

NO. 2.

June, 1930.



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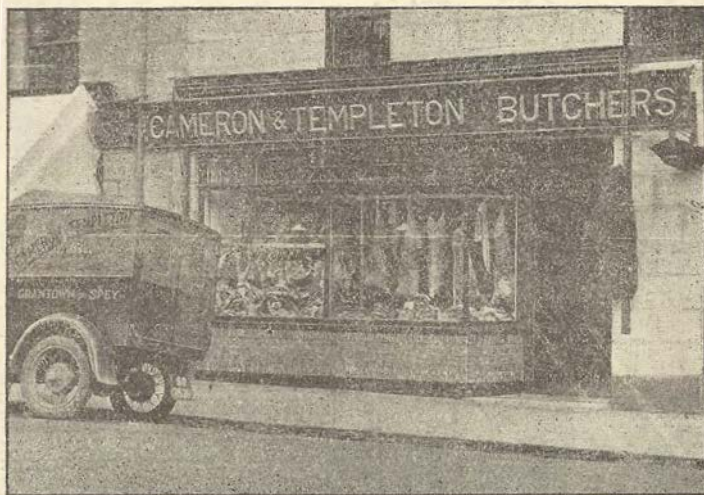


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EDITORIAL.

So this is Summer, 1930. Mr J. K. Priestley, the essayist, has some interesting things to say about School Magazines. It appears that to grown-ups in general and teaching staffs in particular, they are almost wholly an evil—sometimes allowed to be a necessary evil—and certainly always a bore and a humbug. One generation of pupils after another repeats the same ideas, the same jokes, the same rickety prose and uninspired verses, with a cheerful ignorance of the antiquity of the whole business that galls fearfully the nerves of sensitive elders. Mr Priestley is quite kind about it, but there is no doubt he regards the thing as a nuisance. Now, he has clearly no business to do anything of the sort. If we have not the experience of life and letters that our elders have, that is nothing

but an advantage. It is not really in School Magazines that you find vain repetition. For that you must go to the serious weeklies and monthlies. There you will find people copying one another's political, literary and every kind of opinions with the most obnoxious servility. They think they are using their magnificently developed adult brains, but they are mistaken. They are just using the habit of words and phrases. They are solemnly quoting the best authorities; Poll in his cage in the kitchen, imitating his mistress in the drawing-room.

Now, the contributors to this Magazine cannot be accused of anything of the sort, for the simple reason they have never read anything. The Second Number then, is offered to the public as a product of pure and natural genius.

—————: O: —————

LE MASSACRE DU COCHON DE STRACHAN.

Il était une maîtresse,
Et ron, ron, ron.

Petit patapon
Il était une maîtresse
Qui gardait la cuisine, ron, ron.

" " " "

Elle fit un fromage,
Et ron, etc.
Elle fit un fromage,
Qu'elle donna à Strachan, ron, ron.

" " " "

Le fromage en colère
Et ron, etc.
Le fromage en colère
Tua le pauvre cochon, ron, ron.

" " " "

Le gendarme vint le saisir,
Et ron, etc.
Le gendarme vint le saisir,
Et le mit en prison, ron, ron.

Et cela est l'histoire,
Et ron, etc.
Et cela est l'histoire,
Du larde de bon Strachan, ron, ron.

" " " " HISTORIEN (IV.), H.G.

EXAMS.

EXAMS., you know, are often stiff,
And so it's not surprising
That they are sometimes hated, if
The pupil shirks revising.
But if joy he would acquire
From their grim arrival,
Let him to his desk retire
Intent upon revival.
And now exams. have come again
But he is fit to meet them,
He does not dread what they contain
Nor coldly does he greet them.
Oh, what a satisfaction lies
In giving of your best!
For though you never win a prize
You feel an easy breast.

TACTICUS.

SCHOOL NOTES.

THE school year is rapidly drawing to a close, and all can look back on a session characterised by assiduous attention to work.

* * * * *

ALL the assessed results of the year's labours are not yet available, but it is pleasing to note that the Qualifying Examination has again brought credit to the School. Twenty-five out of twenty-six candidates have been successful. Last year, all candidates passed.

* * * * *

A SMALL, but select band of pupils sat the Leaving Certificate Examinations in March, and we hope for considerable success. Seven pupils were candidates for the Higher Day School Certificate.

* * * * *

WHILE the Summer Term Examination results are not yet completed, it is already known that this year's winner of the Harvey Dux Medal is John Laing, Kathleen M. Mutch being a worthy runner-up.

* * * * *

THE School is still dependent on the Golf Club for the use of playing ground. It is obvious that an effort must be made soon to secure a suitable expanse of turf which the School may call its own.

* * * * *

WE must acknowledge the generosity of the Golf Club in granting us the use of a fine piece of ground near the tennis courts. The restrictions necessarily imposed are irksome, however, and prevent the full development of the sports side of school life.

* * * * *

THE most serious aspect concerns the Senior Girls. The Golf Club granted the use of their ground for Hockey once a week—which is quite inadequate, of course; play has to be suspended in consequence.

It is hoped that other bodies will interest themselves in this deplorable state of affairs, and the School itself will certainly do its share in assisting to remove this weak spot in its organisation.

* * * * *

IN spite of ground difficulties, however, the physical side of the School's activities has not been neglected. Rugby football has been played throughout the session, the "Sevens" being a feature. Sports for both Juniors and Seniors have been arranged, and Cricket has experienced an unprecedented boom during the Summer Term.

* * * * *

AT Christmas, the customary Carol Service was held in the Hall, followed by a Sale of Cakes and Candies on behalf of sorely depleted School Funds. The creditable sum of fourteen pounds was realised.

* * * * *

AN outstanding event of the session is the production of the Operetta, "Princess Ju-Ju," which is in course of preparation by the Higher Grade and Qualifying Class pupils. This, with dances and songs by the Juniors, will be presented to the public on Wednesday and Thursday, 25th and 26th June, in the Institute.

* * * * *

THE assistance of the Former Pupils' Club in producing the current issue of the Magazine ought to enhance the value of the production and extend its interest.

* * * * *

NOTWITHSTANDING the fine support given by advertisers, last year's issue resulted in a deficit. This was partly due to heavy initial expenses, and it is confidently hoped that this issue will yield more satisfactory financial results.

A VISIT TO A FACTORY.

Factories are large workshops where different kinds of articles are made. One of the many occupations of factory-workers is the making of bats and balls used in sport.

In London there is a well-known factory which specialises in this branch of trade. On the flat roof of this building there are large piles of cleft willow logs for making cricket bats. Willow is the best kind of wood for bats, as it is light and tough, but poplar is sometimes used for cheap bats. The willow trees are sometimes purchased when growing, the leaves and bark being taken as proof of their quality. These stacks of wood are left outside for about a year to get seasoned, for well-seasoned wood is best for working with.

The cleft and seasoned wood is then taken to the workshop where the bat blades are shaped. This is accomplished by fixing the cleft into a vice and shaving it into shape with a spoke-shave until the bat is properly shaped and balanced.

A proper bat is said to weigh from two pounds to two pounds five ounces, and to be about thirty-eight inches in height and four and a-half inches in breadth. After the bat has been shaped it is put in a press to become hard and strong.

The handle is made of Indian cane, and sometimes as many as sixteen pieces are glued together. Very fine glue is used in order to obtain a "springiness" in the bat. The handle is fitted into a triangular space between the shoulders of the bat. This fitting is so perfect that usually the handle can lift the bat without being glued in. After the handle is fitted it is turned in a lathe to get its round shape.

The twine for stringing the handles is made of Dutch flax, and is boiled in a mixture of resin, pitch and oil, before being used. The bat is then fixed in spindles and made to turn round quickly while workmen guide the twine which is wound round the handle. The bat blade is made smooth with sandpaper, and then oiled.

Next to the bat-making department is the place where cricket balls are made. The

balls require to be very hard and strong. They are made by winding wet worsted round a small hard piece of cork. This is frequently hammered and when dry is very hard. This hard centre is covered with cow-hide and painted red, for red is most easily seen among green grass. The hide cover is securely sewn, and the now complete ball is put into a screw-press and squeezed hard. After greasing the ball is ready for use.

All departments of a factory where sports' requisites are made are equally interesting, for each article entails great care in the manufacturing.

A. C. G. McC.

MY LIFE AS A DROP OF WATER.

In the beginning of my life I was shut up in a boy's eye. I thought I was to be there for good, but one day the boy got a new knife and as he was bending over a stream the knife fell into the water and he began to cry and set me free.

I went merrily down the stream for a few hours with the rest of my companions till I got stuck on a stone. I thought I was never to get away, but my companions managed to wash me off.

Next day, when we wakened, we were all very cold and stuck together, but the sun rose and we got away again. I had not gone much further when I was lifted out of the water by a branch of a tree. I had to remain there for a while, but the wind blew me into the stream again.

Next morning when I wakened I found myself once more in a dark hole. I thought it had been a dream, and that I was once more in the boy's eye. I looked round and found that I was in a long pipe and at the end of it my companions were getting out. I rushed to the spot and I went swooping out of the pipe and on to the ground.

I am very sorry now that I ever came out of the pipe because I am lying here wondering what will happen to me next.

EVAN MACKINTOSH, Class II.

BILL, THE POACHER.

CHAPTER I.

THE day was bright and sunny, but Bill, the Poacher, saw neither the brightness nor the sunshine. He was trudging along a country road, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his shoulders stooping in dejection. Bill did not require the sunshine then, but what would he not give for a good square meal to satisfy the pangs of hunger? It was not often that he was in dire need, for his lawless pursuit afforded him all that was necessary, but times were hard, and somehow the gamekeepers were on the alert, and Bill knew that he was under observation.

He came to a cottage, he hesitated, and wondered if he would go to the door and ask assistance. He felt rather chary about it, because he was not accustomed to beg, and he hated the idea, but hunger at last gained the day. He knocked timidly at the door.

