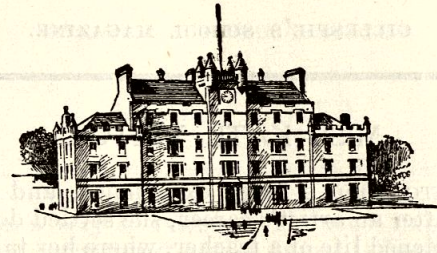


Gillespie's School
.. Magazine ..

July 1923.





GILLESPIE'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE

JULY 1923

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MISS KATE VEITCH.

MISS VEITCH had a large experience, and knew the world. After an artist's career, she settled down to the more straitened life of a teacher, where her talents were bestowed richly on her pupils. She did not spare herself in the least, but spent her whole energies on their behalf. In conversation Miss Veitch excelled, and was broad-minded to a degree. She had a native culture, not easily to be acquired, a touch of the grand manner and style. Her affable personality was still evident when circumstances might have made her feel in far other mood. She had a real interest in the doings of old pupils after their school days, and was always eager to meet them again and inquire after their welfare. Her picture gallery on Exhibition Days was an artistic feast, and will be remembered not only by those whose productions were deemed of sufficient merit to hang therein, but by the many others who had the pleasure of seeing it.

MR HARRY CROMBIE.

MR CROMBIE was for some thirty years one of the teachers of pianoforte in our school, and during that long period very many pupils have passed under his care. His genial and kind-hearted personality rendered happy the hours spent by his pupils on their music stools in front of him. Seated before the keyboard they might try to imitate an expert in finger work, to whom not a few musicians had come to learn of his skill. Latterly Mr Crombie failed in health, but the spirit kept him always hopeful. He was ever ready with laugh or jest or pawky tale, obliging in the extreme, and one of the most efficient of musical instructors. Very many owe their skill in no small part to his careful and painstaking tuition. The items contributed by his pupils to our annual concert were always noteworthy, and he laboured hard and successfully to bring the aspiring duettists to concert pitch.

SCHOOL NOTES.

THE present session has seen a large number of changes, while prospective alterations of various kinds have made the summer term a very active one. The most important change to be recorded is that next session James Gillespie's will begin its career as a Secondary School, having been recognised as such by the Scottish Education Department. The extension of scholastic opportunities and of sports facilities is involving much new organisation and arrangement, with the possibility of more when next session begins.

We all regret exceedingly the death, since the school year commenced, of two well-known members of the staff, each ill for months—Miss Kate Veitch and Mr Harry Crombie. Many old scholars, as well as present, will have kindly remembrances of both.

The School Staff has suffered other losses and additions. In the Higher Grade Department, Mr Collie, from Roseburn School, replaced Mr Auchterlounie. In the Elementary and Infant Departments, in place of Miss Elliot and Miss Robertson, after a term of interim teachers, came Miss Mackay and Miss Muir from Bristo and Tollcross Schools. Miss Ruxton left at Easter to become Infant Mistress at Causewayside School, and in the Montessori Department is now Miss Kissach from Corstorphine School, while Miss Eddie (now Mrs Robertson) has probably by this time settled down in a new home in South America, to be substituted here by Miss Webster. Mr Stevenson, recently headmaster of Camborne and Redruth Art Schools, Cornwall, has been interim assistant in the Art Department, and Mr Crombie's music classes have been conducted by Mr Lee of Luton Place Episcopal Church.

The social side of school life has not been lost sight of. Most enjoyable evening parties were held by the three different years of Higher Grade classes, at Hallowe'en and the two evenings preceding the Christmas Holidays. Over 100 pupils were present at each of these, and, with the latest novelties added from the up-to-date ballroom, this winter's parties were voted the liveliest and most successful yet held. The 2nd Year one was new to the present building, the last of its kind having taken place in old Gillespie's some dozen years ago.

The World Missionary Campaign Committee sent a Congo Missionary to address the school, and there have been held

concerts on the closing days of the winter and spring terms, when collections were made for the Free Kindergarten (Pleasance) Fund, and the School Athletic Fund. On Armistice Day pupils contributed to Earl Haig's Fund. The Police Clothing Scheme also received a contribution from the school.

A Lantern Lecture was given in January by a lecturer from the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the pupils of the Elementary School.

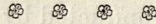
Exhibitions of Morris Dancing were given by Miss Macniven's Dancing Class in George Heriot's School Grounds on 9th June at the League of Nations Fête. A description of our own school fête is reserved for a special article.

A Swimming Exhibition and Gala, the first of its kind we have held, in Warrender Baths in April, was a great success in every way. Team and other races, a polo match, diving competitions, and other items made up a very varied programme, worth repeating at some early date.

War Savings up to date amount to £6,330.

Intermediate Certificate Passes last session numbered 72, the largest total yet reached, while 146 pupils passed the Control Examination of the Edinburgh Education Authority, which now takes the place of the Qualifying Examination formerly conducted by the Scottish Education Department.

In the closing week of last session the highest class of the School gave an afternoon performance of two acts from "Julius Caesar" to the Higher Grade pupils, and to their parents in the evening. Scenic and other stage effects and Roman togas were contrived at short notice, but the selection was much enjoyed.



From the Higher Grade.

IN POST-WAR GERMANY.

THE good ship "Weimar" left Leith on a Wednesday at 4 p.m., and arrived in Hamburg, after a pleasant voyage, at 9 a.m. on the Friday. The first thing that struck me on entering the harbour was the extent to which copper, turned a bright green by the weather, was used on the roofs of public buildings. When at the Customs House, I saw a



MISS KATE VEITCH.

dozen or so bottles of liquor which had been confiscated (but not from my luggage). When the officials were not looking, a porter slipped a bottle into his pocket, others following suit, but all were detected and had to give up the stolen goods. My mother, who met me in Hamburg, took me to see the Parliament Hall, the town being self-governing, the Bismarck statue, and the Elbe tunnel. The famous Hagenbeck Zoo is some distance out of the town, so we did not go to see it. On visiting it before the war, I was allowed to take a lion cub in my arms.

The next day we sped southwards in an express train for ten hours to our headquarters, Erfurt, in Thuringen. Erfurt is a cathedral town, and is called the Luther-town, after the great reformer, who was closely associated with it. Owing to the then very cheap excursion fares on Sundays to the woods, the people would say "Hang the expense; we'll go 4th class." Sunday on the Continent is the same as Saturday afternoon is in this country. These excursion trains are always so crowded that there is not even standing room left for late-comers.

The most interesting place in the pine forests is the Wartburg, the castle in which Luther lived for nearly a year after appearing at the Diet of Worms. In the picturesque house he inhabited is a mark on the wall, said to have been made by Luther flinging his ink-pot at the Devil! The chief of other excursions was to Weimar, one of the seats of the Dukes of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who now stay in Coburg with other ex-Royalties. Queen Victoria's husband was of this ducal family. In Weimar lived the famous German poets Goethe and Schiller, who are both buried in the Royal vault there, and whose houses are now museums.

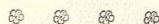
I twice visited a sports field a short walking distance from Erfurt. The chief games played were football and hockey, which seemed to be played under exactly the same rules as in Scotland. Rugby has not been long introduced, the chief town having a team being Heidelberg on the Rhine. A game resembling baseball was being practised on one occasion.

The return journey was *via* Berlin, where we saw several Danish scouts sight-seeing like ourselves. The principal buildings are centred round Unter den Linden, but they were all closed, it being Sunday. Hamburg, with its noise of multiple-horned motor-car hooters, was left with regret.

On the homeward journey the "Weimar" ran aground on a sandbank at 10.20 p.m., just as I was undressing. I slithered across the floor of the smoking-room, where a gentle-

man, his son, and I had to sleep, the boat being so crowded, and bumped into the opposite wall. When a few hours out from Leith, a lady upset a small spirit stove on which she was heating her curling-tongs, and set a parcel of dolls on fire! It was a rough and exciting homeward voyage the last day, but I was not in the least affected.

ROBERT OTTLEBEN, 3 H.G.A.



MOTHER NATURE.

I AM Dame Nature. My royal robes of a grass-green hue flutter in the summer breezes and in the winter blasts as I roam the earth attended by my maidens, the Seasons, scattering sunshine over hill and dale and lighting up Earth's darkest corners. How delightful it is to see the tender buds bursting into blossom at my approach, and to see the stately forests bow down their branches before me!

At my bidding, each Season lays before the earth the choicest of her gifts, and each month, with sparkling eyes and laughing lips, whispers her message of hope.

I am not dreaming as I paint for you this picture of my life. I am Mother Nature, alive, a beneficent mother in pageant, who, at a gathering of all my subjects chooses, at my brother, Father Time's, request, the Seven Hoods of Life as my birthday gift.

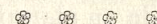
The first hood, who with Spring approaches my footstool, is a tiny child with blue eyes and golden curls—Babyhood. This hood I love best, for helpless baby fingers grope their way into every heart, and once there cling tightly. The second hood is happy care-free Childhood, followed by Maidenhood, "with the meek brown eyes in whose orbs a shadow lies like the dusk in evening skies." Next comes Manhood with head erect and shoulders braced, wearing his gleaming helmet of courage and honour. As Manhood leaves my footstool, Wifehood takes his place in snowy white, bearing in her arms a sheaf of lilies.

The sixth hood is the most beautiful—Motherhood. How true is the saying, "A touch of Nature makes all the world akin." The last hood of all is Grandparenthood, those dear old folks who dwell a great deal in the past, and who, though aged and feeble, go forward hand in hand, unafraid, with the light of other days in their eyes.

Each of these seven ages presents me with the emblem of its hood, which I return at the end of a year with my richest blessing, and ere they return once more to earth I give them this piece of advice—

"Whenever you are puzzled with the problems of life, or whenever you feel lost in the paths of earth, just remember to leave it all to Father Time and Mother Nature. I promise all matters will adjust themselves."

MARGARET MOORE, 3 H.G.A.



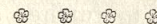
ON WRITING AN ARTICLE.

NOWADAYS I have begun to think there really must be some truth in the theory of soul transmigration. If not, then how do those people who seem to be constantly writing books or articles ever find time to think them out? To me the only plausible explanation is, that in one poor over-wrought body the mind tirelessly and unceasingly plans, schemes, and formulates ideas, forms, elusive glimpses of characters and tons of other such things, and then in another equally unfortunate fleshy garment writes and writes, unifying into a whole the pieces of articles and stories previously conceived.

If that be so, then I am afraid a great deal of my time and energy is indeed wasted, for I sometimes sit for hours feverishly groping in the dim light of a cavern of the mind, where thoughts and ideas flit ceaselessly without barely so much as giving time to see their faces, and most successfully eluding my poor pen, which vainly strives to chain them ere they have passed to some mysterious oblivion whence it is impossible to recall them.

The Muse indeed is hard wed, and seems most likely to favour one with a visit when in sleep. Then the zig-zag pieces of the intricate pattern lift themselves and dazzlingly fit together and form an endless variety of weird and wonderful originality, but then—what of the pen? The kettle is only full when the fire is out, and the water disappears with the flames.

FRANK S. TODD, 3 H.G.B.

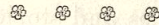


THE TELEGRAPH WIRE'S STORY.

