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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum

Founded 1812

New Series. **APRIL, 1912.** **No. 36.**

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Notes.

IN issuing the present number of the GAZETTE our first duty is to record and regret that the late Editor has unfortunately been compelled through ill health to relinquish his duties. We offer our sympathy, and trust that his retiral is but temporary, for in the "Notes," which he made his own particular province, he displayed a breadth of sympathy and attention to detail that made him "the right man in the right place," so we wish him well and hope to retire in his favour next number when we see him back in his old position.

The members of a large community such as peoples this Institution are apt, when all goes well, to be conservative and object to changes. It is, therefore, very natural that we should be sorry to lose Sister Williams officially, over and above our personal loss. She left us in February followed by the good wishes of all, to fill a higher and still more responsible position in London.

During the three years and more that Sister Williams has been assistant-matron in the eastern division here, she has

proved herself most capable, thoroughly interested in her work, and hearty and persevering in the same. On her arrival, her delightfully genial, sunny nature soon won its way among the patients; while her conscientiousness in things great and small, her warm interest in the entire life of the House, and her generosity in devoting her talents to its inmates, have rendered her—during the period she has spent with us—a valuable and valued assistant to Miss Darney. Her beautiful voice will be missed in the choir, at church festivals, and in the concert hall.

On the evening of the 8th February, at the close of the weekly Concert and Dance, there was given to Sister Williams a beautiful silver tea service with suitable tray. It was presented by Dr. Oswald and was the gift of her colleagues in hospital work—the members of the medical, official, and nursing staff. In wishing her, in the name of all present, success in her work at the City of London Mental Hospital, Dr. Oswald emphasized the faithfulness and whole-heartedness of that carried on here, and expressed the hope that in returning to the more genial climate of England, her native land, she would not forget—as she will

not be forgotten by the "true and tender North." The loud and prolonged applause which followed these words testified to the warm regard felt for Sister Williams and must, we are sure, have been gratifying to her.

Her successor, Sister Brodie, requires no introduction. She has been with us now for more than two years in the important position of assistant matron in charge of the night nursing. She is thus well prepared to assume her new duties and we are assured of her success in them.

The recent mild weather and lengthening days serve to remind us of the approach of gentler seasons, and but for the fact that our Editorial letter-box is without "Spring" poems, we could well imagine that winter was over. We will forgive this, however, if we receive a large number of entries for our Prize Essay Competition. Two prizes are offered, one for ladies and one for gentlemen, and are open to all readers of the GAZETTE, each being books to the value of half a guinea. The essay should be about nine hundred words in length and of the nature of a holiday reminiscence or of some holiday occurrence. A point to be noted is that unusual interest will be considered before literary merit. Essays must be signed by a non-de-plume and accompanied by a sealed envelope, bearing on the outside a similar non-de-plume, and within, the writer's name. Each must be sent through the post addressed, "The Editor," Gartnavel Gazette, Gartnavel, Glasgow, and be received here not later than June 1st, 1912.

A more obtrusive hint of the passage of time was the last of the monthly concerts on 13th March, when the Fifty-fifth season of the Glasgow Abstinents' Union Concerts came to an end. On that evening we renewed the welcome acquaintance of Miss Bessie Spence (Violinist), and Mr. J. W. Bowie, while Miss Sarah MacLachlan won all with her rich voice and fine expression. At the previous concert it was arranged that the selections should not have been rendered previously at these concerts for over twenty years. This change was generally appreciated and Mr. Jamieson's interpretation of Beethoven's "Aideida" is not likely to be forgotten by an enthusiastic audience.

— Could not something of the nature of a plebiscite concert be managed at the end of each season? We advance the suggestion conscious of the obstacles it

involves but part of the concluding concert, at least, might be chosen by the audience whose interest in its predecessors would thus be heightened.

The entertainments during the latter half of the winter season have been as varied as they have been enjoyed; elsewhere the Staff Dance and the performance of the Gartnavel Opera Company have been noticed, and mention only can be made of the others, much as they deserve fuller notice. Excellent dramatic performances have been given by the Poloc and Bishopton Clubs. On February 6th, Mr. Neilson sped an evening away quickly when his orchestra gave us selections from their repertoire. A cinematograph display on 9th March was accorded a hearty reception and the pictures, especially those of the King's visit to India, including the Durbar, were received with much interest. Two very instructive lantern lectures have been given since the year began. One by Capt. Benson, on "The Land of the Humming-bird and Robinson Crusoe's Island," in which the West Indies were vividly presented by one thoroughly conversant with their politics and people. No less instructive and enjoyable was Dr. Oswald's account of his sojourn in Tunis and Tripoli, whose people and customs were seen in the pacific aspect recently so disturbed by war.