It was answered by an angry-looking woman, but Bill, in spite of the sour looks, asked for bread. He was abruptly told to go, and then on second thoughts the woman said, "Look here, my man, I have a dog, just as lazy and good-for-nothing as yourself. I shall give you a shilling if you drown it. I cannot harbour it any longer; to-day it stole a leg of a chicken—my dinner." As she spoke the dog came slinking to the door.

Bill eyed the doomed dog with approval, and a half smile chased across his features as he thought, "The dog requires a dinner, no wonder it stole the leg of a chicken." He hated the idea of drowning the dog, for Bill was passionately fond of animals; he was truly a child of nature, nevertheless necessity forced him to accept the conditions, and Dash—that was the dog's name, the woman informed Bill—was led away by a string fastened round its neck, and Bill was richer by a shilling.

The Poacher thought he had better do the deed first, and then have a meal. "Work before play," was Bill's smiling comment to himself. As he walked along in the direction of the river he watched the dog. Dash did not seem to be very unhappy at

the prospect of leaving its home, and trotted along by Bill's side quite contentedly. He seemed a very sagacious, understanding dog, and now and again would look up into Bill's face.

At last the river was reached, and Bill set about looking for a big stone to act as a sinker. The dog watched his movements, and just then Bill felt uneasy, when his keen blue eyes met the dog's solemn brown ones. At last he found a stone to his liking, and proceeded to tie the string round it. He sat down beside the dog, and it licked his hands, looking up into his face as if imploring mercy.

Bill said, "Eh, my mannie, but I must earn my shilling." The dog whined in reply.

The Poacher could go no further; he flung the stone away, and his arm encircled the dog's neck, "Well, Dash, if I cannot drown you I must keep you, and how can I provide food for two, when I have failed to provide food for one?"

The dog seemed to understand, for it sprang up, shook itself, and barked as much as to say, "I shall help you."

Bill stayed alone in a small cottage, and Dash became his close companion. The Poacher confided all his secrets to the dog, which seemed to understand all that was said to it. Bill still pursued his lawless poaching, and in this he was ably assisted by faithful Dash.

CHAPTER II.

However, a day came when the gamekeeper informed Bill that the next time the dog was seen on the grounds it would be shot.

"Shot—his Dash shot." Bill felt he would rather he shot himself, so he sat in his bare cottage in deep dejection wondering what he would do next. Dash felt there was something amiss with his beloved master, so it caressed and licked his hands, but to no purpose. Then Dash felt he must do something more. He quietly slipped through the open door. He was no time gone, when he returned with a rabbit in its mouth, which he laid at its master's

feet, looking up into his face as much as to say, "Are you happy now?" Bill, on seeing the rabbit, started up from his reverie and said, "Oh, Dash, this kind of thing must stop, or you and I shall be no more." Nevertheless the small incident roused him, and to Dash's great joy, the Poacher donned his cap, and went out into the open air. They proceeded along the road, and then sat down behind a bush.

Then something happened which Bill was never able to describe very clearly. A motor car dashed round the corner. A child was standing in the middle of the road. Something seemed to snap in Bill's brain, and he leaped on to the roadway, threw the child to a place of safety, at the same time feeling a strange jolt in his leg. Then all was black, and he knew no more—Bill the strong, Bill the poacher lay a huddled heap on the roadway, while the dog rent the air with mournful howls. When Bill came to himself, he gazed with wonder into the face of the Laird who was bending over him. "Well, Bill, how do you feel?"

Bill feebly whispered, "The child."

"The child is safe, thank God, and you did it Bill," said the Laird in a husky voice. Bill was carefully lifted into the waiting car; faithful Dash was not to be put aside thus; he too jumped into the car, and kept guard over his pale-faced master. When the hospital was reached, Dash followed the stretcher to the ward. Someone suggested putting the dog out; the hospital was no place for dogs, but either through fear or pity the dog was allowed to remain, until Bill was comfortable in the white bed. The doctors examined their patient and found that he had a compound fracture of the leg, in addition to other bruises. Dash was allowed to remain at the hospital, where it soon became a great favourite with the nurses, but the faithful dog enjoyed the visits it paid to the little bed in the ward, and it enjoyed the touch of its master's fingers in its shaggy hair. The Laird and the lady were also frequent visitors to that bedside, for they felt that they could never repay Bill for saving their little daughter.

When Bill was able to walk slowly through the hospital grounds closely followed by the overjoyed dog, the Laird appeared, and said he would like to talk about his (Bill's) future.

The Laird said, "I require an under gamekeeper. Will you take the place as soon as you are well enough?"

Poor Bill felt something "choky" in his throat at this kind offer coming from the Laird, whom he had so often harassed with his poaching; now here was an opportunity of being raised to the rank of a respectable working man.

"I shall take the place, but what about Dash? If you take me, you must take the dog too," said Bill in a husky voice.

"Certainly," said the Laird, "Dash is included in the offer."

The Laird and the ex-poacher shook hands, while Dash wagged his tail in approval.

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

A SUMMER WALK.

The sun was shining and the day was warm,
A fresh, cool wind was flitting through
the trees;

I knew a little walk would mean no harm,
So off I set amid the hum of bees.

I traced my steps along a shady brook,
Among the sedges, picking many a
flower;

I found among some trees a shady nook,
And there I made an ivy-covered bower.

I laid me down and shut my eyes to sleep,
When through the trees I heard a cheery
song;

'Twas just a fledging trying to cheep;
Then through the moss I turned my steps
along.

At last I saw the sun was sinking fast,
The birds were flying to their cosy nest,
I turned and saw the curlew flying past,
Wailing its mournful song which told of
rest.

MARJORY M. GRANT, Form IV., H.G.

UNTIDY NELLIE.

ONE, two, three, four, so sounded the town clock, and just at that moment the school doors were thrown open, and out thronged a bevy of joyous boys and girls.

"Come, let us watch them, do you see that little girl over there, she is called 'Untidy Nellie.' She is not a bad girl, and she is a bright scholar, the teachers tell me, but she is the despair of her mother; she is hopelessly careless and untidy."

I looked earnestly in the direction of "Untidy Nellie," and saw a little girl of about nine years old. One shoe-lace was loose, dragging after her; there was a rent in her cotton frock, and she had lost one of her hair-ribbons, and her hair hung untidily about her face.

When Nellie arrived home, she threw her school-bag on the sofa, and pitched her hat on to an adjoining chair. Of course it rolled off on to the floor, but what did it matter? the floor was as good a place for her hat as anywhere else, and she left it there.

Her mother was exasperated at her little girl's untidiness and indifference as to whether she pleased her or not. So she said in an angry voice, "Nellie, how often have I told you that there should be a place for everything, and everything in its place? When you grow up you will have a very untidy house. Pick up that hat and hang it on its proper peg."

Nellie gave a kick to the offending hat, but nevertheless she hung it on its peg, for she could see her mother was really angry with her.

When Nellie went to bed, she began to think of her mother's words, "You will have a very untidy house when you grow up," and so thinking she fell asleep. "What was that?" Nellie started up in bed, rubbed her eyes, and looked around her. She saw a very untidy fairy standing before her—such an untidy fairy she was, her hair looked as if it had never known a comb, her face was dirty, and her dress was torn.

This fairy said, "You are Untidy Nellie, come home with me, for I am the untidy fairy."

Then Nellie felt herself drifting away and soon she found herself standing in the middle of a very dirty room. Oh! how dirty. Nellie shuddered as she gazed around her. The floor looked as if it had never been brushed, dust lay thick on the shabby furniture, cobwebs hung from the ceiling, and round the window. The latter was so dirty that Nellie could scarcely see the bright sunshine outside.

"Now," said the untidy fairy, "This is just the kind of room you will have when you grow up, so I am going to leave you here. In the meantime I am going to find other untidy Nellies," and so saying she vanished.

Poor Nellie felt so miserable. Oh how she hated that dirty room! If only some kind fairy would come and take her away, she would never, never again be so untidy.

"What is the matter my child?" said a tinkling voice behind her.

Nellie started and looked round her. There she saw such a pretty fairy, such a very pretty fairy. She was like a sunbeam in the dirty room. She was so neatly dressed in a blue frock, her hair was neatly tied with blue ribbons, and her shoes and stockings were neat and tidy.

"What is the matter my child?" said the same sweet voice again.

"Oh! do please take me away out of this dirty room," sobbed Nellie.

"What is the matter, Nellie?" said her mother's voice. "What are you crying for?"

Nellie started up, rubbed her eyes, looked up in wonder at her mother's face bending over her, and then her gaze wandered round the room as if looking for the sweet fairy. No, she was only in bed in her own bedroom.

She told her mother all about the two fairies and the dirty room.

Her mother said, as she kissed her little girl, "Well, Nellie, I hope it will be a lesson to you." Nellie never forgot her strange dream, and gradually, but very gradually, she earned for herself the name of "Tidy Nellie."

MARGARET H. FRASER.

LOCHINDORB CASTLE.

LOCHINDORB CASTLE, which stands on an island in the middle of the largest loch in Mearns, is the ruins of one of the "Wolf" of Badenoch's old fortresses.

The island on which it is built is said to be artificial, and the loch round it served as a moat. On the eastern side of the island, which is nearest the shore, there is said to have been a drawbridge, connecting the castle with the mainland, and on the gateway on this side are still to be seen the grooves of a portcullis. The iron gates of the castle are to be seen at Cawdor Castle. The walls are very thick and strong, though now moss-grown and crumbling. The large inner court is covered with long grass, and beautiful Scotch maiden-hair ferns grow in the crevices in the walls. There are still to be found some plants of the "Lochindorb kale" growing, and, in the shelter of the southern wall, there is a fine clump of gooseberry bushes climbing up the wall.

