered abroad, and Grantown's most distinguished sons and daughters will be drawn upon for letters and contributions of all kinds.

In connection with this, it is proper to mention that the Dux Board Fund has recently been increased by the amount of £5, a donation from one of the most distinguished and successful of Grantonians who received their early training at the Grammar School—Mr W. G. Mackintosh, Vice-President of the Continental Illinois

Bank and Trust Company, Chicago. We are glad to be able to mention such an instance of mindful generosity in our first issue. It seems to augur well for the success of both the Magazine and the F.P.'s Club.

NATURAL.

AUNT—"What became of the kitten you had when I was here last, Mary?"

MARY (surprised)—"Why don't you know Auntie?"

A.—"I haven't heard a word. Was she poisoned?"

M.—"No, auntie."

A.—"Drowned?"

M.—"Oh, no."

A.—"Stolen."

M.—"No."

A.—"Hurt in any way?"

M.—"No."

A.—"Well, I can't guess. What became of her?"

M.—"She grewed into a cat."

VILLAGE DOCTOR—Are you better? Have you taken plenty of animal food?

PATIENT—Yes, as long as it was beans and oats, I could manage pretty well, but when it came to chopped hay that right down choked me, sir.

HELEN DUFF.

OLD LADY—Deed, Mr McTreachle, butcher's meat is sae dear noo a days I'm nae able to buy it.

GROCER—You should turn a vegetarian.

OLD LADY—Na, Na, I was born and brocht up in the Free Kirk, and I'm no going to change my reelegion in my ould days.

HELEN DUFF.

AN Aberdonian once came to our school concert and asked a boy what the prices were. The boy replied "Three shillings for a front seat, two shillings for a middle seat, one shilling for a back seat, and a penny for a programme."

"Well," said the Aberdonian, "I'll sit on a programme."

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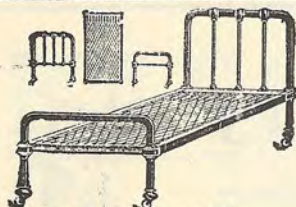
19 HIGH STREET

The Strathspey Bootshop

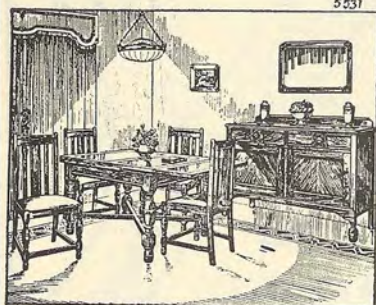
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