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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum

Founded 1810

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Notes.

OUR holiday-makers have now returned from north, south, east, and west, for, no matter how enjoyable they are, holidays must come to an end, and we return to town life refreshed, reinvigorated, and sunburnt. Those of us who spent their holidays in Fife seem to have thoroughly enjoyed themselves, as indeed they ought, for Fife is rich in historic memories. It has been truly said that the history of Fife is but an epitome of the history of Scotland. Almost all the great names in Scottish history cluster around its ancient University of St. Andrews, which was but recently the cynosure of the world's eyes while celebrating its quincentenary. Lundin Links, where our ladies and gentlemen sojourned during the summer months, are situated near the historic little village of Largo, famous both in song and story, and

with which are associated the names of brave old Admiral Wood and Alexander Selkirk, known to the whole civilized world through the pages of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Indeed we may safely say that there is hardly a town or village in Fife which cannot boast of being the scene of some great historic event.

The romantic county of Argyll always claims some of us during the holiday season, the high heath-clad hills on the Firth of Clyde presenting a vivid contrast to the low-lying east coast. Achahoish, which lies on the beautiful shores of Loch Kylesport, looking out towards Jura and the Western Isles, has been for some years our summer residence. Our old friend, Dr. Shaw, who was formerly with us, is now the Physician-Superintendent of Lochgilphead Asylum, which is situated amid the most beautiful and romantic scenery overlooking Loch Gilp, about two

miles from Ardrishaig. Achahoish is distant some eight miles from Ardrishaig.

On the 30th of June we had quite a musical treat. The Berlin Philharmonic Blas Orchestra, which had been performing at the Exhibition, paid a visit to Gartnavel, and played for an hour and a half on the ladies' lawn in front of the West House. The programme included both classical and popular music, and was highly appreciated by a large and enthusiastic audience who heartily applauded the musicians. On the conclusion of the performance Dr. Oswald, our Physician-Superintendent, proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Herr von Blon, the conductor, and the artists, and called for three cheers in their honour, which were heartily given. The members of the orchestra were afterwards entertained to luncheon in one of the dining-halls.

The West House ladies have been favoured by having a handsome antique sun-dial placed beside their beautiful croquet lawn. The ornamental pillar which supports the dial is a relic from the old asylum in Parliamentary Road, which, after doing duty as the City Poorhouse, was but recently pulled down. The gnomon on the dial should teach us to regard the "course of time," as its shadow lengthens or shortens with the sun; but have our fair readers ever heard of the peculiar arrangement of flowers called "Flora's Dial?" It was invented by the great Swedish botanist Linnaeus, and, we believe, is still used in Sweden. It consists of a very simple and beautiful collection of flowers which open and close at certain hours of the day. Linnaeus closely watched the hours at which certain flowers

opened or closed, and arranged a floral dial round his writing table, and so could tell the hour of the day by the opening or shutting of a certain flower.

The Scottish Western Asylums' Research Institute, which is situated within the grounds of Gartnavel, and which is doing excellent work under the supervision of Dr. Mackenzie, may well be envied by our Irish friends across the channel, where, unfortunately, such things do not exist, at least, as yet. We find in a Belfast newspaper of recent date (the "Northern Whig") a report of the Down District Asylum which states:—"The Inspectors of Lunacy in their 59th report lament that the county councils have failed to avail themselves of the provisions of the Act of Parliament by which a common laboratory might be provided and a pathologist appointed who would give instruction in the pursuit of scientific investigation to the medical staff." The report, which is a lengthy one, goes on to state that "on such a matter of public importance the establishment of a central laboratory should be made obligatory."

We have much pleasure in stating that the following Nurses and Attendants have been successful in the recent examination for the Medico Psychological certificates:—Christina Macdonald, Annabella Henderson, William T. Gray, Thos. G. Thomson, William J. O'Hare, Alexander Duncan, Thomas H. Macaulay. As the examination is now a pretty severe one, we offer our hearty congratulations.