THE sun had set, and I was lazily gazing out of my window at the twinkling stars. A slight burring attracted my

attention. The sound was repeated, but in a louder tone. It soon became so distinct that I could make out, "Good evening, Miss." Then, "Would you like to hear a story?" "Very much indeed," I answered. "Then listen," was the reply. The wire burred again, and then commenced, "A few nights ago a very delicate message was carried by me from a young lady to a young gentleman, saying that she dare not run away from her dear 'Mamma.' A message was sent back saying that it was all right, and that he would forget all about the lady in question. A sob was the only response!" At this the wire creaked in an alarming manner. "Funny, wasn't it?" creaked the wire. "Yes, very, but you have not finished the story," I replied. "Not finished! What! not finished the story?" creaked the wire more violently. "You have not," I again replied. "Then you have no sense of humour, Miss," was the retort. "The ending is a typical one. I think so, don't you? You can guess the rest,; can't you?" The creaking of the wire gradually ceased, and soon silence reigned supreme. Nothing would induce the wire to continue his story, which had so roused my interest.

LENA MILLIGAN, 3 H.G.a.



SUNSET ON A LAKE.

As we turned round a bend of a hill, we caught our breath in amazement at the sight which met our eyes. The soft ripple and swish of little wavelets meeting the bank of the lake was as music to our ears, making a perfect accompaniment to the sweet notes of a small bird perched on a rush which grew on the very edge of the lake. On the surface of the water there was a soft, wine-red flush, which was the reflection of the setting sun.

On the margin of the lake, blackly outlined against that great ball of fire, King Sol, stood the ruins of a small chateau, with ivy-covered walls, and moss growing in the small crevices made by the ravages of Time's rude hand. Moved by a common thought, when a first glance had taken in the magnificent scene, we seated ourselves on a velvety carpet of emerald green grass, to further admire the beauties of Nature.

Even as we watched, the sun had almost touched the horizon, the birds had stopped twittering, and the breeze which had made the leaves and twigs rustle and murmur had

died away, and Nature was quiet. By this time the rim of the sun had disappeared, and the sky was one rosy flush. We sat still for a little while, until the sun sank below the crest of a low hill, "leaving the world to darkness and to me."

AGNES SPEIRS, 2 H.G.A.

A DAY OF DAYS.

A CHANCE of a day in the Scott country! Who would not jump at it?—as I did. Behold me, then, in an L. & N. E. express (I hate the new letters; couldn't they have let N.B. alone?), flying up to Falahill, and down the Gala Water. A stop at the town of the "Braw Lads," another at bonnie Melrose, St Boswells, and—out we jump. Oh! that first sight of the triple peak of Eildon, and the Black Hill of Earlston beyond Bemersyde. I'll never forget it.

Then by a crooked road to Dryburgh, and across a chain bridge over the shining Tweed, and up the quaint lanes fragrant with blossoming gean trees and flowering currant, and so on to the venerable ruin where the great Sir Walter sleeps among his family. What an eye for beauty the old monks had! None could choose nobler sites than they. A while of sketching, and then we face the climb to Bemersyde, remembering the words of Thomas the Rhymer:

"Tyde, tyde, what may betyde,

There'll aye be Haigs at Bemersyde,"

and I suppose it is true. Past the ancient house, and down and up the road so red, and then—Sir Walter's favourite view from Bemersyde Hill. Far below, the classic Tweed bends lovingly around the site of old Melrose; and beyond, the Eildon peaks lean mistily down upon the vale. It is a glorious and unforgettable picture. Then by Gladswood and Leaderfoot through Newstead, with its Roman remains, to fair Melrose. Dinner there was very welcome, and afterwards—the Abbey. You don't expect me to describe what even Sir Walter found impossible. But I revelled in the sight and in the dreaming memories. Here lies the heart of Bruce, and here is the grave of Michael Scott, the Wizard, and there the magical window that waits for the moonlight to weave its holy spell. We were vexed to leave, but Abbotsford must be seen. And what a charm it has, that pile of Scott's build-

ing, by the Tweed's sunny stream. Every stone has a story, but to me the most wonderful thing was his study and the chair in which he sat to write his glorious tales and poems. All the rooms seemed to be full of voices of the dead who are living for ever, and my mind was in a whirl as we returned to Melrose. And my day of days had a glorious end, for we climbed the Eildon Hill, and gazed with rapture on the fair glory of the romantic Borderland. It was a dream day come real, and a train to come home in seemed a very commonplace thing. I would rather have had a Magic Carpet, wouldn't you?

GEORGE BEVERIDGE, 2 H.G.A.

A DAY IN A CANADIAN SCHOOLGIRL'S LIFE.

THE seven o'clock alarm shattered my dreams, bringing me back to the land of reality. Darkness still held the world in thrall, while the earth was carpeted with many inches of snow. The window was covered with Jack Frost's pictures, painted by his feathery paint-brush, tiny icicles hanging on the ledge.

I hurried through my dressing, and went down to breakfast. Mother greeted me, with the news that a blizzard was blowing. Dad came in with the morning paper. He looked like a snow-man, covered with snow from head to foot, and his moustache was frozen, causing it to stand out from his face like a brush. Hurrying through my breakfast, I slipped my overstockings over my ordinary boots, and on top of these I put on my rubbers or goloshes.

With a struggle, I managed to open the door. The wind seemed to choke one, the cold was so intense. I saw the snow-plough clearing the side-walks and banking the snow on either side. Coming towards me was a man with brown cinders, which he scattered about to prevent people from slipping on the frozen snow. The sleighs went jingling past. The horses' hoofs made no sound on the snow, hence the bells on the harness. Joining some friends, we all trudged on, firing a snowball at some unsuspecting school-fellow.

Quietly settled in school, lessons begin. Recess comes in the middle of the morning. By sitting very upright in one's seat, one can see the frozen St Lawrence. The school was situated almost on the banks of the river, which is frozen

every winter. An island in the middle of the river, known as "Nuns' Island," because of the French Convent there, was a favourite place for picnics in summer. The nuns' only means of transportation in the winter was by means of sleighs, drawn over the ice by horses. The ice-men were also busy sawing the ice, which they store away till summer, when it is sold at so much per block.

During recess, we played in the large basement. Dinner interval came at twelve o'clock; very few scholars went home to dinner during the winter months. School dismissed at three. A large portion of the playground was made into a skating rink. The boys flooded it with the fire hose, and generally looked after it. Skating continued till dusk fell, the tired skaters getting rides in the passing sleighs. Home lessons and supper over (supper is like high tea in this country), we joined a snow-shoeing party. Then came bed, the perfect ending of a perfect day.

JEANNETTE BAIN, 2 H.G.B.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S IN 2023.

If a modern Rip van Winkle were to wake up in 2023 and come up to James Gillespie's, I wonder what he would see.

Up the sumptuously carpeted stairs he came, wondering if he had come to the wrong place, then suddenly there was a strange swishing sound and he saw a lift disappearing, and, wondering still more, he ascended the stairs.

On landing at the top, he looked round, but he saw not a soul, so he looked in the first room he came to, and the sight he saw made him gasp incredulously. He saw, instead of hard wooden seats and desks, gorgeously cushioned arm-chairs, with elegantly-dressed young gentlemen, whose slippered feet rested on soft, downy footstools. Suddenly one fellow gave a prodigious yawn, and his hand wandered to a switch, and suddenly the chair collapsed into a bed and a pillow slid out from seemingly nowhere, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep.

Wondering when they were to get lessons, he asked a fine-looking old gentleman in a mortar-board and gown. The old gentleman seemed much amused, and said, "They take lessons when they want, and if they do not feel like lessons they just have a sleep." Disgusted with this wanton luxury,

the modern Rip Van Winkle let himself out, saying that he would come up at night to explore his old haunts.

At night, he was surprised to see a number of luxurious private cars drawn up at the tall, turretted entrance. Like a man in a dream he went in, and a gorgeous, liveried flunkey waddled up to him and asked for his ticket, thinking he was in fancy dress by his tattered attire. So astonished was he, that he gave the over-important menial a slight push, and walked on to the stairs. On getting to the foot of the stairs, he was astonished to see the stairs moving upwards steadily, so, stepping on, he was at the top in a few minutes. "There was a sound of revelry by night" as he got to the top, and looking in to the room from which the sweet strains proceeded, he saw a magnificent ball-room in which people were dancing. Suddenly all the dancers crowded to the side, and a bell rang, and then the ball-room sank down and in a few seconds the dining-room appeared, with the tables "groaning" under delicious delicacies, and all the "pupils" sat down to a very delicious repast.

Out the stranger staggered, hardly believing that this was the place where he once was taught French, English, &c. He passed the lordly flunkey, who winked and grinned at his fellow-mensial, saying, "Adolphus, I 'ope as 'ow this 'ere gent gets 'ome all right," evidently under the impression the stranger was drunk.

ROY WATT, 2 H.G.C.

THE LURE OF A FOUNTAIN PEN.

I HAD just ten minutes to catch my train. I was hoping I would meet no one whom I knew, but, alas! the stout form of Captain Jackson, the retired soldier, appeared in the distance. My hopes fell. I had heard my aunt say that he was an awful man to talk, and that no one could get a word in edgeways while he was speaking, and I saw quite plainly the train steaming out of the station, less one passenger at least. However, I smiled—well, if not pleasantly, at least politely—and tried to forget all the nasty things which I had heard about him.

After a few formal remarks, such as "The weather is very bad," and "How is your dear aunt?" he started telling me tales about the army.

He told me a very good story of a young Cockney who

wished to become a soldier. He was ushered into a room, where a number of officials were sitting. A paper was set before him, and he was handed a very dilapidated-looking pen by one of the officials. He looked at the pen, then at the official, then at the pen, and exclaimed in loud Cockney accents:

“ You're very out of date, you men!
'Aint you got no fountain pen? ”

The official was amazed at the remark, and he wrote down on his report sheet: “ A man of discretion, besides a budding poet.” The Cockney was admitted at once to the army, and sent out to the front.

One night he was found seriously wounded, and was carried to a field hospital. The nurse who was standing by his bedside was surprised to hear him say, “ My fountain pen in the left-hand pocket. Is it there? If I lose it, I lose my life! ” As you probably have guessed, that Cockney soldier rose to be a great general.

I was very engrossed in the story, and got rather a start when the captain said, briskly: “ Now, my dear, would you not like to buy a fountain pen, exactly the same make as the one that famous general has? I am travelling for these fountain pens, and can recommend them to last for ten years at least, and can guarantee that, if you always use one, you too will rise to the head of your profession.”

I went home that night with an oblong box in my pocket, in which lay a fountain pen.

A month has passed: my salary shows no sign of increasing!

ALICE YOUNGER, 2 H.G.a.

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻

DAWN.

In the dewy hours of morning,
When the light is glimm'ring pale,
One can see some wondrous changes
Creeping over hill and dale.

First the hills turn mauve and purple
'Neath the greyness of the sky,
And the fading gloom discloses
Wakening worlds unto the eye.



Prefects, 1922-23.

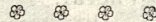
W. Erskine, G. Smith, R. Sorbie, J. Robertson,
Jean Dingwall, Jenny Kerr, Jean Steele, Beatrice Barlow, Margaret Mackenzie,
Robina Buchanan, Annie Coats, Nora Smith, Olive Mitchell, Gladys Sinclair, Emily Rodger.

