

J. S. Murray

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 1

JUNE, 1914

THREEPENCE

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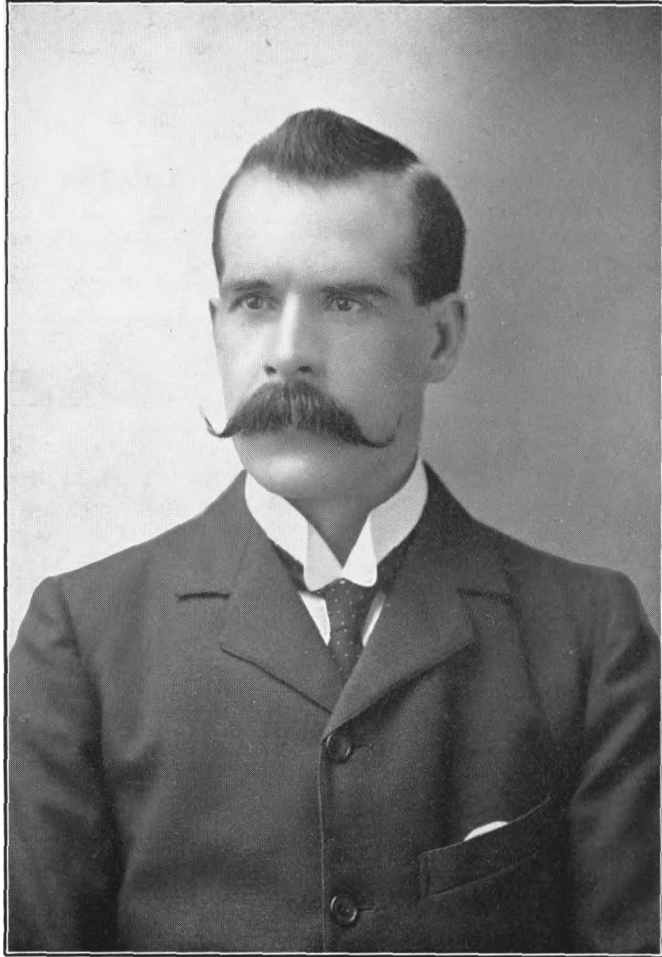
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John MacLennan, Esq., M.A.
Rector, The High School of Dundee

**Dundee High School
Magazine**

The DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

No. 1

JUNE, 1914

THREEPENCE

Editorial

THE High School of Dundee has at last a Magazine of its own. Many years have elapsed since the Old School possessed one. Even the Magazine Night of the Literary Society was for a time dropped, until revived three years ago, since when it has been one of the most popular items on the syllabus. At every Magazine Night, proposals to publish some of the contributions—as the nucleus of a regular magazine—have been made, but till now it has been found impossible to carry out such a scheme. This year, however, our efforts have been successful. Girls and boys have set to work with a will to make this a magazine worthy of the High School, and we are sure it will not disappoint expectations. But it is due chiefly to the whole-hearted efforts of Mr Macbeth, president of the Literary Society, that we have been able to produce a magazine at all.

The present issue is, of course, an experiment, which we hope will be sufficiently successful to warrant a second number. We do not claim that it is perfect; no first number ever was. Experience will teach us where we failed, and, in order that succeeding issues of the magazine may be still better, the Magazine Committee will be glad to consider any suggestions for its improvement.

Besides rescuing youthful prose-writers and poetasters from (perhaps well-deserved) oblivion, the existence of a magazine will add yet another link to the many which bind

the F.P.'s to the Old School. The literary societies and the F.P.'s athletic associations provide opportunities for old pupils coming together, but those who are at greater distances from Dundee and one another require something to keep them in close touch with the school, and this is what the magazine will do. It will inform them of what is taking place at school; it will recall to them pleasant memories of the old grey building, and will bring back happy associations of the past. We are sure, therefore, that the magazine will find a warm welcome among those who are old pupils of the High School.

In closing, we would thank all who have contributed to the magazine, and especially those F.P.'s who have come forward with contributions. Mr Cadzow must also be specially thanked for the beautiful and tasteful cover he has designed for the magazine.

ADAPTATION

"The brazen heavens by him may ne'er be scaled" (Pindar).

Knowledge afar lies hid, and us
The brazen heaven doth stay.
We may not to the wondrous folk
Fare forth the wondrous way.
Only to toilers long in love,
In suffering, may there shine
Through gates of bronze a fleeting glimpse
Of mystic lore divine.
And though it fade, yet not in vain
It shone. We know that we
Shall hold we seek to learn; obtain
That which we seek to be.

John Maclennan, Esq., M.A., Rector

IT is just ten years since Mr Maclennan came into our midst, and in presenting to our readers the first number of the school magazine, it seems very fitting that we should offer him our hearty congratulations and good wishes on the completion of his first decade of work in the High School of Dundee.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon the many evidences of progress made by the school during these ten years, but we would confidently hazard the assertion that never in its long and honourable history, either in point of administration or of academic record, has its efficiency or prestige stood higher than at the present time. No one is more generous than our Rector in according, as he has frequently done in public, due recognition to pupils or staff of work loyally and faithfully done, and we are sure that pupils present and past, colleagues, and indeed all friends of the school will gladly unite in gratefully acknowledging the all-important part played by the Rector in bringing about this happy state of affairs.

Mr Maclennan comes from the far North. Educated at the school of his native village of Maryburgh in Ross-shire, and at Dingwall and Inverness, he laid the solid foundation upon which he subsequently built so splendidly at the University of Edinburgh. He is pre-eminently a linguist and scholar, and will perhaps pardon if we recall how in the subjects of Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, and Celtic, he was no fewer than six times medallist, while he crowned his work at Edinburgh by securing the coveted Vans Dunlop Scholarship in Sanskrit and Comparative Philology. Some years later, during his well-spent *Wanderjahre* in France, Germany, and Switzerland, he also mastered French and German. For three years he held the position of lecturer in Greek at the University of St. Andrews, and he has acted as examiner in Sanskrit and Comparative Philology.

Along with the unique linguistic gifts testified to by such a record, Mr Maclennan possesses scholarly attainments of the highest order. By those best able to judge he is recognised as a scholar of rare critical insight and judgment, widely and deeply read, not only in English literature, but

also in the literature of the diverse tongues which he has mastered. To appeal to him on obscure or difficult literary points is to find enlightenment, and even a brief acquaintance with him serves to impress one with the astonishing range and deadly accuracy of his scholarship. Accuracy, indeed, is a dominant note in all his work, begotten of unremitting conscientiousness, thoroughness, and love of the truth, traits which one suspects must have become second nature to him at an early age.

We are indeed proud to claim him as our Rector, although we are well aware how he would adorn many a position giving fuller scope to his scholarship, but we know Mr Maclennan has an undisguised love for the work of the Secondary School, and a profound belief in its mission. Broad and independent in his conceptions of present-day educational needs, he is fully alive to the best and latest improvements in method, yet withal an enemy to anything of the nature of fad. Although an ardent specialist in his own department of Classics, he gives sympathetic and impartial consideration to the needs of every type of pupil. Unsparring of time and thought in his own work, he looks for industry and faithfulness in his pupils in their routine tasks, but no one could have juster or saner views than he of the limitations of the classroom and of the teacher, or be more alive to the need for development of initiative and resource in pupils themselves, both individually and collectively.

The great success that has attended the various organisations of the pupils, such as the Literary Societies and the Athletic Clubs, is due in no small measure to his ready encouragement. Notably, one may refer to the carrying through of the Wednesday afternoon scheme for systematic sport, a scheme long desired by those more immediately responsible for the conduct of the clubs, which has proved in operation not only a stimulus to the independent activities of the pupils, but at the same time has reacted beneficially upon the class work.