The commodious shelter recently erected at the garden gate will prove a great comfort especially to the ladies. The cosy corners on each

side of the gate were always favourite seats, but on the approach of a summer shower had to be suddenly vacated. To the great sorrow of our fair friends the pretty rowan tree had to be sacrificed to make room for the shelter, and its bright scarlet berries will delight our eyes no more. One of our lady friends has expressed her grief by sending us some verses on the subject which appear elsewhere.

On looking through the pages of an old volume of the "London Monthly Review" for the year 1818, we find the editor reviewing a pamphlet "On the condition of the Insane Poor in Scotland," by Andrew Halliday, M.D. We quote from it:—"I visited the cells of the Edinburgh Bedlam a few days ago, accompanied by the celebrated German Physician Spurzheim, and although the appearance of the whole is much improved since I last saw them, yet it is impossible for language to depict their wretched state. We found fifty-four individuals in that abode of misery, two-thirds of them females. Many had scarcely a sufficiency of rags to cover their nakedness, and even the shreds that remained appeared not to have been cleansed of their impurities for months. In a distant cell we discovered a woman, worn out by the violence of the disease, stretched upon a straw pallet, and sinking rapidly to the grave. A rat was perched upon her bed! I shall not affirm that this animal had attempted to mangle the exhausted body of the dying maniac, but the sight was horrible! Alarmed by our intrusion, the rat coolly retreated through a large hole in the floor." We should have thought that at the beginning of the nineteenth century the Christian philanthropy of the Scottish capital would never have

tolerated such a state of matters. In the "Edinburgh Review" for 1817—the previous year—an article appears on "Asylums," in which the writer states:—"The best establishment, beyond comparison in Britain, and perhaps in Europe, is that of Glasgow. It is spoken of by all who have seen it in terms of the highest commendation." It is certainly strange to find Edinburgh at that date lagging behind Glasgow.

Many—very many of us—have visited the Exhibition at Kelvingrove, and revelled in the pleasures of the African Village, the Joy Wheel, the Scenic Railway, and the hundred other attractions to be enjoyed in its extensive grounds. But the Palace of History was a very paradise to the historical student. Once in a lifetime shall we again see such treasures. Most of the precious relics are of course under glass to prevent the touch of the curious; but space would fail us were we to attempt to descant on the array of priceless treasures spread out before us. The signature of Wallace we regarded with veneration and awe, and reverently replaced the cloth over the glass which protects it from the sun. We pass on to a case of medical relics, and view an ancient book, "Discourse on the Whole Art of Chirurgery," by Peter Low, and also his gauntlet gloves, curiously embroidered. Dr. Low was a famous physician in his day, and high in favour with King James VI. He also founded the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow in 1599; the Faculty of Surgeons of Edinburgh is much older, being raised to "Royal" dignity by King James IV. We still pass on, feasting our eyes on wonderful sights. Ah, here is the MS. of "Rab and his Friends," by good old Dr. John

Brown, lent by the Edinburgh Royal College of Physicians. We examined its neat calligraphy with the greatest interest—who could not? Next we see the carbine that shot the Good Regent Murray in Linlithgow. We examine it with curiosity, and inwardly curse the savage murderer Bothwellhaugh. Then comes the buff coat of the cruel Claverhouse and—ah, a good match—the broadsword of Captain Paton! Then the drum used at Drumclog, which we tap with our fingers and find it give forth no uncertain sound—it seems as serviceable as ever! Next the pocket-bible of Peden, thumbed and brown. Good auld Sandy! Of Covenanting flags there are several, but they are high up, and we cannot see them so well. But space fails us, as we could linger over these historical relics for days.

Our summer sports are over, and we are now looking forward to our winter enjoyments. October is the month beloved by poets and artists—

Gorgeous are thy woods October!
Clad in glowing mantles sear;
Brightest tints of beauty blending,
Like the west when day's descending,
Thou'rt the sunset of the year.

The first Thursday concert takes place on October 12th, and the first Monday fortnightly on October 16th. The first Abstainers' Union concert takes place on Wednesday, October 25th, and every four weeks thereafter. There will be a Lantern Lecture on Saturday, 18th November, and a concert by Mr. Hartley and Miss Paull on Monday, December 4th. On Saturday, December 16th, we shall have a dramatic entertainment by Miss Burke's Company. Other engagements will be intimated as they are made. Our usual Christmas and New Year entertainments will be specially announced in our next

issue which we hope to publish early in Christmas week. We have no doubt that the Gartnavel Dramatic Company will also give a good account of themselves during the festive season.