During the last months of the winter season something of the nature of a "progressive movement" has been going on in the dancing world here. This was initiated by the steady efforts of Miss Lorimer and Mr. Morgan, its object being to introduce a little more variety into the weekly and fortnightly "Concert and Dance"; certainly this has been attained by it. Evening practices were held, when time could be found for them, with the result, among other good things, that a double set of the "eightsome reel" was soon given with great verve; the Highlands naturally contributing a considerable quota of the dancers. Then the graceful but neglected Petronella, redolent of youthful memories, was brought forward. The Military Two-step soon had a frequent place in the weekly programme; the Lancers were danced in the old style again, namely in lines; and the Rye dance (Schottische with Waltz) was introduced. These additions have added, no doubt, to the pleasure of the dancers themselves—inspired by, and in turn inspiring the little orchestra led by Mr. Ferrier: but this is a minor matter

compared to the interest and enthusiasm evoked among the non-dancers, who witnessed and heartily applauded their performances. The movers in this matter are to be congratulated on an undoubted success. Variety is a mighty factor in the code of this Institution, and whatever, wisely, makes for it, is of worth.

One cannot but notice that the singing in church has improved greatly of late. Under genial tuition a practice is held for the choir on Fridays when Miss Lorimer officiates at the organ and the psalms and hymns are carefully gone over.

In the delight of the musical part of our services, shown by all those interested should find some reward for their labours.

It is a pleasure to many of us to observe that the crows have decided, after an interval of two years, to return to us and take up their abode in some of our loftiest trees. We cannot help wondering if our old friends, the Corvines, are among them, perhaps also their progeny. We trust they all may have a happier experience than these poor birds had in our wye-elm, two years ago. The leafing that season being late and the nest much exposed, they lost their first clutch, some may remember, by the depredations, it was believed, of a pair of rapacious magpies, and then flew away to seek in the dms of Jordanhill estate a safer home for their second brood. There are already five crows' nests, and a jackdaw's built near each other; and farther down the avenue and across Claythorne Road there are seven, so we shall have quite a rookery in our immediate neighbourhood, and, some say—also a crow pie!

During the cold snap in January curlers were happy and managed to get several days' keen frost in which to enjoy their game, at least that is if keen play, braid Scots, and good fellowship mean anything. Among the visitors who played were Dr. Anderson, Rev. Mr. Carswell, and Mr. Johnston, our Secretary. "Mony a gran' stane wis laid doon," or "weel soled" as some one said, and we make no excuse for the following anecdote of the game. Cherie "soled" a gran' yin he thought and was much surprised to hear his skip shout, "Cherie, Cherie, be doon an' dee." "There's no muckle wrang wif," he shouted. "That's jist it," was the retort, "if ye leev' tae a hunner, ye'll never sole a better."

Great progress is being made with the

Tennis Courts, and already the more active are looking longingly to the fine new ash courts that have been laid down and wishing away a month or two of their lives to enjoy a game. Beside the ash courts a third court is now turfed and this brings the number of courts in the grounds to four, two ash and two grass, a number which will satisfy the most enthusiastic and meet the demands of anything but an unusual number of players.

The new Cricket Pavilion is now receiving its finishing touches and after a chameleon-like progress now presents a pleasant contrast to the surrounding green in its warm brick colour.

It is built in the chalet style (not *Speisique* as we overheard a visitor describe it) and has an amply covered verandah on three sides that do not lack for windows. The interior is well equipped with a table and outlook for the scorer, accommodation for visitors, and lockers for bats, screens, etc., and we look forward to handling our new place with a series of games well fought and won.

Additional prizes are now being given in our Golf Competition for the winner of the St. Vincent Cup, the runner up, and the lady who returns the lowest score.

The greens have been generously treated with a "top dressing" and will be in splendid condition for the summer. For the benefit of those who find the new tennis court a temptation to "hook" their drive at the first hole, we repeat the conversation of two errand boys nurtured apparently on the one game Glasgow urdians know. "Whit's it fur, Tommy? Is it fur bowls?" "Naw" (with great scorn), "Dae ye no ken thit' that's a golf pitch!"

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of *The New Moon, The Passing Hour, Under the Dome, (London Bethlem Hospital) Excursion, The Morningtide Mirror*, and beg to thank the *Glasgow Evening News* for the note that great things were expected of the Gartnavel Opera Company, taken from our pages with due acknowledgments and to direct attention to the critique in our present pages.

THE MARI-STIEN.

"MARY'S PATH."

Bold Thedemarken's rocky ranges tower
Like giants in their pride; some darkly
lower,
And others fair and green, with changing hue
Add a fresh beauty to the lovely view;

Whilst down the slopes and precipices steep
The light and shade in quick succession sweep.

