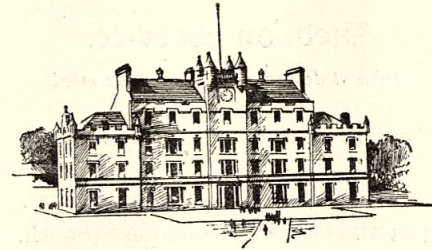


Gillespie's School
Magazine

July 1919





Gillespie's School Magazine.

JULY 1919.

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Died on Service.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

ANDERSON, GEORGE	- -	5th Royal Scots.
BINNIE, ROBERT	- -	9th Royal Scots.
BLACK, WALTER C.	- -	London Scottish.
BROOKS, ALEXANDER	- -	1st Lowland, R.F.A.
BROOKS, ROBERT	- -	12th Royal Scots.
BRUCE, W. A.	- -	Lothian and Border Horse.
CARMICHAEL, DAVID	- -	4th Royal Scots.
CLOW, DAVID J.	- -	Border Regiment.
CLOW, OSWALD W.	- -	1st Lowland, R.F.A.
CLOW, THOMAS H.	- -	4th Royal Scots.
COUSTON, ALEXANDER	- -	9th Royal Scots.
COUTTS, JOHN	- -	15th Royal Scots.
COWNIE, JOHN B.	- -	Welsh Regiment.
DENHOLM, WILLIAM	- -	Machine Gun Corps.
DOWNIE, GEORGE U. R.	- -	5th Royal Scots.
ELLIOT, THOMAS S.	- -	7th Cameron Highlanders.
GALLOWAY, HUGH S.	- -	5th Royal Scots.
GEMMELL, ALEXANDER	- -	Anti-Gas Dept., London.
GILMOUR, WALTER	- -	Royal Garrison Artillery.
HASTINGS, JOSEPH E.	- -	11th Black Watch.
HEGGIE, D. A.	- -	15th Royal Scots.
JACK, THOMAS	- -	9th Royal Scots.
LITTLEJOHN, ERIC	- -	5th Royal Scots.
LOWE, ROBERT	- -	5th Canadian Royal Highrs.

Died on Service—continued.

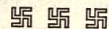
M'LAREN, JOHN F.	- -	4th Cameron Highlanders.
MUIR, CHRISTISON	- -	King's Own Scot. Borderers.
NIVEN, WILLIAM	- -	9th Royal Scots.
RIDDELL, SIDNEY	- -	Yorks. and Lancs. Regt.
RITCHIE, WILLIAM J.	- -	5th Royal Scots.
ROSS, PETER	- -	16th Royal Scots.
SCATER, CHARLES M.	- -	1st Royal Dragoons.
SHANKIE, ROY	- -	9th Royal Scots.
SHANKIE, THOMAS	- -	9th Royal Scots.
SHIRLAW, NINIAN F.	- -	8th Argyre and Suth. Highs.
SIM, CHARLES	- -	Royal Scots.
SPENCE, DAVID	- -	Royal Field Artillery.
STEWART, JOHN	- -	9th Royal Scots.
THOMSON, ROBERT	- -	South African Force.
WALLACE, JOHN H. D.	- -	5th Royal Scots.
WALLACE, WILLIAM	- -	9th Royal Scots.
WALTER, CLEMENT	- -	King's Own Scot. Borderers.
WALTER, RICHARD	- -	American Army.
YOUNG, DAVID G.	- -	10th Scottish Rifles.

Captain ALEX. GEMMELL, D.Sc., Analytical Chemist, a former pupil, for some time in command of Edinburgh University O.T.C., and latterly of the Anti-Gas Department, University College, London, died in January of this year as a result of experiments to discover efficient protection for the troops against poison gas.

MILITARY HONOURS.

THE following Military Honours, won by former pupils and others connected with the School, have been intimated to us :—

- BIRSE, ARTHUR L., Royal Fusiliers—Meritorious Service Medal.
- BROWN, WILLIAM (Assistant Janitor), K.O.S.B.—Military Medal.
- EMSLIE, ISABEL, M.B., Ch.B., M.D. (Hons.), at present Chief Medical Officer of the Women's Hospital attached to the Royal Serbian Army, Vranja, Serbia.—Croix de Guerre (French), Order of St Sava (Serbian), Médaille des Epidémiques (French).
- GERRARD, HILDA M., V.A.D.—Royal Red Cross (2nd Class).
- HASTIE, STUART H., Highland Light Infantry—Military Cross and Order of the British Empire.
- HUTCHINSON, DOUGLAS LEES, 10th Northumberland Fusiliers—Italian Bronze Medal for bravery, and mentioned in dispatches.
- JENKINS, GERALD, Royal Field Artillery—Military Cross.
- KIRKWOOD, WALTER, Royal Garrison Artillery—Military Cross.
- LOCH, ABRAM D., Royal Scots—Military Cross and Bar.
- ROSS, WILLIAM, 5th Royal Scots—Military Cross.
- TAIT, JAMES (Assistant Master), Lothians and Border Horse—Military Medal.
- TAYLOR, RUPERT, Lovat's Scouts—Twice mentioned in dispatches.
- WARDEN, HERBERT S., 10th Lincolns—Distinguished Service Order and Bar; three times mentioned in dispatches.

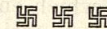
**EDITORIAL.**

AFTER a lapse of nearly four years, we again present to our readers an issue of "Gillespie's School Magazine." There is no need to apologise for these four years. Everybody knows how difficult it was during these stirring times to carry on the necessary vocations of life, and the surplus energies of the School were directed to those activities which engaged, not only us of James Gillespie's School, but the whole nation. Now that we are getting somewhat settled down, we venture to make a fresh start with our School Magazine.

In the main, this number of the Magazine follows the plan of previous numbers. The list of former pupils who have given their lives for their country in the Great War is necessarily incomplete. Our other lists must also be incomplete, and we would esteem it a favour if our readers would help us to complete these lists. The former pupils of James Gillespie's are so many that it is quite impossible for us to keep trace of more than quite a small number of them.

In the matter of contributions, this issue of the Magazine is a *School* issue. Practically all the contributions are by the pupils themselves. We hope that the former pupils, now that the F.P. Club has started again, will favour us with a number of contributions for our next issue. Every class in the School has contributed to this issue, and we have printed at least one contribution from each class. This, we believe, is a new feature in school magazines. We have great hopes that this new feature will make the Magazine more interesting to those for whom, in the first instance, the Magazine is published, namely, the pupils of the School.

We wish to thank very cordially all those who have helped us by sending in contributions. In particular, we wish to thank the pupils themselves, not only those of the higher classes, but also those of the lower classes, down to the very lowest, for their very generous response to our request for articles. "Something for the Magazine" is a delightfully vague title, but right heartily did the pupils do their bit. Various forms of literature have been attempted—poems, grave and gay; fairy tales; stories of adventure; humorous sketches; and serious essays. It is pleasant to note how many of the younger children burst into verse. All the contributions from one class were poems. We hope that class did not think that contributions must be in verse. Whatever they thought, we are quite pleased with the result, and we assure all our budding poets that, though they are not yet Shakespeares or Miltons, yet their contributions are quite creditable. To those who contributed and do not find their contributions in these pages, we would offer a word of comfort. It is quite impossible to print all the contributions. That would make a book larger and thicker than any school-book. So if you have not been lucky enough to get your contribution accepted this time, do not be downhearted, but try again, and hope for better success next time.



SCHOOL NOTES.

THE period of three and a half years since last a Gillespie Magazine appeared has been marked by much change. The call to war has brought with it many war activities, of which a short account is given, along with a record of some outstanding school doings.

* * * * *

The number of pupils enrolled, the passes in Qualifying Examinations and the successes in Intermediate Certificates and Heriot Bursaries have reached their highest during all these years. Our "Forward" motto has not been belied, while School Expansion and Reconstruction are very familiar terms at present.

* * * * *

Hockey and rugby football, tennis and cricket, have been played during the winter and summer seasons, and a School Camp was held last August at Weemhome Farm, near Aberfeldy. Woodwork and swimming classes, however, have had to be attended with some inconveniences.

* * * * *

The Prefect system has been the main change introduced into class working.

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Enforced closing owing to influenza epidemic prevented the Annual July Concert, Music Exhibition, and Distribution of Prizes, and three and a half weeks' work was lost in November last through the same cause. An informal Distribution of Certificates was held in September.

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On alternate Friday afternoons of last summer term, a series of addresses on careers open to girls was given in school by prominent public ladies, at which parents also were present.

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The School War Savings Association, now in its third year of existence, is in a very flourishing condition, over £3500 having been collected up to date, besides £900 given during Tank Week. A total of considerably over £4000 is expected to be reached this month.

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With the help of pupils of the two highest classes, some 4000 Ration Books were completed for the Food Control Office.

From the proceeds of two concerts given in the Lauriston Halls by the Juvenile Pupils in June 1917, a substantial fund was raised, out of which a series of Saturday afternoon entertainments was provided for wounded soldiers and sailors during the winter 1917-18. The guests were conveyed to school, and on each occasion a programme of solos, part-songs, and dances was first carried through before tea, which was followed by games or whist, prizes being awarded to the most successful competitors. After supper a short impromptu concert was contributed to by the visitors. The gatherings were most hearty and successful, a committee of teachers and a number of pupil assistants working very willingly to make the visitors enjoy themselves to the full. Men from various hospitals attended at the different entertainments, the last having Overseas representatives from all the Dominions. A sum of £10 was also voted to the Blind Soldiers' Hostel from the same fund.

* * * * *

Sewing work parties of ladies of the staff held weekly meetings during the first three years of war, the work done for the Red Cross and other charitable organisations being much appreciated. Large sums of money were raised by sales and teas at the Annual Sewing and Art Needlework Exhibitions. Very large numbers of garments and other articles were made by the children to help the same funds, no appeal being in vain at any time or for any purpose. Gifts of games, books, clothing, were sent continuously to Huts in France and Belgium, and regular parcels to our own special teacher friends on service. We were indebted for assistance to very many households providing foodstuffs and smoking material. The School Choir also has given its services frequently, on occasions like Dedication Week, when also the Upper School was addressed by Dr Wallace Williamson.

* * * * *

Various members of the Staff took part in other forms of war work—V.A.D. and Hostel work; Military Register, etc., while pupils assisted on Flag Days and on other occasions. An exhibition of Morris and Country Dances and of Tableaus and Swedish Drill was this School's share in the special programme at Princes Street Gardens in Red Cross Week last summer.

* * * * *

A number of important Staff changes has occurred since last Magazine issue. On Mr Blacklaw's appointment to the Headmastership of Broughton H.G. Centre three years ago, our present Headmaster, Mr Burnett, came to Gillespie's. The School Staff itself shows other alterations. New teachers, permanent and temporary, have appeared, while special mention

may be made of the departure of three of our best-known colleagues—Mr Hair, promoted to the Headmastership of Davie Street School and later of Warrender Park; Miss Edwards, now Organising Secretary to the Youth Committee of the Church of Scotland; and Miss Harris, who is here offered the School's best wishes on her approaching marriage.

* * * * *

A Social Meeting of Welcome to Masters returned from war service was held in March, when opportunity was taken also to recognise Mr Callander's wedding; and an old School function in the form of a School Party at Easter was a resumption of peace-time festivities. We look to the usual features of School life reviving next session.

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From the Higher Grade.

AN IDLE BRAIN.

ONE warm summer's day I made my way to a shady nook by the side of a murmuring stream. Everything was silent save the gentle gurgle of the brook.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife!" I softly murmured. Now, I hereby declare that I had every intention of working that afternoon; and as a proof of my good intentions, I was armed with a Latin grammar and a Scott novel. I don't know how it happened, but the Latin grammar lay on the grass unopened, and before long the novel slipped from my nerveless grasp, for coming towards me was a female figure.

"Amy Robsart!" I gasped.

"Yes, the same," said a mournful voice, "but what do you here? This is my bower: alas, I have no palatial halls to rest in!"

Murmuring my apologies, I attempted to rise, but could not.

"Nay," continued the same sad voice, "do not trouble. It is long since I spoke with a female, and I would ask you some questions concerning the outer world."

I was growing more and more mystified.

"But—but," I stammered, "excuse my saying it, but I thought you were dead!"

"Yea, I am dead, as the world says, but my spirit cannot rest; I must needs revisit the scenes of my earthly life!"