The garden flower-borders were very beautiful this year, indeed we have never before seen such a truly gorgeous floral display. We doubt if any of the public parks could rival it. Looking down the walk from the "cosie corners" under the new shelter seemed like a glimpse of fairyland. We congratulate Mr. Barr.

We have got a new deerhound, by name "Larry," at least, he has taken up his quarters with us, though we are doubtful if we can really claim him. He is the same colour as poor old "Major," and has become greatly attached to our chief, Dr. Oswald, following him about everywhere. "Larry," we think that is his name, is quite a favourite, but unfortunately chases Miss B's pussie-cats!

Can we see the Grampians from Gartnavel-hill? An old writer of some seventy years ago, expatiating on the extensive view, asserts that we can. From our windows we can see far off Goatfell in the Island of Arran, the distant spires of Paisley and Renfrew, and the masts of the Atlantic liners as they pass to and from the harbour of Glasgow. But we are doubtful as to the Grampians, with their memories of Galgacus and the Romans, and our schoolboy memories of Norval and his frugal swain of a father who fed his flocks thereon. Perhaps on a clear day some of our readers will try to discover them.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Morningside Mirror*, *The Passing Hour*, *The New Moon*,

Excelsior, Under the Dome (London Bethlem Hospital), which still continues its very interesting history of the hospital, and last, but certainly not least, we acknowledge receipt of *The Botolin*, which is a special Coronation number issued by Woodlee Asylum. Its get-up is most artistic.

The Maclaurin Family.

(With reference to the article on the Maclaurin family which appeared in our last issue, we have received the following letter from Sir James Russell which we are sure will be interesting to our readers. When the article appeared, we confess that we had no idea so many descendants of this distinguished family were alive. According to Irving's "History of Dumfriesshire," the Rev. Daniel Maclaurin, uncle of the famous mathematician, appears to have been at first minister of Kilmarnock, then of Kilmale, in Lochaber, from which place he was called to Roseneath, where he died in 1720, the year after his nephew John was ordained to the parish of Luss.—Ed. G.G.)

WOODVILLE, CANAAN LANE,
EDINBURGH, 12th July, 1911.

Dear Mr. Editor.—Your most interesting article on the Maclaurin family gave me great pleasure, and I forwarded a copy of the GARTNAVEL GAZETTE to the Honourable Sir Henry Normand Maclaurin, M.A., LL.D., St. Andrews, M.D., Edinburgh, Chancellor of the University of Sydney, who was born at Kilmarnock in 1835, and served in the navy before he settled in New South Wales. A copy of the GAZETTE was likewise forwarded to Richard C. Maclaurin, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., Cantab, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a mathematician of the first rank, who was born in Edinburgh in 1870, but educated in New Zealand until he came to Cambridge, when he took the highest honours both in Mathematics and in Law, and became a fellow of St. John's College. In 1898

he became Professor of Mathematics in New Zealand. The fame of his writings led to a call to Columbia University in 1907 to be Professor of Mathematical Physics. New York could not hold him when Boston needed a President, and he was installed at the head of the famous Massachusetts Institute in 1909 with much ceremony, Mr. Bryce, British Ambassador, making one of the leading speeches. Like all the Maclaurins, he is given to literature as well as to science.

It is understood that these distinguished Maclaurins of to-day are descended from Colin's younger son. Two volumes of poetical and dramatic works by Colin Maclaurin, advocate, and the late George Maclaurin, writer, published in 1812, show that the inheritance of literary talent did not end with their father, Lord Dreghorn, Colin's eldest son. These grandsons, Colin and George, do not appear to have left any descendants.

Your American readers will regret the absence from your article of a reference to the prolonged and successful efforts of the Rev. John Maclaurin of Glasgow to raise money for New Jersey College, now the University of Princeton. The Rev. John Maclaurin was survived only by daughters, one of whom married Mr. Finlay, believed to be the ancestor of the Finlays of Castle Toward.