Far above all, a monarch on his throne,
Rests mighty Gausta, God-Like, and alone;
Region of snow eternal, thy white peak
Seems as though Heaven's mysteries thou
wouldst seek;

And now, illumined with the sun's fierce beams,
Almost with radiance unearthly gleams.
Far, far below the dark pine forests lie,
And like a thread of silver to the eye,
The Maan* elv glitters through the waving trees,

Which rustle gently in the summer breeze.
The wanderer turns from mountain, stream,
and wood,

And gazes down into the boiling flood;
Eight hundred feet at one terrific bound
Leaps the great Rjukan-Fosst, the world-
renowned.

The gulf that opens its dreary portals wide
Sends up an airy veil that serves to hide
The cavernous abyss—a fleecy haze

Of vapour sparkling in a thousand rays
Ascends to Heaven; now lift up the eye
To where the precipice is rising high,
Above the torrent—can a mortal dare

To plant his foot presumptuously there?
Death and destruction surely seem to wait
On him who rashly thus would tempt his fate.
Yet the bold Norseman does not fear to tread

That thread-like track, although a tale of dread
Clings to this spot, and hollows it for aye,
The lasting monument of that dark day,
The Mari-Stien! The name has clung for long.

And been immortalised in prose and song:

A youth and maiden pined in hapless love,
Her parents held a ruck so far above
His own, despair had seized each faithful heart,
And sadly, hopelessly, they dwelt apart
She drooped and with red like a fading flower

And soon they saw that some resistless power
Was dragging her to death, and then,
though late,
They sought to save her from her mournful fate,
And summoned back her lover. Forth he sprang

Fleet as the wind, whilst in his ear there rang
The gladsome message, fraught with joy
and life,
That now in Mary he might claim his wife.

* Pronounced "Maan." † Pronounced "Rinkas."

In breathless haste to meet his bride, his Queen,

He took the fatal path, the Mari-Stien,
Now at the torrent's brink the gentle maid

Had ta'en her stand, her sorrows all allayed,
With eager eyes she scanned the mountain side,

Then gazed upon the cavern yawning wide,
"He comes," she cried, his well-known form was near,
Her heart beat quick at sight of one so clear.

She called aloud; at the familiar sound
So long unheard, he stopt, and looked around.

He saw his Mary but the sudden shock
O'erwhelmed him standing on that fearful rock.

He reeled, he staggered, clutched the barren ground,

But not a vestige of support was found;
Aloft he threw his arms, and with a cry
Most superhuman in its agony,
Down, down he plunged into the dread abyss

Where the wild waters ever boil and hiss;
Wide yawned the chasm where he met his doom,
Enclosed for ever in that awful tomb.

Can Fancy paint the darkness of despair
That seized the horror-stricken maiden there?

Reason forsook its throne—Ye powers above,

Thy judgment fell in mercy and in love;
Smiling and hopeful, each returning day
Beheld her take her solitary way

To hold her tryst, and there she sought in vain
For him who ne'er should plight his troth again;

Slowly returning to her mountain home,
She'd say, "To-morrow he will surely come."

So silently and sadly fled the years
Till death released her from this vale of tears.

Farewell, grim torrent, farewell glorious scene,

Gorgons in beauty as a poet's dream,
Nature has spent her treasures to enhance
Thy wonders, land of legend and romance,
Arise in splendour, thou fair Queen of Night,

And bathe the landscape in thy liquid light,
Shine out, bright stars, and mark with silver sheen

The Path of death, the fatal Mari-Stien,
C. E.

Staff Dance.

OUR Second Staff Dance came off on January 9th, and was, as admitted by all who had the pleasure of being present, one of the most successful held here.

Everything conducted to an enjoyable evening, the smooth polished floor, the sweet music of the orchestra and the good cheer provided by a thoughtful and generous administration, stimulating us to terpsichorean revels.

Amongst the guests were Dr. Robertson and some friends. We were very pleased to renew our acquaintance with her, and to have her company for the evening.

We also extended a hearty welcome to Nurses Dickson, Diver, and McFarlane, who returned to their old place.

Once again (and more's the pity), the gentler sex predominated in the dances, this being specially noticeable in the square dances. It has been suggested since, that this undesirable state of affairs might be remedied to a great extent by the establishment of a class of dancing for the mere men, a week or two before each staff dance. One or two nurses might be appointed as teachers. The class would surely be popular, and at the staff dances the men would perhaps not cling so lovingly to the farther corner. But this by the way. During the course of the evening a very pleasant function took place. The nurses and attendants who were successful in the May games were formally presented with their medals and certificates. Dr. Oswald made a few appropriate, congratulatory remarks, and then at his request Dr. Robertson pinned on the medals and handed over the certificates. The successful and fortunate recipients were: Nurses A. Henderson and C. McDonald, and

Attendants Alec. Duncan, T. Thompson, M'Anlay, O'Hare, and W. Gray. The three latter were unavoidably absent.