In relation to discipline Mr Maclennan shows the same broad sympathy. With nothing of the martinet in him, he gives

few commands, trusting rather to the guidance of conscience and the natural intelligence and good sense of pupils. Should, peradventure, the fates make him final arbiter, his quick and remarkably shrewd judgment of character and motive, and his firmness, fairness, and kindness, to say nothing of his keen sense of humour, are discovered to be not the least valuable assets to the school and even to the casual

culprit. May it be the good fortune of the school to enjoy for many years Mr Maclennan's wise guidance. Gladly do we acknowledge our debt to him and assure him of our steadfast loyalty and affection. We earnestly wish that he may have continued success in his work and the satisfaction and happiness which his sincere and zealous efforts so well merit.

T. S. M.

“Now and Then”

THROUGH one of Paris's busiest thoroughfares people were hurrying to and fro—a gay, happy throng, living only for enjoyment—men, women, boys and girls, all were eager to reach their destination. Vehicles of every description were rushing through the streets. It was surely one of the gayest scenes imaginable. On either side of the street were magnificent buildings and beautifully laid-out gardens, whilst the gay dresses of the ladies outrivalled the flowers in colour. It would seem that such a place was meant only for happiness.

Paris is a centre. Here people of all nationalities meet. A char-a-banc, full of people, came along the street. In it were representatives of the British, American, French, and German nations. All appeared happy, and were chatting together. The guide of the party, a lively little Frenchman, kept them amused by his witty remarks. He described all the places of interest as they were passed, but stopped the char-a-banc when it reached a narrow street where there appeared to be nothing of interest at all. He asked the people to come down, and drew their attention to a plain, flat stone in the middle of the cobbled roadway. “Here,” he said, “is one of the stones on which the martyrs of the French Revolution laid their heads for the sake of their country; a stone over which the crowd, laughing and talking, pass each day. I wonder how many of this gay throng think of the lives sacrificed to make Paris the city it is?”

One gentleman appeared to take unusual interest in the guide's story, and the beautiful buildings and gay throng disappeared before the vision at which he gazed. Paris—yes, but the Paris of the Revolution! Where are the magnificent streets and laughing throng now? Gone, to give

place to misery. Instead of gay ladies, was a howling squalid mob, kept in check by fierce soldiers with cruel faces, who wore the red neckerchiefs and badges of the time. Barricades were everywhere, and, lit up by the lurid light of the burning buildings, was the sinister shape of the hideous guillotine.

A cart, drawn by an ill-fed horse, is making its way along the street; it approaches the guillotine, and the crowd, on seeing it, begins to jeer at the aristocrats who occupy it. Mud and stones are thrown at them. They are three gentlemen, an old lady, a beautiful young girl, and a little boy. The cart stops, and the gentlemen assist the ladies to alight with as much ceremony as if ushering them into a Royal reception. Their dresses, indeed, might be for such an occasion. One of the gentlemen laughingly offers his gold snuff-box to his neighbour. Not to the howling mob will they show fear!

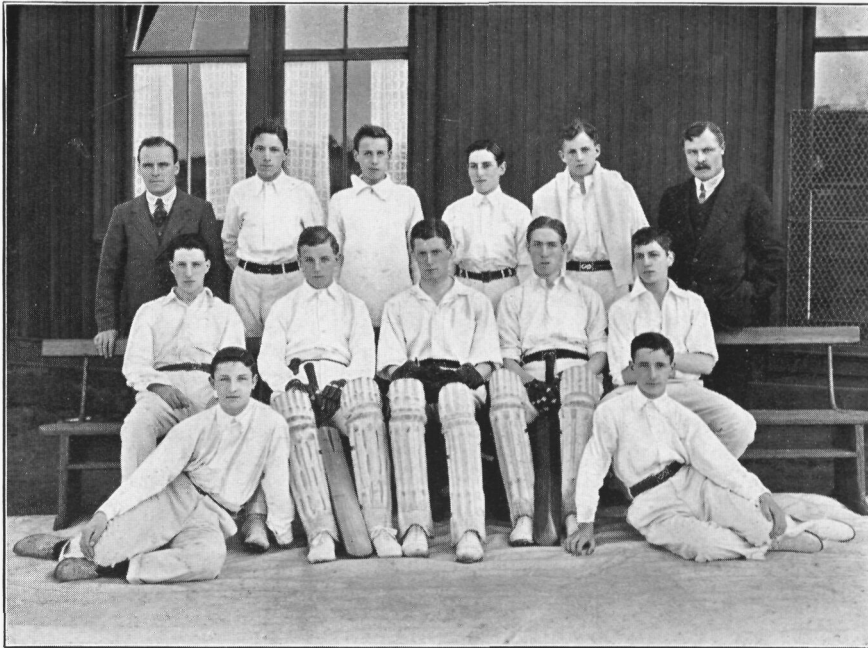
Number 36! The voice of the soldier falls harshly on the silence which is now all around. The gentleman of the snuff-box—Number 36—mounts the steps, and the next instant a soldier is holding the smiling head up to the mob. The old lady whispers, “Courage,” to the boy, whose turn it is next to die. One by one these brave-hearted aristocrats die without a murmur. The girl is guillotined last, so that she may suffer every time the knife descends. If they think to make her quail they are disappointed, for she reaches the platform, gazes at the furious crowd, and then, bowing her head, submits to fate. For her now all is silence! The char-a-banc moved on and the gentleman was brought back to the present, appreciating the sufferings undergone for the “gay city” by the martyrs of the French Revolution.

E. M. R.

Socrates on Cricket

OF all the Greek philosophers, perhaps none is better known than Socrates, who is interesting not so much because of his simple life and heroic death, as because of his remarkable method of teaching. This was the most astonishing peculiarity of an exceptionally peculiar man, for unlike others of his calling, he chose rather to teach people by showing them their ignorance than by a display of his own wisdom. Seemingly harmless questions took the place of the learned rigmarole of the other philosophers. To illustrate his manner of procedure, let us suppose that he has been brought back to life after fully two thousand years, and has suddenly appeared one Saturday forenoon at the Recreation Grounds. Two of the first eleven are loitering outside the pavilion in flannels, awaiting the arrival of the rest, when up comes Socrates. He looks round for a few moments, and seems to settle on our two cricket stalwarts as his victims, and soon strikes up a conversation. Suddenly he asks, "Why are you two dressed in these white garments, while the others are content with less conspicuous attire?" The taller of the two replies, "We're first-eleven men—cricket, you know." "Cricket! What's that?" Had a thunderbolt dropped down between them, our two heroes could not have been more astounded, but again the taller one contrives to answer. "It's our chief summer pastime. But surely you've heard of it before? No? Well, it consists of hitting a ball with a bat, and seeing who can score most runs." "A ball! What sort of thing is that?" "Oh, it's a round thing made of leather." "Ah, something like a dog's collar? It's round and made of leather." By this time our friend is beginning to get rather annoyed at the old fellow's apparent ignorance, and clearly shows it when he replies, "Good gracious, no! It's not that kind of round. It's spherical I should have said." "Ah, I see now! And how big is it—as big as your head?" "No, no. Did ever you hear such idiocy? The quickest plan with you will be to show you one. See, here's one." This satisfied even the inquisitiveness of Socrates, but he still held on, and asked about the bat. This time the other tried to explain. "It's a piece of

wood with a round handle, with which you hit the ball when it is thrown at you." "Something like the leg of a table, then, or a walking-stick?" "Dear me, no. It is flat, with a round handle." "I've seen trays which were flat and had round handles. Is it anything like these?" "No, it's long and flat, and a little thicker at the foot than at the top." "More like those clubs the savages use, eh?" Here again, in sheer despair, recourse had to be taken to showing him the article to convince him of its appearance. Again, however, he returned to the attack with, "But you said a few minutes ago that they throw the ball at you. Surely that's a very dangerous practice?" "It's not us they throw the ball at, it's the wicket." "The wicket! That's the first time you've mentioned it. I've seen wicket gates. Is it like that?" "No, the wicket consists of three pieces of wood with iron points and brass tops, and bails across the top." "Ah, like those brass-headed walking-sticks the 'knuts' carry? But bales of what? Is it jute, for which your city is so famous?" "You're not so far wrong about the stumps, but bales of jute, ha! ha!! ha!!! The word is b-a-i-l-s, not b-a-l-e-s. They are short pieces of wood laid across the top. See, there's the whole affair over there where we're going to play." "I see now. Then somebody throws the ball at the wicket, and you hit it with your bat. What happens then?" "You run, of course. The side that scores most runs wins, you know." "You run? Where to? Home for dinner perhaps?" This was really too much. Anxiety for the old man's sanity, annoyance at his ridiculous questions, gave place to roars of laughter. When their comrades came up a few minutes later, they were still laughing, and it was only with great difficulty, and many intermittent bursts of merriment that the joke could be imparted to them, and they did not fail to enjoy it. All this time Socrates had been standing by, with a quiet smile playing about the corners of his mouth, when the captain came over to him and said, "You know, if you'd like to learn you could stay and watch the match. That's the best way to learn, and I'll get one of our fellows to explain to you as the game goes on." It was with a quiet smile that Socrates replied, "I know all about the game, but I



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only hope you can teach the juniors better than you tried to teach me." And with these words he went off, leaving a very rueful set of youths to start their match without him.