When the skies are deepest azure,
 Now, behold Aurora come!
 In the chariot of the morning,
 Heralding the rising sun.

Then the birds begin to twitter,
 Oh! what multitudes there are.
 Not one voice in all that song-world
 Tends the melody to mar.

And the day beyond the dawning
 In this earthly home of ours?
 Love, joy, hope, hate, fear and sorrow
 Mingle in its fleeting hours.

ANNIE BRODIE, 1 H.G.A.



A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

WHAT a glorious evening it was! The sun set with glowing splendour which made the whole sky blaze with colour. Slowly twilight crept in, followed by dusk clad in a grey garment. Mists drifted in from the sea, and lingered on the moist low-lying hills.

A wonderful yet mysterious silence brooded over the earth. An occasional tu-whit! tu-who-o-o! was heard from the waking owl. Night laid its soothing hand on the restless world.

Overhead the moon held her silver court in the black velvet sky, while the sentinel stars paced their ceaseless round in the mighty camp of the sky. The moon cast long and weird shadows over the peaceful valley. The river beyond turned into a stream of molten silver bordered by a fringe of tall dark trees, which shuddered in the breath of the chill night wind. Then, deceived by the radiance of the glorious moon, some wakening bird would give a sleepy twittering call.

The moon sank, leaving the quiet earth alone with the stars.

MARY LAURENSEN, 1 H.G.B.

THE VOYAGE.

IN a little village in England there was, about a mile out, a manor where lived a rich gentleman. He had one son called Dick, and, the time being the summer holidays, Dick had brought home his two school chums, Herbert Scott, known as Herbs, and Timothy Brown, known as Tim.

One very sunny day the three chums were lounging on the lawn with nothing to do, when Dick suggested that they should play at a game. "What game can we play at?" asked Herbs. "Bulls," replied Tim. "No," said Dick, "we will play at pirates; you know there are the old pistols and that home-made gunpowder and some rusty swords." "Sounds all right, but where is the Spanish Main coming from, so that we might plunder galleons?" replied Tim. "There's the stagnant pool in the woods," said Herbs, "and we can make a log into a ship." "All right," replied Dick, "we will start at once."

So they got a pistol and some gunpowder each, and Dick, being the leader, got a sword. Then they cut down a tree, and, taking the trunk, they roughly cut it into the shape of a boat, and burning a hole in it, they stuck a pole in an upright position, so as to form a mast.

"Hurrah!" cried Dick, "the good ship is made, come on, and let's launch her," and after some tugging and pulling they managed to set the good ship afloat. Running back, they cut three stout poles, so as they might use them as oars. On the way back, Herbs gave vent to a howl, and on turning round Tim and Dick found Herbs hugging his toe, and in a broken sort of way he said, "That blamed—Och!—pistol—Oh!—fell—(howl)—on my toe"; and the other two, of course, instead of howling with pain, howled with laughter.

At last they all managed to get on the log, and with the poles found it very difficult to keep their balance. Dick, seeing a bird, drew his pistol and shot at it, and in the attempt he nearly capsize the boat. Now they were in the middle of the pool, and found it too deep for them to reach the bottom with their poles. "What will we do now?" said Dick, and at that moment an eel, seeing Tim's bare, big toe, took a juicy bite at it, and with a scream Tim fell in, and so did the lot of them, and with cries of revenge on the eel, they all managed to reach the bank.

It was three sorrow-stricken figures that crept into the house that day.

NORMAN NISBET, 1 H.G.C.

THE MIRACLE OF THE DRAGON FLY AND ITS PLACE IN THE SUN.

Would it not be fine if those of us who are not very good-looking could make ourselves beautiful by crawling out of our skin like a dragon-fly? Perhaps you did not know that a dragon-fly could do anything so wonderful. Well, it does, and you can see it doing so yourself if you go on a sunny day to some lake, pond or canal, where dragon-flies are seen in the summer time. Some of the smaller ones should be emerging this week (20th to 26th May).

The "coming out" of a dragon-fly is something so curious and beautiful as to be almost a miracle. When the dragon-fly's eggs are hatched, the larva walks about on the mud like a beetle, eating smaller creatures, until the warmth of the water tells it that it is time to rise up from its muddy home to its place in the sun.

The nymph, as it is now called, crawls up a reed or stick, and leaves the water. It knows what it is about, and does not waste any time in getting to business. First of all, it takes a very firm hold of the reed it is clinging to with its six legs, and then it proceeds to draw itself, head first, out of its skin. The larger the dragon-fly, the harder it is to get out of its skin.

Say it is a big one we are watching. First, it gets its head out of a little slit in its skin, then it pulls out its forelegs. Then the second pair of legs follow, and after that the third pair. It now hangs down backwards. The half-emerged dragon-fly gets its grip again, and gradually pulls out the back part of its body.

This is very wonderful, but not so wonderful as what follows. When the dragon-fly has got itself clear of its nymph, its wings are only little stumps. As you watch it, you can see the wings gradually growing bigger.

At first they are wet and opaque, but at the end of the transformation they are transparent, and what was at first a stump gradually shapes itself into two lovely pairs of wings.

It takes a big dragon-fly about an hour to get out of its skin, and another two or three hours to grow its wings and get ready to fly into the world.

ETTA MITCHELSON, 1 H.G.a.



Cricket Team, 1922-23.

A. Hall, S. Robinson, J. Cranston, P. Greig,
S. Cranston, J. M'Leod, J. Drummond, G. Cownie, T. Robb, J. Beaton, R. Taylor.

DAFFODIL SUNDAY.

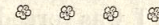
ONE day each year George M'Corquodale, Esq., head of the huge printing firm of that name, invites the residents of the countryside to view the wonderful display of daffodils at his country house, Dalchroy, Strathspey.

Leaving Grantown by motor, you pass along the picturesque valley of the Spey. Arriving at the foot of the glen, you enter the gate leading up through the grounds to the house. On all sides the ground is ablaze with yellow daffodils, as you follow the woodland path with its trickling streams and quaint rustic bridges.

Looking down into the valley from the house, you can see for miles along the Spey, past Tulchan Lodge, where the late king stayed when he paid his annual visit to Strathspey. Just below, a new concrete bridge has been built across the river, the first of its kind in Scotland.

You can cross the bridge on the homeward journey, and return by a different road, and thus complete the circular route.

M. LINDSAY MYRON, 1 H.G.β.



From the Seniors.

A HAT(E)FUL CALAMITY.

CECILIA BROWN goes about lavishing unsophisticated advice upon the unsuspecting, and unfortunately I was one of the victims.

The first calamity broke upon me one afternoon when I was mentally deciding in which direction I should throw my handiwork so as to completely banish it from my sight. Many-hued trimmings decked the floor, I always seemed to sit on at least a dozen pins, and altogether the scene looked anything but business-like. No matter how I squinted at the mirror, I lost my temper, as both my face and the hat were alike in one respect, both looking hideous. Tears of exasperation trickled down my cheeks as I waded my way through piles of millinery implements towards the door. I left the cause of my misery looking decidedly dejected, and perched at an unbecoming angle on top of a box of pins and a pair of scissors.

Just then the door-bell gave a resounding peal, so, regardless of the fact that countless threads adorned my apparel and a long trail of ribbon with a bunch of cherries followed in my wake, I descended the stairs and opened the door with ruffled dignity. There, on the door-step, immaculately clad and forming a decided contrast on being compared with me, stood Cecilia Brown. She smiled in a most charming manner, evidently unaware that owing to my strenuous afternoon I was suffering from a splitting headache. As Cecilia looked as if she intended to propose a game of tennis or golf, I launched forth and described the various details concerning the hat. Cecilia listened sympathetically, now and then passing such consoling remarks as, "Poor dear!" "How awful!" "Just fancy now!" &c. Presently we reached the room wherein rested "the hat." I gave Cecilia little time in which to contemplate the disorder, but piloted her to the only vacant chair, where she sank down and "took in" the whole surroundings. I took over the hat, and listened intently while Cecilia described not a few brilliant ideas, most of which I rejected with the remark, "How ever could I make that; it's far too complicated." Cecilia refused to be daunted, and presently she thought of an idea of which she drew a rough sketch, and I was forced to admit that I might be able to make it. "Of course you can!" said Cecilia, in a matter of fact tone, "it is the latest fashion." "But why the two streamers?" I queried. "It's the latest style and so becoming," answered Cecilia. How does she know, I wondered; she knows nothing about a hat. At last the monstrosity was finished. Cecilia was rapturous, and I wondered however I didn't think of that before, it was so very simple. However, I merely said, humbly, "I did think of that once." The streamers were not exactly in my favour; however, once the hat was carefully enthroned upon my head and I went to "show it off" to the family, I was not exactly pleased, as both of my brothers likened it to a "pimple on a mountain." I was a little more satisfied when I saw my special friends turn green with envy on beholding the hat. By next day a good few of my friends wore hats suspiciously like mine in shape and colour. I vaguely wondered how long they had taken to complete the head-gear. Not very long after this, I was waiting for an electric car (I had been specially requested to hurry home). The once-offending hat looked admirable, and in my reverie I failed to notice my car going past. I turned and saw it; not another car in sight; it must be now or never. I made a dash, escaped being run

over by a hair's breadth, and with a spring reached the foot-board. The car was full of passengers, and as I made for the interior I felt a sudden tug, and on looking up observed my hat dangling by one of the streamers on a rail above my head. I looked terribly embarrassed. I feel sure I must have appeared to be in an awkward predicament. A few men guffawed, but one obligingly pulled it down, leaving the streamer to sail in the breeze alone. I must have been a most unenviable sight as I swept to the inside of the car: the hat was perched right over to the left side, and the remnants of the streamer dangled offensively. I managed to collide with an old gentleman. The other streamer, evidently intending to follow in the footsteps of its companion, gave a jerk, and swept over the face of an old bespectacled lady; her eye-glasses switched off and fell to the ground smashed into a thousand pieces.

My face became suffused with blushes as I stammered something of an apology: "I assure you, M—Madame, it w—w—was a m—mistake." Everyone seemed to glare at me, and little wonder. I vainly tried to arrange my hat, but, alas! the glasses could not be rectified in a minute. I muttered, "Woe betide you, Cecilia Brown." What a spectacle I must have presented. I shall never forget it. The old lady, however, refused to treat the matter as an accident, and was loud in her lamentations. I had a great deal more to pay than usual, as the glass was specially prepared to suit her eyes. I stamped home in a furious temper, tore off the hat; never again would it adorn my head; "No! never!" Next day, when I sallied forth, I wore a plain velour hat devoid of all streamers and fancy trimmings. Never again would I take Cecilia Brown's unsophisticated advice. Anyway, there is one consolation. I was the only one in the street with a hat which was not adorned with streamers, which are, really after all, terribly commonplace.

ELLA ANDERSON, 1 Sen. A.



A WOODLAND WALK IN SUMMER.

As we wend our way through the woods, we hear a faint note calling in the distance. It is the messenger of summer spreading the joyful news of another gladsome season.

Overhead, through the green mist of the foliage, the turquoise blue of the sky dotted over with white, fleecy clouds

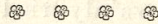
is seen, while beneath our feet the soft green turf is spangled with wild flowers.