These words alarmed me, but I examined the speaker more closely, and discovered that she was closely veiled. I ransacked

my brains for something to say to my ghostly visitor, but all thought and expression of thought had forsaken me.

To my horror she seated herself beside me, and with deformed fingers commenced to unveil herself.

"Behold the once beautiful Amy!" said she. "See what the cruel act of a base man has done."

And as I looked I saw how dreadful had been her death. Her face was emaciated and pale.

Supernatural guests did not agree with me, and I attempted to rise and flee. Alas! my limbs refused to move, and, still struggling, I—awoke. Sir Walter Scott's famous novel *Kenilworth* lay open on my knee, and on the grass the Latin grammar. I apostrophised the latter object thus: "Oh, grammar, why did I forsake thee? Thou wouldst not have treated me thus; alack-a-day, wherefore did I attempt the *Kenilworth* Essay Competition?"

EDITH A. BRADBURY,
3 H.G.A.

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AN AWESOME VISIT.

AND it came to pass, in the year of grace nineteen hundred and nineteen, that a Philistine of influence great entered into our stronghold. His clothing was as worn by those of high rank, and his features were none too pleasant. His moustache was untrimmed, and his name, though strange to our ears, was according to his nation.

The high priest of our stronghold, who was as if struck by a thunderbolt, ushered him into the presence of the young defenders of the city.

Although a stranger in our land, we believed our tongue to be known to him. Verily, he had no power of speech whatsoever, but instead, he growled into his beard like a monster enjoying the sight of terrifying his opponents.

Our knees shook, and our tongues, cleaving to our mouths, spake no word. And when our powers of speech and motion were wholly spent, we sat as if stricken. As we grew silent, the fearful monster increased his wrath an hundredfold, and soon it seemed as if our stronghold was shaken to its foundation, such was the noise of his anger. At the end he became more subdued, and finally we had regained enough power to bid farewell to the renowned one, as he made his departure in the company of the high priest and his followers.

CLARA R. C. DAVIDSON,
3 H.G.A.

FEELINGS OF AN "INTERMEDIATE" CANDIDATE.

It was the 1st of April 1919 (All Fool's Day), and I was feeling rather foolish, when I entered the torture cham—I mean the Leaving Certificate Examination room. I had gone to bed the night before repeating derivations, Latin roots, etc., till I was bewildered; and when I was completely exhausted, I lay thinking of the other innocent and hapless youths who were waiting their doom on the morrow.

Eventually I did fall asleep, only to awake in the morning with a buzzing head, and again I started to murder the dates of some innocent author.

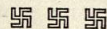
When I arrived at school I found my fellow-sufferers assembled in a room feverishly questioning one another. I was besieged by frantic questioners, who expected me to know the smallest detail of all the novels we had happened to read in the past three years of our torture.

After many instructions, which only helped to muddle us still more, we ventured into the chamber of horrors. We had expected to be taken care of by a wrinkled, bearded man, who glared at one fiercely over horn-rimmed spectacles, but to our astonishment, and need I say relief, we were ushered to our seats by a blushing youth.

However, we had not long to admire him, for he smiled benignly at us and then handed us our examination papers, which we received with dilated eyes, bated breath, and trembling fingers. From his knowing smile we knew that he had undergone the same experience. We looked feverishly at the test papers, and one heard in the corridor the gasps of relief that filled the air, for I have to admit that the papers were not so terrifying as some of the previous candidates had maliciously led us to believe.

However, the dreaded examination is over, and now we only await the results of our brains, crammed with the efforts of our worthy teachers, although tennis, botany excursions, etc., have (in the words of one of our teachers) put everything else, even the "inters." into the background.

AGNES L. WATT, 3 H.G.A.



A LETTER ON PEACE HOLIDAYS.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S SCHOOL,
May 1919.

COMRADES,

What interested us most in the Peace Conference was the promise of three days' holidays in July, and what is worrying us most now is the thought of not getting those three days.

Oh, the mean wretches who drew up the great document! I'd like to strangle them: they surely have no children of their own, or at least, if they do happen to have any, how I pity them!

Comrades! If the great men think fit to deprive us of these holidays, let us arise! Let us collect our heroic band and set out "once more unto the breach!" Down with the Peace Delegates! Up with the rights of our school-life! We, as the future supporters of the British Empire, must not be crushed under their feet as though we were mere nothingnesses. Come! Let us defend our cause!

Are we alone in our cry for justice? No! we have even on our side our most loyal Staff, who we know will stick to us through thick and thin. Let US cry for justice for them also.

To have these holidays in the holiday month of August, when we are enjoying the fresh sea-breezes or the balmy country air, is absolutely preposterous. Comrades! We shall NOT stand this.

Having aired my views on the meanness of mankind, I vote we have a meeting of our most high society of prefects, in which to consider the best way we can bring about the satisfying of our most modest demands.

EDITH MURDOCH,
3 H.G.B.

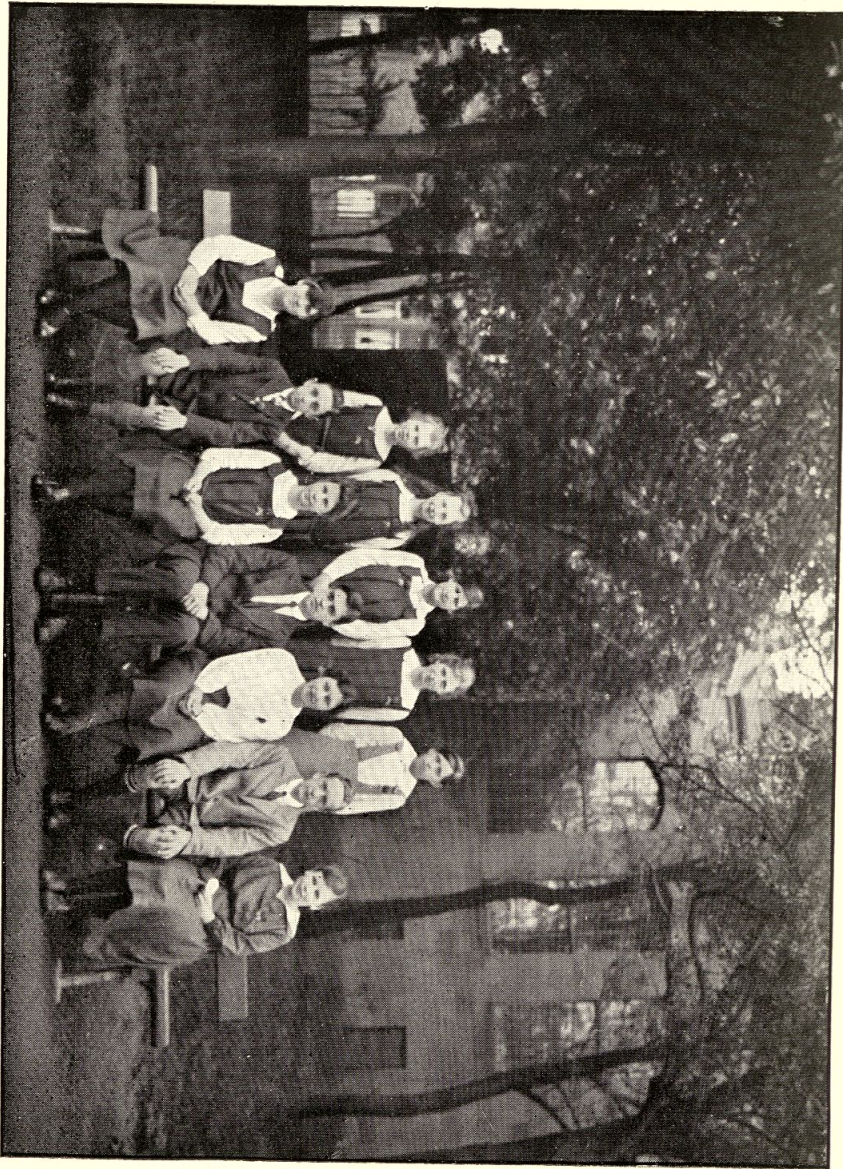


OUR FORESTRY CAMP AT ABERFELDY.

THIS was the first lumber camp which James Gillespie's School had had. We left Waverley in charge of Mr Smith on Thursday, 11th July, at 9 o'clock, and arrived at our destination about 2 o'clock. We were accommodated in a large, roomy garage at Weem Home Farm, and on arriving there we found that the advance party of three, who had travelled north on the previous day, had prepared our first camp meal, in the shape of bully beef and potatoes (mostly soup). After arranging our beds, which consisted of palliasses stuffed with straw, we started to explore the neighbourhood.

Aberfeldy is situated in one of the prettiest districts of Perthshire. The surrounding hills, covered with heather, stretch away miles into the distance, with here and there a lonely cottage nestling against the hillside. In a basin among the hills lies Loch Tay, the blueness of the water standing out clearly against the dark colour of the hills.

During the first night in the camp very few of the twenty or so boys slept much, because of the unusual sound. Perhaps it was owing to this that the orderly, who was supposed to get



PREFECTS—1918-19.

(1st Row) Lizzie Stark, Helen Fairgrieve, Isa Black, Peggy Dunsmore, Margaret Steel.
(2nd Row) Eleanor Davidson, George Booth, Brodie Johnston, John Grey, Nettie Adams, James Martin, Margaret Millar.

us up at 6 a.m., found it very difficult to rouse us. But I am afraid this was a very common occurrence.

We started for our work in the morning soon after seven, as we had to begin work at eight, and had a stiff hill to climb. Our work was to peel the bark off the trees after the woodmen had felled and snedded them. For this we used a kind of chisel having a curved blade, but sometimes when the tree was very dry the bark was difficult to strip, and we used another instrument called a spade. We worked in gangs of three to a tree, and there was often some rivalry between the various gangs as to who would do the most trees in a day. At first we were rather slow, but gradually we improved, till we were doing about 130 a day, and one day we reached 160.

At 12 we stopped for lunch, and commenced again at 12.30. At 3.30 we were finished for the day, and returned to camp. Here we were always sure of a good, square meal, for which we were very thankful and grateful to the lady who looked after the cooking of these meals.

Life at the camp was not "all work and no play." In the evenings we had several fine games of rounders and hockey, the hockey being played with thick sticks and a tin can, with the result that we had several bruises on our legs for a good few days. We also played the village football team, the result being a win for them. This was not to be wondered at, as one or two of the local team were full-grown men.

On Saturdays we stopped at 12, and in the afternoon, after giving the garage its weekly scrub-out and airing our beds, we were free for the rest of the evening.

On Sundays, all except two orderlies went to Church, and at night we had a little service of our own.

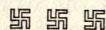
We had one or two very wet days, which was rather unfortunate, as the garage leaked rather badly at one place. So much did it leak one rainy night that the two unlucky boys who slept under the place had to shift their beds to another part of the garage.

When the camp broke up, after lasting a month, it was with feelings of joy and sorrow that we took our departure—sorrow at parting from the now familiar camp, and joy at the thought of going home again.

Altogether the camp was a great success.

ARTHUR ALLAN, 3 H.G.B.

DUNCAN MACLACHLAN, 3 H.G.A.



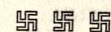
MONDAY MORNING.

It is a glorious spring morning outside, but inside, to one who is trying to learn a proposition which has been forgotten the night before, the morning seems just a mockery. "Oh, dear! I feel sure I'll fail in that old thing, and I've geography to do too! Oh! Why was school ever invented, especially on a Monday morning?"

Books are banged for a few minutes, then suddenly—"I've lost my French verb book. Somebody has touched it, because I know I left it there. If you would only leave my books alone!"

"There's a book on your bike-carrier," calls a voice to the harassed school-girl, who, with one eye on the clock and the other on the book-shelf, strives to collect her scattered possessions. At last a door is slammed, and she is on her way to school. Arrived in The Links, she notices that there are very few people about, and she begins to run. At last she arrives at the school, climbs to the top of those awful stairs, reaches the cloak-room to find it—locked. However, she makes her way resignedly to her class-room, signs the late sheet with a pathetic air, and with a heart-felt sigh, goes slowly to her accustomed place.

MARGARET DUNSMORE, 2 H.G.A.



RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in rajah but not in king ;
 My second is in chant but not in sing ;
 My third is in music and also in rhyme ;
 My fourth is in age and also in time ;
 My fifth is in ass but not in donkey ;
 My sixth is in gorilla but not in monkey ;
 My seventh is in idiot but not in fool ;
 My eighth is in college and also in school ;
 My ninth is in plum but not in pear ;
 My tenth is in table but not in chair ;
 My eleventh is in sugar and also in salt ;
 My twelfth is in jump but not in vault ;
 My thirteenth is in imp but not in elf ;
 My fourteenth is in wealth and also in pelf ;
 My whole is the name of a man famed for snuff,
 But I'm sure you'll agree that I've said quite enough.