Such then was the method of teaching of

the most famous of the early Greek philosophers, and no doubt he did as much good for the common people of Athens by this method, as his more "high-falutin'" fellow-philosophers did, with all their wisdom and clever phrases and speeches. J. A. M. (IX)

Fellow-Travellers

ONE often has strange experiences and meets many different characters while on a journey, be it on land or sea. I certainly have had the luck to meet some interesting people, especially, on one occasion when I was going by train from York to London. When, after a great bustle and hurry, I entered the express at York, I found myself in a compartment with four other people; of course, each had a corner. I sat down on one of the other seats and scrutinised my companions. At my right side was a stout old gentleman with a rosy face and reddish hair. He was wearing a black-and-white check suit, and had on a very misshapen Panama hat. Instead of reading a newspaper, as I expected he would do, this old gentleman seemed to find his amusement in stamping his umbrella on the floor. I was greatly attracted by him—he looked so jolly. But my eyes lighted on the person opposite him, and this is what I saw:—a young lady, nice-looking and fashionably dressed, therefore quite uninteresting to me in this instance. In the other corner on that side sat a dear little boy, about four or five, I think. In one hand he held a gay picture-book, and in the other a piece of chocolate, which was fast melting away. The little fellow sat quite still; at least, as still as any small child could sit, and looked at me with a pair of dreamy blue eyes. He reminded me of "Peter Pan," and I wished I could have been his "Wendy." But I could not, for Peter (that is what I called him) was in charge of a stern, middle-aged man on my left side, who was reading *The Times*, and I was afraid to speak to the child, in case his father should object. For a few minutes there was silence in the carriage, and then Peter, pointing to me, said, "Daddy, who's zat?"

"Ssh," replied the father.

Peter was silent, but he looked as if he wanted to ask a dozen questions; however,

he glanced at the chocolate which was now flowing in a brown stream over his chubby knee, and then, looking up, said, "Why is my chocolate tricklin' away, daddy?"

"Ssh, ssh!" His father was evidently engrossed in a Parliamentary speech.

Meanwhile, my friend in the check suit, was whistling ragtime, and beating time to it with his umbrella. He soon gave that up, and began to count the buttons on the young lady's skirt, for he bobbed his head backwards and forwards, and I heard him say, "This year, next year, sometime, never; this year, next —"

Just then the train entered a tunnel, and so put an end to my friend's calculations. When we came out into daylight again I offered him a magazine to read; but he refused it and drew a bulky book from one of his huge pockets. I glanced at the title, "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." I began to think I had made a mistake in offering this man anything so trivial as a magazine to read. *Could* he be some great scholar? Well, if he was, certainly appearances were deceptive. However, he explained the mystery by saying, "I have never read this book, but I always carry it with me, because it once saved my life. I was out in Mexico at the time. One night I happened to be taking this book to a friend of mine, and on the way to his house a native fired at me. The shot struck the book, and so my friend never got it."

These few sentences shed a new light on his character, and made me feel I should like to hear all about his life.

Soon after the train stopped, and Peter and his father got out. I missed Peter, for it was entertaining even to watch him. The young lady was engrossed in a novel, and the old man fell asleep, and so I was left to my own thoughts, of which I have just told you.

M. D. H. (VIII).

Address to Euclid

I sing no song of blissful love ;
 I sing no deeds of errant knight,
 No chant to classic gods above,
 Nor hymn to nature smiling bright.
 But tho' I chant not to the gods
 I, like the rest of stupid folk
 With heads full of poetic thoughts,
 Divine assistance must invoke.

Gods of ancient Greece and Rome,
 Nymphs and fauns from woodland glade,
 Muses from your mountain home,
 Come unto a wretch's aid.
 Bring your ashes and your sackcloth ;
 Bring your top hats and your veils ;
 Tog yourselves in mourning blackcloth ;
 Wail the most discordant wails.
 Bring your winecups ; fill the bowl,
 Let the Samian wine flow free.
 Let your clouds of 'baccy roll ;
 Hearken, then, give ear to me.

The wee bird twittering on the bough,
 The rainbow in the April skies,
 The dewy daisy in the howe,
 Can teach the wisest of the wise.
 A child I could their sermons read,
 Alas ! that nature I forsook,
 And sought my simple brain to feed
 With scrapings from a mathies. book.

Shade of Euclid, shade divine,
 You're the blessed limit.
 Torment's fire is roaring fine,
 And I hope you're in it.
 Mystic wizard, hoary sage,
 Dreaded math'metician,
 Often have I, in a rage,
 Wished you in perdition.

But tho' you suffer grief and pain,
 'Tis penance vainly wasted ;
 Your wretched props. have clogged my brain
 And faith they've fairly dazed it.
 How could your ancient mind evolve
 Of puzzles such profusion ?
 I often thought I could them solve,
 But, ah ! 'twas vain delusion !
 How oft with wearied brow at night,
 I'd swot by glow of candle ;
 Yet it would never shed a light
 Upon one vile triangle.
 Your figures I have seen in dreams
 With physiogs ferocious,

And sleep they've oft dispelled with streams
 Of language most atrocious.
 And then with maths. undone to school
 And with a racking cranium,
 To advertise on dunce's stool
 The fact that I'm no brainy un.
 At school there is a horrid man,
 An apostle of your sect ;
 I'm sure I'd give to him the palm,
 For a wondrous intellect.
 He rains your heathen doctrines free
 Upon us stupid scholars,
 You'd think he tried his best to be
 Like Carnegie and his dollars.
 Of pain and trouble he's the cause,
 Before him slackers quail ;
 He's got a remedy in the tawse
 That's never known to fail.
 But tho' I'm sore afflicted here,
 A day at length will come
 When I shall dry my last sad tear,
 And my days of maths. are done.
 And I shall offer hearty thanks
 When I for ever leave
 That room where little boys get spanks
 Most painful to conceive.

Gods of ancient Rome and Greece
 See that Euclid suffers fit,
 Let his tortures never cease
 Let him sizzle on the spit.
 Tar his carcass all with black,
 Make him all his sins confess,
 Stretch his legs upon the rack,
 Fill his lungs with H₂S.
 If he's then not had enough
 Kindly send him on to me,
 I shall promise him hot stuff ;
 He and I shall have a spree.

Gods of ancient Greece and Rome,
 Apollo's chariot's winged its flight,
 Run and take the muses home,
 I must bid ye now good-night.

J. M. G. (X).

Heard in the French class :—"J'ai beau,"
 "I have a young man."

It is a frequent saying in school by one
 well-known to all :—"Take my figure,
 girls." We really don't mind doing it, but
 can anyone tell us how to begin ?