Peeping shyly from its bed among the moss, and filling the air with its fragrant perfume, is the modest violet clad in green and heliotrope, contrasting with the deep pink of the campion.

Situated on a small grassy knoll, carpeted with speedwells and wild hyacinths, is a creeper-covered, red-roofed cottage, surrounded by a fence which is a mass of jasmine and honeysuckle. In a hawthorn tree turned into a dainty vision of pink blossoms, a bird is carolling and the low, sweet notes blending with the silvery murmur of a brook as it ripples along, is the only sound which breaks the silence.

When we unwillingly take our departure, we cast a longing glance at the woods, which are now suffused with a warm red glow shading to orange, making a charming picture for an artist to paint.

JANE BLAKE, 1 Sen. B.



ROSES.

THERE are roses in the garden,
And roses on the wall;
And these are very proud, but, ah!
Pride comes before a fall.

For many lovely roses
Are cut down every day,
And put in people's vases
To make their houses gay.

But the pretty, small wild roses,
That in the hedges grow,
Are the sweetest and the humblest
Of any rose I know.

And these have not the faults of some
That cultivated are,
But hide their pretty heads in leaves,
So ne'er are carried far.

MARY BEVIN, 1 Sen. C.

THE TODAS OF INDIA.

DURING our stay in India, we lived among the Nilgeris, where the blue-gums grow.

About twelve miles distant from our home dwell the brown-faced Todas, who are now almost extinct. They live in little mud huts with very low doors, to keep themselves safe from the wild animals which prowl around at night.

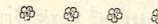
Their principal food is the milk and ghi obtained from the buffalo. A Toda will never eat beef, as the cow is considered a sacred animal. Fruits of all kinds grow in the jungle, and often may be heard the merry chatter of the Toda boy as he tends his herd of buffaloes.

As the climate is so hot, the people do not require much clothing, and the boys and girls only wear a string of beads round their waists. The women wear a long piece of cloth called a sari wound round their shoulders and waist, and then their costume is complete.

If we were to come near their village there would soon be a crowd round us crying, "Bucksheesh ma," or "Bucksheesh pa," and the children would come nearer and hold out their hands for a coin.

We saw a Toda boy who walked every day five miles to and from school. He seemed very intelligent, and could read and speak English well.

JAMES R. GUTHRIE, 1 Sen. C.



THE RAINDROPS.

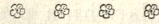
DROPPING by my nursery,
Down they flutter past,
Tiny little raindrops,
Never seem to last.

Hissing, as they patter
On the village street,
They fall—those drops of water—
Beside my little feet.

They sprinkle all my garden,
Refreshing leaves and flowers,
But never beg my pardon,
Although they fall for hours.

Although they come from Heaven,
I wouldn't say they're good;
Sometimes they come too often,
And that, I think, is rude.

MARY ROBBIE, 2 Sen. A.



A VISIT TO INCHCOLME.

WHILST on my holidays at Aberdour last year, I was delighted to be able to visit Inchcolme. Visitors have not been allowed on the island since the war, but father and some friends received, or took, permission. It was a lovely day, and the sail was most enjoyable. We cross "Mortimer's Deep," a channel between Inchcolme and the mainland. We saw the islands of Inchkeith, Inchcolme, Inchmickery, Craigmachrie, and Cramond, of which Sir Walter Scott sang as "Emeralds chased in gold." Inchcolme is of great historic interest, and we find it mentioned in Shakespeare's "Macbeth." There is a monastery on the island, which is dedicated to St Columba, and dates back from the twelfth century. We visited the old chapel, which is still beautiful, although in need of restoration. We climbed up the tower of the monastery, where we had lovely views. Looking seawards, Inchkeith, with its lighthouse, was directly ahead of us. On the right, in the distance, was Berwick Law. Nearer at hand lay Leith, Granton, Edinburgh and district, with the Pentland Hills behind. On our left was the Fife coast, with its lovely bays and woods, stretching from Burntisland to Donibristle, the seat of the Earls of Moray. To the west we had a grand view of the Forth Bridge, which stood out very clearly.

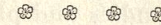
Passing the old burying-ground on the way to our boat, father told me an amusing story. On his first visit to the island, the caretaker had pointed out various places of interest, and, on coming to this burying-ground, he mentioned that he now used it as a garden. "A strange burying-ground," said my father. "Na! Na! I dig up a bane or twa amang ma tatties whiles, but the tatties are nane the waur o' that."

NANCY STEWART, 2 Sen. A.

GRANNY'S STORY.

THE children were going to Granny's for tea. "O, how splendid!" they cried; for they knew she could tell the most wonderful stories. They quickly dressed in their best clothes, and set off. When they arrived, Granny was so pleased to see them, and gave them a hearty welcome. When they had had tea, Granny, as usual, told them a story. She said: "Thirty years ago, in this very kitchen, when I was young, father and mother had to go to town on business, and I had to keep the house. When they had gone about an hour, I heard a gentle tap on the door. I felt a little afraid, as it was a cold, wet day; but I went and opened the door. To my astonishment, there was an old lady, who asked me if I could shelter her for a little while. I said, 'Certainly, please come in.' I told her to sit in to the fire, as she looked very cold, even with a big black cloak around her. I was cutting bread, and on the wall before me stood a radiantly polished tray. I gazed into it, and what do you think I saw? It was not the old lady, but a man, for the cloak had slipped down. I went on trying to keep calm, but all the time I was trembling with fear, when all at once he pulled from his pocket a sharp knife, which made me shudder, and said: 'I know your father has a lot of money, so hand it up or I will kill you.' I shuddered again at the thought, but said I would give it to him, and led him to a cellar beneath, and, pretending to be lifting something, I ran quickly out and bolted the door. He kicked and banged, but in vain. Soon my parents arrived, and when they heard my story they were amazed, and immediately got the police." The children had listened intently, and looked around the room to see if there were any traces of the thief, but, of course, there were none.

JEAN D. L. LOGAN, 2 Sen. B.



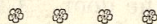
THE GARDEN FÊTE.

THE garden fête was held in June:
It started in the afternoon.
Teas were served and dainties sold,
Patronised by young and old.

There were many stalls of household provisions,
Hoop-las, Aunt Sallys, and pageant exhibitions;
A band was played by the Boys' Brigade,
And Morris dances by the higher grade.

The orchestra itself was worth the shilling—
Seemed to give us all that Kruschen feeling;
For out came the baw-bees, even the puns:
A great success for the athletic funds.

WILLIAM CARNEGIE, 2 Sen. B.



THE ROMANCE OF A CANDLE.

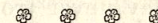
As my ancestors had done before me, I started my career in liquid form, namely, paraffin wax. I was part of the contents of the large tins called "jacks." One day I was taken to a machine in my respective jack, and I will now proceed to describe the machine. The machine contained 360 pistons, moulds and reels of wick. The man who had carried me in the jack to the machine now took me and poured me into the moulds.

He then pushed the wick up through the pistons and thence into me. Twenty minutes elapsed, during which I felt a great change creeping over me, and I was much surprised to find that I was no longer paraffin wax, but a good, hefty candle (six candles in a lb.). The man did not give me much time to collect myself, for he unfastened the screw of the clamp or case which had accommodation for 360 candles, and with a jolt sent me and my companions to rest on a shelf. After a whole day had passed, a man came striding along to the case where I was a member, and stopped at it. He was carrying a number of packets which were open at one end and sealed up at the other. After the space of a minute he selected six candles and placed them in a packet, after which action I nearly cried with dismay, for among those six candles were my sole relations. It was a sad separation, but I was not left long to meditate about my bereavement, because the man returned, took me and five other candles and put us into a packet. He then proceeded to seal up the packet. I was now left in total darkness, and knew nothing more till I found myself laid in a box on a shopkeeper's counter.

Not long afterwards a man came into the shop and asked if the shopkeeper sold candles. The shopkeeper replied in the affirmative, and showed me. "I'll take half-a-dozen," said the man, and I was promptly deposited in a package beside five other candles. Reaching his home, the man placed me in a cupboard. Night came on, and he took me out and lit me. A strange sensation came over me, and I felt that I was gradually diminishing.

The flame of life is burning low in my body, and I will draw the curtain over a real "Grecian" tragedy.

WILLIAM FORBES PORTER, 2 Sen. C.



A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

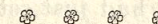
I WAS wandering among the trees in Carwood, when I suddenly beheld a ring of toadstools. I gazed in surprise, because I knew this must be a fairy ring.

Suddenly, a little gentleman in green asked me if I would step into the ring. I stepped into the circle, and beheld a most beautiful sight. Flowers of all kinds spoke to one another. Suddenly a rose, who appeared to be the queen, said, "Would you like to come to a dance to-night?" I said I would be delighted to come. At midnight, a forget-me-not came and took me to the queen's palace.

I had a most gorgeous time with music and dancing. Suddenly a little mouse appeared, and the fairies screamed and vanished.

I fell down with a bump, and awoke on the rug in front of my bed.

MARJORY COWE, 3 Sen. A.



THOUGHTS.

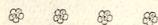
THE world of to-day is not only beautiful, but wonderful, especially seen through the spectacles of May. The bright, clear blue sky overhead seems to make the idea of space so real. The birds are chirping and singing in melodious tones among the budding trees and shrubs. The flowers and grass

have a freshness and fragrance during this month, due to the quickening of the life in the soil. It is all so real, and yet how many of us pass by these beauties as commonplace and ordinary. Thinking of this world makes us think of the many worlds of our thoughts.

While walking up to school one day, I was suddenly transported to one of these thought-worlds. The cause of this day-dream was an orange, which, being too large to go into my pocket, was held tightly in my hand. I wondered at the marvellous way fruit from a foreign land could be bought so cheaply in this country. The many stories my father has told me of the orange groves of Italy seem so real to me. I saw the native boys climbing the trees for the oranges, and filling the many baskets which lay around. I thought of the opportunity those boys had of eating as many as they chose, and yet they never troubled to eat them, but kept on picking, picking, picking. The boys and girls of Gillespie's, yes, and teachers too, would willingly have changed places for one afternoon with the native boys, but how disappointed they would have been, because the fruit was in an unripe condition. Oranges have to be gathered in this state, so that they will be ripe for British markets.

My thought world was so interesting, and I seemed to see it so vividly, that I did not notice where I was going, with the result that a hideous, ill-mannered lamp-post stopped my progress suddenly, and I was brought back to the real world with a lump as big as an orange on my forehead. However, I had great consolation in the thought of being a British girl, and of eating my orange after lunch. The moral of my story is not to walk while day-dreaming.

JANET MARTIN, 3 Sen. B.



MY TWILIGHT ADVENTURE.

It was dusk, and the sun had just set behind a hill, when I found myself wandering through the wood with a small yellow leaf in my hand. As I walked on, I looked around, and I was surprised to find that many little elves were sitting round about, and most of them appeared to be busy. Some were sewing, some were building houses in the branches of the trees, and others were running about looking very anxious.

None of them seemed to notice me at first, but in a short time one of them glanced up, and, after having recovered

from his fright, shrieked "A Mortal." After that many more of them looked up, and they all seemed very worried.

In a minute, one (a very important-looking one) stepped forward. He was very grandly dressed in a cloak made of a butterfly's wings, with a hood to match. Below that he wore a tunic made of poppy petals, and altogether he was very smart.