Ans.—JAMES GILLESPIE.

BLANCHE BROWN,
 2 H.G.A.

THE STORY OF A RUSTY NAIL,
as related by itself.

It is with indignation that I write this, the story of my life. And yet what, perhaps, is the good of telling you my poor little history? Perhaps you will only laugh at the idea of such a battered, disreputable-looking, rusty old fellow as I, ever having had one at all. But let me tell you that I was not once upon a time what you see me now. No, indeed, you would not have recognised that smart, jaunty, spick-and-span young fellow of Yesterday in the crippled, bent, poor creature of To-day.

You *do* want to hear my poor little romance? Yes, then I shall tell it you.

Well, then, it must be nearly half a century ago that I was bought, with many dozen of my brethren, by a head-gardener. I was bought for a very common purpose—to help in teaching the youthful mind of an American creeper how to shoot.

For some years I discharged my duties well and conscientiously. The creeper improved under the able guidance of the wall and myself, who were great friends. But one day I quarrelled with the wall. It was only over a very slight matter, but in those days I was young and hot-tempered, and we fell out. Would that I had stayed there now! At least I could not have been in a worse condition than I am now.

I fell to earth then, and landed among some friendly gravel. But this was not to last long, for one day when one of the gardeners was tidying the walks he came across me, and I was swept away with some rubbish. I reached the street eventually, and there was helped along the road of life by kicks from sundry feet belonging to idle message-boys. This went on for a week, and at the end of that time, more dead than alive, I was picked up by an old miser, who took me to his mean garret. I had great hopes from this action, but you can imagine my disappointment when I was carelessly flung into a corner where there was a heap of old iron and other rubbish. I wept bitter tears that night. This seemed to me to be the end of everything. But it was of no use, for there I remained year after year until the miser died. And when the garret was scrubbed out I, of course, was flung out with the other rubbish.

And here I am, in—(oh, the humiliation of it!)—in a rubbish-heap, the workhouse of us self-respecting nails. And now, I ask you, what have I done to merit such a disgraceful end?

LOTTIE LAURENSEN,
2 H.G.A.

ROSE AND THE FAIRIES.

There lived a little girl called Rose,
Who loved the woods and meads to roam,
Where grew the flowers so sweet and gay
That brightened up her humble home.

One day while at her happy play
She spied amongst the leafy bowers
A host of little fairy forms,
Who danced away the sunny hours.

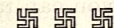
When Rose the fairies did espy,
They clapped their hands with joy and said:
"Oh, come away, dear Rose, with us,
And see our fairy banquet spread."

They led her to a leafy glade,
Where on a mushroom sat the queen,
Surrounded by a troop of fays,
All decked in gold and silver sheen.

The banquet on the grass was spread,
And for the plates were leaves so green,
And acorns filled with honey dew,
A daintier spread there ne'er was seen.

But suddenly a clock struck six,
And all the fairies fled away,
And left poor Rose to play alone,
Within the glade no longer gay.

ELLA KANE, 2 H.G.B.



A DREAM OF MY SCHOOL BOOKS.

PERHAPS it was my taking a very heavy supper or some other unknown reason that made me dream of my school books, for I do not exactly care for such things.

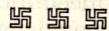
I dreamed I was being sent to school in some foreign country. On the voyage a terrible storm arose, and the ship was wrecked. I clung to a plank and was washed ashore on an island. I wandered round the island until I was tired of everything. I was longing for something to read, and one day while walking along the shore I came upon a leather bag, which I immediately opened. To my joy I found it contained books. Without looking to see

what kind of books they were, I carried them away to the cave where I was living. There I sat down and opened the bag and took out a book: at the first glance my spirits fell. I saw it was a school book! I was so disgusted that I took the lot of them down to the sea and flung them in. But they insisted on coming back. I flung them in again, and again, and again, but still they came back. At last I gave up trying to get rid of them, and resolved to make the best of them. So I sat down and read, and read, and read, until I had all the knowledge I could ever possess.

* * * *

Some time after I was picked up by a ship, and came back to Scotland. I was going to school prepared to answer every question, and to be the "wonder boy" of every class, when—"George! George! get up, it's time for school," put an end to my happy slumbers.

GEORGE CRUICKSHANK,
2 H.G.C.



MARY TRACKS THE GHOST.

CHAPTER I.

FOR six weeks Elma Wood's thrilling ghost stories had kept all the girls in her class interested, but at last many were beginning to tire of them, in fact some of the girls were positively sick hearing her tell of the faint moans and weird scrapings which, she averred, kept her awake at nights. It came about like this. Miss Robertson's private school had once been a convent, and some silly person had told Elma that there was a secret panel in her room by which one of the nuns had escaped, intending to run away from the convent, as she was tired of the quiet life. The poor nun had been caught and brought back, and she was so unhappy that she took poison and died. The story ran that her spirit often came back, and roved through the rooms where she had once been a prisoner. As Elma's bedroom was supposed to be the dead nun's favourite resort, you may be sure Elma made the most of it. At first her stories made her immensely popular with all the girls. Whenever they had a spare moment they would all rush to hear her latest.

She would tell how she had just been dozing over when—E O U W!!!—the most blood-curdling yell had suddenly made her jump up in bed trembling all over. Then she would hear footsteps running backwards and forwards, as though someone was trying vainly to find a way out. Then a loud burst of

sobbing would commence, which gradually grew fainter and fainter till it ceased altogether. After that Elma would calmly draw the clothes about her and go to sleep. The queer bit was that though Elma professed to be terrified at what she heard, she had never complained to Miss Robertson, and she had not even asked to have her room changed. This made some of the older and less credulous girls sceptical, for they argued if Elma really did hear such things *she* was not the one to lie heroically through it all; in fact, some even pictured Elma flying downstairs in her nightdress, her hair all awry, and her eyes bulging with terror if she heard the faintest squeak.

"Now, look here," said Mary Yule to her chum one day, "I've been thinking over this, and I've come to the conclusion that the only way to prove whether Elma really hears those noises or not is to make a creepy noise ourselves, not much you know to shatter her nerves or anything, but just something like what she says she hears. If she gets awfully scared and runs out of her room, that will prove she has never really heard anything, won't it?" But Kathleen did not approve of this plan, as she didn't see how Mary could imitate a ghost. The result was that the two girls argued for a while, and then went away in the huff with each other. But Mary was determined to find out for herself whether a ghost existed, so she waited till Elma had gone to play at tennis, then she crept into her room and started to feel all over the wall in search of the secret panel. She searched vainly for a while, but finding nothing to reward her search, she was compelled to give it up, and was just leaving the room when her sharp eyes noticed a queer little bump on the wooden boards of the floor. It was in an out-of-the-way corner of the room where people would seldom walk. Going forward she pressed her toe on this little bump and, lo and behold!!! the floor began to open up, and before she knew where she was she went slithering down, down, down, then bump!!! She found herself in a dim apartment, with a rough stone floor. It had all happened so quickly, and she was so amazed and bewildered that, though she had bumped herself severely, she quite forgot about it, and gazed around her in sheer amazement. Could she be dreaming? But no; there was the hole she had fallen through, as plain as could be. She wondered what Elma would think if she came back and found a hole in her bedroom floor. Then her eyes fell on a ladder in a corner, and she immediately jumped up and dragged it into position just underneath the hole, but in placing the ladder she must have touched the spring again, as, with a slight click, the two boards came together and she found herself a prisoner. She kept poking and prodding with the end of the ladder in the hope of finding the spring again, but alas! it evidently opened from the other side only. Since

the boards had closed it was quite dark, but she saw a narrow streak of light coming from the opposite side, and on approaching found it came from an iron grating, with ivy growing up on the outside and almost entirely covering it, so that nobody could have guessed there was anything behind save a stone wall. The grating was too narrow for her to squeeze through, and as she certainly could not break the iron bars, the only thing to do was to shout, in the hope that someone in the garden would hear. So she shouted with might and main till she had not a particle of breath left, but nobody came to rescue her. She wondered when Elma would be back. Tea was at half-past four, and likely she would come into her bedroom just before tea to put in her tennis racquet and tidy herself. On the other hand, if she was late for tea, she might not bother to come up at all. In that case it might be bedtime before she entered her bedroom again, and the prospect of staying in that dark, creepy cellar till bedtime did not appeal to Mary at all. To pass the time she started to explore her prison. At the far end she came across a wooden door. She turned the handle and, to her surprise, it opened quite easily, and she found herself looking into a dark chamber. She was rather nervous, but at last curiosity overcame fear and she stepped boldly inside. She remembered hearing one of the mistresses say that the whole house was built on cellars, so she thought perhaps she could get right round and find a way out at the other end. It was so dark that she could hardly see what the place looked like, and she had to pick her way carefully, as the floor was very uneven.

CHAPTER II.

When the girls came in at tea-time there was a great hue and cry for Mary Yule. She had not been at tennis all afternoon, and nobody had seen her. A few of the girls had asked permission to cycle into the neighbouring town and spend the week-end at Hilda Stewart's house, so at last the girls concluded that Mary Yule had joined them. Bedtime came and Miss Wallace went round all the rooms to put the lights out and see that the girls were in bed. She saw Mary Yule's empty bed, but thought, like the girls, that Mary was spending the week-end at Hilda Stewart's, so did not worry herself.

In the middle of the night the whole household was alarmed by a loud, piercing scream, and in a few minutes Miss Robertson appeared on the scene with a candle to see what on earth was the matter. She found Elma Wood half-way downstairs, screaming at the pitch of her voice, and stopped her to find out. But Elma was too terrified to speak properly, and all Miss Robertson

could hear was a jumbled story about a ghost in Elma's bedroom making a fearful noise and crying out. Miss Robertson then proceeded to Elma's bedroom, and soon found that it was no supernatural voice, but a genuine cry of distress from a flesh and blood person, very much alive. Soon she had located the bump on the floor, and in a few minutes Mary emerged. Oh! what a sight she was. She had made her way through all the cellars till she came to the coal-cellar, and, in the hope that the coal-cellar door might be open, she had squeezed through a hole and gone mountaineering over the coals, but on reaching the door found, to her dismay, that it was locked. She now poured out the whole story, to which Miss Robertson listened gravely at first, but at last she could not help laughing. Poor Elma was very much ashamed at being frightened over nothing, but Mary was even more ashamed of her predicament. So the two girls promised each other not to say anything to anyone else about the affair. So Elma stopped telling ghost-stories, and to this day the story of Mary's adventure has never leaked out.

MAY CLARK,

2 H.G.D.



WHAT THE MOON SAW.

THE moon, looking down one summer night, discovered, in a secluded glade in the forest, an animated scene. Dainty little fairies flitted from flower to flower, showering each other with petals; elves and goblins played leap-frog, while the glow-worms lit their lamps. Presently an expectant hush fell on the little people as their king and queen came into the glade. The bluebell played a march while they seated themselves on their forget-me-not thrones.

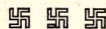
Soon the dancing began, the king and queen leading the dance. After a little while the dancing stopped and the company trooped to the banquet, which was laid on the moss under an oak tree. Such delicacies as cowslip wine served in rose-petal cups, and tiny mushroom cakes were among the many dainties which graced the table. Busy little pixies hurried to and fro, supplying this one with wine, another with cake, and seeing that everyone had enough.

When the feast was over, everyone trooped back to the ball-room, as they called the pretty glade, to continue their dancing. During the dancing a white moth fluttered up, and there alighted from its back the young prince, Ronald.

The king then told his subjects that the real object of the ball was to allow the prince to choose a bride. At these words

a murmur ran through the crowd, and the fairies clustered round the throne, while their partners, the elves, fell back. The young prince stepped from his seat, and, just as he did so, a breathless, dusty messenger flung himself at the king's feet, gasping out, "A great invading army of blackbeetles headed by cruel king Shiny-back." With a shout the elves dashed out to the opening of the glade, where they found their weapons. At their head the prince, carrying his crocus-leaf spear, charged on his white moth. Soon the elves came back, victorious, and the festivities proceeded. The prince chose Fairy Rosebud, and everyone danced merrily, till in the distance a cock was heard to crow, whereupon everyone vanished into their respective flower-homes.

HELENA JOHNSTONE,
1 H.G.A.



BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

WHAT an exquisite feeling of joy, freedom, and new life creeps over our tired bodies as the fair Goddess, Spring, has at last taken the place of ugly Winter. Everywhere it is proclaimed, from air, sea, and land, as if a new year had begun, as indeed it has, far more so than the universal New Year. The harbinger of Spring calls out from copse and fell "Cuckoo, cuckoo," and the blackbird, with his merry black eye, once more regains his beautiful voice, his lovely trills filling the air with glorious music.

Our little friend the bushy squirrel hops from bough to bough, chattering like an inquisitive magpie, and dropping down his empty nut-shells underneath, and laughing in glee at their surprise and discomfiture. The dormouse, too, is seen with the mole and field-mice, and if we went very carefully to the bracken and peeped underneath we would see a frightened rabbit, very nervous, but not deserting a lot of little soft rabbits, her most cherished possession. The lambs, never straying too far from their anxious mothers, also frisk about in the fields, golden with buttercups and dandelions.

The cornfields, once bare and bleak, are now covered with tender green shoots, which gave fair promise of a bountiful harvest. The lake, once frozen over with crisp ice, is now golden with the Spring sun, and its tiny wavelets dash against the verdant shore, while, with a strange "Honk-honk," the wild geese settle on its placid waters. The meek-eyed cows gaze at us as they crop the fresh grass, giving now and then a glance to see if their frisky calves are not straying too far.

The horses, old and young, toss up their heels for sheer joy as they are turned into the field after a hard day's work, and the

bulls and cows stand knee-deep in the peaceful river. Even the tiniest insect, the tiny midge, shows that Spring has come as he dances fitfully on the delicate air. Once more the busy ant, laden with "labour," goes backwards and forwards from his little hill carrying his daily bread. A shrill "chirp, chirp" is heard from the grass. That is the cricket—a merry fellow, caring only for pleasure, and scorning his cousin, the ant.

The gardens, town, and country are also filled with green shoots, and the soft willow catkins are budding and in full bloom.

MARY SMITH,
1 H.G.A.



UNDER THE SEA.

I do not think anything could be more pleasant than to visit Father Neptune's domain. Underneath the angry waves all is quiet and peaceful, and beautiful things are abundant. There one might talk with the silver-backed fishes, and ramble among the rocks with the golden-haired mermaids, discovering as we go along the nooks and crannies of the fish and Father Neptune's secret dwelling haunts. On the silver sand beautiful things are innumerable, and beautiful shells are found embedded in the sand. But this wonderland beneath the fathomless deep is not without dangers to its inhabitants.

The cruel earth-people take a delight in torturing the poor, helpless fish by capturing them, and these people come in strange wooden things called boats, and set nets which catch the fishes, much to the indignation of the fish nation. But sometimes these earthdwellers are brought to a watery grave. This happens when they rouse Father Neptune's ire thoroughly by stealing such large numbers of his faithful subjects, then he sends his royal cavalry, the waves, who dash men's crafts against some hidden rocks in the bed of the ocean, casting their crews to the mercy of the sharks, who gobble them up greedily, gloating over their feast all the while. These horrible members of the fish people are to the fish cannibals, and are the dread and horror of the smaller fish, whom they eat ruthlessly.

Now, having said good-bye to Father Neptune, we must leave the wonderful regions under the sea and return to land, but, should we gaze into the turbulent waters of the ocean, we should see nothing of the beautiful world beneath.

MARY ROSIE,
1 H.G.B.

A FIELD OF CLOVER.

IMAGINE a misty day, the sky a warm, tender grey, the downs stretching all about you, and a lane, where berries hang in the still air, that runs down till it meets a field of golden mustard. Farther on still is a meadow of clover. Green of grass and purple of smiling bloom roll on until afar a place of grey and violet shadows marks the presence of a flowery upland, where you may wander knee-deep among clover blossoms to the humming of countless bees. Here and there a star-like white campion grows. The sun shines, the fragrant clover stirs in the breeze; a ripple, and all is still once more.

RITA E. E. SIMPSON,
1 H.G.B.



THE SEASONS.

SPRING is like a fairy queen who trips daintily along the paths and fields, and who flies above the trees changing everything to a gay green colour till the country looks like Fairyland itself.

As she trips along and touches the seeds with her wand, they spring up as little buds.

Summer is like a youth who walks along the roads with a basket of ripe fruit under his arm, scattering it about on either side of him as he merrily walks along the roads.

Autumn is like a young girl who walks through the fields enchanting the grains of wheat, and making them nod their golden heads in the sun.

By then the fruit is ready for plucking.

The squirrels leap from tree to tree searching for nuts to lay in a store for winter.

The swallow has now flown away to the hot southern countries, and many other birds are emigrating as well.

Autumn is also like an artist, who comes along with a box of paints and a brush and paints all the trees in different tints—for instance, golden, brown, russet, dark red, and yellow.

Winter is like a very old and aged man with a hunched back and a long flowing beard. He is wrapped in a large black cloak, with a hood over his head and a stick in his hand, while all around him the snow is falling thickly and quickly.

As he walks about and touches things with his stick, they seem to turn white with snow all of a sudden.

The fields and roads are all covered by the snow, which is acting as a blanket to the grass. Jack Frost (who is really the frost personified as a mischievous fellow) is painting and illuminating the windows with beautiful pictures of frost.

NORA LAWRENCE, 1 H.G.C.

A DAY ON BEN RESIPOLE.

ONE beautiful autumn morning we set out to climb Ben Resipole. Our way for the first three miles was over a moor of heather. The heather was in full bloom, and the fragrance was beautiful. Bees hummed merrily as they gathered honey, and butterflies and dragonflies flitted about in the warm sun. We carried a basket into which we put specimens of wild flowers and ferns. On one edge of the moor was a beautiful fresh-water loch. Standing knee-deep in the water were some highland cattle, cooling themselves and chewing their cuds. On the side of a small hill a few red deer were grazing, but as soon as they saw us they fled. Lambs fed quietly beside their mothers, and everything was very still, except when broken by the bleat of a lamb or the bark of a dog from the distant village. After reaching the base of the mountain we had some refreshment, and when we had admired the beauties of nature we began to ascend. The mountain was rugged at some parts, and difficult to climb. Scattered here and there on the side of the hill were beautiful plantations of trees, and among them birds sang merrily. Now and then we came across a burn bubbling down its stony bed as it went to meet the sea. Little black, brown, and white rabbits scuttled away to their holes. When we reached the summit we were tired, and rested for a while. From the top we could get a lovely view of the country round about. Loch Sunart and the Morven Hills were on our left, and the broad Atlantic and the islands of Rhum and Eigg in the distance. Down below in the valley we could see the blue smoke curling from the peat fires of thatched cottages and the yellow stooks of corn in the field. As the clouds of evening came creeping over the sky, we returned home after a lovely day.

ISHBEL MACPHERSON,
1 H.G.D.



IN THE WOODS IN SPRINGTIME.

IT was in the month of May (when the sun shone brightly through the trees and the birds sang merrily in their ecstasies of delight) that I visited a most beautiful wood near Dollar.

Through this place of beauty ran a clear, sparkling stream, whose banks were lined with many of Nature's most wonderful gifts; and, on travelling farther into that woody maze, I came upon the most beautiful bluebells that ever looked up towards such a motley of colour.

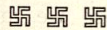
The trees also were bowing their heads, as though in con-

versation with some unknown spirit who had cast a spell upon them which made their beauty appear more and more fascinating to the human eye.

When exploring, I found many skeleton leaves, ferns, and some most curious objects, which greatly took up my attention.

So many were the blessings which Nature had bestowed upon that corner of the world, that the whole thing was like a scene in Fairyland.

NELLIE LINBERRY,
1 H.G.D.



From the Seniors.

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST.

"OH, DEAR!" I don't know how often I said "Oh, dear!" as I rocked myself to and fro in the armchair, holding my face in my hands. "Oh! that dreadful toothache—when will it go away?" I went out at last to pass the time, which only made the pain worse. Several people advised me to go to the dentist's.

"Why!" I reflected, "I never thought of that before," yet—the very word sent cold shivers down my back. I went home first, then resolved to go to the dentist's. So I walked bravely up the street till I reached the well-known brass plate with "DENTIST" imprinted on it.

I suddenly became aware that my toothache had gone; however, I walked up the path and rang the bell with such force that I am sure it resounded through the house. I was shown into the waiting-room by a servant to await my turn. I fidgeted here, turning over the leaves of magazines laid for people waiting to look at.

The minutes seemed like hours till my name was called to go to the "Room of Torture," where the usual "comfortable" dental chair is seen. I stepped gingerly in and lay back, all fear and trembling. The Dentist pedalled an object behind, while I rose higher and higher.

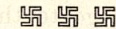
I had to show him the decayed tooth. What followed after was just a pull, and I was shown the tooth which had caused me so much pain.

MARGARET JOHNSTON,
1 Sen. A.

IN THE TWEED VALLEY.

ON reaching Galashiels, this town of recent growth, we might stop and view the surrounding country, which is most beautiful at this time of the year. In most landscapes beauty alone represents Nature's Pageant, but here beauty and grandeur combined form a gaudy and pleasing panorama—villages, hamlets, fair fields, and mighty wooded hills towering skyward into an ocean of celestial azure. On starting once more, the purple twin-peaked Eildons overhang us, bold and kingly. Standing out stately on their summits are the remains of the old Roman Camps. On reaching Melrose we may have a glimpse at the precincts of its venerable Abbey. Sir Walter Scott impregnates our youthful imagination by telling us that to realise the beauty of the Abbey we ought to visit it by pale moonlight. Again we enter a richly-wooded country, which has many charms of beauty. Its verdant glades, its umbrageous boughs, have the stillness of death. On our left the bracken-clad Minto Hills loom skyward. On the other side of the hills a castle of the same name is perched on the top of high, rugged rocks, where many pirates and highwaymen of old have hidden. These mountains and floods, the mists and roaring torrents, the silver lakes and precipitous crags of Bonnie Scotland have, no doubt materially helped to mould the character of its people.

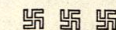
T. FALCONER,
1 Sen. A.



A MOTTO—"NIL DESPERANDUM."

Nil Desperandum,—never despair!
Keep a stout heart, come foul, come fair.
Never give up, however dismayed;
Let not your spirits by work be low laid.
Keep on! keep on! and try again,
Go at it hard with might and main.
Soon you'll finish your task and be free from care—
Nil Desperandum,—never despair.

MAY GILBERT,
1 Sen. B.



A WAR-TIME LAMENT.

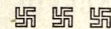
Now war with all its ravages
Is near to our fair land,
The flower beds we tended
And sowed with careful hand,
Have almost vanished right away,
And are unknown things :
For of its fine allotments,
Our dear old country sings.

The prize rose-trees we treasured,
The pride of all our hearts,
Have been uprooted—some of them
Lie in the old dust-carts.
Instead of gentle perfumes,
And the rose-trees' lovely flowers,
There's parsley, cress, and mustard
Growing round shady bowers.

It's turnips, carrots, beetroot,
Instead of lilies sweet ;
And parsnips, onions, lettuces,
For violets at our feet.
Our glorious chrysanthemums,
Which we always loved to see,
Have been uprooted, one by one,
To make room for the juicy pea.

MAY GILBERT,

1 Sen. B.

**AT SUNSET.**

Never was seen such a beautiful sight
As the sunset I saw on a midsummer's night.
The water was foamy, sparkling, and bright,
And on Inchkeith was a shimmering light.

The light was to show the sailors at sea
If near any danger they might happen to be ;
They knew what awaited them if they sought
Too near the great, tall, mysterious rock.

The sun was setting by the old Forth Bridge,
And on each cloud was a gold-tinted ridge ;
The west was a mass of red and grey
After the glorious, sunny day.

ETHEL MITCHELL, 1 Sen. C.

"PINCHER."

PINCHER is a sweet-faced, wire-haired fox-terrier puppy. Jerome says, "Fox-terriers have four times more original sin in them than other dogs." This is nearly true so far as Pinch is concerned. I say *nearly* true, because, if he was born with only four times the amount, he must have developed considerably in wickedness during the seven months of his existence.

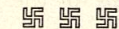
To look at him, one would be inclined to call him "Innocence," for his saintly expression is most appealing, but when one comes to know him—and I'm certain that all the dogs of the neighbourhood will cordially agree—there isn't a name sufficiently bad to embrace his manifold wickednesses.