Dr. Maclaurin, a well-known teacher of Anatomy in London, with Sir William Blizard, founded the Medical School at the London Hospital in 1785. Dr. Abernethy attended his lectures. Was he descended from Daniel Maclaurin, minister of Kilmarnock, the uncle of John and Colin?

I am, yours sincerely,

JAMES A. RUSSELL.

Our Prize Competition.

(We now print the third prize essay by Attendant Jenner. The subject is a most interesting one, several fine illustrations showing the process of hop cultivation and hop-picking having recently appeared in *Black and White*, and other illustrated newspapers. We express the hope that other prize competitions will follow.—Ed. G.G.)

HOPS.

Hops will not grow in this part of the country, at least, not to perfection; but in the south of England some farmers grow very little else. It is very interesting to be among them, and watch the different stages of their growth and treatment up to the time they are ready for the market. The bine does not require replanting every year, the old roots send forth new shoots every spring for a number of years, and the roots are only grubbed up when the yield and quality of hops are falling off and the soil needs a change.

To anyone who does not know what it is, a hop garden in the winter may seem very mysterious. You see a number of large poles 12 to 14 feet high firmly fixed in the ground at a distance of 12 feet each way from each other, and thick wire from the top of one to the other, and then wire again put one way, only 4 feet apart and on these wires are hooks.

When the spring comes in and the bine has started to grow, women are engaged who fix strings from a stake in the ground to the hooks on the wires, having a long pole made to reach up to the hooks. When this is finished it is a wonderful network of strings and wires, and up and along these the bine twines itself and sometimes grows very fast. (It has been known in very congenial weather to grow from 2 to 3 feet in a single night). As the season advances great care is taken and something is continually being done, washing with chemicals to keep

away a certain kind of fly, and to prevent the hops from going mouldy, putting up shelters to protect exposed places from the cold winds, etc., and so this goes on until about the second or third week in August, when the picking begins and all is bustle and hurry. The hops are picked by men, women and children of all classes; it is a very healthy occupation given fine weather, lasting from one to five weeks according to the acreage of hops grown.

The pickers have to work pretty hard if they intend to earn much money, as they have to pick six, seven, or eight bushels for a shilling according to the crop; although I have heard of a mother and three or four children earning five or six shillings a day, but a single picker's wage is generally from one-and-six to two shillings a day. The work begins about 7 a.m. and is carried on to 5 or 6 o'clock at night, according to the quantity of hops required for that day. The hops are put into large baskets, though some still use bins, the framework of which is made of wood, and is constructed so as to fold up, making it easier to carry as it takes up little space when not in use. When opened out, a kind of long sack is fixed to the framework and into this the hops are gathered.

About three times a day you will hear a shout of "get your hops ready," which means that all leaves, etc., are to be picked out from among the hops in readiness for the measurer coming. When the measurer comes he has a basket which holds about two bushels, with a black mark round it to indicate the bushel mark. He takes out the hops and shouts "one," "two," and so on after each bushel, and putting them into large sacks called "pokes," which hold ten bushels each. With the measurer is the booker who takes the tally

and enters it into a big book, while the picker has a smaller book into which it is also entered.

As the measurer goes on sometimes you hear him say, "These are too leafy," and when he has passed along the pickers say, "What heavy measure he is taking to-day!" but all is cheery fun with them, and you can hear them laughing and singing all day.

As the "pokes" are filled they are carried away to a wagon and conveyed to the kilns, or bast houses, and here they are spread on a floor which is heated from below. They are then turned and re-turned to get them dried, this work going on day and night, Sunday included, as the floors must be kept heated.

When dried they are put into other more substantial sacks called "pockets," and being very dry are very light, so the "pocket" is suspended through a hole in the floor over which is a hand press, and as the hops are put in the press is used alternately to force them down tight; and when full the "pocket" is fastened up and put away in the store in readiness for the market when the time and prices are suitable.

LOUIS JENNER.

The Laboratory.