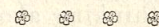
He said: "Since you have come here, I think you might be of use to us. Our queen, whose name is Moira, has lost her wand, and we suspect a witch, who lives on yonder hill, of having taken it."

I at once said that I would go and try to get it back for the queen, so the elf led me to the palace to see the queen. She was a nice-looking lady, but she seemed to be too worried to understand us.

Then I went outside again, and the elf directed me to the witch's hut. When I arrived, I found that the old dame was busy cooking something. I watched my chance, and slipped into the room, snatched up the wand which was lying on the table, and ran away. In a moment she realised what had happened, and she was soon running after me. In my despair I tore the leaf in two, and, to my great surprise, an army of elves appeared and soon made short work of the witch.

While they were thus engaged, I ran back to the palace, and soon found the queen. She was overjoyed to receive her wand again, and after being handsomely rewarded, I returned home, but I never forgot "My Twilight Adventure."

JANET SANDERS, 3 Sen. C.



MOLLY.

WHOSE eyes are these so soft and blue,
So like the lovely pansy's hue?
Whose teeth are like a row of pearls?
Whose head's a mass of golden curls?
Molly's.

Who has such little pinky toes?
Who has a dainty, snubby nose?
Who has a dimple in her chin?
Who fills the house with merry din?
Molly.

JEAN FARQUHARSON, 3 Sen. C.

From the Juniors.

A WISH.

I wish I were a fairy,
So dainty and so neat,
With wings so light and airy,
And tiny little feet.

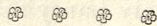
If I were a fairy,
One wish of mine would be
To fly with other fairies
Across the wide, wide sea.

I then would take a little trip
Upon a magic carpet,
And take some little orphan girls
To the fairy market.

I there would buy them pretty dolls
All dressed in fairy silk,
With hair so fair and curly,
And teeth as white as milk.

But, alas! I'm not a fairy,
And these things can't come true;
So it's no use thinking about them,
For its more than *my* power can do.

CATHERINE DAVIE, 1 Jun. A.

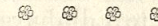


WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO BE.

I WOULD like to be a fireman. I would go to fires and save people. If there was a fire in the night, I would have to slide down the pole. I would have to do fire drill, and climb up a fire-escape. When the fire bell rang, I would jump into the fire-engine. The fire-engine would dash to the place where the fire was. People would be standing on the road, and we would be dashing about with our axes. I would have to

take my turn of holding the hose. After the fire was put out, I would jump on to the fire-engine, and soon would be dashing up the streets to the fire-station.

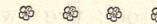
DAVID OGILVIE, 1 Jun. B.



GETTING BIG.

I was very sad, because the other children wouldn't play with me. I wanted to play one game, and they wanted to play another. It was very dull in the house, as I had nothing to do. Just then I heard a loud knock at the door, and I went to open it. It was father coming home for his dinner. As he sat down to his dinner he was all smiles. After dinner, he brought from the room a tiny, little fluffy ball. I wondered what it was at first, but I soon found what it was. It was a tiny little Persian kitten. I named him Prince. And whenever I was dull I always played with him. He was very fond of a ball of wool or string. But now he doesn't care for these things, because he is getting big. He likes best to lie by the hearth in the kitchen. I shall be very sorry when he dies, but, of course, Persian kittens can't live for ever.

JESSIE MOFFAT, 1 Jun. C.



RIDDLE-ME-REE.

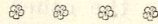
My first is in fairy but not in pixie,
My second is in William but not in Trixie,
My third is in pencil and also in ink,
My fourth is in red but not in pink,
My fifth is in year but not in day,
My sixth is in April but not in May,
My seventh is in coat and also in hat,
My eighth is in lean and also in fat,
My ninth is in dormouse but not in rat,
My whole is a place where fairies dance and
elves prance.

CATHERINE HENDERSON, 2 Jun. A.

MY BEST PET.

WHEN I was a little girl, my granny's cat, named Mayo, brought me a little kitten. I called him Toby. He would lie for hours in my doll's pram while I wheeled him up and down the garden. When my father came home from the war, we took Toby home to Edinburgh with us. But he did not like town life, and one day got lost. When I see a grey cat, I wonder if it is Toby.

ANNIE ROSE, 2 Jun. B.



THE MONKEY AND THE GLOVE.

ONE summer day my father, mother, sister and myself went out to the Zoo. We enjoyed seeing the animals being fed, especially the sea lions jumping out of the water to catch the fish that were thrown to them by the keeper. Then we went to the monkeys to give them some nuts. After finishing the nuts, we gave them a little grass. My sister was offering a monkey a few blades of grass, when it made a grab, pulled her glove off, and ran up to the top of a stump with it. My sister screamed, and brought many of the visitors to the cage to see what was wrong. The monkey played with it and tried to put it on, much to the amusement of the crowd. One gentleman tried to tempt the monkey with a sweet to get the glove, but the monkey left the glove at the back of the cage, then came forward and took the sweet. After eating the sweet, the monkey tore the glove to shreds. My sister was very sad at having to go home with only one glove.

GRACE WILL, 2 Jun. C.

From the Infants.

I HAVE a little canary. When I begin to play my drum, it begins to whistle. One day, when there was no one in the room, the cage fell on to the floor and the glass broke. After that the bird did not whistle.

I AM a very clever dog. My name is Fido. My mistress is very kind to me. I live in a great big house. The other day, when I was playing in the backyard, I saw a barrel. I was so curious to see what was in it, that I climbed up. I saw it was water. Trying to get in without getting wet, I lost my balance and tumbled in. If I had not started to yell "Bow-wow-wow" I would have been drowned.

I AM going to be a soldier. I must not be killed, because mother would be sad. Sometimes in the trenches I will have to stand in mud for about a week without dry clothes on. I will have to have a gun to defend myself. It would never do if I had not a gun. I think up to now I will be a soldier.

Adv. Inf. A.

If I had five shillings, I would buy my mother a box of sweets, and what I had left I would keep to myself and would take my brother to the Zoo to spend the day.

WHEN I grow up I am going to be a farmer. I will look after the cattle, and I will cut down the great trees.

I WOULD like to be a Dockter to exray or be a scinspshlyst to igsamin the scin to see if enny truble is lion in the sistom, as I was near ded with my truble in my sistom. It was at my hart, but the Dockter cut it away.

Adv. Inf. B.

MY cousin is staying with us, and she got a letter saying that the squirrel is growing and eating nuts, and it is a little tamer, but it bites.

THERE is a desert in Egypt. I would like to play in the sand. I would like to see the camels crossing the desert. It is very funny that the boys and girls in Egypt write the opposite way from us.

Adv. Inf. C.

I WISH the holidays were here, for I am going to the seaside. My daddy takes me out in a boat with baby. She puts her hand in the water, and then wipes it on her frock.

I WAS at the Zoo last week; it was a very fine place to go to. I saw penguins and a good lot of rabbits as well and a hare, and it ran away when it saw us.

Jun. Inf. A.

IF I had a baby I would play with it and let it have some of my toys and my ball, but not my meccano, but my books and marbles and my bricks.

IF I had a baby, and it had no hair, my mother would give it some food, and the food would be milk.

Jun. Inf. B.

My auntie has hens in her green, and they lay eggs. She is coming to-morrow to see us.

I WOULD like to be a girl guide when I am big and wave flags.

Jun. Inf. C.

ROBERT and I are going to get a pup. My auntie has a baby, and he is two. A thrush built its nest at our window. It laid four eggs, and birds came out.

WHEN I was at North Berwick a storm came on, and a wave came up to us, and we were wading.

I SAW a rabbit, and a man was going to kill it.

Jun. Inf. D.

School Sports.

HOCKEY.

IN numbers the Club was as strong as in former years, but in playing strength it was not quite up to the standard of the preceding year. The half-backs were the mainstay of the team, and they got an inspiring lead from the energetic and tireless centre-half, Sarah Grant, who has filled the post of



Swimming Team, 1922-23.

(Winners of School Beard Shield)

Nancy Fraser, Maisie Anton, Ellen King, Beryl Bateman [Winnie Irons, absent.]

Captain in an excellent way. Three XI's were run, and the results of the matches played appear below:—

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Goals	
					For.	Agst.
1st XI.	- 21	12	3	6	43	28
2nd XI.	- 15	5	5	5	35	36
3rd XI.	- 6	0	1	5	4	25

RUGBY.

THE game has made great strides in the school, three XV.'s being fielded last season, when the following fixtures were carried through:—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Points.	
				For.	Agst.
1st XV.	- 17	10	7	312	102
Junior XV.	- 14	7	7	286	89

The Junior Team was well balanced, and put up a splendid fight against "Heriot's" and "Stewart's."

The 2nd Junior XV. was heavily defeated at Myreside by Watsons Preparatory, but in the return game managed to draw.

The 1st XV. was well served in the forward line, but often showed signs of weakness in the back division, owing to so many of the backs being old soccer players, who indulged in rather a good deal of fly-kicking, which is fatal play for a back.

ASSOCIATION.

JAMES M'LEOD (2 H.G.A.), James Robertson (2 H.G.A.), and James Cranston (2 H.G.C.), represented Edinburgh in Inter-City Matches.

James Robertson (2 H.G.A.) played in the Schoolboys' International Matches against Wales and against England, being among the goal-scorers.

SWIMMING.

THE School held its first gala at Warrender Baths, before a large attendance of parents and pupils. The proceeds, which amounted to £16, 2s. 8d., were handed over towards swelling the Sports Fund.

The following events were carried through:—

25 Yards Learners' Race—Girls—1. Mary Laurenson; 2. Patricia McKinnon.

25 Yards—Boys—1. Jack Drummond; 2. George Wilkie.

Invitation Team Race—1. James Gillespie's (Ellen King, Beryl Bateman, Maisie Anton, Ethel Smith).

The above team covered the 100 yards in the splendid time of 1 min. 15 secs.

The team were also successful in winning the School Board Shield.

25 Yards Handicap (Boys under 14)—1. Jack Drummond; 2. Grant Sutherland.

Blindfold Race—1. William Gordon.

50 Yards Handicap (F.P.'s)—1. Alec. Bateman (scr.); 2. W. McLean.

50 Yards Invitation Scratch Race (Girls)—1. Ellen King; 2. Betty Taylor (St. Thomas of Aquins).

Ellen King was badly left at the start but managed to win by inches, returning 36 4-5 secs.

Life-Saving—Boys—1. J. Drummond and James Canning.

Life-Saving—Girls—1. Beryl Bateman and Ellen King.

50 Yards Girls' Handicap—1. Beryl Bateman; 2. Winnie Irons.

50 Yards Handicap (Boys over 14)—1. W. Gordon (10 secs.); 2. W. Erskine (scr.).

Graceful Diving (Boys)—1. Grant Sutherland (13½ points); 2. Jack Drummond (12½ points).

Candle Race (Girls)—1. Anna Duguid; 2. Peggy Alcorn.

25 Yards Race (in Rugby Strip)—1. W. Erskine; 2. T. Canning.

50 Yards Breast Stroke (Boys)—1. J. Drummond; 2. J. Robb. Time 43 2-5 secs.

Balloon Race (Girls)—1. Ethel Smith; 2. Winnie Irons.