Random Memories

WHEN one is still on the sunny side of thirty one is apt to regard the request for a page of reminiscences, even when it comes from the editor of the High School Magazine, as something of an insult. As yet only a few grey hairs have appeared on the writer's pate, the result not of age, but of teaching, and it seems only yesterday since he sat down in Class IV. and gazed with awe on the tall black-gowned form of Mr Murdoch, for he came from a benighted school where gowns were unknown. It seems only yesterday since S—, a faltering, blushing youth of ten in an Eton collar, stammered out his replies to the stately old Doctor's questions, "Christian name?" "John." "Any middle name, Master John?" "No, sir." "Then you're just like me, I'm plain Adam." This Olympian condescension overwhelmed us, for the Doctor usually fenced himself with a triple barrier of dignity, and invested even the wielding of the tawse with an almost religious solemnity. But the yesterday passed seventeen years ago, and S— is now a silver-tongued advocate who stalks through Parliament House in wig and gown, as stately a figure as the old Doctor himself. For the generations pass more swiftly at school than elsewhere; the school endures, nay more, for all its age has the gift of perpetual youth, but we change, and the school that we knew perished years ago. Something still remains, the grey Doric pillars, the mysterious spirit of the place and Father Sturrock and one or two others "like the ruins of forgotten times." (We say it in all reverence, being mindful of painful doses of single-stick). But the old class is scattered to the four corners of the earth; some in Canada, some in India, one or two even in Dundee; and of the masters, more than one or two now wave a ghostly tawse over a ghostly class by the river of Lethe or the grey banks of the Styx. So, for the benefit of later generations who know them not, I shall talk for a little about these vanished times, and especially about one of the old masters.

And first of all let me note the curious shrinkage in stature that has taken place of late in the higher classes. I remember how huge the boys in the eighth and ninth

classes—there was no tenth class—used to be. Six feet six seemed to be the usual height, and it was matter for wonder to us that these enormous creatures should quail before the eye of a master, or deign to sit on ordinary desks doing ordinary exercises. Perhaps they would seem smaller to us now, but it is true that one of them slapped a diminutive new master on the back and exclaimed, "Hullo, you new chap, what class are you in?" The master never quite recovered from this unceremonious welcome; at the end of the year he gave up teaching, went to Cambridge, and became Senior Wrangler.

Our games resembled those played to-day, with one important difference; soccer was prohibited in the playground. A rather purposeless game, with the dignified name of Rugby, took its place. There were no goals or touch-lines, scrums were prohibited, and the ball could not be kicked. Yet every class in the school played this game with the utmost fury and abandon. Perhaps the cause of its popularity was that the Rector gave it a cold and restricted blessing. In other ways we were not so fortunate as our successors are to-day; there was no field and consequently no Wednesday half-holiday. The Rugby XV. had the use of a field somewhere, and some enthusiastic youths played soccer among the cinders of the Coup. A curious indoor game once sprang into popularity and as suddenly disappeared. I have seen it nowhere else. It was known as "Gibbs." The implements required were a cap—preferably your neighbour's—and a hat peg at the other side of the room. The object of the game was to throw the cap so that it landed on the peg and stayed there; he won most games who accomplished the feat when a master was in the room.

I could say much about our old masters—old they really were, for some of them had given the greater part of a long life-time to the School. There was Pussy Scott, an ineffectual martinet, whose fierce white whiskers quite belied his gentle, kindly disposition. There was old Charlie, kindest of mortals, though the rash youth who presumed on his benevolence usually repented with speed. Few of the unimpressible schoolboys who heard it will

forget his reading of the terrible death scene in Edward II., or his rendering of the part of Old Gobbo, with the pointer figuring as a staff. The pointer could be put to other uses, however, if a boy's attention wandered. Fain would I say something, too, about Mr Crawford, Mr Meiklejohn's predecessor. He was that rarest of phenomena, a sarcastic teacher who was popular with his pupils. He never lost his temper, he was never bitter or harsh, but a continual stream of good-natured chaff flowed from his lips. Even the strap was administered with a joke that took away half the sting. It was he who once set the following sum to a class: "If ten soldiers have overcoats four feet long, how long will the overcoats of sixty soldiers be?" Every boy in the class, of course, answered, "Twenty-four feet."

We may forget these, even Charlie may be forgotten, but we can never forget Henri Durlac, or "Dural," as he had been called for more than forty years. Never again will there be another teacher like Dural, such an iron disciplinarian, so fierce, so scornful, so sarcastic, so domineering, so honourable, so kind-hearted, so utterly devoted to his work and to his pupils. The pity of it was that so many saw only the iron exterior and did not know of the heart of gold. With his nervous frame, tanned cheeks, and grizzled beard, he was more like an old Scots gamekeeper than a Frenchman; in his youth he had been an athlete, and even when he was over seventy he could row a boat five miles, or give a whole class three each with the strap. He had been French master in the High School for forty-two years, and so had taught the fathers of many of us. His usual form of reproof ran, "In former years, when your *father* was in my class." But he did have a nippy tongue, and the stinging phrase was usually accompanied by a Gallic twitch of the lip and roll of the eye that made it overpowering. The advocate of whom I have already spoken once translated "*il*" as "*she*." Dural's comment was for long treasured by the class. "She was a Hielantman, was she? Sit down!" I once proffered "pongcil" as the French equivalent of "pencil." "Pongcil! pongcil! sit down, pongcil!" was all that Dural said, but it was enough. He once reproved a boy in characteristic fashion, and the boy wept. "Stop that nonsense at once,"

he thundered, "or I'll give you the best thrashing you ever had." The boy stopped.

But the second year that he taught us the old lion did not roar so much, for it was his last year at school, and he was loath to depart. He took us into his confidence, though he was an old gentleman of seventy-five, and we boys of fourteen; he told us about his ambitions, how far he had succeeded and how far he thought he had failed, and once, in a reminiscent mood, told us about his boyhood and about the orchard beside his old home in France. Peace be to his ashes! He was a man, he tried to make us men, and the school will never have a more faithful servant than Henri Durlac. R. L. M.

BOYS' LITERARY SOCIETY

Session 1913-1914 has been a most successful one for the Boys' Literary Society. With Mr Macbeth as its capable president, the society has forged ahead, and the achievements of this year have far outshone those of former years. This session there has been a record membership. The average attendance at the ordinary meetings was fifty-seven, which we believe is one short of the record.

The session was formally opened by the Rev. J. Weatherhead, B.D., whose subject was "A Ramble among Books," and on that occasion was delivered one of the finest addresses ever listened to by the society. The lectures given by members of the staff have also been most enjoyable, especially Mr A. Forbes Milne's concert-lecture on "MacDowell." Needless to say, *the night of all nights* was the Musical Evening, which was a great success. The papers read by members of the society showed a great deal of originality and were extremely interesting. The essays most deserving of mention were those of W. L. Tullis, J. A. Macdonald, and G. R. Morton. One of the most noticeable things is the bold way in which the youngest members have given their opinions of the essays. Until recently it was difficult to make the juveniles speak, but this session they overcame all shyness and timidity. It is to be hoped that next year the society will enjoy as prosperous a session as it has this year.

J. M. G.

A Page of Verse

NOCTURNE OF BLACKFORD

There is no wind to-night,
The trees are still.
There are no stars to-night,
But only the pale weird light
Of the moon as she climbs the hill.

There is no sound to-night,
The birds are still.
There are blank skies to-night,
But a cloud like a giant kite
Floats dimly above Kate's Mill.

There is God's peace to-night,
And the sense of His calm might
Doth all the vision fill.

THE HOUSEHOLD CAT

(With apologies to Longfellow)

Upon the fluffy fire-rug
The pampered feline stands :
The cat, a mighty beast is he,
With wide expanding "hands,"
And the rings upon his stubby tail
Are like elastic bands.

His whiskers, they are black and long,
His face is like a fan,
His coat, when wet, is black as jet,
And he sings whene'er he can.
And he looks the whole world in the face—
Except the next-door man.

At night he jumps upon the wall,
And sits among his boys ;
He sees his daughters spit and scratch,
He hears the neighbour's voice
Using language beyond words,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

Mewing and caterwauling,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning ceased his nightly hymn,
Each evening still it rose ;
Until the neighbour (see above)
Had earned a night's repose.

All thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For that air-gun thou hast bought ;
Thus, in this most convincing way,
Our felines must be taught
That, when we are asleep at night,
To hold their tongues they ought.