Now the sole inhabitants of the island are birds and animals. It is possible to walk to the castle dry-shod in the very frosty winters as the ice is strong enough to bear you. The rabbits in the woods nearby take this advantage, and go into the castle as the grass there is more plentiful and better. Then the ice melts and they are prisoners, and are easily exterminated. There are always mice to be found in the castle.

The castle makes a safe meeting-place for the feathered tribe. On the extreme west corner of the walls the oyster-catcher annually builds her nest, and the holes and crevices in the walls make safe homes for the smaller birds.

At the eastern corner is a rounded tower under which was the water-dungeon. It could be flooded from the loch. In the opposite corner is another grim place, where the "Wolf's" victims were hung at his will. There is a good echo in the castle.

It was the "Wolf" who burnt Elgin's lovely cathedral, and ravaged all the country-side.

ELLINOR CRICKSHANK, Class II., H.G.

A REVERIE.

'Twas twilight by the river
For the sun had gone to bed,
And a cool breeze made me shiver
As it scurried overhead.

On Fancy's fleeting wings
To farthest fields I flew
To the days of Celtic kings
And people painted blue.

It must have been a pleasure
Not to go to school,
To ply the rod at leisure
By some shady pool.

And when the sun was shining
Serenely in the blue,
Languidly reclining,
To paddle your canoe.

But still I ought to own
That we have many joys,
Totally unknown
To prehistoric boys.

They knew naught of Clive,
Or the daring deeds of Drake,
And if they robbed the hive
I'm sure their teeth would ache.

So I often wonder
What their solace was,
While teeth were rent asunder
Without the aid of gas.

And as they couldn't feel
The raptures of the scream,
How they used their zeal
'S'a perfect conundrum.

DREAMER.

THE POSTMAN.

EVERY day, wet or fine,
Coming to your house and mine,
He must go
To and fro

Bringing postcards, packets, letters,
Presents for some lucky getters,
It's a job to anger most men,
But we've got the best of postmen.

He knocks at the door
"Here's one more,
Hope it's what your waiting for."
Never snappy, always cheery,
Though his feet are surely weary.

DONALD STUART.

A N T S.

ANTS are small but powerful insects, and have long been noted for their remarkable intelligence and interesting habits. They live in communities regulated by definite laws, each member of the society bearing a well-defined and separate part in the work of the colony.

When I take a walk through the woods in the summer time, I stand and watch these busy tiny creatures. However, I stand at a respectful distance from the ant-hill, and I keep a close watch on my feet and legs, for I do not fancy the ants sampling them.

There is a very considerable variety in the size of the ant-hills or ant-heaps. These mounds contain numerous galleries and apartments.

Each community is governed by the heads or chiefs—however, not lords in this case but ladies. It is really a suffragette government; men are decidedly the inferiors in ant-land.

Then there are the nurses whose duty it is to attend to the baby ants. Not only do the nurses procure food for the babies, but in fine weather they carefully convey them to the surface of the mound in order to get the benefit of the sun's rays. Then when bad weather is threatened, or the ant-hill is disturbed, they carry them back to the nurseries.

When anyone disturbs the mound with a stick, you can see several ants rushing to the surface ready to attack. These are the soldiers and the policemen, and it is their duty to guard their castle from intruders.

But who keeps all the rooms and galleries swept and garnished? That is the duty of the house-workers, and very busy they are too. Then there are the food foragers, which you may see running at such speed all across the paths looking for food. I have watched several ants trying to convey a beetle to their heap, and it seemed such a laborious task.

I have even read that there are dairy-maids in an ant community. There are very tiny parasites which eject from their

bodies a sweet fluid substance. The ants keep these parasites in their mounds, just as we keep cows. When the ants stroke the parasites they (the latter) eject this fluid which the ants greedily sip up.

Lastly, there are the firemen. When anyone throws a lighted cigarette or match near their heap the firemen rush to the scene. They have the power of ejecting from their bodies a fluid which can extinguish fire.

If perchance, through disease or destruction, the workers are not sufficient in numbers to undertake the numerous duties, the European red ant is said to resort to violence to obtain working ants of other species for their own use. They plunder the nests of suitable kinds, of their babies, which they carry off to their own nests to be carefully reared and kept as slaves. The ants are not slothful creatures; they do not require a Labour Exchange in their colony.

JESSIE E. FRASER, Class II., H.G.

TO THE CAT WHICH SINGS NIGHTLY
OUTSIDE MY BEDROOM WINDOW.
(WITH APOLOGIES TO SHAKESPEARE).

LIKE as the waves make towards the
pebbled shore,

So shall your wailings hasten to their end,
The next boot following that which went
before,

In suchlike toil my neighbours do con-
tend.

Nay, if you felt that boot, remember not
'Twas I who threw it, for I love you so,
And anyway, forget the wretched thing.
'Twas but size ten, and always pinched
my toe.

Oh if, I say, you howl your dreadful themes
When I, perhaps away am for the day,
Oh, sing your awful stuff! but, bear in
mind,

Your larynx shall with my return decay.

For I will get a gun, and bullets too,
And that will be an end to little you.

ANON.

A RAILWAY STATION TRAGEDY.

In the beautiful wood above the L.M.S. station, Grantown, a wild duck made her nest. The site was well chosen in a sheltered little valley, rich with yellow primroses and shaded by feathery birch. The eggs were laid, and fortune smiled on the wily old hen who sat patiently and blinked at things in general, and saw a good many of Grantown's expert bird-nesters go by. Her nest was safe from their hands, and on the appointed day her fluffy family burst out into the world. There was a dozen of them, each with an appetite well-nigh insatiable.

Days passed and the family grew more difficult to appease. The chosen spot, though well away from rushing water and the danger of floods, had no bathing facilities, and as the youngsters became clamant for a bath mother duck must needs make a move. One sunny afternoon, the march to greater things and the River Spey began. The old duck took the lead, dodging among high grass here and boulders there to keep her family well screened from likely enemies. She made one mistake, however, and, as the sequel shows, it cost her dear. She missed the old cart track leading over the level-crossing at the station, then down what is known as "the old wife's road" over which generations of ducks have waddled their way from the woods to the Spey. Instead, she left the wood too far west, and after crossing the little park behind the station found her path blocked by the railway between the platforms. She could fly herself, but the youngsters could not. The station was quiet. No danger seemed likely, so with a wag of her broad bill, each duckling was ordered to its place on her back. A few clung to her sides, and with one graceful glide the old duck, complete with family, landed on the up platform just at the booking office door. In thinking the way was clear through, she blundered badly. The uncanny instinct which helped her to dodge so many of life's pitfalls up to now failed her at last. Her domestic bliss was about to get a rude shock. A porter entered the station with a noisy barrow, and at his approach she forsook the family and fled. She was last seen

winging her way over the woods towards Glenbeg. The young ones scattered in every direction and a few have perished. . . .

A quiet backwater somewhere on the Spey was minus a happy family doing swimming exercises that night after the fishers went home—if they ever really go home—and one wonders with some anxiety if the old duck ever returned to get her family together again.

JACK REID.

THE PIXIE MESSENGER.

THERE was once a little girl called Mary, who lived in the north of Scotland. She had only one little sister Amy, of whom she was very fond. One day, as the two little girls were walking in a wood, they espied a tiny little man seated on the trunk of a fallen tree. He was dressed in a suit of green and brown and had a feather stuck in his hat. When he caught sight of the children he ran up to them and said, "Do you know who I am?" "No," said Amy and Mary, both together. "Well I will tell you," continued the little man, "I am messenger to the King of the Pixies, who has sent me to invite you both to our Pixie Revels. Be at the oak tree to-night at 8 o'clock, and I will be there to meet you." So saying, he vanished.

Mary and Amy then ran back through the wood and into the house to get ready for the revels.

At the appointed time they ran down the garden path to the oak tree and waited. Very soon they heard a click, click, and a door swung open at the foot of the oak tree. "Come in," said a voice, and Amy and Mary stepped inside.

What a sight met their eyes! In the centre of the hall the King was seated on a beautiful pearly throne. He received them graciously, and motioned them to a place at the table. After enjoying a lovely feast, the two girls joined in all sorts of wonderful games and dances.

They had a lovely time, and so will you if you are lucky enough to meet the little man who is messenger to the King of the Pixies.

META KING, SEN. II.

THE SWARM.

THREE hives stand in our little field
Beneath the shady trees;
I love to go quite close to them,
And watch the busy bees.

One day they all came flying out,
And flew about in glee,
They settled in a big, black swarm
Upon an apple tree.

My dad came running with a hive
And shook them into it,
"Their old house is too full," said he,
"These bees have got to 'fit.'"

III H.G. Boys.

LIFE IN THE FROZEN NORTH.

In the Northern regions where it is intensely cold and where the summers are very short, the inhabitants or Eskimoes have to find a means of living. Now we shall see how they contrive to do this.

In winter their homes are little huts shaped like beehives, made with blocks of ice. For an entrance there is a low tunnel-like passage. It is very comfortable inside those igloos, as they are called. There are benches round the interior which serve both for beds and seats, and their lighting problem is solved by the blubber from the seals they catch. In summer they live in tents, furnished similarly, which are made from the skins of wild animals.

Their chief occupations are fishing and hunting. They live mostly on fish, and the fur of the bear, the seal and the walrus are very useful. The harpoon and the bow are the principal weapons of the hunters. Owing to the extreme cold the Eskimoes are clad in fur which comes right over their heads to form a hood. The children do not go to school: the girls help their mothers to sew and make the clothing, and the boys help their fathers to hunt and fish.

Very fine dogs, called huskies, are reared there, and are taught to pull sledges at a great pace. Reindeer are also used for this purpose. This is the common means of transport on land, and on sea they travel in

long, low canoes which they propel along by paddles.

But though the only vegetation which will grow is stunted pines and shrubs, and the hardships are great, the Eskimoes ought to be amply compensated by their magnificent scenery. The majestic snow-capped mountains rise into the sky against a background of unspeakable beauty; and the aurora borealis forms a great contrast to the snowy waste below.