When he is looking his sweetest, it may be taken for granted that some evil plan is being concocted in his dear little head. The other day an old lady was busy patting him and calling him a little darling, but she didn't know that her silk tassels were being chewed off at the same time, by the same "little darling." No shoe is safe from him, hats are a great abomination to him, and he thinks that the best service he can render humanity is to wage a war on all hats and destroy them entirely.

The dogs which lie lazily basking in the sun, the sheep grazing in the shadow, the cats curled up peacefully in slumber—all can testify to the rude offensiveness of that sweet puppy, Pincher.

DOROTHY M'GILL,

1 Sen. C.

**THE PEACEFUL FOLK.**

"NA DAOINE SITH," or The Peaceful Folk, is what fairies are called in the Outer Hebrides.

It is not right to speak about them directly. They are believed to be capable of doing harm to people, and so the people are careful not to offend them by uncomplimentary remarks, so it is thought wise to refer to them as the Peaceful Folk.

On the west side of Lewis there is a hillock known as "Cnoc na daoine sith." It is said that a man named Finlay was working close to it, and, unknowingly, too near the Fairy Hillock, when he heard a voice say, "Come no nearer." He took no heed at first, but again he heard, "Finlay, come no nearer," and he was wise enough to go away.

Thus the character of the hillock was discovered, and ever afterwards all the folk were careful never to encroach on the domain of "The Peaceful Folk."

MARGARET GARDINER,

2 Sen. A.

" IN ALVA GLEN."

In Alva Glen the birds aye sing,
The drowsy, sighing breezes bring
The perfume of the sweet bell blue,
And scent of golden primrose, too.
The brooklet fairy-like doth glide,
Until 'tis lost in ocean's tide.

In Alva Glen the sparkling falls
Rush down their dark and mossy walls,
And ferns wave o'er the emerald hill,
At foot of which the sunny rill,
The brooklet fairy-like doth glide,
Until 'tis lost in ocean's tide.

Up through the Glen there winds a path,
And there the skylark's song it hath
Far sounded from the highest ridge,
Down to the lowest rustic bridge,
'Neath which the fairy brook doth glide
To where 'tis lost in ocean's tide.

MARGARET EDNIE,
2 Sen. A.



" RUGBY."

Now that " Rugby " has begun,
We're going to have a match.
But see ! that dreadful ball has burst :
Now it will need a patch.

We're going to play the match to-day—
Oh, look ! It's come on rain !
And now, besides the patch you see,
The game is off—again.

Dear me ! There's Willie Black can't come !
Whatever shall we do ?
I'm sure we'll *never* win that match.
I'm not going *now*. Are you ?

What luck ! We've got the ball patched up ;
And look ! The sun is shining.
What ! Willie *is* allowed to come ?
Now there's *no* cause for pining !

We've won the match ! Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !!
I *knew* that we would win it !
And, since it is all over now,
I'm glad that I was in it.

HELEN IRELAND,
2 Sen. A.



MARGERY AND THE WOOD FAIRIES.

ONCE upon a time. That is the proper way to begin a fairy tale, isn't it ? Well, once upon a time there lived a little girl called Margery. She lived in a dear little cottage at the edge of a beautiful, thick, green wood. The little cottage was covered all over with pretty little pink roses and honeysuckle. Every day when it was fine, Margery used to go into the woods and play. She loved to wander through the woods picking the beautiful wild flowers, and listening to the birds as they sang, away up in their leafy home. One day when she was thus employed, suddenly from a large pink rose out stepped a pretty little fairy, dressed in soft rose petals of pale pink. Margery was very surprised, for this was the first fairy she had ever seen. The fairy spoke to her, and said, " I have been sent by Queen Lily to bring you to our banquet." Margery was very pleased, and she said that she would like to see a fairy banquet very much. The fairy then took Margery's hand, and led her to a beautiful glade, where the queen of the fairies sat, surrounded by all her subjects. She welcomed Margery very kindly, and asked her to stay with them for a little while. The banquet was spread on the soft, green grass, and for the plates were large leaves, and for cups, acorns. There were fairy cakes, and honey-dew to drink. Margery enjoyed herself very much, and she said that she hoped to come another day. Then the fairy told Margery to close her eyes, and when she awoke she found herself back once more opposite the rose bush.

MOLLY KANE,
2 Sen. B.

THE MAGIC NUT.

ONCE upon a time a boy, whose name was John, was walking in a wood when all of a sudden a squirrel ran in front of him. He was very much astonished at the size of this squirrel, for it was nearly as big as he was. After standing just looking at the squirrel as it hurried on, he began to follow it. The squirrel hurried on until he came to a tall tree, and knocking at the tree, which opened, he stepped inside. John hesitated a moment before following, but he did, and just as he stepped in he fell down, right down until at last he fell on something soft. He jumped up at once and looked about to see where he was. As he turned round he saw a nut lying in a corner with these words on it: "He who breaks this nut shall have what he wishes." "I wonder who left this here," said John. "Anyway, I'll keep it," he exclaimed. He turned round and saw a tunnel, and he began to run down it. At last he came to the end of the tunnel. As he emerged into the light he saw a beautiful palace before him. He hurried on, and as he came up he saw a king come down the steps, looking very sad. As John came up to him he said: "Can you help me? My daughter has been stolen by a giant."

"Well! I think I can," John said seriously.

"Oh! thank you very much," said the king. "Will you come into my palace, and we shall discuss the way in which you can save my daughter."

When John was seated in the palace, the king told him who he was. He said: "I am the king of this country, which is called the kingdom of Goodwill, and my daughter's name is Happiness."

After John had told the king what his plans were, he said: "Would you please lend me your sword?" The king gave John his sword, and John cut the nut in two parts, and out of the nut there came smoke and, when the smoke cleared, there stood the princess with a golden ring in her hand. Later on the princess told her story, which was: "When the giant stole me, he took me home to his house and, as I would not be his slave, he put me in a nut along with a wishing ring, and as he was coming through a wood a tree fell and killed him. Then I remembered no more until the nut was cut."

"I think it is time I was going home," said John.

"Well," said the king, "I promise you, your father's farm will prosper, and shall never fail."

Then John left the land of "Goodwill," and he was very sad at leaving it.

ROBERT ASHTON,
2 Sen. B.

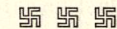
WHEN YOU ARE YOUNG.

When you are young you are blithe and gay,
And you always laugh and jump and play,
For when the years of time have past,
You'll find that you are old at last.

Oh! foolish child who sighs and says,
I wish that I was past school days,
For when you're old you'll turn and say,
I wish that I was young and gay.

Now, take advice when you are young;
Don't say, "I wish that school was done,"
For when the years of time have past,
You'll think of days that did not last.

DORIS PEEBLES,
2 Sen. C.



CONTRASTS.

Said Louis: "I'm going for
A picnic to-day,"
To her little chums, Olive
And fair-haired May.

"I'm going to the country
To Cloverleaf Farm,
Where hens do not peck you
And bulls do no harm.

"I might take my tea
By the silvery stream,
That flows through the
Meadows and valley so green."

"Well! you needn't boast!"
Said Olive and May.

"For we go to our cousins
To romp and play.

"We gather red berries,
We climb over stiles;
We go for long walks
For miles and miles.

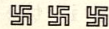
"We then take our tea
By the red glowing fire,
We tell pretty tales,
And sing to the lyre."

LILY TERRY, 3 Sen. A.

THAT RASCALLY SQUIRREL: An Episode in Forest Life.

TWEET! tweet! chirp! chirp! What a commotion among the feathered denizens of the forest! Ah! I spy the cause! A rascally squirrel has stolen the egg of which Mrs Sparrow was so proud. There he is, climbing the gnarled trunk of a majestic oak tree. See! he has succeeded in reaching his drey before the birds could spot him. If we peep into his nest we shall see him and his wife sucking contentedly at the egg. They have finished it now, and are starting their comical antics, now leaping from tree to tree, now climbing up the bole of a birch and flying over some clearing in the wood. The hubbub has ceased now, and Mrs Sparrow is weeping grievously over the loss of her egg, of which she had reason to be proud, as it was an uncommonly large one. Next day she is dead, and her husband is mourning over her inanimate body.

GORDON ABBOTT, 3 Sen. A.

**ADVENTURES IN CANADA.**

THERE was not a sound to disturb the silence of the night when Jim Brown and his friend Bill Johnson sat beside their camp-fire eating buffalo steaks. Suddenly Bill exclaimed: "I say, Jim, did you not hear a crack as if a twig had been broken by somebody standing upon it?"

"I—I did not hear it," replied Jim. By way of reply, Bill got up and made for the tree where their rifles were. All of a sudden he said jerkily, "J—Jim, the rifles a—are not there." Jim sprang up and took his pistol out of his holster, and said: "Look, look, Bill; I am certain I saw an Indian in there, and he was catching, or trying to catch, the rope that we tied our horses to the tree with!" Bill came over to where his friend was, and took aim with his pistol at the Indian. "Bother, I've missed him," he said, and then, "Come on, Jim, after him." They both rushed to their horses, untied them from the tree, jumped on, and started away in pursuit. The Indian had a horse too, and he had about twenty yards start. Away they tore, Bill firing his pistol all the time. The Indian's horse fell over the root of a tree, sent the man sprawling, but he soon got up again. That little incident gave our heroes about ten yards, so that they had now only ten yards between them. In a minute they had lessened the distance to six yards. Jim fired a shot which hit the horse's leg, causing him to pitch the Indian into an abyss not three yards in front of him.

"What a wild goose chase," laughed Bill.

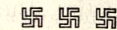
"I pity the Indian, though," said Jim slowly.

ALLAN ROBERTSON, 3 Sen. A.

SPRING HOLIDAYS.

THE Spring holidays are always very welcome. After the long, weary months of winter, cruel, biting winter, you feel in need of a rest from work to enable you to enjoy the fresh charm in the air, which has wakened and burst into new life and freshness at the inspiring voice of the Goddess of spring. Spring holidays, too, enable you to go for walks. Shall I tell you about one which I took last spring holidays? Well, I started off to take a walk over the Braid Hills. I started up a narrow path, but I saw nothing of interest, so I quickened my footsteps and suddenly rounded the corner of the hill. What a glorious scene presented itself. At my feet gurgled a little burn, picking its course through beds of fresh emerald-green moss and watercress. Above me was a sky as blue as the far distant sea, with a white fleecy cloud here and there only making it the bluer by contrast. In a grove of trees near by could be seen a lake or reservoir on whose smooth mirror the sky was reflecting itself. Suddenly there burst into song from the neighbouring trees a perfect chorus of thrushes, their songs echoing and re-echoing from the hills on my left. On the banks of the burn were growing primroses and violets. It was a scene to thank God for—a scene to be remembered.

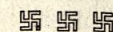
MARGARET CRAW,
3 Sen. B.

**THE VIOLET.**

Dear little violet, Oh! dear little flower,
Why hidest your head in the loveliest bower;
Why bow down your blue head beneath the stout oak,
When almost in sight of the gay fairy folk.

Dear little violet, when flowers are asleep,
If only you gave just the tiniest peep,
You'd see dancing around and around the stout oak,
Quite thousands and thousands of gay little folk.

MAIDA BURNETT,
3 Sen. B.



MY DEAR DOG ROY.

Who's this with touzy, grizzly hair,
Curled up on Grandpa's easy chair,
And softly snoring on the air?
'Tis Roy!

Who prowls around the butcher's shop,
To pick up fragments of a chop;
Who gets chased out—but will not stop?
Why, Roy!

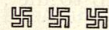
Who begs for chocolates and sweets
From almost everyone he meets;
And swallows them—he never eats?
Our Roy!

Who howls with joy when I come home?
Who glories in his brush and comb?
Who loves afar with me to roam?
Dear Roy!

Who always loves me without fail,
And says so through his very tail;
That wiggles like a woggly flail?
Rare Roy!

So I love him, and he loves me,
As any one who looks may see,
And he and I will quite agree,
'Tis Joy!

GEORGE BEVERIDGE,
3 Sen. C.

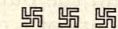
**From the Juniors.****HERBERT LEE.**

"I wish I were a soldier,"
Cried little Herbert Lee.
"If I were only older,
How very brave I'd be."

AN AIRMAN.

"I wish I were an airman
To fly above the sea;
To cross the broad Atlantic
Would be just fun for me."

JENNY MILLER,
1 Jun. A.

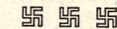
**A LITTLE FAIRY.**

One night a little fairy came,
Her eyes were brown, her hair was golden,
She had a pretty little wand.