A SCHOOLBOY'S COUGH

— — — had a nasty cough,
It came on Sunday morning ;
He stayed in bed to sleep it off,
And spent the time in yawning.

It happened to be worse that night
(In view of early rising),
His family got quite a fright,
Till he began advising :—

"You know it is so cold and dark
When time for school on Monday,
Perhaps it would improve my bark
To stay at home for *one* day."

His parents both were very kind,
His sisters' hearts were tender,
And therefore they were all inclined
To keep him by the fender.

He spent a very jolly day
In reading and ping-pong-ing,
And evening found him, sad to say,
Not yet for lessons longing.

His cold increased so much, indeed,
That school one dare not mention,
And *Tuesday* found the invalid
Receiving kind attention !

But Wednesday's half-holiday,
The cold is almost vanished,
The boy becomes quite bright and gay,
The nasty cough he's banished.

The balmy air will do him good,
So out of doors he'll wander,
For who in lonely solitude
A brilliant "half" would squander ?

Here I must stop short, with a sigh,
For here the cough has ended,
And if this meets that youngster's eye,
Let's hope he's not offended !

Rumour has it that all pupils are to be compelled next year to wear the school colours on their headgear. Will the girls be allowed to vary the thing a little by wearing a flowing ostrich feather or osprey tipped with the beautiful combination of colours of the D. H. S.

The Leavings

1. Now on a certain day there came into the Girls' Hall of the Dundee High School certain students who, being desirous of fame and honour, had resolved to sit the test set by the Education Department.

2. These children were all of the same mind as to the nature of the exam. to which they were directing their steps, which thing was clear from the talk before entering the synagogue.

3. One said to another, There is a rumour, the substance whereof hath it, that the examiner is a mighty man; he is clothed in soft raiment and weareth a collar which fasteneth at the back.

4. Thereupon the second answered and said, Verily, I say he must be a mighty man, for I also have heard rumours concerning him. His face is as the sunbeams, bright and shining; his voice is like unto silver; but his hand is as iron.

5. Now after much talk concerning the exam., there came a time when it was determined that all should enter the synagogue. There they found that the floor had been laid with reeds, so that no sounds voiced themselves throughout the whole building.

6. Yet, notwithstanding, this in no way assured the students, on whose faces the print of care might yet be discerned. Certain of them sat down in places pointed out to them. These seemed all of one age.

7. But there were others, whose days were not so many, who were commanded to sit between those already seated. And there was much trembling and fear.

8. Then they looked up, and there was great fear. For the examiner appeared before their eyes. And he was such an one as they had imagined. He was exceeding fair and beautiful to look upon; he was assisted by the chief priests and elders, who seemed much troubled.

9. Now some time was yet wanting before the tenth hour, when the examiner and elders began to hand out parchments to the children of the Dundee High School. Now there appeared writing on some of these, but to others there was lacking all writing whatsoever.

10. And the children of Israel thought and were troubled. Some wrote, and some did not. There was much silence; no one spoke. All sat in fear and trembling.

11. And now when the sun had approached its zenith there arose a stir as of a mighty river heard afar off. This noise gradually increased until it came to resemble the thunder of the heavens.

12. And the elders were sore afraid.

13. But the examiner stood up and said. Fear not; behold the time is come for the giving in of the parchment sheets.

14. And the children gave in the parchments unto the examiner, and he was sated and went his way.

15. And after he had departed, the children met and discoursed of the parchments, and it was agreed that the substance thereof was of great weight and much importance.

16. Now, when the moon had waxed six times, another parchment appeared from the clouds. This had much writing.

17. And the children and the high priest came and read this parchment. And the high priest was exceeding glad, and so were the children. W. L. T. (X).

Can You Tell Us — ?

How it happens that the Maths. masters have a monopoly of M's.

Whether the young ladies and gentlemen of the D. H. S. propose having tea-parties under the beautiful big trees in that most artistically laid-out garden to the west of the boys' school.

Why the boys do not have a hymn every morning as the girls have. Are they not in as much need of it.

Why the boys are so fond of their caps, for they seldom venture even two yards without them.

Why the extremely rational minds of the Romans gifted the word "senis" with two meanings.

Why the audience waited for a benediction at the close of the spring concert. One youth actually closed his eyes.

If it is generally known that the sepulchre of an ancient Briton has been discovered in the Recreation Grounds, along with mediæval urns containing clay? Members of the respective clubs would do well to visit this spot—in the extreme south-east corner.

Famous Scotsmen

I.—David Livingstone

IT was in the beginning of the year 1813 that David Livingstone, the "St. Paul" of Africa, was born. His mother was the granddaughter of a stern Covenanter of Shotts. His paternal grandfather was out in the '45, and died at Culloden for Prince Charlie.

The Gaelic for Livingstone is Mac an léigh—son of the physician. Livingstone himself was under the impression that his name was Mac an leath, son of the grey-headed, but in this he was mistaken. Had he known the real meaning of his name in the language of his ancestors, he would have had a sense of its appropriateness. In Lismore, one of his race was the hereditary guardian of a stone which had great healing powers. The water in which that stone was submerged cured divers diseases. In the old language the stone was called Clach-Bheo, the living stone—hence the English form of the word.

In a lowly tenement at Blantyre the great missionary and explorer was born. His early years were a fit preparation for the strenuous life he was to follow. At the age of ten he began work in the factory from six in the morning till eight at night. But nothing would daunt his pursuit after knowledge. Even in the factory he would drink in the writings of the sages. The little well-worn works of Homer or Virgil were so placed on the spinning-jenny that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed at his work. Little wonder that the spirit that could overcome such difficulties at sixteen, carried the man across the trackless wastes of the unknown.

At the age of twenty he went to Glasgow to become a medical student. He, however, turned to divinity as well. When he was called to preach his first sermon, he gave his text out very deliberately and then forgot everything. "Friends, I have forgotten all I have to say," he said, and hurriedly descending the pulpit steps, left the chapel. He was, however, given another chance, and was appointed for Africa. Livingstone commenced his African campaign at the age of twenty-eight. He started as an explorer, and his purpose was to find an outlet by which legitimate trade might be established. "I shall open

up Africa or perish," was his resolution. The record of Livingstone's journey is one full of unparalleled heroism, suffering, and endurance. Through swamps and deserts, with a handful of natives he made his way. It is said that during the six months of the journey fever never left him. There was work in plenty for the weaver, for weaver he was still, in a far better and nobler sense than in the little factory at Blantyre. Here was a factory without walls, part of the floor of which had never been trod by man. For here in this great factory, in this malaria-infested region, he had been shown the raw material, lying unheeded, and wasted, knotted and tangled by heathenism and ignorance, waiting for ages to be woven into the glorious cloth of Christianity. It was the hand of David Livingstone that unravelled the first thread.

After a visit home he returned to his work. But it was almost finished. On 1st May, 1873, while on one of his many searches for the source of the Nile, the great missionary and explorer passed away. Away in the midst of an unknown region, surrounded by natives, he died. What testimony to him could be greater than the fidelity of Chuma and Susi, two of his servants? They embalmed their master's body, and retraced their steps, determined to hand the precious burden to his own countrymen. Scorning the peril of the road for the sake of their beloved dead, they accomplished the well-nigh impossible feat. They were not even thanked by the English officials. Our nation, however, was not wanting in gratitude. It honoured those brave men, as it always does, be they black or white, British or negroes.

David Livingstone was given the last great tribute that England can give to her heroes, a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. A monument over his grave is to be seen, but a far, far greater one is erected in distant Africa—a monument, to which, day by day, a new stone is being added, and which, rising higher and higher above barbarity and ignorance, will one day find its crown. M. H. J. (X).

An English master:—"We will now read the *short* poem by *Longfellow*."

A University Letter

THE OLD QUADRANGLE,
EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY, May, 1914.