T. H.

FAIRYLAND.

I'd love to go to Fairyland,
If I could find the way!
What fun to see the elves and gnomes
And watch their dances gay!

I long to find a tiny house,
Deep hidden in the wood
With funny little red-capped men;
Do you think perhaps I could?

I've searched in every mossy dell,
And by the singing streams;
But still the Fairyland I seek
I only find in dreams.

MARY CRICKSHANK, Class IV.

THE SWALLOWS.

I LOVE to see the swallows
That come to us in spring;
No flying man could ever be
So nimble on the wing.

They come to us quite early,
But soon as summer's o'er
They say adieu and wing their flight
Towards a southern shore.

O happy, happy swallows,
If I could fly with you,
I'd never feel the wintry blast,
My days in sunshine would be passed
Neath skies of summer blue.

JAS. CALDER, Class IIIb.

WILLIAM CRICKSHANK, Class IIIb.

DONALD B. FRASER, Class IIIb.



ROY.

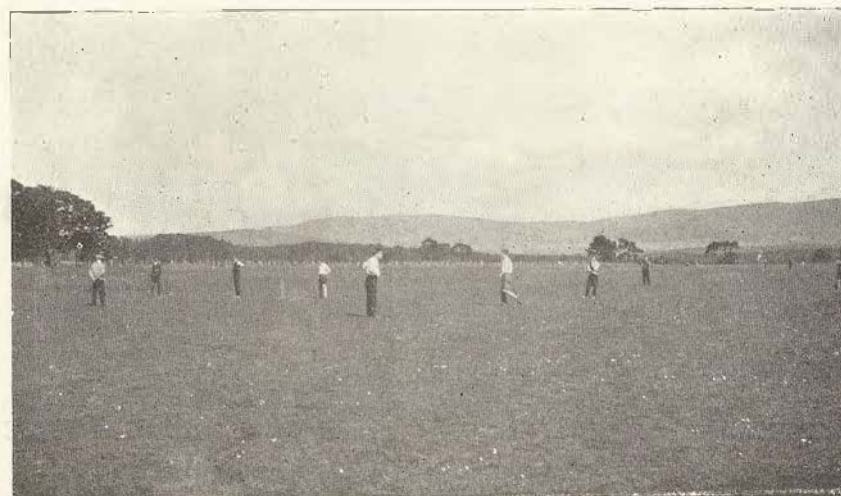


REVACK.



REVOAN.

HOUSE RUGBY SEVENS.



WHAT THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL NEEDS : A PERMANENT PITCH.

SPORTS NOTES.

EXCEPT for a period after Christmas, when unfavourable weather conditions prevailed, sport has been a regular feature of the boys' curriculum. Girls' hockey, unfortunately, terminated abruptly quite early in the season. This was due not to any lack of enthusiasm, but to the root of most of our difficulties, the lack of a ground of our own. Only by the courtesy of the Golf Club have sports been able to be carried out at all.

It was decided to substitute rugby for association football for the first three months of the winter season. Every Thursday a game was played between the School XV. and the Rest, which included players from the town. After a visit to Inverness, organised by Captain Hendry, when the boys saw the game played for the first time, a marked improvement was evident. The following week a strong town side was decisively beaten. Two matches were played with Elgin Academy. The first, at Elgin, was won by the School, 11 points to 8, Bruce scoring all three tries; the second, at Grantown, was lost by 3 points to 19. The whole XV. played well in these games, but J. Bruce, J. Cocke, C. Watt among the forwards; R. Ross, our small scrum-half; and F. Roberts, at full-back, particularly distinguished themselves. To beat the Elgin Academy 1st XV., who had several seasons' experience and moreover were a considerably heavier team, was no mean achievement. On the strength of this, rugby was continued through the Spring term; but unfortunate weather conditions and illness hindered regular play, and compelled us to scratch our game with the Abbey School, Fort Augustus.

Interest flagged until house and form championships were organised on the seven-a-side basis. These games ("Spring Sevens"); played 7½ minutes each way, were strenuous, hardfought encounters. The best example of combined play was given by Revoan in the first half of their match with Revack, though the latter house in the end proved too strong. The results of the "sevens" are shown by the following tables.

HOUSE SEVENS.

	Plyd.	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points for against		Pts.
Revack	2	2	0	0	32	8	4
Roy	2	1	1	0	11	11	2
Revoan	2	0	2	0	3	27	0

FORM SEVENS.

Form III	4	2	1	1	16	6	5
Form I	4	2	2	0	21	21	4
Form II	4	1	1	1	14	24	3

The cricket season now drawing to its close has been our most successful hitherto. The School XI. captained by F. Roberts beat the Former Pupils comfortably, thanks to the stand made by E. Munro, J. Allan, and J. Calder. A stout fight was put up against their old enemies, the "Past Primes," whose batsmen, however, got set and could not be dislodged until the School total was passed. We look to the return match to reverse the decision. There is a possibility of Elgin Academy sending up an XI. to play us in Grantown.

The following are the scores for the two matches played:—

SCHOOL. v. FORMER PUPILS.

FORMER PUPILS.

H. Stewart, b Calder	0
G. Laing, b Fotheringham	0
S. Brownie, b do.	0
E. Mackenzie, c and b do.	3
A. Mortimer, c McCabe b Calder	0
G. Laing, c Bisset b Fotheringham	4
J. Bruce, c McCabe b Calder	9
J. Reid, c and b do.	4
A. Cruickshank, c McWilliam b do.	6
C. Watt, c Laing b Fotheringham	0
J. Grant, not out	0
Extras	1
	27

Bowling for the School, Fotheringham and Calder had each 5 wickets.

THE SCHOOL.

J. Cooke, c and b Bruce	0
F. Roberts, c Bruce b Brownie	2
A. Cruickshank, c Stuart b Laing	2
J. Laing, b Brownie	0
K. McCabe, lbw b Reid	3
D. Bisset, c and b Bruce	2
E. Munro, c Laing b Reid	11
J. Allan, b Bruce	8

J. Calder, c Laing b Stuart	6
W. Fotheringham, c Mackenzie b Reid ..	1
I. McWilliam, not out	2
Extras	8
	51

Bowling for Former Pupils, Bruce had 3 wickets, Reid 3 wickets, Brownie 2 wickets, Laing 1, and Stuart 1.

SCHOOL v. "PAST PRIMES."

F. Roberts, b Dr Marr	11
I. McWilliam, run out	7
W. Cruickshank, c Wilson b Mitchell ..	6
J. Cooke, b Marr	1
K. McCabe, run out	0
D. Bisset, b Wilson	7
E. Munro, b do.	1
J. Allan, c Miss Lawson b Wilson	2
J. Calder, b Dr Marr	0
W. Fotheringham, c Mitchell b Miss Younger	1
C. Bisset, not out	0
Extras	7
	43

Bowling for "Past Primes, Dr Marr had 3 wickets, Mr Wilson 3, Mr Mitchell 1, Miss Younger 1.

"PAST PRIMES."

Mr Roberts, c McWilliam b Allan	7
Mr Robertson, b Allan	0
Dr Marr, b Calder	10
Miss Younger, b Allan	0
Mr Hunter, b Roberts	6
Mr Mitchell, not out	12
Mr Jaffrey, c Cooke b Munro	16
Mr Scott Taylor, absent	
Miss Lawson, run out	1
Mr Wilson, lbw b Munro	4
Extras	2
	58

Bowling for School, Allan had 3 wickets, Munro 2, Roberts 1, Calder 1.

Inter-house cricket is as yet unfinished. Revack is assured of the leading position. Roy and Revoan have still to fight it out.

	Plsd.	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
Roy	1	0	1	0	0
Revoan	1	0	1	0	0
Revack	2	2	0	0	4

The School's greatest achievement this year, however, has been in the sphere of pure athletics. Though the relay team had to yield to Elgin Academy in Elgin we were distinctly unfortunate in that one of our runners fell at a critical point. J. Cooke was also second in the open 100 yards at Elgin. On the following day at Grantown the tables were completely turned, the Academy being beaten in the 220 yds. relay. We also gained the 1st and 3rd places in the open high jump, and 1st and 2nd places in the open half-mile. The feature of the day was the brilliant running and jumping of J. Cooke, school champion in 1928, and champion (equal) with J. Bruce in 1929. To encourage keener competition in the Boys' A. Class he restricted himself this year to the open and team events; but must be regarded as our open champion.

The following are the detailed events:—

SENIOR SCHOOL SPORTS.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP — 1 Revack, 66 points; 2 Revoan, 48½; 3 Roy, 40.

TEAM EVENTS.

220 yds. House-Relay—1 Revack; 2 Revoan; 3 Roy.

Tug-o'-war—1 Roy; 2 Revack; 3 Revoan.
Overhead Ball—1 Revoan; 2 Revack; 3 Roy.

OPEN EVENTS

High jump—1 J. Cooke, 5 ft. 2 ins.; 2 J. Penny (Elgin Academy).

Half-mile—1 J. Cooke; 2 I. McWilliam; 3 Scott (Elgin Acad.).

BOYS A.

100 yds.—1 J. Ross; 2 J. Laing; 3 E. Mackintosh. 220 yds.—1 J. Ross; 2 E. Mackintosh; 3 J. Laing. Quarter-mile—1 J. Milne and E. Mackintosh; 3 J. Laing. High jump—E. Mackintosh; 2 F. Roberts; 3 J. Ross. Broad jump—1 J. Ross (17 ft. 2 ins.); 2 E. Mackintosh; 3 J. Laing. Putting Shot—1 J. Laing; 2 E. Mackintosh; 3 J. Ross. Throwing Javelin—1 F. Roberts; 2 E. Mackintosh. Touch Putting—1 F. Roberts; 2 D. Fraser; 3 J. Laing.

Champion—E. Mackintosh (Revack) 13½ points.