From several quarters discreet wishes were expressed for a Leap Year Dance, but it did not materialize.

Alas for many of us, the fleeting hours brought the dance to a too early close at 1 a.m., and as we left the hall tired, yet happy, many of us were heard to say to our erstwhile partners—"Till the next Staff Dance." CLINICAL.

OUR CRICKET FIELD.

Ring keynote for our Cricket Field,
Record its fine extent,
Sing there the club, or bat we wield
On golf or cricket bent,
Where oft a leisure hour we spend
And strength to brain and muscle lend.

For whether club or bat we wield,
Right healthful sport we glean;
The sense of freedom it doth yield,
Engaged in contest keen,
Still training hand and eye in twain,
The ball a given goal to gain.

Yes, prospect passingly serene,
Ne'er fails to charm our sight,
With turf so trim, so smooth and green
Our footsteps to invite,
Ours boundary that keeps in spell—
Many a shrub and tree can tell.

Ring keynote for our cricket field,
Now gloomy winter's past—
Now winter's past and spring revealed,
Revivifying cast,
Skies bright in sparkle, soft bedewed,
Comes April night, earth quite renewed,
While thus our field we fairly praise,
We grant its guardians meed of praise.
A. S.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

(A WARNING).

I played for a smash
With the sun in my eyes
Perhaps I was rash
When I played for a smash
For I dropped with a crash
And it cost us the prize
I played for a smash
With the sun in my eyes.

The Play and the Pierrots.

As surely as Christmas comes round, "The Gartnavel Opera and Dramatic Company"—of which nothing has been heard for twelve months—comes in full vigour to the front. We congratulate "The Company" on its quite perennial vitality, while we marvel at the mystery of how this is kept up, and how it blossoms out, year after year, in such freshness, along with the holly and mistletoe. The Company's performance forms undoubtedly the climax to the social pleasures of the winter-festival.

This year, the entertainment was of a threefold character. First, a pantomimic rendering of songs, humorous or pathetic, by a troupe of Pierrots, under the direction of Mr. Morgan; secondly, two vocal solos by a lady; and, thirdly, a play in one act, of about forty minutes, called "Leave it to me" (first given at the Royal Surrey Theatre, London), the rôle of which were kindly undertaken, as on various former occasions, by members of the medical and nursing staff.

The New Year's and second performance of this programme took place on January 13th, 1912. When the rising of the curtain, after a stirring overture, revealed a large semi-circle of bright and very-much-alive pierrots, we looked for a specially enjoyable evening; certainly we were not disappointed. The choir made a good beginning in their hearty rendering of the opening chorus, which was steady and full in tone. The first of the concerted numbers, which came next, was the favourite, "I have a song to sing O." In "The Pierrot and Maid" (Norman Reeve), Nurse Gow proved a quite charming Pierrotte, and sang with a winning sweetness.

In "Cobwebs" (Caldecott) we

experienced a treat. It was sung with lowered lights, and in this beautiful little work the hushed and very true voices of the entire choir blended in a sympathy and tenderness well in accord with the trümmerei of the subject. Attendant Hamilton, supported by the choir, then gave us an expressive rendering of Pelissier's "Ypsilante." "Mistletoe," an interesting and successful solo with chorus came next. It was written jointly and specially for this occasion by our own private "Gilbert and Sullivan," to whom we also owe the first and last numbers in the programme. The solo portions of "Mistletoe" were most effectively given by Nurse Brackenridge; it must have been no small pleasure to librettist and composer to hear this, their united work, so melodiously sung. At this point Attendants Hamilton and Archibald gave a portrayal of "The Young Man about Town," in which they chaffed and poked fun at each other, and generously exchanged bits of their mind.

Then with flicker of fan and dainty steps came a poppy-gowned sprite who sang, "Rhoda and her Pagoda" with infectious gaiety; for it is not the first time that Nurse Cochrane has appeared upon our stage, and, as you know, "practice makes peritiveness."

This bright episode was followed in excellent taste by Pelissier's pathetic "My Moon," in which a desponding maiden is seen and heard pouring out her plaint to gentle Luna. Nurse Barbour entered thoroughly into the pathos of this number, and delivered it with considerable dramatic fervour. The last solo, "The Old Umbrella" (Corney Grain), was given by a young lady residing here at present, who from beneath her big rosy umbrella

sung most tastefully and with acceptance, inviting all to come and share its grateful shade along with her, an offer not made in vain. The pierrot troupe then rose *en masse*, and united in the rich and lively chorus "Good night," when the curtain fell amid great applause.