IN the winter months the Old Quad. at Edinburgh wears an aspect that is grim and almost forbidding. It is a cold and somewhat cheerless place. Gusts of wind seem to hide in its manifold recesses and rush out every now and then with disconcerting swiftness. But a change comes over it with the advent of summer and of sunshine. It clothes itself with a new grace and attractiveness. Groups gather in the deep recesses of the windows, and the sound of their talk and laughter floats up into the classrooms above. It is but one sign of the great change which comes over academic life as a whole. A new gaiety and freedom make their appearance, and new forms of amusement, in the pursuit of which the student may fleet away his leisure hours. To the athlete, Craiglockhart offers an alluring prospect; the tennis courts are crowded every afternoon, and the air is musical with the clump of cricket bats and the hum of balls. The simple livery of white flannel, the great trees casting their shadow over the green turf, the stately, rhythmical movements of the game—all unite to produce a sense of a deep and a beautiful calm. For those who prefer to take their enjoyment in a less strenuous form the various societies (and their name is legion) provide picnics, rambles, and excursions to the many places of interest and beauty round Edinburgh. The Officers' Training Corps engages in occasional marches on Saturday afternoons, and a week-end camp is held near the middle of the term. The argumentative and the talkative can still find an opportunity to air their opinions in the Summer Debating Society, where the subjects discussed are light and even frivolous after the weighty questions which have been thrashed out by the more serious societies which close at the end of the spring term. In all these departments of University life old D.H.S. men are taking their part, putting into practice the lesson which most of them learned at School of combining work and play so as to secure the golden mean. Some who first learned to face an audience in the old "Lit." at School (to give it its full title would be almost a misnomer) are

now making a name for themselves in the chief University debating societies. Two former vice-presidents have been honoured by being elected to office by their respective societies. Mr D. R. Ross is president of the United Free Church Society, and Mr J. G. Shearer is junior president of the Diagnostic, which is to celebrate its centenary in the course of the next few years. During the past winter also Mr H. L. Dennler has acted with much acceptance as secretary of the Classical Society. At the University sports to be held shortly the school will be represented for the first time (at least for many years) by one of its athletes in the person of Mr J. Mill, who is to run in the mile, and who will no doubt acquit himself creditably against his older and more experienced competitors.

There are few honours to record, as the majority of classes do not close until the end of June, but it is safe to say that the high standard of previous years will be at least fully maintained. At the March graduation two old boys were capped. Mr T. G. Smeaton crowned a highly-successful career by obtaining first-class honours in Classics, while his old rival at School, Mr E. Fenton, had the hardest of luck in not being bracketed with him. He was placed at the top of the second classes. Mr Smeaton is to devote another year to Philosophy and Economics before going up for the India Civil Service exam. Mr Fenton is destined for the church, as is also another old boy in the person of Mr D. Davidson, who will graduate with honours in English next month. Another who will say good-bye to University life at the end of the present session is Mr A. M. Cleghorn, who has more than maintained the great traditions of his brothers in the school of engineering.

In conclusion, all old boys in Edinburgh wish all success to those who have had the enterprise to start a School magazine. To have such a magazine was with some of them a much cherished aspiration, but it was an aspiration which was thought at that time to be impossible of realisation. And so they congratulate their successors most heartily on the courage with which they have taken a step that is sure to have great and beneficial effects on the whole life of the School.



Back Row—Mr CADZOW (Umpire), D. HAMILTON (Secy.), M. ANDERSON, M. RITCHIE, C. KIDD.
Middle Row—J. MCKENDRICK, A. WILSON, M. JAPP (Captain), S. RITCHIE, A. CRICHTON.
Front Row—E. ROBERTSON, D. CHALMERS.

The Charm of Lewis Carroll

PERHAPS it is in his simple childlike-ness, his whimsical fancies, and his quiet lovable disposition, that the charm of Lewis Carroll lies. All through his life, as student, and later as minister and professor, he retained that simple-heartedness that won for him the love and admiration of all with whom he came in contact. He was first and foremost the friend of children—the society of elders put him completely out of his ease. Naturally of a reserved and shy nature, he had a horror of being brought before the eye of the public, and, to prevent this, many a mild deception had he to invent.

He had a singularly humorous nature to which, when in the company of children, he gave full play. His study was crowded with toys for his little friends; he wrote and drew and talked to please them; and yet, in the midst of this apparent childishness of his life, his mind was running in another and deeper channel. Mathematics and fairy tales—how incongruous, but in both Lewis Carroll proved himself a past-master. True, his works on Mathematics savour of fairy tales, but it is undeniable that they are cleverly and accurately worked out. He proves every triangle equal to an isosceles triangle with as much ease as he proves the word “belfry” to be equal to the word “meat-safe,” (Fr. *bel* = beautiful, meet; Ger. *frei* = free, safe: therefore meat-safe).

When his masterpiece, “Alice in Wonderland,” was published, Queen Victoria was so charmed that she sent to the author begging him to forward other specimens of his work. Shortly afterwards the Queen was made the astonished recipient of a number of works on Logic and Mathematics. Through all his works (Logic and Mathematics) the same spirit prevails. He is clothing facts (unpleasant to most of us) in fancy dress. He had the happy knack of presenting stiff problems and proofs as mere matter-of-fact statements. Happy were they who learned under his teaching.

At times the learned student seemed to bubble over with mirth. His verses seemed to come spontaneously. As his talk was reserved, his humour he brought out through his pen and in his play with his child-friends.

A specially-privileged person in his house was Isa Bowman, who saw, better perhaps than any other, the great man in his best moods. He took her for his model of Alice in “Alice in Wonderland,” and between the two there grew up a strong friendship which lasted till the death of Lewis Carroll. As Miss Bowman says herself, “Little girl and grave professor! how curious it sounds! Grave professor and little girl! it is a strange combination; yet curious and strange as it may seem it was so ———.”

At one time Lewis Carroll took up photography as a hobby, and in it he proved himself to be exceptionally proficient. He disliked flattery in all its forms, and especially in photography, a fact which perhaps accounts for the speaking likenesses he himself took. With this love of the camera it is curious to note that Carroll himself had a dread of being photographed, and very few portraits of him are in existence. He found great pleasure in dressing up his little friends in foreign costumes and photographing them—some of his best photographs were taken thus. It seems strange that a man of such a reserved nature should be a theatre-goer, but that was one of the treats in which he indulged along with his little friends. He liked to see acted a really good play. The modern pantomime he never patronised. “When pantomimes are written for children once more,” he said, “I will go. Not till then.”

Such little peculiarities as his nature was heir to only tended to make Lewis Carroll more loved and admired by his many child-friends. He was never properly understood by grown-ups, nor could he understand them. His “Alice in Wonderland,” written for children, is only one testimony (one of many), to the large warm-heartedness of the Oxford student. E. D. H. C. (IX).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

(By our Irresponsible Expert)

- P. P.—With reference to your question as to where log tables may be obtained, we suggest that you try the Tabernacle (furnishing store) opposite School.
- F. P. (St. Andrews) has written to ask if there is to be another musical evening this year in connection with the Literary Society. We are sorry to disappoint “F. P.” by telling him there will be no second musical evening, but we can promise him a good feed at the one next year.

Local Colour

PEOPLE may speak as they like of the beauties of Switzerland and Norway, of Italy and the Tyrol, but have they ever considered what beauties Scotland has, and what a lovely picture the Tay and its surroundings present? Many of us who cross the Tay Bridge almost every day of our lives, seldom, perhaps, think of the beautiful scenery that lies all around us, but there must be times when we do, and delight in it. On a sunny May morning the Tay and its vicinity look their best, for everything is so clear. Usually, instead of looking out of the window of the compartment, the pupils crossing from the Fife side to the High School employ themselves with learning lessons which they have omitted to learn before, and which they hope to accomplish in the bare quarter-of-an-hour allowed them in the train.

Let us, however, take a morning when lessons are either learned beforehand, or are not going to be learned at all. If you look out of the window of the compartment what a beautiful sight meets your eyes, a sight you must have seen thousands of times before, but which perhaps never till now struck you as being really beautiful. The trees are in leaf, the grass is at its greenest, not parched-looking as in August; and the water of the lovely Tay is shining in the morning sun. Sometimes the houses in Dundee look as if on fire, but, of course, it is only the sun striking their windows.