Runner-up—J. Ross (Revoan) 11 points.

BOYS B.

100 yds.—1 W. Cruickshank; 2 A. Morrison; 3 I. McWilliam. 220 yds.—1 W. Cruickshank; 2 A. Morrison; 3 I. McWilliam. Quarter-mile—1 I. McWilliam; 2 W. Cruickshank; 3 A. Morrison. High jump—1 W. Cruickshank; 2 H. Fraser; 3 I. McWilliam. Broad jump—1 W. Cruickshank (15 ft. 10½ ins.); 2 I. McWilliam; 3 H. Fraser. Putting shot—1 I. McWilliam; 2 W. Cruickshank; 3 D. Bisset. Throwing Cricket Ball—1 I. McWilliam; 2 J. Silver; 3 J. Allan. Touch Punting—1 J. Allan; 2 H. Fraser; 3 D. Bisset.

Champion—W. Cruickshank (Roy) 16 points.

Runner-up—I. McWilliam (Revack) 13 points.

BOYS C.

80 yds.—1 Alex. Fraser; 2 R. Ross; 3 G. Templeton. 220 yds.—1 Fraser; 2 Ross; 3 Templeton. ¼-mile—1 R. Ross; 2 E. Mackintosh; 3 G. Templeton. High jump—1 R. Ross; 2 A. Fraser and E. Mackintosh (equal).

Champion—R. Ross (Revack) 10 points.

Runner-up—A. Fraser (unattached) 7½ points.

GIRLS C.

80 yds.—1 J. Fraser; 2 A. Robertson; 3 M. Fraser. 220 yds.—1 A. Robertson; 2 M. Fraser; 3 J. Fraser and P. Watt (equal). 80 yds. skipping—1 J. Fraser; 2 A. Robertson; 3 M. Forbes. 3-legged race—1 Ada Robertson & J. Grant, and J. Fraser & M. Fraser (equal); 3 M. Forbes & M. McWilliam.

Champion—A. Robertson (Revoan) 7 points.

Runner-up—J. Fraser (Revack) 6½ points.

JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS.

BOYS A.

80 yds.—1 A. Fraser; 2 A. Rattray; 3 P. McLean; 220 yds.—1 Fraser; 2 Rattray; 3 T. Grant. Sack race—1 Fraser; 2 D. Winchester; 3 W. Thomson.

BOYS B.

80 yds.—1 A. Smith; 2 C. Murray; 3 I. Mackenzie. 220 yds.—1 G. Mackenzie and J. McMillan (equal); 3 I. Mackenzie and C. Murray (equal).

Sack race—1 A. Anderson; 2 A. Knight; 3 I. MacPherson.

OPEN EVENT.

Tug-of-war—East v. West.

Result—Win for West.

GIRLS A.

80 yds.—1 M. Fraser; 2 R. Grant and M. Forbes (equal). 220 yds.—1 M. Fraser; 2 P. Watt; 3 J. Winchester. Skipping 80 yds.—1 M. Forbes; 2 M. Fraser; 3 J. Winchester. Sack race—1 A. Green; 2 M. Fraser; 3 M. McWilliam.

GIRLS B.

80 yds.—1 J. Shaw and A. Grant (equal); 3 P. Buttress and J. Lawson. 110 yds.—1 A. Grant; 2 P. Buttress; 3 J. Shaw. Skipping 80 yds.—1 A. Grant; 2 J. Lawson; 3 J. Shaw and C. Carmichael. Sack race—1 J. Calder; 2 M. Davidson; 3 M. King.

OPEN EVENT.

3-legged race—1 M. Fraser & R. Grant; 2 J. McIntosh & M. McWilliam; 3 M. Grant & J. Shaw.

From a survey of the year's results it is obvious that Revack leads in sport, having won the house championship in rugby, cricket, and athletics. Roy being second in rugby and Revoan being second in athletics; have to decide their respective places on the cricket field.

THE minister's nose was long and red, and mother noticed her little boy staring at it. Fearing the child was about to make some comment, she gave him a disapproving glance.

"All right," came the reassuring response. "I'm not going to say anything I'm only looking at it!"

THE beginner in golf tries to hit everything and misses it, while the beginner in motoring tries to miss everything and hits it.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM F.P.'s.

EDITORIAL.

A MAGAZINE such as this should accomplish three things :

- (1) Preserve a record of important happenings in connection with the Grammar School.
- (2) Supply interesting reading to many old pupils by giving sketches of school life in the past.
- (3) Be a means of keeping Former Pupils in touch with one another through its columns.

It is not pretended that in this issue any of these things have been accomplished, but it is hoped that this number may induce former pupils to refresh their memories and supply material for the continuation of subsequent numbers.

We regret that lack of space has compelled us to hold over a number of very excellent articles.

We desire very briefly but sincerely to thank contributors and advertisers.

WHAT SOME FORMER PUPILS HAVE BEEN DOING RECENTLY.

American papers describe Bobby Cruickshank as "A Scottish Highlander born at Grantown-on-Spey, and it was while attending the Edinburgh University that he won the Scottish Amateur Golf Championship."

Bobby went to America fully intending to remain in the amateur ranks, but not being able to secure work, he decided, after several weeks searching about, to take a position as assistant to Dave Hunter, the Essex Country Club professional.

The following list shows how Bobby has maintained his place :—

1923.
Open Championship—Tie with Jones; lost on play off.
Professional Championship—Semi-final.
Western Open Championship—Joint runner-up with Hagen, Kirkwood and Diegel.
New Jersey Open Championship—Runner-up.
1924.
Open Championship—4th (after Walker, Jones, and Melhorn).

Colorado Championship—Winner (2 Jock Hutchison; 3 Melhorn).

Mid-Continent Tournament—Winner (previous winner, Hagen).

Corpus Christie Tournament—Runner-up to Kirkwood.
1926.

Florida Open Championship—Tie with J. J. Farel; lost on play off.

Florida West Coast Championship—3rd with Sarazen (1 Compston; 2 Melhorn).

Texas Open Championship—Runner-up (one stroke behind to MacDonald Smith).

South Central Championship—Tie with Melhorn; lost on play off.

St. Petersburg Tournament—3rd to Hagen and Jones.

In 1927 Bobby went south and won the Los Angeles Tournament, the prize being 5,000 dollars. In 1928 he won over 5,000 dollars. In 1929 he tied 6th in the Open Golf Championship in Edinburgh, and during the winter of 29-30 he won in three Tournaments.

THIS year the Muckerach Cup was won by a Former Pupil, Alick Lawrence, who beat William Lawrence ("Colonel") 4 and 3.

SOME STRATHSPEY BOOKS.

IN the course of the years I have accumulated a fair library of books of all kinds, but with the passing of time and changing outlooks many of them now possess little value or interest. But I always reserve one of my bookshelves for books about, or in some way connected with Strathspey. It is, I flatter myself, a fairly complete collection, and many quaint old bookshops in the byeways of the cities have been ransacked to supply missing items. But queerer than the low-browed, dust-laden shops have been the almost extinct types of second-hand book-sellers. Even yet one may come across an old "character" throned on a pile of family

bibles, behind his motley and often tattered possessions, who appears to have stepped out of the pages of Dickens or Arnold Bennett.

It is impossible in a short article to mention even the names of all Strathspey books, and I select only a few which possess points of interest.

I cannot claim to be a musician, but I cherish a volume by my kinsman Angus Cumming, Grantown. It was published about 1820 and contains an excellent selection of original tunes for violin or pipes. Many of the tunes are named after places of interest up and down the Spey.

On the panels of the hall of Aberdeen Grammar School are the lists of University Bursars for a hundred years. Under date 1848 we read "First Bursar, King's College—Peter Calder, Cromdale."

As I take down his volume of accurate learning and research, "Latin Exercises and Dissertations on a variety of Latin Idioms and Constructions," I think of a tall, spare man with the scholar's stoop—Rev. Peter Calder, M.A., a former Rector of Grantown Grammar School, and a native of Tombain, in the Braes.

A battered, clumpy volume of 300 pages attracts my attention, and reaching for it I find it to be a weird and wonderful collection of poems published in 1860 by an Abernethy poet. Its contents include a blood-curdling play entitled "The Highland Shepherds" in which the Second Act is staged in the Grant Arms Inn, Grantown. Its sanguinary character may be judged from the opening words in the Inn:—

FRANCIS— "Listen, Sergeant Grame,
I could cut throats, and
Discharge cannon and not faint."

SERGEANT— "Dead, morbid
Sheeps' throats you'd cut I fancy;
men's throats you'd
Not approach, lest they'd cut your
own."

One effusion of twelve verses is addressed "To a Pump in Grantown Square," and may recall early memories to our "oldest inhabitants":—

"But Pumpie thou'rt as remarkable 's any-

thing I trow

I have seen in Strathspey since I could
toddle to an' fro;
Thou standest there wi' outstretched han'
welcoming a'boddy,
Thou givest willingly and disobeyest nae-
boddy."

Another and earlier Abernethy poet and historian styled himself "Glenmore." His work is on a much higher level. My knowledge of Gaelic is not so wide as I could wish, but with some difficulty I can read the poems of Rev. Peter Grant of Grantown, and the chronicles of "Glenmore."

If one wishes a true picture of Highland life a hundred years ago I can commend "Memoirs of a Highland Lady," by Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus. It is a real and constant pleasure to peruse its sparkling pages. For high statesmanship one must go to "The Seafield Correspondence" by Chancellor Seafield, recently published.

How many now possess and read the three volumes by W. Grant Stewart, "Highland Superstitions" and "Lectures on the Mountains"? His biographical sketches of practically every family from Tulchan to Aviemore a century ago are written in excellent taste and with a noticeable pride of race.

Of course the works of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder (including the "Moray Floods") find a place in every collection of Strathspey books.

If space permitted detailed mention might be made of the contributions to Strathspey literature by Dr Forsyth, Dr Cramond, Lachlan Shaw and others.