The two songs forming the second part of the programme were entrusted to a lady whose voice is always welcome in our concert hall. The words of these have been set to music by Mr. Morgan. "Forget Thee," is a beautiful song, and we feel sure that the composer, who also acted as accompanist, must have been gratified by the vivid interpretation given. The music of the second song, "The smile o' my love," was also written by Mr. Morgan. We gladly take this opportunity of thanking all those who took part in this enjoyable entertainment, for the trouble and time they expended upon it. To Mr. Douglas, who has so closely identified himself with the household life, we turn in many difficulties, and he did not fail us in this one. He has our hearty thanks.

But there is one to whom not only the audience but the choir must feel indebted, and all the more that he has a remarkable faculty for keeping himself in the background. Now who was it planned this entertainment? Who selected the music, trained the choir, and encouraged and inspired the doubling? Who, in fact,—hidden away there behind, at his instrument, accompanying delicately but with infectious decision every solo and chorus,—was the fly-wheel that set in motion, regulated, and sustained the whole, yet never once through it all lost his temper, as is the manner of choir-masters? It is plain we have a unique musician moving among us. Unser junger Herr Concertmeister soll leben!

When a stage is required, where should we be without our practical Master of Works and his willing assistants? Hearty thanks to all of them, not forgetting "The Man o' the Moon" and his works.

AN ACCREDITED REPORTER.

Leave it to Me.

A FARCE.

THE above title is the name of the play given here, January 12th, 1912, by "The Gartnavel Dramatic Company."

In the opening scene we are plunged into the love affairs of four young people bent on marriage. These youths and maidens are hindered in their plans by an obstinate old gentleman, Mr. Easy. One of the four, Mr. Adolphus Courtly, a young advocate, has won the heart of Miss Amelia Easy; and, in spite of her father's opposition, is faithful to her, as she is to him. Susan, the not too thorough or tidy, but highly energetic housemaid of the family, has lost her heart to Sandy Macpherson, a "travelling potato merchant." But, unfortunately, all lovers are strictly forbidden the house by this queer old curmudgeon who has other views for his daughter, the natural result being a network of deception woven by the young people. Adolphus, in his perplexity, suggests that Susan's lover (a quick-witted fellow), might aid them in a plan he has thought out, namely, to play on Mr. Easy's belief in Spiritualism, and by this means secure their own ends. So Adolphus and Sandy set to and concoct their plot, Sandy's glegness, and fitness for the part shining out more and more as the conversation proceeds, and ripening suddenly into an intense desire for immediate action when he hears that success will secure for him £50! As the

result of this conference there presently appears at Mr. Easy's door one "Dr. Bodie, galvanist, spiritualist, etc., etc.," desiring an interview with the master of the house. He is welcomed, enters eagerly into conversation concerning his arts and sciences, and striving to prove some of his statements, glides in his surprising but telling lingo, into deep and mysterious hocus-pocus incantations, Mr. Easy following hard in abject unquestioning credulity. Dr. Bodie then converses with spirits, has dealings with his host's great-great-grand-father, and, after the unnoticed arrival of Adolphus, disguised as a masked medium and quickly concealed by Susan behind the table in the back-ground, chairs are moved about and glasses of wine drunk by unseen beings.

Presently arrives Mr. Quince, the prospective son-in-law, who casts contempt on the whole thing, and calls upon Dr. Bodie to prove his science. He immediately (being Sandy) gives some practical specimens of his boxing science on Mr. Quince himself, who is hustled about by Brother Barnaby (Adolphus) who has revealed himself in all the ghastliness of a masked domino. Mr. Quince shrieks in terror, refuses out and out to marry into such a cranky family, and rushes off pursued by the two mediums. All then goes well, for the father, after some demur at her choice of an apparent medium gives his consent to Amelia's marriage with Adolphus and cannot refuse Sandy his chief joy—Susan, and all receive a blessing from the disillusioned father.

The central "part" in this very imperfectly sketched plot was admirably carried out by Dr. Marshall. The short-sighted stupidity of the worldly father, his unreason-

able anger, and pitifully weak credulity were apparent at every turn. Mr. Easy's ponderous thoughts and plans were no match for Susan's wiles and sharp tongue, for his daughter's quiet determination, for the clever schemes of Mr. Courtney, or the amazing stratagems from the fertile brain of Sandy; but his vain struggles with each of these in succession gave a constant interest to his personality.

The play of the first pair of lovers (Nurse Andrew and Dr. Murchie) was characterised throughout by a pleasant dependableness; there was sufficient energy with abundant self-control, their aim it appeared being to form a background, almost a foil to the abandon of the rustic lovers, Nurse Andrew showing a quiet grace and unobtrusive decision of character.

We now come to "Susan" and "Sandy." Their parts entailed constant readiness, tact, and perpetual vivacity. Perhaps the evident relish with which they were received by the audience helped them along, for hearty, discriminating applause, instant recognition and sympathy with a successful effort is, we all know, life and strength, and even inspiration, to the actor. The two rôles were most efficiently, indeed brilliantly played by Miss Lorimer and Mr. Douglas. At every entrance they brought with them an invigorating atmosphere, causing eager curiosity in the audience as to what they would be up to next. But both knew well what they were "up to," and held tenaciously on their way allowing neither Susan's "edification" nor Sandy's want of it to interfere with their aims.