WITHIN the next month several changes will take place in the staff of the Laboratory. Dr. Morton, who has been working in the Laboratory since he left the House a year ago, is going to Berlin in the end of October to do research work. Dr. Adams, who has been doing research work in the Laboratory during the past year leaves at the end of September to take up duty at the Royal Infirmary. Dr. Robertson, who left the House at the beginning of September has begun research work at the Laboratory.

Holiday in Fifehire.

Dear Mr. Editor,

We spent a very pleasant holiday at Lundin Links, having ideal weather all the time. Our house was called Melville Cottage, and from our windows we could see the golfers busily engaged in play. The view was really splendid, the whole Firth of Forth with its islands lying spread out before us, so that even indoors we could never tire of looking seaward and watching the ships and steamers. There were many nice walks, but I fear I should occupy too much of your space were I to attempt a description of them. On one occasion I walked to Lundin Tower, a beautiful old ruin covered with ivy. I believe there was once an ancient Fife family called Lundin, but I am neither an antiquarian nor an historian, so I can give no information on the subject. The next day I walked about four miles and unfortunately lost my way; however, I found the right road again, and got back quite in time for dinner, and with a good appetite.

Fife is really a lovely county, and is full of historic associations. Nearly every one of its small burghs seems to be "royal." I suppose they were specially favoured by the Stuart Kings, mostly by James V. and James VI. We were quite near the famous village of Largo, and could see the high hill called Largo Law. Of course we have all read "Robinson Crusoe," who we know was Alexander Selkirk, and who was born in Largo. We had some splendid drives round the country, which we all enjoyed, the weather being magnificent. We often used to go and listen to the band playing in the neighbouring park. We came home by that wonderful structure the Forth Bridge and by Burntisland.

I am, etc., E. J. S.

VANDALISM.

Had we fore-known, and had but tact,
To stay the woodman's ruthless act,
We had not cause to-day to mourn
A Rowan Tree of branches shorn—
Alas, alack, lament the fate
Of favourite at wicket gate,
Our Rowan Tree as it appeared
In loveliness to hearts endeared—
A figure on the landscape fair,
A Rowan Tree we ill could spare!
Sad, sad the fact we deeply sigh,
Ah! vandalism will never die.

A. S.

Holiday Notes.

WE gladly left the close railway carriage for the fresh air of Princes Pier, where we found our old friend the *Columba* awaiting us. In a few minutes we are off on our voyage to Ardrishaig. As we sail along the romantic scenery of the Clyde we are joined at the different piers by crowds of holiday trippers. We are not a polyglot, but we cannot help hearing at least five different languages talked around us—French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, and all the speakers seem in their happiest mood as they point out historic spots to each other. A pleasant sail brings us to Rothesay, the gem of the Clyde, and we enter on the beautiful scenery of the Kyles of Bute, now no longer disfigured by the obsolete old warships which were an eyesore. We sweep round the end of Bute after leaving Colintrive pier, and get a passing glimpse of Loch Ridden and Glendaruel, the home of the famous Maclaurin family, who were born in the manse of Kilmoran. We pass Ardlamont point and now enter famous Loch Fyne—famous for its herring all the world over. We call for a few minutes at Tarbert pier, then head for Ardrishaig, which we reach in about

half an hour. Here we land, for this is our destination. It is now about one o'clock, and after a little refreshment we join the mail wagonette, which Mr. Alexander M'Arthur drives to Ormsary. A journey of some eight miles brings us to Achahoish, and we reach our haven of rest, thankful to see its picturesque crimson walls and snow-white out-buildings once again. Shortly after, we are enjoying a "tousie-tea" in Mrs. Thomson's parlour, and chatting with old friends.