Among my Strathspey books I like to keep various slim volumes from the pen of my friend and former Rector—John D. Rose. His "Advanced Bible Course," "The Life of Christ," "Christian Ethics" are no mere dry-as-dust treatises but really interesting and informative works embodying the best results of modern research.

ALEX. D. CUMMING, F.S.A. (Scot.),
Headmaster,
The Public School,
Callander.

FROM THE BOTHY OF DONNACHAIDH MOR.

THE following is an abridgment of my diary account of New Year week, 1922, in the Cairugorms. On Hogmanay a friend and I left Aviemore dragging a heavily-laden sledge behind us, and laboured up Glen Eanaich to the bothy of Big Dunc, which we came to, panting, in the early hours of the New Year. The pull had been an exhausting one, yet comparatively easy compared to that of the previous year, when the fury of an alpine blizzard had tossed us hither and thither in the snow like feathers.

The first day of the year was wasted, for our Primus burst, and since our firewood was a mere handful, we had necessarily to return to Tullochgrue in order to have it soldered. But the following day climbing was commenced.

* * * * *

We are up at 5 a.m. to marvel at the extraordinary beauty of the moonlit glen. One cannot describe such a scene, yet its memory can never fade. There is no glittering splendour to dazzle the eye: rather the appeal is to the imagination by the suggestion of something wholly spiritual.

As we make our way up Sron na Lairig in half moonlight, half daylight, the going is arduous. Chancing to look back on Sgor Gaoith an arresting spectacle is viewed. No where but on the very peak of Sgor Gaoith is there a touch of sun. It is the morning greeting of the sun to the sleeping hill. For a little an alpine glow burns on the very point, then slowly, and almost imperceptibly, it creeps along the cornice of the ridge to Scoran Dubh, creating as it goes a narrow, rose-red path of sunlight on the virgin white of snow. In fascination we walk from a sunless hill-side, till the warm kiss blushes the cairn of Sgoran Dubh, and the warm glow runs from the summits and the ridge, headway downhill, till it comes to rest half-way from the base.

The colouring of the sky is infinitely delicate. Blues and reds commingle in tremulous evanescence. From the cairn of Sron na Lairig we view an array of snowy peaks

that for magnificence must be unsurpassable. N., N.W., and W. the horizon stretches to the sea-board. Southwards filing banks of mist are approaching with the summits of the high tops appearing above. Ben Nevis seems little more than a stone's throw away. In Wester Ross the gleaming sunlit peaks are a brave sight—but how feeble written words are. With what glib facility they describe, but how inadequately they convey.

Descending to the saddle at the head of Coire Beannaigh we climb to Braeriach. We come in sight of Coire Bhrochain, and stop dead in our tracks. Mere words cannot describe those gaunt cliffs sculptured in ice and snow with such delicacy of moulding and touch. It is the work of a master hand—the wind in artistic mood. No less inspiring are the myriad snow-flowerets, and icy festoons, that carpet the plateau here and there, according to Nature's own lavishness. Each is a marvel of beauty. From countless facets and prisms the sun produces a wonderful scintillation of light, and gorgeous spectrum colours.

Walking across the plateau on a good surface, in an atmosphere almost windless, and under a warm sun, is a constant joy. We came to the Eanaich cairn and rest awhile before descending to the glen. We are loath to leave the tops on such a day, for we may never again view grandeur on such a lavish scale. These are scenes that one may seek the high tops for a lifetime and never view. We are indeed privileged.

(Just a year to-day—only it was a Sunday—and at this time, 3 p.m., two tragic figures must have been blindly stumbling across the plateau, choked and blinded by the spindrift that stings a man's eyes well nigh to blindness, and strangles the breath in his throat. While at 2-30 we had been driven from Loch Eanaich below, and stumbled back to Dunc's bothy, two miles down the glen, little guessing the tragedy that was in its infancy behind us).

Trudging down the glen we see brief traces of a not unusual mountain tragedy. Fox spoor, grouse tracks, a little blood. That is all.

Pemmican and cocoa seems good. Johnnie McKenzie, Achnagoichan, gave us some fir on Tuesday, but we burn only three or four sticks each night, and this lasts too short a time to dry stockings which are always encased in ice on our return. They are further dried on our bare chests overnight. So a cheering fire cannot be said to be one of our luxuries. Neither soap, nor towel have we. Teeth are brushed once a day—that is usually the extent of winter ablutions. We are as dirty as we have any right to be.

The frost is intense to-night again. Boots and stockings freeze as we remove them. We wrap ourselves in blankets to save firewood, and smoke the pipe of peace contentedly.

We sleep but little all night. We toss and turn with the cold. Even a fur flying suit is not proof against the frost. Towards dawn we seem to warm up a little. Sleep comes then, and we rise later than we intended. The wind is fairly high, and heavy mists are banked on Braeriach, and west above Coire Odhar of Loch Eanaich. We decide that this is a day for windproof clothing. Our boots are frozen like boards, and a thin coating of ice lines the insides. They are set in a row, and thawed by placing candles between each. This takes time. When we put them on at first they are rather trying; and frozen boots on blistered heels, with the frost nipping none too kindly, is not at all conducive to a sunny temperament.

Clothing ourselves in windproof suits we trudge up the glen to Loch Eanaich. We proceed about one-third of the way up the loch side, then decide to tackle the face lying between Sgor Gaoith and Sgoran Dubh. We are ascending a narrow ridge. Little snow lies on it, but a thin coating of ice on the rocks must be respected. On each side are short steep slopes to ice-filled gullies, that lie at an unpleasant angle. Every step must be considered. A misjudged step, bad balance, a swift sprawl down a short steep slope, a crash into the ice-battered gully, then down over tier after tier of ice. That is all. It would be ugly.

The ridge is very steep, and our progress necessarily snail-like.

The plateau of Braeriach behind us is pleasing to the eye as we rest. It is bathed in soft sunlight. A motionless film of mist is coaxed down on its breast. It can be hardly more than two feet in depths. But as the eye wanders to the head of Coire Dhondail, and further west, the mist increases till eventually it is a heavy black park. The frost is still intense. Ice forms on our picks in a few seconds.

Slowly we approach the ridge, and a hard snow-field that stretches across the plateau to Sgor Gaoith, and Sgoran Dubh. Visibility is poor as we stand on the peak of Sgor Gaoith, but the immediate neighbourhood fills us with wonder. The sunlit Monadh Liath range across the Spey valley, viewed thro' a brownish haze, is a scene instinct with the mystery of a thousand years. Then we cross to Sgoran Dubh. In a blaze of fading glory the sun sets in the west. Strange things are revealed to the seeing human eye, and the receptive human mind.

Daylight is slowly giving place to starlight. Stretching in an unbroken ring right round the horizon a dull red band glows. Slowly, and uniformly it rises to reveal a band of light blue. By the time we have reached the foot of the hill a third ring of greenish blue has risen. And now we see all three colours merged as in a rainbow. Slowly as it appeared, so, slowly it fades. And wondering we stumble across the peat-hags on the flats of Lochan Mhic Gille Chaoille. The frost is still holding hard. The window remains patterned with fern-like festoons. Water in a cup freezes over in a short time.

We sleep fitfully for an hour or two. At 2-30 a.m. we are forced to rise and do a half-mile on the botchy floor to restore the circulation. At 3-30 a.m. we breakfast. Matutinal operations, such as thawing frozen boots with candles, take a considerable time, but by 6 o'clock we are climbing to the plateau of Braeriach in bright moonlight. We do not hurry. Indeed our pace is little more than a loiter. To appreciate the mystery of climbing out of a frozen, moonlit glen, one must essentially loiter on the way. There must be no rushing over rough ground to

lay a frost on the fine wits, and a starless night of darkness in the spirit. Slow your pace, so slow your contemplation. Sometimes the going is firm, sometimes so soft that we sink at each step. We cross the double terrace of flats under such conditions, till we come to one of the snow-filled gullies that leads up to Coire an Lochain.

Dawn begins to break. Soon the slanting silver moonbeams begin to dissipate in the cold grey light of day, and anon Sgor Gaoith, and Sgoran Dubh, so frigid and desolate, are alive with the invasion of the rising sun. The spectacle is transcendently beautiful. And now we have risen to the blazing plateau. From the valley of the Spey to the sea-board in the west, north-west, and north, stretches a peculiar, low-lying, brownish, transparent pall. Above it we view only a few feet of snow-capped, sunlit peaks. Sunwise, from the S.E. to the W., is a veritable sea of billowy white vapours, with ruddy peaks thrust above, extending from Ben Bhrodain and Monadh Mor to the horizon. Contra-sunwise, from S.E. to N., the Glas Maol range and Lochnagar is viewed thro' a pale blue semi-opaque mist. Thro' Lairig Ghru a delicate veil of blue diaphanous vapour is idly drifting. We are indeed above the clouds. It is in a sort of semi-pagan act of worship that one gazes on such a scene.

We cross the immense silences of the plateau to Sgor an Lochan Uaine, and thence on to Carn Toul. Garbh-Choire Mor, and Garbh-Choire Dhe, as seen from this angle, inspire a feeling that is a little more than awe. In all directions glowing snow-capped peaks float on the mist sea. Beannachd! it is a wondrous vision.

The snow is soft as we commence the descent of the sunny side of Coire an T-Saighdeir, and anticipating an avalanche our steps are carefully retraced, and we commence cutting our way down the hard east-facing side of Coire an T-Sabhail.

At 1 p.m. we come to Corrou bothy.

We cross the Dee on ice, and find the walking in Lairig Ghru fairly heavy. We are now below the mists that we looked down on from above. One ignorant of the

warm, sunny conditions above would say with little preamble that a storm is brewing, and there would be every justification for such a prediction. But we are cheered with the prospects of sunshine at 3000 feet again. The frost in the bealach is intense. We feel it laying icy fingers all over us, even while we move.