Oh! Tell me please that fairy's name,
And all the little elves cried out—
"Her name is Spring."

She comes to cheer us when we are sad,
And laughs with us when we are glad;
And everything looks bright and gay,
When Fairy Spring appears.

BERYL BIRD,
1 Jun. A.

**A POEM.**

Down by the gurgling brook,
Under the spreading tree,
There lay my dollies and my book,
All looking up to me.

I do believe in fairies,
And pretend my dolls can talk;
And when I play at houses,
I imagine they can walk.

One night I wanted out to play,
But Auntie would not let me.
She said perhaps some naughty dwarfs
Might come along and get me.

PHYLLIS BOND,
1 Jun. B.

A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

ONE day in summer I was left alone in the house sitting by the side of an open window reading. Suddenly all was changed, and, instead of finding myself reading, I was walking into a large hall with marble pillars supporting an amber roof. At one end I saw a throne made of mother-of-pearl. On it sat a lovely lady, who I guessed at once to be the beautiful Queen Rose of Fairyland. She stood up as I entered, and said: "Welcome to Fairyland, my child; you are the first mortal to visit us for many years." Hardly had she finished speaking when bands of fairies passed into the hall playing lovely fairy music. They were dressed in beautiful robes of the most delicate shades of pink, green, blue, and mauve. After the fairy bands had passed, the Queen led the way to the banqueting hall. There we had a grand feast of fruits and jellies, ices and creams. After the banquet the Queen took me to a room where I was to sleep. In it was a couch with quilts and soft covers. When I awoke I was no longer in Fairyland, but at home by the open window.

MARY HENDERSON,
1 Jun. B.

**A VISIT TO A HISTORIC BUILDING.**

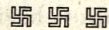
ONE afternoon during the holidays I went with my parents to visit Holyrood Palace. We started at the top of the High Street and walked down the Royal Mile.

When we reached Holyrood we at once enquired the way to the historic parts. We visited Queen Mary's bedroom and dressing-room, and then her sitting-room.

Next we visited Darnley's apartments. We saw his bedroom and dressing-room, and also the little winding staircase which led from his apartments to Queen Mary's apartments.

On the first floor is the Hall, in which are many pictures of Kings and Queens, Dukes, Duchesses, Earls, Countesses, of long years ago.

JEAN STEEL, 1 Jun. C.

**MY PET RABBITS.**

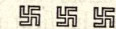
LAST year I had two pet rabbits. One was a black and one white. I call the black one Nigger and the white one Snowball. My little sister sat on them. But we went away for our summer holidays, and my father gave them away. I am sorry I can't tell who to.

JAMES A. GRANT, 2 Jun. A.

THE ZOO.

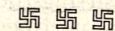
THERE are many funny and strange animals at the Zoo. The funniest of them all are the monkeys, which come from the forests of Africa and India. Once when I was at the Zoo I saw a big funny monkey. It was a very fat one, and it had a long beard. There are lions that roar and leopards that bark.

ERIC W. MIDDLETON,
2 Jun. A.

**THE FAIRY'S VISIT.**

ONE winter's day Kitty was sitting on the hearth playing with her doll, when suddenly she saw a bright light gleaming in a corner, and, as Kitty was very curious, she wished to know what it was. So up she got and tiptoed across the room and examined the light closely, and to her delight she found it was the most beautiful little fairy you could wish to see. She was dressed in blue, with a gold light shimmering in the dark. "Well," said the fairy, "would you like to come to fairyland for a little while? Then you can come home again." "Oh, I would be delighted," cried Kitty, "if you would only take me." "Of course, I would," cried the fairy. "But listen," said Kitty: "I am too big." "Never mind," said the fairy, "I'll soon make you small." So she tapped her lightly on the head with her wand, and she became, oh, so small. But just as she was about to go, her mother's voice was heard calling her to bed, and she woke up and found it was all a dream. But she often says what a pity it is she did not go to fairyland.

ELLA D. ANDERSON,
2 Jun. B.

**SNOW.**

Oh come to the window and see

What a change it's been in the night;
The snow has covered every tree,
And the bushes are all white.

The spring in the park is beginning to freeze,
And the pond is all frozen o'er;
Long, thin icicles hang from the trees,
And the snow lies thick on the door.

The meadow that was so green
Is all hidden with white:

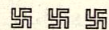
The crocuses are no longer seen,
The snow has covered them quite.

ELSIE MALLOCH, 2 Jun. C.

A WITCH TALE.

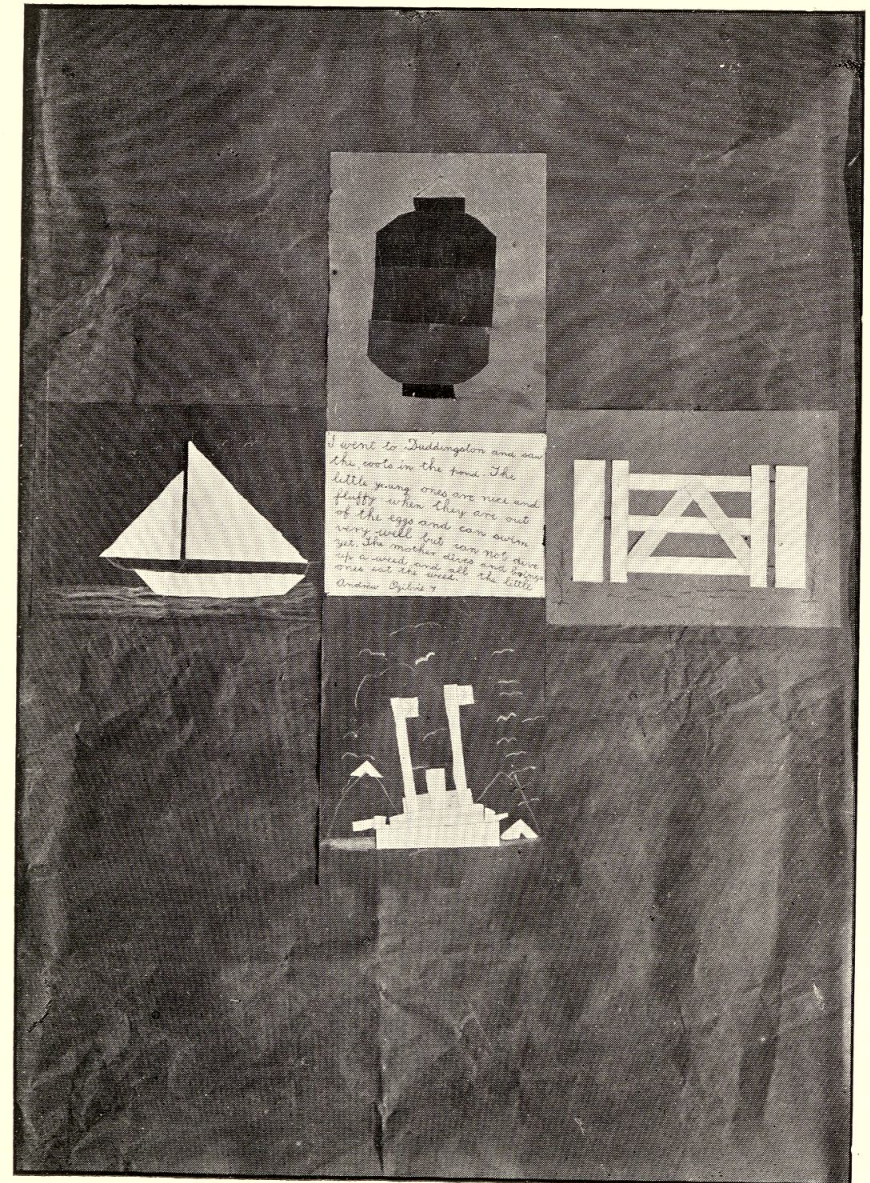
ONCE upon a time there lived in a great forest a witch, who was very cunning and cruel. One day a prince called Fearless was riding through the forest, when he suddenly pulled the reins for the horse to stop, for right in his path lay a beautiful princess sound asleep. The prince was just stooping down to take her on his horse when a voice was heard above—it was the voice of the witch. Her house was up in a tree. She had a very curious way of coming down. A little mushroom grew at the foot of the tree where the witch lived. She had just to wave her wand over it and it grew as big as the tree. Then she got on to it and waved her wand again, and it began to grow smaller and smaller, till it reached the ground. Well, the prince rode as quickly as he could to the king's court, where he told the king, who said that he would like him to go and rescue her for she was Princess Margaret, who was under a spell which the witch had put on her. So the prince set off, and he soon was at the house in the tree. Suddenly a voice was heard—it was the voice of the princess. She told him not to make a noise, for the witch was sleeping. He soon had the princess at her father's court, and they got married.

WILLIE DAVIES,
2 Jun. C.

**From the Infants.****WHAT I AM GOING TO DO DURING MY HOLIDAYS.**

In the holidays I am going to play with my dolls and pram. And on wet days I will read a book. In August I am going to the seaside for my holidays. With my mother and father and sister I will play on the sand, and bathe in the sea. I will go to the beach every day with my spade and pail. My mother said I would be like a little nigger when I go to the seaside. My aunt has nine rabbits, so I will play with them. I shall help my mother, and I shall dust my mother's chairs for her. The first day of my holidays I will play with my dolly and pram, and at night, before I go to my bed, I will put my dolly to her bed.

Sen. Inf. A.

FROM THE INFANTS.

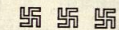
THE DUCK.

THE duck has webbed feet. If ducks had not webbed feet they could not swim. The duck finds its food in the water. The little ducks are called ducklings. The duck is a funny walker. It gives us eggs, which are very nice. A wild duck can fly.

THE COW.

THE cow is a very useful animal. We get milk from the cow. We like to eat her. She likes to eat grass and hay. The father is called a bull, and he is very fierce. If he sees anybody with red on them, he dashes at them with his horns.

Sen. Inf. C.



I SEE the sunset at night, and I can see the sun. My kitten was not well on Monday. The baby next door is a pet. I see ducks in a pond every Sunday.

Jun. Inf.

**SCHOOL SPORTS.****Hockey.**

THE Hockey Club had a good membership last winter, and was able to raise two elevens. Practice took place regularly throughout the season, and the following matches were played :—

Nov.	16.	Parkside	-	-	Lost	-	2-7
	30.	Broughton	-	-	Lost	-	0-9
Dec.	7.	Dunfermline H.S.	-	-	Draw	-	0-0
	14.	Boroughmuir	-	-	Won	-	1-0
Jan.	18.	Dunfermline H.S.	-	-	Lost	-	0-3
	25.	Parkside	-	-	Draw	-	5-5
Feb.	1.	Broughton	-	-	Draw	-	0-0
	8.	Broughton (2nd XI.)	-	-	Lost	-	0-1
	11.	Blair's	-	-	Won	-	4-0
Mar.	1.	Broughton	-	-	Lost	-	3-5
	4.	Blair's (2nd XI.)	-	-	Won	-	1-0
	15.	J.G.S. Boys	-	-	Lost	-	2-5
Apr.	12.	J.G.S. Teachers	-	-	Lost	-	3-4

In the last match of the season, that against the Teachers, we had hopes of repeating the victory of the previous season, but the return of the men made the Teachers' team too strong for us.

Football.

THIS year, for the first time, the Gillespie boys played Rugby Football. Considering that it was their first year, their efforts were quite creditable. Matches were played with Boroughmuir (2nd), St Lonan's (2nd), and John Watson's Institution. Of these the first was won and the others lost. Unfortunately, other fixtures which had been arranged had to be cancelled owing to such enemies of the game as frost and "flu."

Golf.

LAST summer the early closing of the School owing to influenza made it impossible for the Golf Medal Competition to be carried through. For the same reason, a new venture, a promising competition amongst the girls, was nipped in the bud. We hope for better luck this year.

Cricket.

THERE was some doubt this year as to whether a Cricket Club was to be formed. Signs of keenness were not wanting among the girls, but there was little among the boys. Evidently the attractions of tennis are proving too much for them. Eventually, however, the Club was launched. Practices are held regularly at Warriston, though not so frequently as last year, when the Meadows were available. So far, two matches have been played, against Stewart's (3rd) and John Watson's. Both were lost, but the boys are determined to do better in the forthcoming fixtures with the Royal High School (5th), Heriot's (7th), Portobello H.G., and Boroughmuir.

Tennis.

