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New Series.

APRIL, 1903.

No. 2.

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Review of Entertainments.

DURING the past winter, entertainments have been numerous. They have been varied in character and excellent in quality. Time was when the travelling showman, the itinerant conjurer, the man with the marionettes, and other strolling players and singers were much in evidence. Now, however, they have almost ceased from troubling, and the entertainments are on the whole of better tone and more plentiful than ever.

Mr. Airlie has successfully completed his forty-sixth season of winter concerts. He has not been superintending these concerts himself for quite forty-six years, but we may as well give him credit for the whole forty-six and thus save all further trouble, counting or haggling about dates. Forty six multiplied by six gives a total of two hundred and seventy-six concerts, and the slightest reflection will convince anyone that all those concerts were not successfully mapped out and carried through without much forethought and excellent judgment. The printing of the programmes, giving the words of the principal songs, assists greatly in promoting the success of those concerts, and although Mr. Airlie has been so often and so heartily thanked verbally, he well deserves to be thanked and congratulated once more in print on account of such a long series of successful concerts. Besides first-class songs by first-class singers, Mr. Airlie has not omitted to let us have a fair amount of choral singing and also a dash of violin playing at several of the concerts. He has also announced that, unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances, he means to go on with the forty-seventh season in due course, so that there is every reason to expect a

continuance of high-class concerts in the future. Mr. Airlie's concert is described in journalistic style as a *Wednesday Monthly*, but there are many other entertainments, and some of them are described and explained by their journalistic names.

There is the *Thursday Weekly* which everybody knows and likes. The dance music is excellent, so also is the dancing. It would be difficult to improve the Thursday programme at present, and attendant Thomson deserves to be thanked for the trouble he takes in doing the impresario work necessary in order to provide four good songs, duets or recitations at each concert.

The *Monday Fortnightly* is an "At Home," and although it is a quieter affair than the Thursday dance, by some it is liked better on that account.

The *Saturday Fortnightly* was instituted this season by Dr. Oswald and consisted chiefly of lantern views. There were also exhibitions of gramophone, phonograph and cinematograph. The lantern views took us from Fife to Jerusalem and there was also a night in the land o' Burns. Demonstrations of this kind are instructive as well as entertaining and the lighter bits provoked much amusement.

It is rare to find a choir of children here, but thanks to the Rev. Mr. Carswell we were favoured with an entertainment of this nature by the Knightswood choir in January.

Comedy Drama.—The Players' Club and Orchestra appeared in strong force and staged two amusing pieces on 7th February. The first piece was "The Marble Arch" which was cleverly played by two ladies and two gentlemen; the second piece was well worthy of being called a laughable farce for it kept the audience in continuous laughter. Its title was "The Burglar and the Judge," and it contained three male characters only. The laughter was loudest when the old judge was dancing to the "piping" of the burglar, and the "business" in question re-

minded some of us of our own "Dick Deadeye" and the "Boatswain." The Players' Orchestra rendered several pieces in a very pleasing manner, and so contributed largely to the evening's entertainment.

Comic Opera.—Amateur theatricals are a source of much amusement, but in order to be thoroughly amusing and interesting the actors must be known in their every day life to the audience. It is this consideration which makes the Gartnavel comic opera a special source of delight and interest to a Gartnavel audience. Most of those in the audience know who's who, and if they don't they do not rest satisfied until they find out.

On Saturday, 3rd January, a very correct performance of "Patience" was given in full dress but without scenery. The performance went through like clockwork, lasting two hours and ten minutes. The following week, influenza insisted on taking a part, and the cast was incomplete. On Monday, 12th January, Mrs. Yellowless very kindly came to the rescue, and, on short notice, took the part of Lady Jane (invalided). The performance of 12th January was received with much applause and was in every way successful. There was a large audience and they loudly encored many of the favourite numbers. The scenery was all that could be desired, and, taken as a whole, the performance was the nearest approach we have yet had to a real theatrical show. There were so many encores that the opera lasted about two hours and a half. After the opera was over there was a short dance which partook somewhat of the character of a fancy-dress ball, for Mr. Bunthorne and a number of dragoons in scarlet tunics, besides a full supply of aesthetic ladies and "every-day young girls" joined in the dancing.