As we approach the wide entrance leading into the Garb-Chorries a rent in the mist reveals the head of Coire Mor of Ben Macdhuil sunlit. Slowly, and as if with infinite caution, the veil is parted more and more, till a great splash of sunlit slope is good to look upon. Then above us, as tho' by the motion of an unseen hand, the peak of Coire Bhrochain that guards the entrance of the corries to the east, reveals itself thro' the furling veil. Its height is exaggerated ten times: it seems colossal. But suddenly the swirl of a whirlwind folds the fling drapings to the ground, and the sun-kissed peak stretches to the bluish Coire Bhrochain, and the stark cold Garbh Choire Mor, and Garbh Choire Dhe. Behind us Carn Toul, and Sgor an Lochan Uaine rise grandly from a misty base, seeming higher than Olympus, and certainly too cold for the gods. The speed with which the atmosphere clears is astonishing. There is nothing more fantastically unreal to tell about, nothing more concretely real to experience than this play of the frosty mists on the high tops.

Crossing the branch of the river that flows from the Pools o' Dee we climb into Coire Ruadh, or as some say Coire an Lairig, and commence the steep ascent to the head of Coire Beannaidh. The very top which bears a small cornice stands sheer 90 degrees, but fortunately we have only a few feet of it, for my head and shoulders are on a level with the gentle slope that stretches across to the head of Coire Beannaidh. From our last step I dig my pick into the slope above, and begin hauling myself over. Half-way up I see in fascination the pick slowly easing itself out of its anchorage. Then I make a grab at the head of the axe, and exerting a downward pressure and an upward pull at the same time, haul myself to safer ground. Well anchored with rope and

pick I shout "All clear," and commence hauling: soon my friend's head appears in view. In a few minutes more we are sauntering to the head of Coire Beannaidh discussing the climb, while the kindly sun fades in the west, and the stars appear anon to light our pathway to the bothy far below.

ALFRED C. GRAY.

44 Oval Road,
Granvelly Hill,
Eidington,
May, 1930

DEAR EDITOR,

I'd like to send you a brilliant article but, as I never did shine among the stars of the English class, I regret I cannot do so. There seem to be great changes in the old school—all for the better I think—a spirit of friendliness seems to exist between master and pupil. You have your three houses and your sports. Your teachers take an interest in the sports. That's good also.

I am here amongst machinery as I have always wished to be, an electrical engineer, trained in the G.E.C. From my small glass cubicle I look into the works, huge dynamos, machines, high voltage engines, some of the largest that Britain, America and Germany produces, electric cars speeding round. No time here for slacking—still less time for memories.

Still, at odd times I indulge in them when I motor into the country through the cathedral town, Worcester, and that quaint old place Droitwich with its famous wells. (The statues round the Baths are of natural salt, and housewives can buy a solid block for one penny). Further on, I reach "Perdiswell Hall," one of the "stately homes of England," with high fretted iron gates and green parks. It is a strange coincidence that I should work so near this place because many years ago its owner had shooting; all over Scotland, and it was my

grandfather who acted as estate agent for him.

I park my car at a quiet spot on the Severn's bank and here among the greenery I can remember the grey school, the twisted trees in the yard, the funny square belfry. I almost hear the bell again. Once, out in Flanders with the R.E.'s we had been shelled out and had to sleep on the canal banks. I was quiet. Stars were bright, I had been dozing. Suddenly I heard that sharp compelling ring. I could have sworn I heard the old school bell. Or was it only my tired fancy winging its flight back down the road of memory?

I might have written about electrical or mechanical subjects, but I don't think they would have been of use to the Magazine. I'm not keen on sports. Most of my evenings are spent experimenting with X Rays with a doctor friend. My sister said, "Do write something for the school magazine, but don't exceed 500 words. I'll dispense with the hundred and use five words:—

I wish you every success.

England is lovely, but I'd give all its beauties for a summer day on the heights of Larig Ghru.

ALEXANDER MOYES, F.P.

AN OLD BOY IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

THE following are extracts from letters written from Australia by a pupil who left the Grammar School last session—
CHARLES CRICKSHANK, of Lochindorb.

Muresk Agricultural College,
Western Australia.
March, 1930.

I am now safely up at Muresk. I had a fine time in Perth. Uncle took me all round the city. I saw the skeleton of a Moa in the museum. Muresk is $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours by rail from Perth. The first day, as all the boys had not arrived, we were cutting dead trees (as hard as iron) and carting in firewood for the

winter. It was hot, and so was the water. I would have given anything for a drink out of the loch. We have week about of lessons and work. We get up at 6-15 and finish in school days at 3-30, on work days at 5-30. Lights go out at 10. You take your turn at dairy, poultry stock and garden. We have a fine swimming pool, but you can't stand long in it, or you will be covered with leeches. There is a haunted hut near it, where the first settlers on the land lived. They were murdered by the natives. There are cobbles in the pool, but you must fish at night for them with bait, and if you are not careful they sting you. They don't know what hooks are for out here. There are lovely gardens and we have the best well round about. I have noticed parrots, magpies, magpie larks, finches, crows and wag-tails. The wagtail here moves his tail across instead of up and down.

There is another boy newly out (from England). All the new boys have been greased. We had to collect in the stable on Saturday night at 10, invited by the old boys. It was no use refusing as they had a list of names. There were two doorkeepers armed with a pitchfork and horsewhip. We had to strip and come out in twos, in alphabetical order, so I was among the first. We had to lie flat between two rows of old boys and be smeared with grease (all the old oil and grease about). Next we were rolled in chaff, and it didn't half make a mess. We had now to stand on a box and be pelted with lumps of it and given nicknames. Mine was "Scotty" (they did not think of Crooky). A boy Easiman was "Kodok." Then we were set free, and made a bolt for the nearest tap where a very little of it came off. It was good fun watching the others then. I had five baths before I got it all off. The masters were giving us sidelong glances when we got back, but they did not dare to come down. I am in the second year. Mr Johnston, the farm manager, comes from Nairnshire, but he is the only Scotsman here. The butcher's collie is the only dog, but there are plenty cats about the stables. They kill three sheep on the farm every

day. We get very good food. We work half-day every Saturday. The Principal is to start a rifle club, so I may get a shot. I wish I had my "bike" as most of the boys have "bikes." The air mail passes over so many days a week. I saw a tiger snake at Kourda, and it took a lot of killing. There are beetles as big as mice running over the floors. The mosquitoes just wait in swarms till you get into bed and then they start. We are getting four days at Easter, so I am going to Perth.

C. H. CRICKSHANK.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

TIME flies ever onward! and who can testify to that better than I who have marked its flight from this old world garden lawn for well-nigh 200 years? Grey, moss grown, weather-beaten, the old "sun-dial" who have looked over my clipped hedges to the London-Bath road and witnessed the changes of the years. Ah! Romance ran high then—adventure called and was possible!

In memory still I hear the rumble of the stagecoach and see the powdery dust from its wheels. I peep inside and view there dainty maidens in hooped skirts, poke bonnets, tiny helpless hands clasped on silken laps; gay gallants in brocades with clouded caves and snuffboxes.

On winter nights I see the snowy roads with yellow lights of the "Dragon" beckoning in the distance. A wheel, perchance, has come off and while the smith repairs it the gay crowd troop to the inn where "mine host" has mulled Port in plenty.

Other times the clanging of hoofs broke the silence of the night and there, racing at "break neck" pace, would be two lovers fleeing before irate father or brother. Great days those!

In the summer noondays I remember the old ladies who lived here and walked in this garden enjoying the bird song and the

bloom of the flowers or sipping tea under yon sycamore. They, good souls, are but shadows now—yet sometimes I see them, faint, misty forms, wandering round their accustomed ways.

My happiest memory is perhaps that of a girl leaning over me counting the minutes till her lover would come. The postern gate swung open and she was clasped in the arms of the young sailor come to say goodbye. With many promises and caresses they parted while her silver tears dropped on my stone face as she whispered, "Oh, sun-dial, how many empty hours will you tell till he returns?" Youth is ever impatient; she need not have grieved so sorely for at the end of a year wedding bells chimed in the air, a happy white-robed girl ran down the lawn to the carriage en route for the church where the seaman claimed his bride.

Fifty years have passed since then, years of change and modernization. Coaches—horses—lovers—romances—brocades—all vanished into the dim, forgotten past! My Captain lives here in retirement. What is he thinking of as he sits there in the sun, with his dog, his pipe and his "Times"? Is he sailing again the seven seas, putting in at the fair ports, Cuba, Las Palmas, or is he thinking of the girl-bride who left him so early on life's voyage and waits for him at the "Port of Heaven"? Who can tell?

I only hope they will leave me here (when my dear old Captain is gone) in this quiet old corner where I can dream my dreams.

ISABELLE MOYES (Former Pupil).

THIRD YEAR'S DAY OUT.

THE members of Class III. Higher Grade were feeling very indignant. Not an unusual occurrence, of course, but this time we had a reason. The Highers, consisting of fourth, fifth and sixth years, had planned an expedition to Cairngorm and declined

to let third year accompany them. They said they didn't want "Kids." "Kids," mind you, and every one of us over fourteen.

Something had to be done about it. It was up to us. To climb Cairngorm on our own was out of the question, but other suggestions were brought forward. The final selection was Loch-an-Eilan. The thought of a forty-mile cycle run didn't daunt us one bit. We were ready to face anything.

Saturday morning dawned wet and cold, and when we met at the school, it was found that only six hardy souls had dared the elements. Off we set, in the hopes that the weather would change. But it followed us right to Aviemore, where it suddenly stopped.