The morning is very clear, too clear and lovely for school, you think, and so you want to stay outside. After leaving Wormit a lovely view far up the Tay is seen. The hills on either side of the water are of a lovely blue colour, an almost indefinable shade of blue, and yet so clear; and the river, where the sun strikes it, seems a mass of shining silver. Everything is beautiful and peaceful, an effect aided by the appearance of the fishing-boats gliding on the waters, and even by the numerous seals disporting themselves on the sandbanks when the tide is low. You also have a splendid view down the Tay past Dundee's docks right to Broughty Castle on the one side, and the Tayport lighthouses on the other, and back again to the pretty burgh of Newport with its green trees and steep braes.

Just when you arrive at the Esplanade Station, and before the train has stopped, if you look through the carriage-window at the land-side you may see the houses looking as if they were floating in the Tay; this is only seen under certain climatic conditions.

Sometimes, therefore, you think how beautiful the Tay really is, and that nothing could be more beautiful, but suddenly you are aroused from your musings by the sharp cry, "All season-tickets ready," and once again your thoughts are turned to town and school, the dear old High School.

A. E. W. (X).

School Notes

Some of the members of the P.P.'s Hockey Club are getting up an entertainment which is to take place in the Hall of the Girls' School on Friday, 5th June.

There were two plays—selections from "Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "Wanted, a Lady Reader!" Besides these plays there were also music and recitations.

The annual concert of the Dundee High School music pupils took place in the Hall of the Girls' School, on Friday, 22nd May, when a most attractive programme of music was given.

The girls' annual picnic has been arranged for 6th June, at Naughton. Last year it was at the same place, and if this year's picnic proves as enjoyable as last year's, it will indeed be a success. We have always had a good day for our picnic, and we hope that this year the day will be as good as it generally is.

It has been remarked that the girls are the salt of the school! We wonder what culinary ingredient the boys are. Perhaps pepper; they are peppery if their carefully oiled and brushed locks get ruffled.

Of course the 10th Classical are the Classical dons of the school. One of the 10th has even reached the stage of compiling a "Revised Latin Grammar." We wonder when it will be ready for use. Not in our time we hope.

Second Sight

ALTHOUGH it is usually people of Romany blood who possess that strange faculty of second sight, many Scottish families are also endowed with it. In many instances it is a very fortunate gift, as it often saves life. Many instances have been known of people who, having decided to go on a journey by a certain train or ship, have suddenly refused to go, giving as their sole explanation that they had a presentiment of disaster, and in almost every case the said train or boat has been wrecked. Of course, there are always some who scoff at the idea of people having second sight, and these people strongly declare that none of the stories told about second sight are true. I myself can personally vouch for the following example of Scottish "fore-sicht."

A young lady was to spend her summer holidays in a little village not far from one of the best-known towns in the Highlands. On her arrival at the house, where she was to stay, she was introduced to those who were indoors at the time, and then she immediately said, "But where is the old man with the tam-o'-shanter?" "Which old man?" they asked in amazement. "Why," she said, "the one who was sitting looking out of the window. I am sure he and I are to be great friends."

The lady of the house was very much surprised, as she had not seen any old man of that description in the house; in fact, did not remember ever having seen or known him, and so the lady's young friends laughingly accused her of "seein' things."

A few days later, this young lady, along with her friends, was cycling near the town, when on their turning a corner a stout old woman was seen standing in the middle of the road. To save her, our friend took a big sweep, her tyres skidded, and she fell under the feet of a horse pulling a lorry laden with thirty hundred-weights of wood. Needless to say she was very seriously injured—in fact, her life was despaired of for some days. She was unconscious till the effect of the shock wore off a little, and about a week later the carter, who had been terribly distressed about the accident, pleaded to be allowed to see her. As soon as he entered the room, her eyes opened, and she said, "Why, here's my old man. I knew I would see him soon. But where is your red 'tammy?'" And sure enough, he held in his hand a brilliant red tam-o'-shanter.

The young lady had felt "in her bones" that she was to meet this old Scotsman—and she did! Prévoyance (X.)

Girls' Literary Society

This has, on the whole, been a very successful year for the Girls' Literary Society. The lectures and papers have been interesting and their subjects varied. The attendance has been much larger than previously, the average attendance throughout the session being thirty-two. The finances are also greatly improved. Instead of our being out of pocket on account of the party, there was a good surplus, which, when added to the membership money, amounted to over £2. It was agreed by the committee and members that £1 1/- of this money should be handed over to Dr Murray, as a donation from the girls' society, for the upkeep of the lantern. Our best thanks are due to Miss Anderson,

who so capably acted as president, and to whom at the close of the session the society presented a small gift as an expression of their gratitude.

M. H. J.
A. E. W.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

The Editors are at all times willing to examine MSS., with a view to publication, and for that purpose invite contributions of short stories, sketches, notes, poetry, etc. They will endeavour to return unsuitable MSS., but contributors would do well to keep copies of any matter they may send in.

Editorial communications should be addressed—
The MAGAZINE EDITOR, (J. M. Gray),
High School of Dundee.

Athletics

CRICKET CLUB

At present the cricket season has just begun, so that it is impossible to write much on the subject, but judging by the first few matches it is evident that the 1st XI. is strong in both batting and bowling. The first match resulted in a meritorious victory over Perth Academy, the first for many years, and from such a send-off a very successful season is expected. This year we have a new president in Mr Mann, who takes a very keen interest in the club. The captaincy is again in the hands of P. M. Levie, while an excellent fixture list has been arranged by our energetic secretary, W. A. Young.—P. M. L.

GOLF CLUB

This year a golf club has been formed, and already has quite a large membership. The officials are all taking a keen interest in its welfare, and have initiated a "knock-out" competition which has provided several very exciting games. Already a challenge has been received from the East of Scotland Golf Club, whom we hope to play on 6th June at Monifieth, when a keen game is expected.

Nigel Fenton was the winner of the Boase Medal—the School Championship.—E. B. D.

FOOTBALL

ASSOCIATION.—The D.H.S.F.C. can look back with pride upon what has undoubtedly been a very successful season's work. Although the "Forfarshire Schools' League" was discontinued, matches with Morgan and Arbroath H.S. still appeared on the fixture list. At Arbroath we suffered defeat by three goals to two, largely due to the want of a scoring forward. The tables were turned at Dundee, however, the School winning by five goals to two.

"Soccer" seems to have declined at Perth, the School securing substantial victories in both games. The games with D.F.C. resulted in each team securing a win, and the deciding match had to be stopped through rain, with School leading four goals to two. Harris and Wormit proved soft things for our fast-going forwards, over forty goals being scored by them in the four matches.

Looking back on the season's results, we can claim to have created a record in goals scored, over eighty standing to our credit. W. A. Young, our centre-forward, is easily

first in the race for the honour of top goal-scorer, having an average of over two goals per match, besides securing the coveted "hat-trick" on several occasions.

	For	Against
Dundee Training College	4	2
Wormit	7	1
Perth Academy	6	1
Y.M.C.A.	3	2
Arbroath High School ...	2	3
Dundee Training College	4	3
Harris Academy	15	2
Perth Academy	5	0
Dundee Training College	3	5
Arbroath High School ...	5	2
Wormit	15	2
Harris Academy	5	3
Newport	2	2
Morgan Academy	4	0

We have now come to the end of our fixtures, having won eleven, drawn one, and lost two of the matches played; and in conclusion we can only express the hope that next season's eleven will do their best to live up to the reputation of the team which represented the Dundee High School Association Football Club during season 1913-14.—P. M. L.

RUGBY.—Rugby football was revived at the beginning of the 1913-14 session at the High School, and, considering their inexperience and the consequent uphill work, the team have done exceedingly well. In the opening matches we naturally suffered defeat more or less severely; but later on we came against our opponents with a better chance of success. Our chief school matches were against Madras College, Perth Academy, and Montrose Academy, while 2nd East of Scotland and University College, Dundee, gave us some interesting games.