F.P.'s played the Wynman A.S.C. at Water Polo, but the game resulted in a draw of one goal each, after a good tussle.

In the team race, however, the F.P.'s were more successful, winning a splendid race by two yards. Time 2 mins. 3 secs.

The following awards have been gained during the session from the Royal Life Saving Society:—

Awards of Merit and Bronze Medallions—Helen King, Jack Drummond.

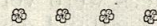
Proficiency Certificates—Jean McDowall, Beryl Bateman, Maisie Anton, Tom Robb, William Gordon, Jack Drummond, Stanley Robinson, Alexander Murray, Gordon Cownie, Grant Sutherland, Christopher Binnie, Tom Canning.

TENNIS.

TENNIS, last summer, was as well taken advantage of, both in regard to the numbers playing and the improvement in play, as in former years. 248 pupils joined the Club for the season, and the team played matches against Boroughmuir, Broughton, Trinity and Tynecastle, with mixed success, receiving its heaviest defeat from the first, and returning the compliment to the last.

The championship was won by Donald Stewart, who, by his studied carefulness, defeated in the final the more

brilliant, but also more erratic, Graham Robertson. A "doubles" tournament was run in the various years, and the winners were:—3rd Year—Graham Robertson and Gladys Bryce; 2nd Year—James Heddle and Margaret Crawford; 1st Year—Roy Watt and Robina Buchanan.



CRICKET.

LAST year the first XI. played 9 matches, of which 7 were won and 2 lost. This season the game has been taken up with as much keenness as last, three elevens being run—a first XI., a second XI., and a Junior XI. All three teams have full and interesting fixture lists. The following is the result of 1st XI. matches up to date:—

May 19.—Musselburgh Grammar School, at Musselburgh. Musselburgh, 43 runs; J.G.S., 36 runs. Match drawn. Bowling for J.G.S., T. Robb had six wickets for 0.

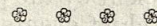
May 23.—Holy Cross Academy, at Warriston. H.C.A., 22 runs; J.G.S., 38. T. Robb had six wickets for 13, and R. Taylor three wickets for 8 runs.

May 26.—Dunfermline High School, at Warriston. D.H.S., 71 for 7 wickets; J.G.S., 33 runs. W. Harper had three wickets for 8 runs.

June 2.—Trinity Academy, at Bangholm. Trinity Academy, 73 runs; J.G.S., 47. R. Taylor had 22 not out.

June 9.—Leith Academy, at Warriston. Leith Academy, 32; J.G.S., 74. G. Cownie had 43 not out; and R. Taylor had six wickets for 9 runs.

June 16.—Dunfermline High School, at Dunfermline. J.G.S., 70 (J. Cranston 19); D.H.S., 54. S. Robinson had four wickets for 11 runs, and W. Harper three for 8.



ATHLETICS.

At the joint meeting of the Higher Grade and Secondary Schools Athletic Association, the school was well represented, and managed to win and gain places in the following events:—

BOYS.

120 yards Hurdles—under 16 - J. Drummond, 1st.
High Jump—under 14 - J. Scott, 1st.
Long Leap—under 14 - J. Scott, 2nd.

GIRLS.

100 yards—open - N. Scobie, 2nd.

The school was also represented, for the first time, at the Inter-Scholastic Sports Meeting, Inverleith.

120 yards Hurdles—under 16 - J. Drummond, 2nd.
 100 yards—under 14 - J. Ashton, 2nd.

The above performances were very good, when one considers that the cream of Scotland competes at these sports.

The second place in the Open Hurdles was gained by an old pupil of the school, J. la Frenais, now of Dollar Academy.

GOLF.

LAST year the golf medal was won by William Archibald. This year 24 boys entered the competition, which is a hole-and-hole one. John Aitchison, William Meikle, James M'Leod, and Gordon Walton played their way into the semi-final round. In that round J. Aitchison beat W. Meikle, and J. M'Leod beat G. Walton. In the final, John Aitchison was successful, beating James M'Leod by 3 up and 2 to go.

The School Games.

THE Annual School Games were held on Wednesday, 13th June, at Warriston Grounds. Owing to the special effort we are making at the Garden Fête on the 30th June, the Games this year were of a more informal nature than usual. In spite of this, however, entries were as numerous as ever. We were fortunate, as usual, with regard to the weather, and an enjoyable afternoon was spent by the pupils and their friends. The prize-winners of the chief events were:—

BOYS.

- 80 yards—under 10 - Frank Ashton.
- 100 yards—between 10 and 11 - Reginald Gordon.
- 100 yards—between 11 and 12 - Charles Muirhead.
- 100 yards—between 12 and 13 - John Drummond.
- 100 yards—open - James Ashton.
- 220 yards—under 13 - Norman Cochrane.
- 300 yards—under 14 - James Ashton.
- 440 yards—open - James Ashton.
- Half-Mile - James Ashton.
- Three-Legged Race - Geo. Kirkland and John Irvine.
- Sack Race - Thomas Brotherstone.
- Relay Race—1st Senior B. Team - C. Muirhead, C. Pearson, N. Wills, J. Ashton.



Hockey Team, 1922-23.

Jean M'Dovall, Alison Laidlaw, Margaret Torrie, Dorothy Littlejohn, Madge Gray, Nora Somerville, Nora Smith, Sarah Grant (Captain), Dorothy Mackinnon, Nancy Scott, Alice Mowat.

GIRLS.

60 yards—under 10	- - -	Margaret Canning.
80 yards—between 10 and 11	- - -	Ruby Deans.
100 yards—between 11 and 12	- - -	Daisy Brand.
100 yards—between 12 and 13	- - -	Margaret Campbell.
100 yards—between 13 and 14	- - -	Gladys Tullo.
100 yards—open	- - -	Norah Smith.
Skipping Race—under 10	- - -	Margaret Canning.
Do. between 10 and 12	- - -	Daisy Brand.
Do. between 12 and 14	- - -	Gladys Tullo.
Do. open	- - -	Norah Smith.
Egg and Spoon Race—under 11	- - -	Alice Murray.
Do. under 13	- - -	Lucy Topping.
Do. open	- - -	Nancy Scott.
Three-Legged Race—Elem.	- - -	Jean Renton and Daisy Brand.
Do. H.G.	- - -	Alana Rodger and Margt. Brown.
Sack Race—H.G.	- - -	Jessie Adam.
Relay Race—Elem.—1 Sen. A. Team	- - -	May Harland, Gertie Sinclair, Jean Renton, Margt. Flett.
Do. H.G.—2 B. Team	- - -	Kathleen Weir, Alana Rodger, Margt. Brown, Margt. Traill.

The Garden Fête.

THE Garden Fête on Saturday, 30th June, was held under most auspicious circumstances. The weather, save for a few dark moments, was all that could be desired. Parents and friends turned out to help us in great numbers. The Pageant organised by Miss Hunter was a huge success, and was highly enjoyed by all who witnessed it. Musical accompaniments were excellently rendered by a small orchestra under Miss Hay. The Morris Dancing, arranged by Miss Macniven, was performed by the pupils in a way that left nothing to be desired, and was greatly appreciated by the thousands who witnessed it. Mr Adam Steele's orchestra supplied the dance music in a spirited and accomplished manner. The dancing by Mrs Lowe's pupils, and the gymnastic display by the boys under Mr Ronchetti also contributed largely to a most entertaining programme. Seldom, we are sure, has such a fine sight been seen as that which the Bowling Green of Bruntsfield House presented on that Saturday afternoon when, in brilliant sunshine, surrounded by hundreds of parents and friends, our pupils carried through their programme to the huge delight of themselves and their friends.

Other features of the afternoon were the selections played by the bands, the teas served by our girl pupils on the north side of the green, the stalls which exposed for sale those

dainties beloved of boys and girls, and the many and varied games which contributed greatly to the enjoyment alike of those who participated in them and those who looked on.

Though we are at present unable to give an exact figure, we can assure our pupils and their friends that by means of our Garden Fête we have increased our School Athletic Fund by a handsome sum.

Former Pupils Club.

THE first meeting for the session, held on October 13, was well attended, about 100 being present. An hour was spent in the enjoyment of tea and conversation, after which followed a musical programme, contributed to by Misses Porter, Miller, Wood, Pearson, Mortimer and Dobson. Informal dancing concluded the evening.

The evening of 10th November was given over to a Dramatic Recital. Three sketches were presented by the Dramatic Club—"Our Aunt from California," in which Misses Pairman, M'Ghee, Grant, V. Miller, M. Gladstone, and Harris took part; "Granny's Juliet," in which Misses Pearson, Nisbet and I. Miller took part; and "Ici On Parle Français," in which appeared Misses Cowan, Forsyth, Robertson, Thomson, and Messrs Bateman, Falconer and Glen. Over 100 members were present. Musical selections were played during the intervals by Miss Porter.

The meeting on 1st December was a Musical Evening, and there was a large audience. Misses Wood, E. Gladstone, Porter, and Mr Murphy, supplied the items in the programme, Miss Porter accompanying. Arrangements were intimated for the Annual Reunion. An informal dance followed.

The Annual Reunion was held in School on Friday, 8th December. Ninety persons were present.

The next meeting on Jan. 12 was again mainly a musical evening, when a varied programme of songs and recitations was carried through. The singers were Miss V. Miller and Miss Pearson, while Mr Murphy and Mr Glen gave a humorous reading and a recitation, and Mr Stenning a pianoforte selection. A number of songs by famous singers was heard on the school gramophone.

A complete change from anything on the syllabus for the last two or three years was made at the meeting on February 9. A most amusing mock murder trial was carried through. The part of Judge was undertaken by Mr Murphy, of Counsel for the Prosecution by Mr Sim, of Counsel for the Defence by Mr Glen, and of the Prisoner by Mr E. Leeper. A large number of witnesses, Misses I. Miller, Grant, M'Ghee, Mackenzie, V. Miller, Pearson, Brown, Thomson, Messrs Giles, Stewart, Falconer, and Thomson were called for both sides and fully cross-questioned, many of the questions and answers being very wittily given. Policeman, Usher and Registrar completed a large caste. The Jury returned a unanimous verdict of Not Guilty. The meeting, well attended, was a very successful innovation.

At the Annual Business and Social Meeting, held on March 9, besides other business, the election of office-bearers for 1923-4 was made as follows:—

<i>Hon. President</i>	-	-	Mr T. J. Burnett, M.A., F.E.I.S.
<i>Hon. Vice-President</i>	-	-	Mr T. Robertson.
<i>President</i>	-	-	Mr A. C. Murphy, M.A.
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	Mr Alastair Sim.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	Miss Blanche Brown.
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	Miss Margaret Wood.
<i>Committee</i>	-	-	Misses Gladstone, Grant, H. Miller, I. Miller, M'Ghee; Messrs Camp- bell, Stenning, Young.
<i>Dramatic Club Secretary</i>	-	-	Mr J. G. Glen, M.A.

HONOURS LIST.

- Dr WALTER O. WALKER, Captain, Indian Medical Service, has been made a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.
- Mr JAMES A. HART, M.A., graduated M.B., Ch.B.
- Dr DORA W. GERRARD has received the Diploma in Public Health.
- Miss NETTA SEATH has graduated M.A., B.Sc., with Honours in Mathematics.
- Miss ETHEL ROXBURGH and Miss MAY DALGLEISH have graduated M.A., with Honours in Modern Languages.