Thus ended the fifth season of comic opera at Gartnavel, and a short history of the whole five seasons forms the subject of another article.

Just as we are going to press we have been favoured with another delightful entertainment given by Mr. Neilson and his amateur orchestra.

Subjoined is the cast of "Patience," from programme, January, 1903:—

Officers of Dragoon Guards.
Col. Calverley Mr. H. Yellowless.
Major Murgatroyd Mr. Jas. E. S. Anderson.
Lt. The Duke of Devonshire Mr. Hear.
Regimental Bandmaster, & Flute Player, Mr. D. Yellowless.
Archibald Grosvenor, an English Peer Mr. M.
Mr. Bunthorne's Solicitor Mr. M.
Chorus of Officers of Dragoon Guards.
Mr. Gray and Mr. Hill.
The Lady Angela Miss K.
The Lady Sophie Miss K.
The Lady Ella Miss K.
The Lady Jane Miss K.
Patience. Miss K.
Nurse Simpson.
Chorus of Dragoon Guards.
Nurses Dickson, Barclay, and Williamson.
Pianist Miss Murray.

Comic Opera at Gartnavel.

SHORT paragraphs have more than once been seen in some of the daily papers stating mysteriously that there was at Gartnavel a comic opera company which "gave performances of comic opera at Gartnavel and also in neighbouring asylums." There is no mystery about it, and the whole history is now put in print.

Comic opera has many points which make it specially attractive to an audience. It contains enough acting and speaking to give it the character of a small play, and it contains enough songs and singing to give it the attractions of a concert. Then there are the fancy costumes and a little dancing on the stage to make it still more lively.

It was fortunate that comic opera was the kind of entertainment selected for cultivation by the Gartnavel company, for all other departments are already so well represented that there was scarcely room for any entertainment other than a comic opera.

Some years ago, Dr. Yellowless very aptly claimed special consideration for the comic opera on the ground that it was a "home made" production. It is prepared entirely on the premises and without any professional or semi-professional assistance.

The first production was made up of bits from several popular operas. The second was "H.M.S. Pinafore," and the appearance of British tars provoked great enthusiasm. The third opera produced was "The Mikado," which, in fancy, carried us to Japan.

All those three operas were played several times at Gartnavel and once at Gartloch.

The fourth opera produced was "The Gondoliers" with Venetians and Spaniards as the characters. Fifthly and lastly "Patience" was staged with English scenery, ladies in aesthetic costumes, poets in velvet, and the British officers of dragoon guards in scarlet tunics. Thus the five operas have provided excellent variety in characters and scenery. The earlier ones would doubtless bear revival at no distant date.

Great praise is due to attendant Thomson who has taken the leading tenor parts in all the operas. He was particularly successful as Nanki-Poo in "The Mikado," and as Grosvenor in "Patience." Mr. D. Yellowless has taken important parts in all the operas, and in our latest production he played the part of Bunthorne with ease and complete success. Mr. H. Yellowless has also appeared in all the operas and in "Patience" he was quite at home in the part of Colonel Calverley.

Nurse Simpson distinguished herself greatly in the difficult part of "Patience" and she too was of the original Gartnavel comic opera company.

It would be impossible to produce comic opera successfully without Mrs. Murray at the piano and Miss Darnley as controller of costumes. Much of the success of the various operas is to be attributed to their able co-operation.

Although so well supplied with excellent entertainments from the outside it is to be hoped that an effort will continue to be made to prepare a home-made production annually at "the festive season."

Koko.

HB13/2/139

Songs and Singers.

It needs no learned musician to understand the point raised in this article. Sometimes we hear singers attempting to sing songs where the words are quite inapplicable. For example we recently heard some fine young ladies singing out that for Bonnie Annie Laurie they would "lay them doon and dee." Doubtful if they would lay themselves doon and dee for the best man in the kingdom, and certainly not for Annie Laurie or any other Annie no matter how bonnie. They cannot have meant it.