THE School Tennis Club has again a large membership, and play takes place regularly on the School Court and also at Warriston. The tournaments are now in full swing, there being three separate competitions, one for each year.

**F.P. CLUB.**

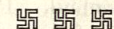
A MEETING of Former Pupils was held in School on March 14 to consider the question of resuming the F.P. Club Meetings. Mr Murphy, President of Session 1915-6, was in the Chair, and there were over 120 present. After the Chairman's introductory remarks, Mr Burnett, Headmaster, opened a general discussion

on the future nature and work of the Club. Several speakers took part. Office-Bearers were appointed for next session, and Rambling, Tennis, and Dramatic sections were arranged for. The Club meetings will be resumed about mid-October, the opening being advertised. Any further information may be had from the Secretary, Mr D. L. Hutchinson, 4 Bernard Terrace, or the President, at the School.

Office-Bearers for session 1919-20 were elected as below:—

<i>Hon. President</i>	-	-	Mr T. J. Burnett, M.A.
<i>Hon. Vice-President</i>	-	-	Mr T. Robertson.
<i>President</i>	-	-	Mr A. C. Murphy, M.A.
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	Miss J. Pearson.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	Mr D. L. Hutchinson.
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	Miss I. Kennedy.
<i>Committee</i>	-	-	Misses Davidson, Grant, Miller, Pairman, Ross, Ruddock: Messrs Forsyth, Hair.
<i>Rambling Club Secretary</i>	-	-	Mr F. Hamilton, M.A.
<i>Tennis Club Secretary</i>	-	-	Miss E. Cook.
<i>Dramatic Club Secretary</i>	-	-	Miss A. Forster.

The Editor of the School Magazine is Mr J. G. GLEN, M.A.

**HONOURS LIST.**

- Mr R. D. BELL, I.C.S., Secretary of Indian Industrial Commission and Controller of Industrial Intelligence,—appointed Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire.
- Mr HERBERT S. WARDEN.—Appointed Regional Director for Scotland of Pensions Administration.
- Mr ERIC ROBERTSON.—Graduated B.D. (1917).
- Miss ANNIE D. CUMMING.—Graduated M.A. with Honours in French and Latin.
- Miss ANNIE H. NUMBERS.—Graduated M.A., B.Sc.
- Miss ANITA W. ROBERTSON.—Graduated M.A., and obtained University Diploma for Teachers.
- Miss JESSIE H. WAKELÉN, M.A. (Hon. Eng.).—Appointed English Mistress in Inverness Academy.
- Miss GERTRUDE MAY BEEVERS, M.A. (Hon. Eng.).—Appointed English Mistress in Girls' Secondary School, Stockton.
- Miss GWENDOLINE BAIRSTOW, M.A., and Miss KATE WILSON, M.A., recent members of the Staff, have gained distinctions at Edinburgh University, the former having graduated Bachelor of Education, and the latter gaining a high place in the Honours

French Class. Miss Bairstow left us on being appointed Assistant Lecturer in Education and Experimental Education in the Edinburgh Provincial Training College.

Miss HELEN MATHESON, M.A., one of the present members of the Staff, gained First Place in the Honours Geography Class at Edinburgh University.

Mr ROBERT M'LEOD, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O., our Singing Master, has been appointed Lecturer in Music at the Edinburgh Provincial Committee Training College for Teachers.

The Duxes of both the Girls' Secondary Schools last session were former pupils of James Gillespie's.

Heriot Bursaries have been gained by—

Margaret B. Steel, Mary L. Gilbert, Thomas M. Jenkins, Harry I. R. Booth, Alexander F. Ross, Mary W. Rosie, George Pirie, Muriel E. Leslie.

School Bursary Competition—

Under 9—

James Rodger, Percy Hawkins, Ian Farquharson, Alexander Veitch, Elsie Malloch, Katherine Robertson, Ida Cessford, Nana Duguid.

Under 10—

James Hutchison, James Philip, James Paterson, Robert Crawford, Mary Henderson, Jean Steel, Bessie Bryce, Isabel Grieve.

Under 11—

Gordon Abbott, James Yarroll, Peter M'Kinlay, Craig Grieve, Alyson Robertson, Maida Burnett, Alison Laidlaw, Eva Terry.

Under 12—

George Gray, George Richardson, Herbert Furst, Charles Wilson, Edith Lawrie, Mary Manson, Hilda Young, Helen Ireland.

Under 13—

Donald Stewart, Alexander Ross, Harry Booth, Graham Robertson, Margaret Steel, Chrissie Carmichael, Katherine M'Hardy, Frances Currie.

Under 14—

Harold Stenning, Charles Kemp, Blanche Brown, Margaret Wood, Phyllis Senior, Margaret Calder.

Under 15—

John Tweedie, David Ritchie, Elizabeth Ritchie, Violet Turnbull, Grace Ritchie, Helen Richardson.

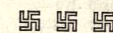
Certificates in Music—

Margaret Porter gained the Trinity College Senior Examination Certificate for Pianoforte Playing.

Nora Lawrence gained the Trinity College Intermediate Examination Certificate for Pianoforte Playing.

Intermediate Certificates in 1918 were gained by—

Florence Allan, Jean B. K. Allan, James W. Beattie, Dorothy Bell, Georgina E. P. Blanc, M. Luise Burnet, Margaret A. Cameron, Agnes M. Craig, Jean I. Cruickshank, Isabella P. Dunbar, Albert B. Duncan, Martin O. Duncan, Neil G. Ferguson, William C. Forsyth, Annie Goldberg, Mildred M. L. Grant, Margaret Hamilton, May Hamilton, Mary A. Henderson, Nora I. Lawrie, Edith E. M'Donald, Mabel M. A. F. M'Kay, Peter M'Lachlan, Annie M. O. Mill, Leslie B. Millar, Nora Miller, Vera W. Minto, Louie E. Mitchell, James E. Mowat, Elizabeth C. Numbers, Mary E. Orr, Alice I. Parnell, Jane A. Paterson, Adelaide E. H. Petrie, Mary F. Ross, Emily Rud-dock, Dorothy Simpson, Annie B. Strachan, Robina I. Swan, Isabella A. Tod, Winifred F. T. Tweedie, Annie Wilson, Helen L. Wood, Isabella B. Wood.



SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1918-19.

<i>Dux of School</i>	- - - - -	ELSIE M. TELFER.
(<i>Proxime accessit</i>)	- - - - -	EDITH A. BRADBURY.
<i>Dux in English</i>	- - - - -	EDITH A. BRADBURY.
„ <i>Latin</i>	- - - - -	AGNES H. PORTEOUS.
„ <i>French</i>	- - - - -	ELSIE M. TELFER.
„ <i>German</i>	- - - - -	ELSIE M. TELFER.
„ <i>Mathematics</i>	- - - - -	CLARA R. C. DAVIDSON.
„ <i>Science</i>	- - - - -	ELSIE M. TELFER.
„ <i>Art</i>	- - - - -	ROBERT J. DICK.
„ <i>Needlework</i>	- - - - -	JEANETTE DOUGLAS.

Class 3 H.G. A.

English.—1, Edith A. Bradbury; 2, Agnes L. Watt; 3, Elsie M. Telfer; 4, Agnes H. Porteous; 5, Clara R. C. Davidson; 6, Alex. M. Crombie.

Latin.—1, Agnes H. Porteous; 2, Edith A. Bradbury; 3, Davina C. Roberts.

French.—1, Elsie M. Telfer; 2, Edith A. Bradbury; 3, Jean C. Y. Hunter; 4, Clara R. C. Davidson; 5, Janet Torrance.

German.—1, Elsie M. Telfer; 2, Janet Torrance.

Mathematics.—1, Clara R. C. Davidson; 2, Ella R. Hoy; 3, Janet Torrance; 4, Douglas H. M'Call; 5, Elsie M. Telfer.

Science.—1, Elsie M. Telfer; 2, Davina C. Roberts; 3, Agnes I. Watt; 4, Malcolm B. Ross.

Art.—1, Russell E. Rodger; 2, Maud D. Burton; 3, Elsie M. Telfer; 4, William Murray.

Cookery.—1, Janet M. Adam; 2, Maud D. Burton.

Physical Training.—1, Alice Godfrey.

Class 3 H.G. B.

English.—1, Arthur Allan; 2, Euphemia Paterson; 3, Edith Murdoch.

French.—1, Edith Murdoch; 2, Eleanor Davidson; 3, Euphemia Paterson.

Mathematics.—1, Arthur Allan; 2, Jean M'Leod; 3, Edith Gillies.

Science.—1, James Mavor; 2, Janet Loudon; 3, Euphemia Paterson.

Art.—1, Robert J. Dick.
Cookery.—1, Edith Gillies.
Physical Training.—1, Maud Ramsay.
Woodwork.—1, Robert J. Dick.

Class 2 H.G. A.

English.—1, Margaret Porter; 2, Alexander Bateman; 3, Blanche Brown; 4, Rita Crockett; 5, Charlotte Laurenson.
Latin.—1, Elsie Todd; 2, Margaret Porter; 3, Blanche Brown.
French.—1, Blanche Brown; 2, Elsie Todd; 3, Charlotte Laurenson; 4, Margaret Dunsmore.
German.—1, Elizabeth Ritchie; 2, Margt. Dunsmore; 3, Alex. Bateman.
Mathematics.—1, Rita Crockett; 2, Alexander Bateman; 3, Blanche Brown; 4, Elsie Todd.
Science.—1, Rita Crockett; 2, John S. Reid; 3, Alexander Bateman; 4, John Tweedie.
Art.—1, Charlotte Laurenson; 2, John S. Reid; 3, Margaret Porter; 4, Alexander Bateman.
Needlework.—1, Anne M. Telfer.
Physical Training.—Leslie Mortimer; Alexander Bateman.
Woodwork.—1, John Tweedie.

Class 2 H.G. B.

English.—1, Elizabeth Macleod; 2, Mary Finlay; 3, Muriel Laing; 4, Janet Carmichael.
French.—1, Elizabeth Fraser; 2, Janet Carmichael; 3, Muriel Laing; 4, Mary Finlay.
Mathematics.—1, Elizabeth Macleod; 2, Elizabeth Stark; 3, Jessie Robertson; 4, Clare Matheson.
Science.—1, Elizabeth Stark; 2, Janet Carmichael; 3, Elizabeth Macleod; 4, Jessie Robertson.
Art.—1, Elizabeth Cairney; 2, Elizabeth Paterson; 3, Elizabeth Stark; 4, Janet Carmichael.
Cookery.—1, Ella Kane.
Needlework.—1, Annie Cranston.
Physical Training.—1, Mina Milne.

Class 2 H.G. C.

English.—1, Walter D. Scott; 2, Felix Harris; 3, William M'Duff; 4, Robert Braid.
French.—1, Walter D. Scott; 2, David Ritchie; 3, Robert Braid; 4, James Martin.
Mathematics.—1, Walter D. Scott; 2, Robert Braid; 3, James Robb; 4, Eric Ramage.
Science.—1, Alex. Morris; 2, James Robb; 3, Walter D. Scott; 4, William M'Duff.
Art.—1, James Martin; 2, William Michie; 3, Robert Braid; 4, James Robb.
Physical Training.—1, James Martin.
Woodwork.—1, Robert Braid.

Class 2 H.G. D.

English.—1, May Carmichael; 2, Jeanette Douglas; 3, Hilda Cowie; 4, Ethel Moir.
French.—1, May Carmichael; 2, Jeanette Douglas; 3, Ethel Moir; 4, Hilda Cowie.
Mathematics.—1, May Carmichael; 2, Hilda Cowie; 3, Edith Shaw; 4, Jeanette Douglas.
Science.—1, Annie Steven; 2, May Carmichael; 3, Edith Shaw; 4, Joyce Lucas.
Art.—1, Muriel Storie; 2, Jeanette Douglas; 3, Edith Shaw; 4, Hilda Cowie.

Needlework.—1, Jeanette Douglas; 2, Muriel Storie.
Cookery.—1, Florence Mercer.
Physical Training.—1, Ethel Moir.

Class 1 H.G. A.