In some "Gazetteers" Achahoish is called a hamlet situated at the head of Loch Kylesport. This is hardly correct, as there are only some two or three crofters' houses and the parish church. We are soon on friendly terms with the other boarders and go walking and fishing. Some two miles up on the hills is Loch Houron, where very large trout are taken; there is also Loch-na-Craig, on which Mr. Thomson has a punt for the use of fishers. It is worthy of notice that the trout in Loch Houron are similar to those in Loch Leven, one of the former proprietors having introduced the breed. A day or two after our arrival we went to try our luck in the loch with a young Glasgow gentleman as a companion. Now Loch Houron trout are peculiar in their habits. Some days they will take fly or worm greedily, on other days they will look at neither. We had been fishing for some time without a single rise, when our friend hooked a two-pounder, and called for the landing-net; but before we could reach him the "monster" had, by a high jump and terrific rush, snapped his casting line and made off with his three flies. Better luck next time; so we set quietly to work again. In a few minutes he hooked a smaller one. "Cannie! cannie!" we shouted, as laying down our own

rod we rushed to his assistance with the landing-net, resolving it would not be our fault if he lost this one. Rushing down the bank our big fishing boots slipped and—alas for our dignity!—we fell helplessly on our back and rolled into the loch with a mighty splash! We soon scrambled out, however, and secured the fish, which was a fine one. "The luck is all with you," we exclaimed ruefully as we wrung the water from our clothes. "Try red and teal flies," said my friend. I did so, and hooked two fine half-pounders in succession, but only to lose them by the flies breaking at the hook. However, we went home with several fine fish. Never fish for trout without a good deep landing-net. We have been most unlucky in hooking and losing fish simply by forgetting to bring a landing-net.

We were indeed a merry party at Achahoish, and one evening had a dance in the barn, which was cleared for the occasion. Oh, the hoochin' and the fun! The music was supplied by a well-played melodeon and the bagpipes, and dancing was kept up to the "wee sma' hour ahint the twal." So the days went quickly by—too quickly for us! We have the post-office in the house—or rather in a wing, under the charge of Miss May Thomson, and so can send telegrams and cash money-orders without going eight miles to Ardrishaig. We may conclude with telling of an amusing incident concerning our involuntary dip in the loch, though it does look a little funny, and we hope, dear reader, you will not laugh too loudly. Where we got our "dook" in the loch has been marked by a cairn! Just fancy! A warning to future rash fishers to be careful. Well, let them add a stone to our cairn!

THE EDITOR.

TO MY SISTERS.

Dear sisters, sad ones, we have all
Known weakness, grief and pain;
God's loving hand has touched us all
And bade us live again.

We all know well the throbbing pulse,
The weary aching brow;
All this God knows, He lends His aid
And whispers, "Trust Me now."

Through sleepless nights we never are
Alone, for He is nigh;
His ear, despite the angels' song,
Can hear our weakest sigh.

Though oftentimes in trial's hour,
We cannot feel Him near;
Yet may we all in faith repeat—
"I know that God is here."

Right soon upon our weariness
His soothing power shall fall,
And in our hearts we'll murmur low—
"God's love atones for all."

A DAUGHTER OF ERIN.

Church News.

HARVEST Thanksgiving services were held in the Church on Sabbath, 24th September. The Rev. Mr. Douglas officiated in the morning and the Rev. Mr. Carswell in the evening, both gentlemen discoursing on texts suitable to the occasion. Harvest solos were sung by Sister Williams and Nurse Cochrane. Our little Church was beautifully decorated with flowers, fruit, vegetables, and sheaves of corn and wheat under the skilful superintendence of Mr. Barr and Mr. Tom Barr, who had the assistance of some of the ladies. The truly splendid and artistically arranged piles of many coloured vegetables at the door and in front of the Communion Table (all the product of our own gardens) reflect the highest credit on Mr. Tom Barr, who has an artist's eye for blending colours.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed on Sabbath, 15th October, at 3 o'clock.

SEPTEMBRE

(Vocal Obligato)

The autumn mists lie deep o'er lea and loaming,
And through the blanket of the dark
there comes

The muffled thunder of a voice intoning,
"Jam plums!"

There is sweet music in that hawk's
pleading,
Music as mellow as the blackbird's flute,
Music that fills you with a thirst exceeding
For fruit.

It sets you dreaming of the dropping apple,
Of acres of the juicy jargonelle,
And other things of which it thrills one's
thrapple

To tell.

And there is likewise in that dim song-
scene

Another note less merry and less bright,
That hints at "dirty work in the arena
To-night!"