Sometimes an elderly spinster is heard to attempt "I'm owre young tae marry yet." This generally provokes a slight laugh, and we once heard it elicit a remark from Mr. Airlie which made the singer blush.

The young ladies, however, who sang about dying for Annie Laurie escaped particular notice, but then perhaps the question of marrying is considered more important than "laying themselves doon and dee."

There used to be an old man who went about the country with cap and bells as a travelling jester. He called himself "Heather Jock" and he sang Scotch songs and delivered jests ready made. Doubtless, some of the readers of the GARTNAVEL GAZETTE will remember him. He was in the habit of singing "Annie Laurie" and when he came to "lay me doon and dee" he suited the action to the word and lay down full length on the road greatly to the delight of the village urchins.

It is not suggested here that the young ladies should imitate "Heather Jock" or turn a concert into a comic opera, but they can easily avoid singing songs where they lay themselves open to "chaff" of this sort. There are some keen critics at Gartnavel, Mr. Editor. Mr. A. Angus used to say that "Gartnavel audiences are far better judges than some folk think."

DUNCAN GRAY.

The Daily Newspaper.

WHEN Carlyle called the newspaper press the new Church, adding that it might also be called the new Parliament, he put into characteristic words a far-seeing truth. The daily newspaper is becoming more and more a power in the land, a valuable educational force in the training of citizens, and a medium of transmission, not only of events that are making the history of the future, but of ideas that are forming the mental wealth of the country. It does not merely give us echoes of life from day to day, but it constitutes a stimulating literature of power, carrying its readers over the whole cosmos of living thought, and opening up to them the drama of humanity. This record of the daily events that are taking place over the whole surface of the globe keeps us in immediate touch with other nations, and will unquestionably help to bring about a better understanding which will be the best guarantee for commercial interchange and amicable co-operation.

Thomas Aird—poet and journalist—described the newspaper as the Gospel of God's daily providence working in men's world.

Another poet-journalist—James Russell Lowell—with true insight, called our attention to its importance in these eloquent words:—"See what a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them. And from what a Bible can he choose his text—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the laity—the open volume of the world, upon which, with a pen of sunshine and destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve

that title which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century; and must find his tables of the new law here among factories and cities in this Wilderness of Sin called Progress of Civilisation, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order."

We know that the late Dr. Holland—also editor and poet—once declared that he considered the opportunities of journalism the highest gaudium to be worked for beneath the stars.

There is no fuller manual of life and its activities than the daily newspaper, and though it has but a brief existence, and passes quickly into "the treasury of things that are honestly and completely ended and done with," it has, at all events, found an honourable place in the day's currency, and gained a wider recognition than any other form of printed matter.

Since the first daily newspaper was established in London, in 1703, there has been a tremendous development of journalistic effort. We may get a good deal of loose thinking and inaccurate writing in the newspaper editorials of the provincial towns, but it must be generally acknowledged that in our cities we have an easy, dexterous handling of passing events and interests, and a cultured, catholic grasp of the varied subjects that are discussed in their columns. If, as Robert Louis Stevenson maintains, it is the laborious pen alone that gives us the limpid and pellucid style, and that ease and flexibility are the disguises of eternal labour, then surely the editorial dailies can claim the distinction of being the products of a school of incessant mental toil and strenuous persistency.

The illustrated papers have preserved for us the dress and manners of past decades, and the daily newspapers have recorded the customs, crimes, accomplished facts, and general concerns of the community.

There are some curious instances of

by-gone phases of national life in the newspapers of fifty years ago.

A London newspaper of February, 1832, gives an account of a scene at Smithfield Market. An agricultural labourer entered the market leading his wife by a halter, and gave her to a drover, desiring him to tie her to one of the pens and sell her by auction. The woman, who was young and not bad-looking, was not heard to make any objection. She was sold for ten shillings; whereupon the parties adjourned to the public house, where the late husband spent most of the money in brandy.