Miss VIOLET DAVIDSON graduated M.A., with Honours in Latin and French.

Miss ISHBEL G. H. JOHNSTON graduated M.A., with Honours in English.

Miss L. M. COOK, M.A., Miss LENA I. FRENCH, M.A., and Miss LOUISA RUSSELL, M.A., have received the Diploma in Education.

Miss GRETTA CUMMING graduated M.A., B.Sc.

Mr PATRICK V. PROUDFOOT, Mr JOHN P. SIMPSON, and Miss ISOBEL M. ROSS have graduated B.Sc.

Miss LOUISE ROXBURGH, Miss ISABEL D. S. S. RICHARDSON, and Miss HELEN LIVINGSTONE have graduated M.A.

Mr DAVID M. R. CROMBIE received from the Royal Scottish Society of Arts a M'Dougall-Brisbane Medal for a paper prepared in conjunction with Dr Dawson Turner.

Miss MURIEL L. HUTCHINSON has gained the College of Art Diploma in Drawing and Painting.

Mr ARTHUR W. WALLACE has been made L.D.S. by the Royal College of Surgeons.

Miss MARGARET JENKINS and Miss ISABEL CLARKSON played for Scotland in the Scotland v. Ireland Hockey Match.

Misses PRIMROSE and MARGARET JENKINS won the Ladies' Doubles at the East of Scotland Championship Tournament.

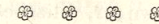
Miss EDITH BRADBURY graduated B.A. at Leeds University.

Dr HELEN CAMPBELL has been appointed Junior Resident Medical Officer in the Simpson Memorial Hospital.

Intermediate Certificates in 1922 were gained by—

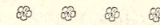
William Adams, Janet A. Anderson, William R. Archibald, Ethel J. Babbage, Robert S. Bateman, Margaret Beattie, James C. Bell, Catherine Brown, Henrietta M. Brown, Gladys M. Bryce, Chrissie Carmichael, John C. Clark, Frances C. Currie, Thomas T. Falconer, May L. Gilbert, Malcolm C. Giles, Margaret W. S. Grant, Elizabeth A. Gretton, Miriam Harris, Doris M. Hodge, Doris R. Home, James I. Irvine, Annie F. Johnson, Margaret Johnston, Forbes W. Kennedy, Hilda F. Langdon, Ernest Leeper, Isabella F. Low, William Macfarlane, Barbara H. C. Macgregor, Elizabeth M. Mackenzie, Catherine McColl, Evelyn McGhee, Katherine M. I. McHardy, Janet B. McIlwrick, Annie McLeod, John H. McLeod, Mary Manson, Emma L. Master-ton, Thomas Matthew, Alison C. Meldrum, Jessie H. Methven, Margaret G. M. Millar, Helen L. Miller, Violet R. Miller, Alexander J. Murray, Lillia C. Murray, Margaret Paterson, Alexandra M. Patrick, William G. Robertson, Margaret B. Robin, Margaret E. H.

Rosie, Margaret S. Scarth, Agnes M. Scobie, Ian M. Scott, James Scott, Margaret M. Simpson, Kathleen M. M. Smith, Marjorie C. S. Smith, Margaret C. W. Stanford, Janet M. Steel, Donald S. Stewart, Evelyn M. Sutherland, Margaret E. B. Thomson, William G. Thomson, Agnes Traill, Doris L. Watson, Jessie S. M. Wedderburn, Dolly M. Whyte, Agnes C. B. Williamson, Harriet G. Williamson, Ruth C. B. Wood.



SCHOOL BURSARY LIST, 1922-23.

CLASS 3 H.G. A.	—Elizabeth B. Heslop, Katharine H. Thomson.
CLASS 3 H.G. B.	—Hazel Ashford.
CLASS 3 H.G. a.	—Rachel Pringle.
CLASS 2 H.G. A.	—Margaret Rae, Alison Robertson, James Robertson, Annie Coats.
CLASS 2 H.G. B.	—Pearl Hyman, Elizabeth McIlwrick.
CLASS 2 H.G. C.	—George Smith.
CLASS 2 H.G. a.	—Catherine Robertson.
CLASS 1 H.G. A.	—Mary Henderson, James Hutchison, Harry Milne, Mary Jamieson.
CLASS 1 H.G. B.	—Mary Manson, Mary Laurenson.
CLASS 1 H.G. C.	—William K. Smith.
CLASS 1 H.G. a.	—Elizabeth Kerr.
CLASS 1 H.G. β.	—Evelyn Hunter.
CLASS 1 SEN. A.	—William Ross, E. Mary Robson, Jean Renton, Grace Sponder.
CLASS 1 SEN. B.	—Margaret Liddell, Jessie Ree.
CLASS 1 SEN. C.	—Jean Douglas
CLASS 2 SEN. A.	—Nancy Stewart, Robert Ross.
CLASS 2 SEN. B.	—Frances Wilson, Christina Ross.
CLASS 2 SEN. C.	—Douglas Linton, Elizabeth Hardie.
CLASS 3 SEN. A.	—Catherine Rennie, Robert Gardiner.
CLASS 3 SEN. B.	—Ruby Deans, Janet Martin.
CLASS 3 SEN. C.	—Dorothy Black, Jessie Stewart.
CLASS 1 JUN. A.	—Catherine Davie, Margaret Hendry.
CLASS 1 JUN. B.	—Doris Brown, Ethel Briggs.
CLASS 1 JUN. C.	—Isabella Hardie, Jean Caldwell.
CLASS 2 JUN. A.	—Catherine Henderson, Mary Miller.
CLASS 2 JUN. B.	—Jean Geddes, William Denny.
CLASS 2 JUN. C.	—Irene Glass, Muriel Black.



SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1922-23.

<i>Dux of School</i>	- - - - -	ELIZABETH B. HESLOP.
<i>Dux in English</i>	- - - - -	GRAHAM F. TURNBULL.
<i>Do. Latin</i>	- - - - -	KATHERINE H. THOMSON.
<i>Do. French</i>	- - - - -	CATHERINE BROWN.
<i>Do. German</i>	- - - - -	NANCY F. SCOTT.
<i>Do. Mathematics</i>	- - - - -	CATHERINE BROWN.
<i>Do. Science</i>	- - - - -	GRAHAM F. TURNBULL.
<i>Do. Art</i>	- - - - -	HELEN D. CLEGHORN.
<i>Do. Needlework</i>	- - - - -	AGNES C. FERGUSSON.

Class 3 H.G. A.

English.—1, Graham F. Turnbull; 2, Katharine H. Thomson; 3, Margaret L. T. Law; 4, Robert McC. Sorbie; 5, Robert Otteleben; 6, Agnes McC. Logan.

Latin.—1, Katharine H. Thomson; 2, Elizabeth B. Heslop; 3, Graham F. Turnbull.

French.—1, Catherine Brown; 2, Elizabeth B. Heslop; 3, Katharine H. Thomson; 4, Alice Mowat.

German.—1, Nancy F. Scott; 2, Robert Ottelben; 3, Edith M. Lawrie.

Mathematics.—1, Catherine Brown; 2, Charles M. Wilson; 3, Violet I. Grieve; 4, Elizabeth B. Heslop.

Science.—1, Graham F. Turnbull; 2, Margaret H. L. Moore; 3, Elizabeth B. Heslop; 4, Ella Lamb.

Art.—1, Helen D. Cleghorn; 2, Thomas Robb; 3, Michael Siger; 4, Lily M. Brand.

Physical Training.—Alice Mowat.

Class 3 H.G. B.

English.—1, John M. Beaton; 2, Norman I. McDonald; 3, Margaret W. Murray; 4, Nora Saunders.

Mathematics.—1, Ethel M. Archibald; 2, Hazel I. Ashford; 3, Margaret T. S. Hedde; 4, Max. Factor.

French.—1, Ethel M. Archibald; 2, Wilhelmina A. Bright; 3, Hazel I. Ashford; 4, Isabella Whytock.

Science.—1, Hazel I. Ashford; 2, Herbert G. Taylor; 3, Norman I. McDonald; 4, Ethel M. Archibald.

Art.—1, Olive J. Mitchell; 2, Peter Marshall; 3, Wilhelmina A. Bright; 4, Dorothy Littlejohn.

Physical Training.—Boys—John Drummond; Girls—Margaret Gray.

Cookery.—Hilda M. Smith.

Woodwork.—Peter Marshall.

Class 3 H.G. a.

English.—1, Rachel Pringle; 2, Lena Milligan; 3, Margaret Doig; 4, Maude Lynch.

French.—1, Margaret Doig; 2, Rachel Pringle; 3, Lena Milligan.

Mathematics.—1, Nora Somerville; 2, Margaret Newbigging; 3, Ann Cruickshank.

Science.—1, Rachel Pringle; 2, Maude Lynch; 3, Ann Cruickshank.

Art.—1, Alice Morrison; 2, Lena Milligan; 3, Gladys Sinclair.

Cookery.—Ella Campbell.

Physical Training.—Elsie Nisbet.

Class 2 H.G. A.

English.—1, Margaret Rae; 2, Alison Robertson; 3, Annie Coats; 4, Alison Laidlaw; 5, James Robertson.

Latin.—1, Margaret Rae; 2, James McLeod; 3, Dora Sanders.

French.—1 (equal), Margaret Rae; Dora Sanders; 3, Annie Coats; 4, Robina Banks.

German.—1, Helen Edwards; 2, Violet Collie; 3, James Yarroll.

Mathematics.—1, Margaret Rae; 2, Thomas King; 3, Alison Robertson; 4, Dora Sanders.

Science.—1, Margaret Rae; 2, James Robertson; 3, William McDonald; 4 (equal), James McLeod; Alison Laidlaw; Alison Robertson.

Art.—1, Margaret Rae; 2, George Beveridge; 3, Robina Banks; 4, Douglas Mitchell.

Needlework.—Agnes Speirs.

Physical Training.—Betty Jenkins; James Robertson.

Woodwork.—George Beveridge.

Class 2 H.G. B.

English.—1, Jessie Ross; 2, Winifred Cossar; 3, Jeanette Bain; 4, Jane Home.

Mathematics.—1, Jane Home; 2, Pearl Hyman; 3, Kathleen Weir; 4, Jessie Ross.

Science.—1, Pearl Hyman; 2, Lilian Beckley; 3, Elizabeth McIlwrick.

French.—1, Jeanette Bain; 2, Joanna Gardner; 3, Jessie Ross; 4, Pearl Hyman.

Art.—1, Kathleen Weir; 2, Nellie Denny; 3, Elizabeth McIlwrick.

Dressmaking.—Jessie Rutledge; Jessie Ross.

Cookery.—Helen Livingstone.

Physical Training.—Alana Rodger.

Class 2 H.G. C.

English.—1, George Smith; 2, Stanley Cranston; 3, John Dalgleish; 4, Robert Taylor.

French.—1, John Dalgleish; 2, John Roy Watt; 3, George Smith.

Mathematics.—1, Robert Taylor; 2, Robert Mitchell; 3, John Dalgleish.

Science.—1, William Gordon; 2, Albert Cramb; 3, John Aitchison.

Art.—1, Thomas Canning; 2, Albert Cramb; 3, George Smith.