That seems to speak of chills and mustard
plasters,
Of flying leaves, of thicker furs and
frocks,
Of winds that play the mischief with one's
asters

And stocks.

For winter's coming fast; the woods
already

Begin to show new shades of sere and
brown;
The stream of straw-hats is not just so
steady

In town.

And still the mists lie deep o'er lea and
loaming,

And still in music as of muffled drums
Rumbles the thunder of that voice intoning
"Jam plums!"

T. L. D.

Laboratory at Crichton Institute, Dumfries.

A NEW Laboratory is being equipped
at the Crichton. Dr. Cruick-
shanks, a Glasgow graduate, and a
former colleague of Dr. Mackenzie,
has been appointed director. We
wish the new scheme at the Crichton
all success.

The Great-Grand-Hunt:

A GENEALOGICAL TALE.

By Anemone.

CHAPTER I.

"You must have a change, Bessie;
you look pale and jaded, in fact,
quite run-down." Mrs. Kennedy
paused for a moment in setting the
tea-things and looked anxiously at
her daughter, for well she knew that
the life of a school-board teacher was
one of hard work and worry. Bessie,
a young girl of twenty, had just
returned from a walk in Kelvingrove
Park, and was reclining rather
languidly on the sofa.

"Well, mother," she replied with
just the ghost of a smile, "What do
you say to a trip to Rothesay? We
have not been there for two years,
and you remember we enjoyed it so
much—that is," she added quickly,
"if aunt Jane does not ask us to
visit her."

"Ah," exclaimed her mother,
"that reminds me that I had a letter
from your aunt when you were out.
She and your uncle are to be with
us for a week at least. Your uncle
has some farm business to attend to
in Glasgow and the West which will
detain him for several days, so I must
remain at home to receive them. I
am determined, however, that you
shall have a few days at the coast,
as it will never do for you to be pining
in town during this splendid July
weather. Our old landlady, Mrs.
Campbell, wrote me a week ago that
we could have one of her rooms, so
that's settled. There is your aunt's
letter; I suppose she will want us
both to go through to Fife along with
them."

As Bessie ran her eye over her
aunt's epistle an amused smile spread
over her face, and at last she laughed
outright.

"Oh, mother, auntie's on her old
hobbie again, and refers to the great-

grand-aunt! Why, she actually
believes she has found a clue to her
descendants! I have heard her tell
the story so often when we were at
Craiknockie, and she always ex-
pressed her conviction that she
would yet discover them."

"Yes, your aunt has often said
she was sure of finding them out some
day. You remember the story, I
suppose?" said her mother smiling.

"Oh yes, for I have heard it often
enough. She eloped with a St.
Andrews divinity student who was
a tutor to her brothers. The young
couple were privately married, and
went to America. But that was a
hundred years ago, and it does seem
absurd to expect to discover any of
their descendants now. Why, when
auntie begins with her 'vain
genealogies,' as I have often called
them, she almost seems to be repeat-
ing a chapter in Ezra or Nehemiah!"

"Bessie, dear," replied her mother
gravely, "you should not make fun
of your aunt, for I assure you she is
a very talented woman, and a great
historian."

"Yes, mother, I know she is a
bit of a blue-stocking, and writes for
the local papers. She even made out
a family-tree for uncle, and traced his
ancestors back to Malcolm Canmore,
and her own to some distinguished
scholar in the reign of Robert III."

Mrs. Kennedy was a minister's
widow, while her sister Jane was the
wife of a well-to-do Fife farmer.
While Bessie was being educated at
the Normal, Mrs. Kennedy had a
hard struggle, even with the aid of a
lodge, who was generally a divinity
student, to make her small income
from the Widow's Fund cover the
expenses of the little household.
Many a welcome hamper of farm-
produce came from Fife, and often
a five-pound note "to get things for
Bessie," for being childless herself

Aunt Jane had a warm affection for
her young niece.

"Well, Bessie," said her mother,
when they had finished tea, "this
is Tuesday, so I suppose you may as
well go on Thursday morning by the
Columba, as the sail down the river
will be splendid. The change from
Gibson Street, even although it is
beside the Park, to the pure fresh air
of Rothesay will brace you up
wonderfully."