B.W.

The Scarcity of Men.

EVERY now and again the cry goes up—at social functions, dances, concerts, etc., the men are either too scarce or the women are too numerous. The cry is heard in all ranks of society, but Mrs. Flannigan says that there are always plenty of men at the football matches and also at the public-houses. In the latter, of an evening, you will see hundreds of men and not a single woman—or a married one either amongst the crowd.

From the colonies there comes the cry that there is a scarcity of women. They want women who can cook, bake, milk the cows, and do all the housework, also washing, and never grumble. There's compensation for you. The men in the colonies have probably more to endure by reason of the scarcity of women than the women here endure by reason of the scarcity of men.

At some dances and fancy-dress balls recently, the so-called leaders of fashion, Lady Howe, Lady Sarah Wilson and others appeared in male attire. We read that Lady Sarah Wilson was a great success as "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and that Mrs. West was conspicuous as "a gay cavalier" with waxed moustachios and costume to match. If this is a device of "high sassity" to make up for the scarcity

of men, it is not to be commended. Fancy a damozel dancing with such a gay cavalier as Lady This or The Hon. Mrs. That. Doubtless the gay cavalier would take a wicked delight in sticking the points of her finely-waxed moustachios into one's cheek or even into one's eye. To suffer treatment of this kind from a real cavalier might not be altogether unbearable, but from a society lady masquerading as a man it would be nothing short of unmitigated torture.

My statements may be somewhat rambling, but some of my points are plain enough—especially the points of the waxed moustachios.

LADY JANE.

P.S.—Is this too highly spiced, Mr. Bunthorne? Not for my taste.

The Commencement of Spring.

It is sometimes loosely stated that Spring commences on 1st March, but this has no sensible or scientific foundation. Our own Astronomer Royal says that, technically, Spring commences when the Sun enters Aries, that is, at the equinox; but some prefer to reckon Spring as extending from about six weeks before to about six weeks after the equinox.

In Australia and other southern latitudes Spring is generally looked upon as commencing about the month of August, so that—as our astronomer remarks—his statement applies only to the northern hemisphere.

The safest view to hold is that Spring commences when Winter ends. This applies to both hemispheres.

The poet says that "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Spring is the mating season, and all creation rings with the song of birds and other joyous calls. According to the poet, man retains this characteristic in common with lower forms of animal life.

At the Saturday Fortnightly.

ONE Saturday evening was devoted to celebrating "The Immortal Memory" with lantern views of The Land o' Burns, and a few appropriate songs. Dr. Oswald intimated that a volume of Burns' poems was offered for the best short essay appreciative of Burns the poet. The best essay yet to hand is the one printed in this issue, and composed by "Gustavus Vasa."

Gustavus Vasa is the *nom de plume* used by Mr. Bunthorne's solicitor.

Dr. Oswald also intimated that there was a post of honorary photographic artist open. All appliances and facilities will be provided for the purpose of taking some interesting and amusing photographs during the summer months.

The photographs (if suitable) will be subsequently prepared for exhibition on the screen with the aid of the lantern. Here is a good chance for someone to practise the art of photography, and at the same time to confer a public service.

Robert Burns: a Monograph.

BY GUSTAVUS VASA.

"I AM SURE poor Robert Burns is in heaven!" These words were uttered some twenty-five years ago to the writer by a pious old lady, long since gone to her rest. Then, with passionate earnestness and tears in her eyes, she added, "The man who wrote 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' and 'To Mary in Heaven' must be there!" We cannot judge harshly of the man who roused the Scottish Muse from her long and silent slumber. What we love to dwell on is, that the ploughman striding of sixteen, whose boyish rhymes attracted the attention of his friends and neighbours, at last sang in strains divine of the joys and sorrows of his native land. The sensitive spirit of the poet felt keenly, in his latter

years, the neglect of his former friends, and to this neglect has been ascribed his fits of intemperance. Dying at the early age of thirty-seven, it would indeed be difficult to conjecture what his more matured powers would have produced. Many competent judges, however, have expressed the opinion that, had he attempted dramatic writing, the author of "Tam o' Shanter" might have equalled the Bard of Avon in imaginative power.