The sixth "part," that of the unattractive but clear-eyed Mr. Quince is a subordinate though very necessary one, and was well filled by Mr. Morgan, who suffered much, we

fear, at the hands of the excited Sandy; and simulated (if indeed it was simulated!) his terror for the mediums, extremely naturally.

That officials whose daily work is so constant and arduous should have found time to prepare and carry out so complete and stimulating a play for our entertainment calls for our warmest thanks, and we trust that these officials—one and all—realize that they have them. CRANSTON.

A Jaunt to Central Africa.

(Continued.)

On returning, I found my troubles were not yet quite over; the lady from Zanzibar constituted chaperon to the young English lady came into my two-berth cabin and demanded it as hers; fortunately, one of the ship's officers overheard her loud scolding voice and came to my rescue.

Just then the whole West was suddenly lit up by the most wonderful red and yellows quite transforming the Lybian Hills, and the stars soon came out in their greatest splendour turning the desert hills and sea into another grand picture-scene; some of the Glasgow Clan, one of the crew and myself mounted up to the hurricane-deck. There, with the electric light mingling miserably with the star-light, sat the scolding lady from Zanzibar. At one end of the captain's cabin and near the door sat our good skipper looking the worse of drink; he asked us hospitably to be seated, but one could not be happy under such conditions. I, for one, soon slipped out of the uncongenial atmosphere. On deck I met the chief officer looking worried, saying there was an important company coming the next evening (Christmas evening), and admitting he was anxious about the captain.

About four next morning, catching a glance out of my port, I espied the most wonderful panorama! In the pale light the whole town looked like a busy ant-hive. Tall, soldierly fellows scurrying here and there as though their very lives depended upon it; they swarmed out of the town in groups, out and about the works in the harbour, each group being headed by an Englishman, Greek or Italian, generally accompanied by a Syrian interpreter. I was soon on deck, fascinated by the sun rising from over Arabia. By nine o'clock the busy people had disappeared as mysteriously as they had arisen, and not a soul was to be seen out in the broad boulevard.

In the afternoon we all trekked out to the recreation ground and I am sorry to admit that the ship's visitors were severely defeated by the residents at cricket.

It was indeed a busy day! All the residents within a radius of thirty miles had travelled or ridden in to take two days holidays at Christmas.

After dinner, on Christmas Eve, we watched the ship's search-light playing round the town, harbour, and desert, in anticipation of the captain's visitors, to guide them over the rough, uneven ground. Clad in their "Joy-togs" and the latest fashion in collar, tie, shirt, and silk lapels, they appeared in the distance, each carrying the chair they had used for their Christmas dinner on his shoulder. We passed a pleasant, festive evening with an occasional sprint on deck to get a little more ozone. At 12 o'clock we all wished each other a merry Xmas and our visitors with their chairs took their departure.

Next morning a deacon-missionary, not yet in priest's orders, conducted matins in the church. The building was full and the choir of tenors and

basses remarkably good; looking round I saw the young English invalid at the very back, her will in this case having asserted itself in spite of her self-imported monitor and chaperon. The Glasgow family clan, I regret to say, were absent, not being enabled to overcome their scruples of so many hundred years.

Immediately afterwards there were diving, swimming, and boat races for both natives and residents. Many had to retire to their fastnesses in the wilds and continue their work.

There was little time for more Christmas festivities. The ship had to unload its heavy iron cargo which would take over a fortnight. Just before retiring on Christmas Day, the crane began its lullaby, which it kept up every night till after breakfast next morning. The Bedaween Nubians being unaccustomed to manual night labour evidently were getting careless by morning, and when they worked with their upper limbs forgot they had lower ones also, allowing the heavy steel sheets and iron girders for the centrifugal bridge to fall upon their legs and feet mutilating them. On reaching deck I found the chief officer busy at work amongst the handsome black though bleeding legs. I assisted him. Their wounds did not affect their nerveless systems at all and those with "large white dolies" attached to their big toe seemed specially proud men. Next morning at day-break they were still at their posts on the bank and eventually ventured on board to have their wounds attended to. The chief officer was cross as he had only a limited store of lint and bandages. I tried to direct them to the wooden hospital and the mate swore in Hindustance. But no use, the officer at last saw they would not go because they preferred being attended by a

white lady. I said that was all nonsense as they thought I was a young Englishman. This gave him pause for thought and then he quietly got the harbour-master, who spoke their language, to send them to the hospital.

To be continued.

CRICKET.