On Thursday morning Mrs. Ken-
nedy saw Bessie safely off from
Govan pier, with many injunctions
to take long walks, and be as much
in the open air as possible. "I'll
send your portmanteau by the
parcel express, so as to save you the
trouble of looking after it," were her
parting words as Bessie tripped up
the gangway.

The *Columba* received quite a
crowd of passengers at Greenock,
many of them being English and
American tourists. An elderly couple
who were accompanied by a strik-
ingly handsome young man of about
five and twenty in a knickerbockersuit
whom Bessie had first noticed when
she boarded the steamer at Govan,
specially attracted her attention
by their rapturous admiration of the
scenery, as the steamer sped on her
course down the Firth. That they
were Americans, Bessie could easily
tell by their accent.

(To be continued).

Bowling.

BOWLING above all other forms of
recreation is dependent on the
weather conditions, and this year we
have been exceptionally well favoured
in that respect. The days on which
it proved impossible to play this
most delightful of summer games
were few and far between, and in

consequence the season just closed has been in every way the most enjoyable since the green was opened. Never were the rinks in better condition (thanks be it said to Mr. Barr's skilled and tactful co-operation with the weather), never were the players more numerous or enthusiastic, and never did their efforts meet with such signal success. In addition to innumerable friendly games, a tournament, especially successful, and several matches with outside clubs were carried through, the results of which, given below, reflect well on the high standard of our play.

TOURNAMENT. For this competition we received a splendid entry, and after a series of keenly contested games the finalists were found to be Attendant W. B. Lynas and Attendant Duncan. Before a large turnout, these bowlers played off for premier place, and from the result, Attendant Duncan 21, Attendant Lynas 20, we heartily congratulate Attendant Duncan on attaining the honour of Champion of the year.

MATCHES. We have played five games during the season with visiting clubs, having won 3, drawn 1, and lost 1. This speaks for itself, especially when it is remembered that the strength of the visiting teams was in all cases of a high order. Our skips at these games with one or two others deserve special mention on their play, and we would thank Dr. Marshall, Mr. Smith, Mr. Barr, and Attendant W. B. Lynas as skips, and Dr. Mackenzie, Dr. Muir, and Mr. D. Murray as specially noticeable among the other players.

RESULTS.

		Shots For	Shots Against
National Telephone Co.	44	44
Hillhead Telephone Co.	48	34
Post Office (Hillhead)	46	45
Burnbank	38	31
Post Office (Hillhead)	39	52

Cricket.

It is hard to think the last ball bowled, the last stroke played, the stumps drawn for the last time—hard to think another season gone. A season, too, worth remembering, full of good, genuine cricket, and not a few brilliant flashes: yet what can we single out for special mention? To see Hamilton "clicking the bails" or stopping "wides" six feet in the air, to cheer Hanson "lifting a bowler" out of the ground, to marvel at Hey's deadly work with the ball, to admire the stylish displays of Lynas and Crowther, or to realise Chaplin's catches at "silly leg,"—it was all very pleasant to watch. Impossible it was not to recognise the *esprit de corps* of our white-flannelled men taking the field to uphold the honour of their purple facings, and we cannot omit to congratulate Dr. Marshall on his captaincy of a team well-fitted indeed to enter against even stronger opposition. It is passing over many pleasant winter thoughts, but we hope to see as strong a side next year playing again for victory for Gartnavel C.C. We print below the leading batting and bowling averages and we heartily congratulate those at the top on the merit of their performances.

BATTING.

	Matches.	H.Score.	Runs.	Average.
W. B. Lynas,	19	75	386	21.5
W. Hamilton,	22	72	386	20.3
C. Crowther,	22	55	421	20.0
W. Hanson,	21	50	282	14.8
Mr. Anderson,	16	35	186	11.6
P. Hey, ...	22	30	136	7.1

BOWLING.

	Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
W. B. Lynas,	37	175	4.7
P. Hey, ...	69	417	6.05
C. Crowther,	21	166	7.9
W. Hanson,	39	373	9.6
Matches played,	23
Matches won,	16
Matches lost,	6
Matches drawn,	1