English.—1, Margaret Wood; 2, Elizabeth Simpson; 3, Jean Hunter; 4, Margaret Steel; 5, Peggie Matheson; 6, Harold Stenning.
Latin.—1, Elsie Webster; 2, Peggie Matheson; 3, Margaret Wood.
French.—1, Suzanne Verdier; 2, Elsie Webster; 3, Elizabeth Young; 4, Peggie Matheson.
German.—1, Elizabeth Young; 2, Phyllis Senior; 3, Marion Cleghorn.
Mathematics.—1, Harold Stenning; 2, Margaret Steel; 3, Peggie Matheson; 4, Margaret Wood.
Science.—1, William Dalgetty; 2, Harold Stenning; 3, Margaret Wood; 4, Norman Wilson.
Art.—1, Suzanne Verdier; 2, John Kilgour; 3, Mary Kirkwood; 4, Norman Wilson.
Needlework.—1, Cecilia Warrender.
Physical Training.—Elsie Webster; Douglas Collier.
Woodwork.—1, Norman Wilson.

Class 1 H.G. B.

English.—1, Helen Fairgrieve; 2, Flora Murphy; 3, Mary Rosie; 4, Agnes Shirlaw.
French.—1, Flora Murphy; 2, Andrew Meikle; 3, Stanley Kennedy; 4, Mary Rosie.
Mathematics.—1, Jack Gilray; 2, Andrew Meikle; 3, Helen Fairgrieve; 4, George Harland.
Science.—1, Helen Fairgrieve; 2, Andrew Meikle; 3, Alex. Hastings; 4, George Harland.
Art.—1, Agnes Shirlaw; 2, And. Meikle; 3, Anne Mason; 4, Geo. Booth.
Needlework.—1, Flora Murphy.
Physical Training.—Anne Mason; George Harland.
Woodwork.—1, George Harland.

Class 1 H.G. C.

English.—1, Nora Lawrence; 2, Barbara White; 3, Brodie Johnston; 4, Muriel Cresser.
French.—1, Nora Lawrence; 2, Brodie Johnston; 3, Jessie Hendry; 4, May Gavine.
Mathematics.—1, Nora Lawrence; 2, Ian Burke; 3, Ian Brown; 4, Barbara White.
Science.—1, Barbara White; 2, Nora Lawrence; 3, Robert Fleming; 4, Robert Home.
Art.—1, May Littleton; 2, Ian Brown; 3, Alexandra Hutton; 4, Brodie Johnston.
Needlework.—1, Brodie Johnston.
Physical Training.—Muriel Cresser; Ernest Leeper.

Class 1 H.G. D.

English.—1, Isabel M'Pherson; 2, Kathleen Gray; 3, Ethel Watt; 4, Elsie Methven.
French.—1, Isabel M'Pherson; 2, Mildred Cockburn; 3, Ethel Watt; 4, Kathleen Gray.
Mathematics.—1, Elsie Methven; 2, Mildred Cockburn; 3, Kathleen Gray; 4, Isabel M'Pherson.
Science.—1, Agnes Cowie; 2, Janet Waddell; 3, Elsie Methven; 4, Ethel Watt.
Art.—1, Kathleen Gray; 2, Ethel Watt; 3, Mona Watson; 4, Freda Jackman.
Needlework.—1, Freda Jackman.
Physical Training.—Alice Whyte.

Bible Prizes.—3rd year—1, Edith A. Bradbury; 2, Agnes L. Watt; 3, Robina I. Swan. 2nd year—1, Helen Richardson; 2, Janet Carmichael; 3, Margaret Porter. 1st year—1, Margaret Wood; 2, Jean Hunter; 3, Helen Bezelly.

Scott Club Prizes.—1, Robina I. Swan; 2, Edith A. Bradbury.

Pianoforte Prizes.—Eleanor Patrick; Alice Patrick.

Singing Prizes.—Chas. Kemp; Alice Godfrey.

Margaret Burt Wright Prizes for Essays on Kindness to Animals.—

1, George Richardson; 2, Peter M'Kinlay.

S.P.C.A. Prizes.—1, Katherine M'Hardy; 2, May Gilbert; 3, May Robertson.

Class 1 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, Donald Stewart; 2, William G. Robertson; 3, Douglas Sinclair.

Girls.—1, Katherine M'Hardy; 2, Christina Carmichael; 3, Jessie Johnstone; 4, Margaret Scotland; 5, Harriet Williamson.

Class 1 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, Muir Jenkins; 2, Harry Booth.

Girls.—1, May Gilbert; 2, Eveleen Sutherland; 3, Gladys Bryce; 4, Margaret Stanford; 5, Agnes Traill; 6, Janet Sutherland.

Class 1 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, George Pirie; 2, Guthrie Thomson; 3, William Aitchison.

Girls.—1, Muriel Leslie; 2, Dorothy M'Gill; 3, Mary Robertson; 4, Emma Masterton; 5, Margaret Grant.

Class 2 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, George Gray; 2, Magnus Williamson; 3, Norman M'Donald.

Girls.—1, Helen Ireland; 2, Nora Smith; 3, Mary Bruce; 4, Margaret Gardiner; 5, Flora Mitchell.

Class 2 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, George Richardson; 2, James Heddle.

Girls.—1, Catherine Thomson; 2, Catherine Robin; 3, Molly Kane; 4, Agnes Forsyth; 5, Catherine Baxter; 6, Evelyn Eckford.

Class 2 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, James Dalgety; 2, Fred Gardiner; 3, Tom Robb.

Girls.—1, Hilda Young; 2, Doris Peebles; 3, Ella Lamb; 4, Mary Porter; 5, Jessie Nicolson.

Class 3 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, Gordon Abbott; 2, Allan Robertson; 3, James M'Leod; 4, Robert Mann.

Girls.—1, Jessie Thomson; 2, Lily Terry; 3, Jean Thomson; 4, Katherine Kirkwood.

Class 3 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, Peter M'Kinlay; 2, Sidney Crawford; 3, James Yarroll; 4, Craig Grieve.

Girls.—1, Muriel Gillespie; 2, Maida Burnett; 3, Margaret Law; 4, Alison Laidlaw.

Class 3 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, George Beveridge; 2, Ian M'Donald; 3, Andrew Currie; 4, James Robertson.

Girls.—1, Alyson Robertson; 2, Elizabeth Young; 3, Alice Speed; 4, Pearl Hyman.

Class 1 Jun. A.

Boys.—1, Henry Milne; 2, Charles Baillie.

Girls.—1, Margaret Alcorn; 2, Dona Paterson; 3, Mary Mackay; 4, Cissy Flint; 5, Isabel Grieve; 6, Barbara Roy.

Class 1 Jun. B.

Boys.—1, James Hutchison; 2, Robert Crawford; 3, Denis O'Riordan; 4, George Wilkie.

Girls.—1, Mary Henderson; 2, Margaret Bell; 3, Bessie Bryce; 4, Marjory Wright.

Class 1 Jun. C.

Boys.—1, James Rodger; 2, Kenneth Pilkington; 3, John Barrie; 4, Thomas Craik.

Girls.—1, Jean Steel; 2, May Comfort; 3, Catherine Henderson; 4, Jeannie Stark.

Class 2 Jun. A.

Boys.—1, David Robertson; 2, Graham Robertson; 3, Eric Hamilton.

Girls.—1, Jean Renton; 2, May Harland; 3, Olive Gray; 4, Evelyn Nicol; 5, Ella Middleton.

Class 2 Jun. B.

Boys.—1, Gordon Walton; 2, Harry Marwick; 3, William Hastings; 4, Arthur Walker.

Girls.—1, Gertrude Sinclair; 2, Margaret Fisher; 3, Ella Anderson; 4, Ananie Rosie.

Class 2 Jun. C.

Boys.—1, William Ross; 2, James Swan; 3, William Davies.

Girls.—1, Elsie Malloch; 2, Katherine Robertson; 3, Margaret Glass; 4, Margaret Flett; 5, Mary Reid.

Adv. Inf. A.

Boys.—1, Thomas Manson; 2, Arthur A. Hutcheon; 3, John M'Gregor; 4, John Dickson.

Girls.—1, Doris Grant; 2, Freida Hamilton; 3, Agnes Blacklay; 4, Nancy Stewart.

Adv. Inf. B.

Boys.—1, Robert Ross; 2, William P. Davidson; 3, Charles M'Nab; 4, Ian Murray.

Girls.—1, Douglas Linton; 2, Margaret Whannel; 3, Margaret Budge; 4, Ethel Baillie.

Adv. Inf. C.

Boys.—1, Thomas R. Potts; 2, Gordon Robertson; 3, Henry E. Bannister; 4, Henry M'Donald.

Girls.—1, Kathleen Inglis; 2, Margaret Chalmers; 3, Christina Ross; 4, Helen Henderson.

Adv. Inf. D (Montessori).

Boys.—1, Norman Brown; 2, John Inglis; 3, William Ure.

Girls.—1, Jean Baxter; 2, Grace Meikle; 3, Elizabeth M. R. Banks; 4, Elizabeth Hardie; 5, Violet Irvine.

Jun. Inf. A.

Boys.—1, Robert Gardiner; 2, Archibald Melville; 3, Hardie Ross; 4, Andrew Miller.

Girls.—1, Jessie Stewart; 2, Grace Bateman; 3, Margaret Stewart; 4, Annie Muir.

Jun. Inf. B.

Boys.—1, William Picken; 2, William Johnston; 3, Stewart Cook; 4, Alan Macrae.

Girls.—1, Catherine Aitken; 2, Jenny Martin; 3, Margaret Edmunds; 4, Goldie Jammy.

Jun. Inf. C.

Boys.—1, James A. Flett; 2, Ronald Hutcheon; 3, William F. S. Montgomery; 4, James Aalregt.

Girls.—1, Catherine Rennie; 2, Marjory Cowe; 3, Janet M. Sanders; 4, Dora Lindsay.

Jun. Inf. D (Montessori).

Boys.—1, Eric M'Farlane; 2, Jack Bruce; 3, Alexander Allan.

Girls.—1, Dorothy Ogilvie; 2, Margaret Brown; 3, Margaret Glass; 4, Margaret Liddle; 5, Ruby Carroll.

THE SCHOOL GAMES.

AFTER a lapse of five years, School Games were held on Wednesday, 18th June, at Warriston Recreation Grounds. From the time when the list of events was published, the School was seized with athletic madness, and the grass in The Links was hardly allowed to grow, such were the numbers of aspirants for fame who were practising from early morn till dewy eve. Records are made only to be broken, and this year the number of entries quite eclipsed those of former years, the numbers being:— 564 competitors and 1478 entries. With such a flood of entries, it was absolutely necessary to run preliminary heats, and these were carried out on The Links on the morning of the 18th inst. This, coupled with a long afternoon's programme, made the day an arduous one, both for competitors and stewards. Still, all passed off well, for the weather, most important of items for successful games, was on its best behaviour, and the keenness of the competitors was something to be admired. At the conclusion of the events the prizes were distributed by the Rev. Mr M'Millan, and everybody went away feeling that "our" games had been a great success.

The principal prize-winners were:—

BOYS.

60 yards—under 9	- - -	John Grossert.
80 yards—under 11	- - -	Robert Taylor.
100 yards—under 13	- - -	James Henderson.
100 yards—open	- - -	George Cruickshank.
220 yards—under 13	- - -	George Smith.
220 yards—open	- - -	Edward Rennie.
Three-Legged Race—open	- - -	Hamish Ferguson, Alfred Reakes.
High Jump—open	- - -	George Cruickshank.
Sack Race—open	- - -	Norman Michie.
Obstacle Race—under 12	- - -	John Drummond.
Do. open	- - -	William Drummond.
Half-Mile—open	- - -	Robert Dick.

GIRLS.

60 yards—under 9	- - -	Gertie Sinclair.
80 yards—under 11	- - -	Esther Brown.
100 yards—under 13	- - -	Emma Masterton.
100 yards—open	- - -	Agnes Watt.
Skipping Race—under 9	- - -	Jean Alcorn.
Do. under 11	- - -	Kathleen Weir.
Do. under 13	- - -	Emma Masterton.
Do. open	- - -	Maud Ramsay.
Egg and Spoon Race—under 11	- - -	Beryl Bateman.
Do. under 13	- - -	Margaret M'Kenzie.
Do. open	- - -	Helen Roger.
Thread-the-Needle Race—under 13	- - -	Ruby Thomson, Edna Weir.
Do. open	- - -	Jessie Binnie, Nettie Sutherland.
Squadron Race—open	- - -	Helen Roger, Dorothy M'Gill, and Jenny Millar.
Sack Race—Higher Grade	- - -	Nan Haddow.
Three-Legged Race—open	- - -	Jessie Binnie, Nettie Sutherland.
Obstacle Race—Higher Grade	- - -	Maud Ramsay.