We look forward to the coming season with a feeling of optimism, for we usually manage to gather together the material for the making of a useful side. We notice there are some new names in the list of fixtures; our secretary is keen on getting bigger game for us to kill. I suppose he thinks we have won far too many matches in the past. We certainly have had some very successful years, whether due to weak opposition or our good play I am not going to say, but I might suggest it has been a little of both. However, let us hope for good weather and keen games for, after all, these are the chief essentials to our glorious summer pastime.

The following is a list of the fixtures to date:—

Date.	Opponents.	Ground.
May 1	Technical College,	Gartnavel
" 4	Godhall, ...	"
" 11	North Western, ...	"
" 22	Kelburne 2nd XI, ...	"
" 25	Poloc 3rd XI, ...	"
" 29	Jordanvale, ...	"
June 1	Clydesdale Titwood XI, ...	"
" 8	Hartwood, ...	"
" 12	Glasgow Academy, ...	"
" 15	Fergusie Juniors, ...	"
" 19	Queen's Park, ...	"
" 22	Gartloch, ...	Gartloch
July 6	West of Scotland Hamilton Crescent XI, ...	Gartnavel
" 27	Rutherford, ...	"
Aug. 3	Lennox Castle, ...	"
" 10	Dumbarton, ...	"
" 17	Gartloch, ...	"
" 24	Amiesland United, ...	"
" 31	Untas, ...	"

L. B. W.

REMORSE.

The sermon was good
But the day was so stuffy
I did all that I could
For the sermon was good
It was certainly rude
Yet he needn't be huffy
The sermon was good
But the day was so stuffy.

A SONNET.

There is no man on earth I envy more
Than one well primed with pregnant
jests and saws,
Just such a wit as once poor Yorick was,
Setting like him, the table in a roar.
Is it not good, when hearts are sick and sore,
To hear some wag, possessed of agile jaws,
Retail, mid rounds of rapturous applause,
A batch of crisp bon mots unheard before.
But when the car of eve is bearing fast
Across the milk, and tired to death one
thinks
To lay all labour for the moment past
And snatch a minimum wage of forty
winks,
The villain should be taken out and hung,
Who at such times declines to hold his
tongue. T. L. D.

The Great-Grand-Aunt:

A GENEALOGICAL TALE.

By Anemone.

SUMMARY.—*Bessie Kennedy, a young school-teacher, is sent by her mother for a short holiday to Rothsay. Before setting out, her mother shows her a letter from an aunt in Fife, in which mention is made of a great-grand-aunt who eloped with a divinity student to America a hundred years before, and hope is expressed by the writer of discovering their descendants. Bessie's mother sees her off in the "Columbia" from Gowan pier. On board of the steamer her attention is attracted by an elderly couple accompanied by a handsome young man in a knickerbocker suit, who express their admiration of the Clyde scenery. Their accent shows them to be American. Their ready assistance to Bessie, who is robbed of her purse, leads to a firm friendship. On a visit to her friends in the east, her uncle mentions that enquiries are afoot for the descendants of a Mr. John Fraser.*

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"What!" cried his wife, "the Frasers of Craighead? There, you sceptical girl, did I not tell you we would yet discover them?"

"Of course," continued Mr. Ballantyne, "I gave him full information, including the story of the elopement. The gentleman who instituted the enquiries is a Mr. Leslie, an American, who is at present in this country."

"That exactly tallies with the paragraph which I saw in the American paper," said his wife triumphantly. "The farm of Craighead was re-let some seventy years ago on the death of the last male representative, so you, my dear Bessie,

are the last of the race, and either third or fourth cousin to this Mr. Leslie."

"Ah, auntie, I suppose he will turn out to be some leather-faced Yankee, who will go squinting tobacco juice over your carpets."

"Don't jump to conclusions, Bessie, I never do," replied her aunt.

"Auntie should have been a novelist. What a splendid story the elopement would make, if only a hero were forthcoming," laughed Bessie.

"No, child, I am too matter-of-fact for that," said Mrs. Ballantyne. "I delight in historical facts, and history—especially the history of Fife—is well worth studying. Do you know, my dear Bessie, that my old friend the editor of the *Fife Argus* has asked me to contribute an article on the naval base which the Government proposes to establish at St. Margaret's Hope."

Next day, while Bessie was cutting flowers in the garden, she was suddenly summoned in-doors by Bella, one of the young farm maids, who informed her that there were visitors in the drawing-room.

"Oh, Miss Bessie, but you look real bonnie!" exclaimed the young country girl, as she looked smilingly at the red rose which Bessie had fastened in the bosom of her light summer frock. "Ye're just like the young laddy in the picture hinger' up in the drawing-room, for she has a red rose in her breast too."

"Do you mean the great-grand-aunt?" said Bessie laughing at the naivete of the girl.

"Ay, an' ye're awfu' like her—jist the same kind o' hair an' dress."