Though defeated on our visits to Montrose and Perth we succeeded in winning our own back when these two teams visited us. Throughout the whole season the forwards played a dashing game, while not one of the pack was lacking in pluck. The "threes," well "fed" by the halves, did not always shine in attacking, but could always be entrusted to defend their line. Our full back, who played a very plucky game, was disabled before the end of the season. On the whole the School gives great promise for next winter, and, if properly supported, should do better still. In closing we express our warmest thanks to Mr Barr, our president, who gave us invaluable assistance.—C. M.



Back Row--G. R. SOUTAR, W. D. ROGER, P. M. LEVIE, J. S. BURNS, J. M. GRAY.
Middle Row--W. SCOTT, A. M. LAMOND, W. L. TULLIS, G. R. THOM, H. Y. MARTIN, Q. CHALMERS (Secy).
Front Row--G. R. MORTON, C. C. MORRISON, W. P. LAIRD (Captain), Mr R. W. BARR, M.A. (President), J. C. ANDERSON.

HOCKEY CLUB

This has, on the whole, been a very satisfactory year for the P.P.'s Club. It was uphill work at first, as at least one-half of the team were virtually beginners, but thanks to the perseverance of our coach and the determination of the girls, we had no reason to be ashamed of the results—on the contrary. Of the fifteen matches (including returns) we played, we lost four, drew one, and won ten. Total number of goals scored, fifty; lost twenty-eight. The membership of the club has so increased that we are now in a position to claim two elevens and a possible third. At this year's tournament we were able to uphold the position gained by last year's team—*i.e.*, second, with F.P.'s first.

We should like to take this opportunity of again thanking Mr Cadzow for his untiring energy throughout the session.—M. H. J.

BOYS' SWIMMING CLUB

The swimming this year has been a great success, many more having learnt to swim. The polo has also been very successful, and practices are held every Thursday afternoon between two selected teams. A match was played against the Harris Academy, which resulted in a win of 50 for the School. Team races also take place on Wednesday afternoons. A life-saving class has been formed, and a number of the members hope to win their proficiency certificates. We are now looking forward to the annual gala, when a polo match is to take place against the former pupils. We are much indebted to Mr Meiklejohn for forming the life-saving class, and also for the enthusiastic manner in which he has helped on the other branches of the Swimming Club.—G. R. S.

GIRLS' SWIMMING CLUB

A meeting of the above was held last month to appoint new office-bearers for the coming session. The following were appointed:—President, Miss Anderson; captain, Margaret Japp; vice-captain, Elizabeth Craig; treasurer, Evelyn Robertson, and a committee of six girls. As yet we have had few practices together, but as more of the ninth class girls have come forward this term we are hoping for larger attendances on Wednesdays and larger entries at the gala. The Lower Girls' Club is in a very flourishing condition. With a large membership and many strong swimmers, the future of the club seems quite assured. It has been proposed that both clubs should occasionally meet, when life-saving, etc., could

be practised. This worked very successfully last session, and would be worth retrying. Meanwhile arrangements for the gala are in full progress.—E. C.

TENNIS CLUB

The Tennis season has begun once more, and, on the whole, the weather has been very good. The courts are in splendid condition, and the hours for playing on them have been slightly extended. The players are very enthusiastic, and almost every evening, as well as on Saturday mornings and Wednesday afternoons, the courts are filled. This year there are to be no matches, but instead two tournaments, one for doubles and the other for singles. There are a good number of entries for both of these. The first round of the doubles was played off on Saturday, 30th May, and the other rounds of the doubles and those of the singles will all take place in June. There will be a prize for each of the two winners of the doubles and also for the winner of the singles.—A. E. W.

RIFLE CLUB

Inaugurated in 1906, and affiliated to the Miniature Rifle Association formed in that year, the Rifle Club has always been one of the most popular institutions in School, having at present a membership of 72. The club practically owes its existence to the generous support of T. H. Smith, Esq., who presented all the rifles at the start, including one for practice under Service conditions at Monifieth. Quite recently a record score was made at the Monifieth Butts, A. Tweedie making five "bulls" in succession—an unprecedented event in School annals. The armoury has been replenished at various times with rifles of a more modern type, and members have every facility for becoming expert shots. There are annual competitions for the Urquhart Cup (which goes to the best shot in School), the Bell Medal, the *Daily Mail* Medal, the *Daily Telegraph* Medal, and other prizes previously offered by friends of the School. The officials are:—Dr Murray, president; Mr R. W. Barr, M.A., secretary; and Sergeant Woolaway, sergeant-instructor; the directors are T. H. Smith, Esq., Dr McGillvray, Major Nicoll, V.D. The element of danger is practically eliminated, for members are never permitted to practise without supervision, and the work of the club, under the motto of "Defence, not Defiance," is a strong factor in fostering patriotism and obedience.—W. W.

FORMER PUPILS' FOOTBALL CLUB

The F.P. Football Club has experienced a very successful season. Out of 22 matches played, 16 were won, 4 lost, and 2 drawn; 81 goals were scored for the team, and 54 against. This very encouraging record will be hard to beat. As the club is only three seasons old, great things are expected of it in the future. The departure of such capable players as Fred Stoessel and J. Burns was a decided set-back at the beginning of the season, but, nevertheless, six matches were played before a defeat was registered. Some difficulty was experienced at the commencement in raising a team, and on account of this several of the earlier fixtures had to be cancelled. It will be most essential for the welfare of the club that before starting another season the membership be increased. Due notice will be given of the general meeting for election of office-bearers, etc., to which all intending members are heartily invited.—C. H. H.

FORMER PUPILS' HOCKEY CLUB

Matches played.	Drawn.	Lost.	Won.	Goals for.	Goals against.
12	0	2	10	61	10

It is interesting to note that Miss Jenny Carnegie was chosen from the D.H.S.F.P.'s to represent Scotland against Ireland. In the reserve team for Scotland Miss Johnston again got her place at right back, as in the two previous years.

The team representing the North of Scotland had four D.H.S.F.P.'s—viz., Misses Carnegie, Dickie, Johnston, and Shepherd.

Miss Anna Nairn, Elmslea, Dundee, has been elected secy. for next season.—E. B. D.

FORMER PUPILS' TENNIS CLUB

The former pupils opened their Tennis Season on the 25th April. There was no formal opening, but the members turned out in large numbers, and an enjoyable afternoon's tennis was obtained. The club has entered a team for the Second Division League of the Midland Counties Lawn Tennis Association, and so far it has acquitted itself creditably. It cannot be too forcibly pointed out that the success of the Former Pupils' Tennis Club depends on the support given to it by the young F.P.'s. This support has been insufficient during the past few years, and unless it is forthcoming in the near future the club will be faced with a trying situation. Each P.P. on leaving school should consider it his or her duty to join one or other of the F.P. Clubs.

The following are the office-bearers for the season:—Hon. president, Sir George Ritchie; hon. vice-presidents, R. Polack, Esq., Wm. Smith, Esq.; President, E. H. Milne, Esq.; secretary and treasurer, E. J. Ritchie; committee, Misses C. Lawson, M. Lamb, A. Smith, L. Foggie, Messrs E. H. Milne, G. W. Ritchie, C. Prendergast, E. J. Ritchie.—E. J. R.

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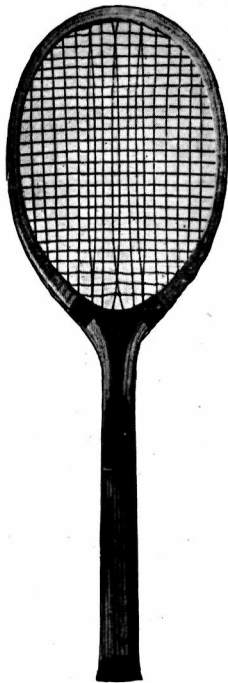
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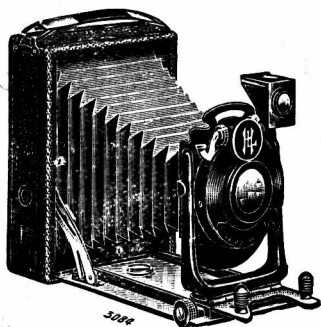
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