We reached Loch-an-Eilan while the sun shone, and so pleased were we that despite our long run, all of us were eager to start up the loch before another shower came on. We had time to view the loch before the next shower came on, driving us to shelter. It was a lovely sight. A precious jewel in a setting of green trees and dark, towering hills, it drew us like a magnet. We had lunch in the cottage at the loch-side. It was too wet to kindle fires outside. After lunch, the sun appeared once more, so we walked up to the top of the loch and on to the little loch above. It was our first visit to the district, and all of us were charmed with it.

It was soon time to set out on our return journey, but as the rain had cleared off, we felt much brighter. A halt was called at Loch Vaa, where our attention was drawn to several signposts which said trespassers would be prosecuted.

This was too much for us. We carried our haversacks down to the loch-side where we built our fire right under the notice boards. Tea was a jolly affair. In spite of the fact that one of our number was positive she saw tadpoles in the drinking water, we each managed to drink two or three cupsful of boiled tea. It was nectar to us.

But the rays of the setting sun on the loch warned us that it was time we were setting out for home. It was in the last part of our journey that we had our first mishap when I had a puncture. But it was soon mended.

We reached Grantown about the same time as the Cairngorm expedition, which was not, if I remember correctly, a success, owing to mists on the hills.

But our day was a wonderful success, and I am doubtful if any of us has forgotten it yet.

JEAN BURGESS.

F.P.'s CLUB.

INOPERATIVE since 1914, the Grantown Grammar School F.P.'s Club was resuscitated at a meeting of Former Pupils held in the School on 24th October, 1929, when the following office-bearers were appointed :

HON. PRESIDENT—LT.-COL. J. GRANT SMITH.
PRESIDENT—MR HUNTER.
VICE-PRESIDENT—MISS M. SCOTT MACGREGOR

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

MISS E. M. LAWSON.
MISS A. CUMMING.
MISS D. MACPIERSON.
MR J. K. ROBERTSON.
MR J. S. MACKENZIE.
MR D. G. NOBLE.

SECRETARY & TREASURER—IAIN C. DAVIDSON

It was decided to retain the old Constitution, with an alteration in Rule 4 with regard to office-bearers.

A ReUnion in the form of a Whist Drive, Supper and Dance was held in the School

in December, and although too elaborate to be a financial success, it was most successful in other respects.

The Club has seventy-two members, and its position at present is as follows :—

INCOME.

Members' subscriptions	£7	4	0
Donation	0	10	0
Bank Interest	0	0	5
	<hr/>		
	£7	14	5

EXPENDITURE.

Printing and advertising, etc.	£2	2	3
Treasurer's outlays	0	2	5
Re-Union deficit	2	8	9
Balance	3	1	0
	<hr/>		
	£7	14	5

BORE—"I passed your home to-day, old man."

SMITH—"Thanks!"

WAITER (observing diner's dissatisfaction)—"Wasn't your egg cooked long enough, sir?"

DINER—"Yes, but it wasn't cooked soon enough!"

EMPLOYER (engaging typist)—"Can you punctuate?"

TYPIST (brightly)—"Oh, yes, I'm always quite early in the morning!"

PUPILS' PIES.

MR R—N (discussing King John)—
Well, what did an Interdict mean?

C—B—.—You couldn't get anybody to
bury you.

MR R—.—And who sent St. Augustine to
England?

J—A—.—Please sir, Pope Macgregory.

A CHAIN OF ERROR IN BRITISH HISTORY.

That Mary Queen of Scots perished on the
gallows; that Henry VI. had eight wives;
that Philip of Spain came to visit Elizabeth
with a view to matrimony, but she singed
his beard, so he sent over the Armada; that
the House of Commons were the men of
medium rank in Parliament, besides the
Gents.; that William I. invented the Cur-
few Bell, which prevented the English
potting around their fires.

FROM THE MODERN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

One evening he arrived home very late,
but alas! he forgot to take his key with
him.

*"Un soir il arriva a la maison tres tard
mais, hélas! il oublia de prendre sa quene
avec lui."*

FROM A DIALOGUE—"Oh," said the Tree
to the Wind, "I am sick over you."

ANOTHER—*Un visage rond et frais, qui
respirait la douceur et la gaiete.*

*"A round flesh face which perspired with
sweetness and gaiety."*

AND AGAIN—*Foulant au pied le corps de
Guillaume.*

*"Knocking William's crops to the
ground."*

FROM AN ESSAY ON "A CIRCUS"—"His part
of the performance was to do tricks on the
tapestries."

FROM AN ESSAY ON TEMPERANCE—"When a
man takes strong drink, the organs of his
head become affected and he loses the know-
ings of his whereabouts."

FROM AN ESSAY, "MY IDEAL SCHOOL"—
"The strap should only be used in very de-
serving cases."

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY—"He was very
serious for a time, but then became rather
loose in his habits and never dressed."



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Give me the man with flowing locks, and
stubbly bristly chin;
It gladdens up my weary heart to see him
step within.
I hate the man with hairless face,
In my scheme of things he has no place,
So come, you hairy chappies, come,
The chair awaits within.
A transformation act I'll work
Upon your head and chin.



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We are offering extra value in Boys' Flannel Suits, Grey and Navy, from 5/6 to 12/6. Also Blazers, 4/6 up. Special value in Boys' Grey Flannel Shorts with double seats, from 2/6.

Boys' Shirts in Grey, Khaki, White, Sand, etc., with sports collars. Boys' Tweed Suits, all sizes. Good wearing materials from 12/6 to 27/6. Reliable Tweed Shorts. School Jerseys from 2/11. Good quality Cashmere Jerseys with School Colours from 6/3. Boys' Top Hose from 1/- to 3/6. School Ties, Belts, Badges, Caps, Braces, Handkerchiefs, etc. Football Shorts, etc.

Girls

Gym Frocks from 8/6. Gym Blouses.

Print Frocks from 1/11½ up. Large variety.

Wool Jumpers, Cardigans.

Gym Hose in Black and Tans, also Coloured Cashmere, etc.

Special Line Ribbed Cashmere Hose from 1/3½ up.

Girls' turn down Top ¾ Hose. Socks. All good value.

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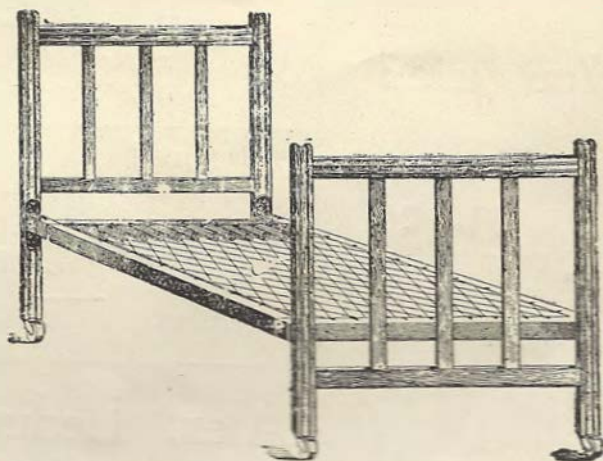
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HOME-MADE JAMS
AND MARMALADE

A STOWAWAY AT SEA.

JIMMY WELLS was an orphan who frequented the West End of London. His father and mother had died when he was very small, and he managed to get money for food by selling kindling sticks which he found and spliced on the wharf-sides, where the ships were busy loading and unloading goods for other ports.

One night as Jimmy was walking along the road to his temporary home on the wharf-side, which was a large unused packing-case with straw on the bottom of it, where he slept at night, he heard two men talking in low tones as they came out of an inn door. "Come on, Jem, almost time we were there, the stuff will all be on board by now," said one of the men, and quickened his step. The other did likewise, and they were soon out of sight round the corner. Jimmy, full of curiosity, shadowed them until he saw them go up the gangway of a ship in the harbour.

Immediately they were out of sight, he crept quietly up after them and hid behind a huge coil of rope. Watching his chance, he slipped down to the hold, where he saw a great many boxes, and the smell of opium was terrible. At length he came to the conclusion that he was a stowaway on a boat trying to smuggle opium. He took stock of the situation and saw, lying on the floor, a bottle, that had once been used for champagne. He also discovered a lump of charcoal and a label. He scribbled a message on the label with the charcoal, saying that he was a stowaway on a boat of smugglers, and requested the finder to deliver the note to the nearest coastguard station. He then gave the name of the boat, which he saw written on a lifebelt. The coastguards would have a record of where the boat was going, and would inform the police at its destination. He crept up to the deck, and threw the bottle with the message into the sea. He slept that night in the hold and awakened the following morning very hungry. The ship, he heard a man say, was due in Hull in 4 hours. He crept up out of the hold in search of food. On a tray near the galley door he saw a glass of tongue and a

slice of bread. He stole them, and ran back to the hold. As he ate, he wondered if anyone would discover the loss and report to the captain that there was a stowaway on board, and he also wondered if the bottle had been found by anyone and given to the coastguards.

All at once he heard a man shout, "Search the hold, there is a stowaway on board." He had been seen, he was afterwards told, by the captain, from the bridge. He climbed inside a barrel and closed the lid. Men searched the hold for half-an-hour, passing within touching distance of Jimmy, but no one thought of looking into the barrel.

The siren was tooting as they entered Hull harbour, with a supposed cargo of salt. But imagine the captain's surprise when the first greeting he received was a pair of handcuffs over his wrists, placed there by a coastguard sergeant!

Jimmy was rewarded for his capture, and soon he became a cabin-boy on a big ocean liner.

JOHN RICHARD SURTEES, Form II B H.G.

SUPPLICATION TO A WAYWARD YOUTH.

Ah MacNab you little know
What a wanton boy you grow!
Will you never realize
What is staring in your eyes?

Do you think a ship that goes
Whatever way Aeolus blows,
While the pilot's bent in sport,
Will ever make that distant port?

Though she be a splendid craft,
Smuggly rigged both fore and aft,
Without the pilot's guiding hand
She is one day bound to strand.

Do the qualms of conscience never
Bid you from buffoonry sever?
Don't despise what they dictate
Or you may find the truth too late.

ANON.