"Oh, Bella, you must not flatter me at such a rate," said Bessie, as she hurried up the walk towards the house, with the intention of reaching her bedroom to smooth her hair and make herself tidy before appearing to the visitors. She was seized, however, by her aunt at the drawing-room door, who pounced upon her much as a constable would seize a criminal.

"Come, Bessie!" she triumphantly exclaimed. "And without further explanation dragged her niece into the room."

"This is Miss Kennedy," she said, as two gentlemen and a lady rose to receive her. To Bessie's astonishment she recognised her Rothsay friends.

"Bessie, this is your cousin Mr. Douglas Leslie—a direct descendant of your great-grand-aunt Fraser"—but here aunt Jane paused, and a look of amazement came over her face.

"Cousin Bessie," said the young man taking her hand, "I did not expect to meet

you so soon again. This is indeed a surprise!"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Metcalf. "This is quite romantic. Just to think that you should turn out to be Douglas's cousin!"

Explanations rapidly followed, and when the whole tale had been told of the first meeting on board the *Columba*, and of the other meeting at Rothesay Castle, aunt Jane turning to her niece said, "You see, Bessie, I was right; I always knew we would make the discovery some day, you sceptical girl!"

"Now," said Mr. Metcalf, "we will leave Douglas in charge of his relatives, as we have to go north to Aberdeen tomorrow with a party of acquaintances. He cannot be in better hands, I think."

Before leaving, Mr. Metcalf informed Mr. Ballantyne that Douglas Leslie was the senior partner of the great Leslie Iron Co. "He was early left an orphan, and I being one of the partners was appointed a trustee by his father. We had no children of our own, and he lived with us since his father's death."

Within a week cousin Douglas had become as one of the family, and had endeared himself to all by his quiet unassuming manners. Indeed, anyone who had seen him volunteering to act the part of coachman on a Sunday morning when driving the Crailknockie waggonette to church, would never have taken him for a wealthy American iron merchant.

With shooting, fishing, and driving, the days flew quickly by, and at the end of a month Douglas showed no inclination to leave the hospitable roof of Crailknockie. One bright day towards the end of August, he had been out shooting with Mr. Ballantyne, and returning just at dinner-time, found Bessie occupying her favourite seat in the old summer-house, embroidering a tea-cosie for her aunt.

"You look tired," she said smilingly as she made room for him on the rustic seat. "Not very," he replied, as he watched her nimble fingers fastening rows of white beads on the crimson cloth of the cosie-cover. Then he said quietly, "Your mother says you will have to return to Glasgow in a week, as the schools take up then."

"Yes, I must be back by the first of September," she replied with something like a sigh. "I suppose your friends the Metcalfs will be returning to New York soon?"

"I am not returning with them," he remarked, as he took a square white envelope from his breast pocket

which Bessie could easily see contained a photograph. Smiling at her inquiring glance, he said—"Oh, this is a photograph of a young lady friend of mine for whom I have a sincere regard."

"Oh, indeed," she replied rather coldly, as she pictured some sharp-featured Yankee girl with a high nasal drawl. He kept fingering the envelope slowly for a few seconds, then in a hesitating voice asked,— "Would you like to look at it?"

"Well, yes, now that you have aroused my curiosity," said Bessie, as she ran her needle into her finger in endeavouring to thread a bead. As she took the envelope a tiny drop of blood trickled from her finger and fell on the flap.

"There, now, you have placed a seal on it. Don't you think it a lucky omen," and he watched her gravely while she opened the envelope.

"Oh, cousin Douglas!" she cried, and the hot blood rushed to her neck and face. The photograph showed a young girl seated on a camp-stool sketching a ruined chapel.

"Well, cousin Bessie, you recognise her now," he said, as he drew close to her side. Just then Bella, the maid, rang the dinner bell loudly.

* * * * *

"Dear me, what can be keeping these young people in the garden," exclaimed Mr. Ballantyne. "Dinner has been on the table for ten minutes now. Ring again, Bella."

"I hae rang the bell three times," said the maid, "but I'll ring it again."

Just then the two truants were seen coming up the garden walk, Bessie's arm being linked with that of Douglas. At dinner, the old farmer, who dearly loved a joke, had two fowls to carve, and contrived that the two young cousins should each receive a merry-thought, which, however, did not escape the sharp eyes of aunt Jane.

"Well, I declare, each of you has a marriage bone!"

"Strange coincidence," said her husband looking quizzically at both, "I suppose there will be no need to break them."

Bessie blushed and was silent, but Douglas replied smiling, "No, not the slightest."

In bidding her niece good-night that evening her aunt kissed her most affectionately, saying, "Now, my dear Bessie, you will not make fun of poor old auntie again for indulging in vain genealogies."

"No, auntie, never again," replied Bessie, as she returned her aunt's embrace.

THE END.