Woodwork.—Albert Cramb.

Class 2 H.G. a.

English.—1, Alice Younger; 2, Catherine Robertson; 3, Marion Crombie; 4, J. Binnie Crawford.

French.—1, Catherine Robertson; 2, Alice Younger; 3, Flora Craik.

Mathematics.—1, Catherine Robertson; 2, Alice Younger; 3, Flora Craik.

Science.—1, Agnes Fergusson; 2, Catherine Robertson; 3, Alice Younger.

Art.—1, Catherine Robertson; 2, Agnes Moon.

Sewing.—Alice Younger.

Laundry.—Marion Crombie.

Physical Training.—Emily Rodger.

Class 1 H.G. A.

English.—1, Mary Henderson; 2, James Hutchison; 3, Annie Brodie; 4, Mary Jamieson; 5, Margaret Nisbet; 6, Isobel Hill.

French.—1, Annie Brodie; 2, Mary Henderson; 3, James Hutchison; 4, Georgina Laidlaw.

German.—1, Florence Geissler; 2, Alex. Craighead; 3, Georgina Laidlaw.

Mathematics.—1, James Hutchison; 2, Mary Henderson; 3, Norman Buccleuch; 4, Henry Milne.

Latin.—1, Catherine Brown (3 H.G. A.); 2, Mary Henderson; 3, James Hutchison.

Science.—1, Mary Henderson; 2, James Hutchison; 3, Henry Milne; 4, James Philp.

Art.—1, Florence Geissler; 2, Dorothy Melville; 3, Janet Stalker; 4, Jean Steel.

Needlework.—Margaret Alcorn.

Woodwork.—James Hutchison.

Physical Training.—Anna Nicol.

Class 1 H.G. B.

English.—1, Mary Laurensen; 2, Kathleen Bennett; 3, Mary Manson; 4, Jenny Dickson.

French.—1, Agnes Robbie; 2, Mary Manson; 3, Kathleen Bennett.

Mathematics.—1, Beryl Bird; 2, Mary Laurensen; 3, Mary Manson.

Science.—1, E. Muriel Cleghorn; 2, Mary Manson; 3, Mary Laurensen.

Art.—1, Mary Mackay; 2, E. Muriel Cleghorn; 3, Kathleen Bennett.

Cookery.—Kathleen Bellerby.

Physical Training.—Florence Smith.

Needlework.—E. Muriel Cleghorn.

Class 1 H.G. C.

English.—1, William K. Smith; 2, Norman Cochran; 3, Hugh McLaren; 4, Norman Nisbet.

French.—1, James F. Macdonald; 2, William K. Smith; 3, Robert Menzies.

Mathematics.—1, Robert Menzies; 2, William K. Smith; 3, David Inglis.

Science.—1, William K. Smith; 2, Robert Menzies; 3, David Inglis.

Art.—1, Robert Scott; 2, Evelyn F. Scott; 3, Christopher Binnie.

Physical Training.—Margaret McKenzie; Christopher Binnie.

Woodwork.—Evelyn F. Scott.

Class 1 H.G. a.

English.—1, Elizabeth Kerr; 2, Sophia Hyman; 3, Helen Leckie; 4, May Webster.

French.—1, May Webster; 2, Elizabeth Kerr; 3, Elizabeth Taylor; 4, Ena Barlow.

Mathematics.—1, Elizabeth Kerr and May Webster (equal); 3, Helen Leckie; 4, Etta Mitchelson.

Science.—1, May Webster; 2, Evelyn MacPherson; 3, Helen Leckie; 4, Elizabeth Kerr.

Art.—Evelyn MacPherson.

Dressmaking.—Ena Barlow.

Physical Training.—Cecily Ross.

Cookery.—Bettie Storie and Isabel Veitch.

Class 1 H.G. β.

English.—1, Catherine Munro; 2, Mary Pollock; 3, Cecilia Clarkson; 4, Evelyn Hunter.

French.—1, Evelyn Hunter; 2, Mary Pollock; 3, May Niel.

Mathematics.—1, Evelyn Hunter; 2, Helen Dixon; 3, Mary Pollock.

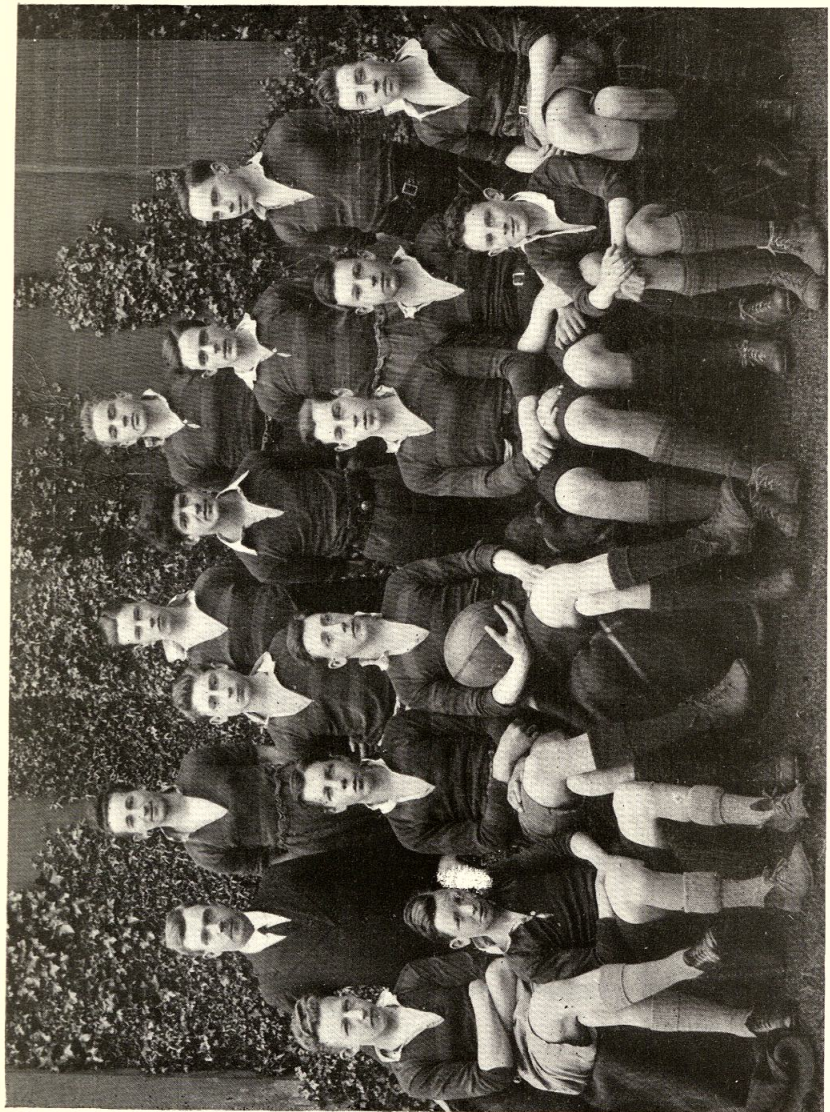
Science.—1, Evelyn Hunter; 2, Edna Young; 3, Winifred Mouatt.

Art.—1, Lilian Johnston; 2, Muriel Dodds.

Dressmaking.—Doreen Cavanagh.

Cookery.—Jenny Kerr.

Physical Training.—Lily Johnson.



RUGBY FOOTBALL XV.—1922-23.

M. Siger, J. Beaton, P. Marshall,

J. Drummond, F. Todd, G. Smith, N. Macdonald,

W. Munro, W. Erskine, T. Canning, G. Cowrie, A. Cramb, S. Robinson, J. Matthew, R. Watt.

Special Prizes.

Bible Prizes.—3rd year H.G.—Margaret Gardiner. 2nd year H.G.—Annie Coats. 1st year H.G.—Annie Brodie. 1st Senior—Evelyn Nicol. 2nd Senior—Frances Wilson. 3rd Senior—Janet Sanders.

Scott Club Prizes.—1, Alison Robertson; 2, George Beveridge.

Pianoforte Prizes (Mr Huxtable's Pupils)—1, Doreen Cavanagh; 2, Kathleen Weir. (Mr Lee's Pupils)—1, Cissy Flint; 2, Eileen O'Leary.

Singing Prizes.—1, Herbert Taylor; 2 (equal), Edith Lawrie and Doris Cleghorn.

S.P.C.A. Prizes.—1, Ella Anderson (1 Sen. A.); 2, Margaret E. Fisher (1 Sen. A.); 3, John Malloch (1 Sen. A.)

"Robertson" Prizes in English, presented by Mr Robertson.—3rd H.G. A.—1, Graham F. Turnbull; 2, Katherine H. Thomson. 1 Sen. A.—1, Mary Robson; 2, William Ross.

"Elliot" Prizes in English, presented by Miss Elliot to 2nd Senior Classes.—A, Nancy Stewart; B, Frances Wilson; C, Helen Douglas Linton.

Class 1 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, William Ross; 2, John Malloch; 3, Thomas McIlwrick.

Girls.—1, Mary Robson; 2, Jean Renton; 3, Grace Sponder; 4, Mary Reid; 5, Dorothy Hurford.

French.—William Ross.

Sewing.—Muriel McLaren. *Drawing.*—Grace Sponder.

Class 1 Sen. B.

Girls.—1, Margaret Liddell; 2, Jessie Ree; 3, Lucy Topping; 4, Anne Robertson; 5, Marjory Melville; 6, Jessie Dickson; 7, Agnes Brydon; 8, Margaret Martin.

French.—Anne Robertson.

Drawing.—William Hastings. *Sewing.*—Anna Leask.

Class 1 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, David Jamieson; 2, Joseph Walton; 3, George Henry.

Girls.—1 (equal) Jean Douglas and Margaret Jamieson; 3, Margaret Ross; 4, Doris Paterson; 5, Agnes Barr.

Drawing.—Hope Forde. *Needlework.*—Edith Allan.

Class 2 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, Robert Ross; 2, Charles Adams; 3, Kenneth McKinlay.

Girls.—1, Nancy Stewart; 2, Margaret Pendreich; 3, Mary Robbie; 4, Janet Anderson; 5, Irene Hobson.

Sewing.—May Drummond. *Drawing.*—Ronald Reid.

Class 2 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, Louis Ginsburg; 2, David Cameron; 3, Kenneth Clark.

Girls.—1, Frances Wilson; 2, Christina Ross; 3, Margaret Savage; 4, Doris Grant; 5, Agnes Shiels.

Art.—Fred Gilray. *Needlework.*—Muriel Howden.

Jun. Inf. C.

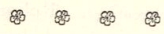
Boys.—1, James F. Mitchell; 2, Douglas G. Walker; 3, Hugh M. Bennie.

Girls.—1, Mary S. Will; 2, Olive McAusland; 3, Jessie L. Veitch; 4, Helen Grant; 5, E. Elsie Gourlay.

Jun. Inf. D. (Montessori).

Boys.—1, Donald Wood; 2, Alexander J. Irvine; 3, Thomas S. Hand; 4, Willis R. Dickson.

Girls.—1, Esther A. Davidson; 2, Agnes McArthur; 3, Isobel H. Price; 4, Cecilia G. Gibson.



ANSWER TO RIDDLE-ME-REE (page 29).

Fairyland.