In many of his finest poems we see that yearning after the high ideal to which he felt he could not attain—the earnest, passionate cry springing from the poet's inmost soul for all that was noble and true. Like the poet King of Israel, we also find him at times plunged in fits of the deepest remorse, to which he almost involuntarily gives utterance.

We have little sympathy with the "uncla guid," as he himself termed them, who, while choosing to forget his virtues, make a merit of dwelling on his faults; and still less with those who condone his follies as a cloak for their own. In every country of the wide world his songs are sung and his name revered, while his poems have been translated into almost all the languages of Europe. To the carping critics who are always searching after the mote in their brother's eye, we can only say, in the words of One who knew what was in man, "Judge not that ye be not judged." Next to the Bible itself, the poems and songs of the Ayrshire bard are loved and quoted by all ranks of the Scottish people, and indeed by the whole British race in every clime.

Football.

ASSOCIATION football has at length found its way into Gartnavel. Regulation goal posts have been erected, and the first organised game took place on 1st January, 1903. The match was East versus West, and after a good

game the West just managed to win by a goal to nothing. Names of the players were not supplied to the press, but we noticed attendants Beaton, Mills, Davidson, Dr. Anderson, D. Yellowlees, H. Yellowlees, J. Waddell. Dr. Cochrane kindly officiated as referee. Some of the players kicked hard but did not always manage to kick the ball. The match was considered quite a success and was much enjoyed both by the players and the spectators. It is not likely, however, that football will attain great popularity in Gartnavel. Football teams (Association) bring with them a crowd not to say rabble of followers whose presence is not altogether desirable in the grounds.

Golf.

THE monthly handicap trophy was competed for in December and won by Mr. Denholm (scratch). The trophy is now covered with names and has served its purpose well by maintaining interest in the game for some years back. It belongs to the House and can never be won outright. Doubtless it will be carefully preserved and will be an interesting curio a hundred years hence.

A ladies' course of five holes is now open in the West field. Provided that a sufficient number of entries are forthcoming, a tournament will be promoted about the middle of April.

Spring Fashions.

THE GERY CUCKOO AND THE GREEN PARROT CONVERSE.

Said Jake unto Harry,
No longer I'll tarry,
I must have a new dress coloured green or sky blue,
With a box to match—I'll be grander than you.

Said Harry to Jake,
Then a change I will make,
For I'll wear a pink blouse and a matinee hat,
Which will reach to the skies—you can't come up to that.

An Episode in Rhyme

(DR. OSWALD'S CONTRIBUTION.)

In this episode each couplet is completed by the name of a book. Thus No. 2 is completed as a specimen, and we invite our readers to fill in the others in the same way; the name of the book rhyming with the first line. In our next issue we will publish the completed episode as it was written by a valued correspondent.

AN EPISODE IN RHYME.

1. Come listen to a simple tale of life,
Of a fair youth who was *John of the Glen*
2. Not given to wandering far throughout
the earth,
He lived beside "The Cloister and the
Hearth."
3. Till one day as his orisons he made to
God,
He heard a voice which said, "Son,
take *A Son's Duty*."
4. And he thence straight towards the land
of France,
And take to aid thy way
5. But lest misfortunes hap should fall on
thee,
I prithee take to guard thy wanderings
.
6. So go thou forth, my Son, in Faith and
Courage strong,
Remembering that thy duty is
7. Low bowed the youth, then to his cell
he ran
To fetch a treasure thence
8. Then journeying onwards with his com-
rades merry,
They soon left far behind
9. The youth was new to all the world so
fair,
So found it good to have
10. And many folks they met, even maids
and wives,
Yet ever held their course towards
.
11. So coming to a wood hard by a castle
proud,
They found themselves *Very close to the castle*
12. Reclining there, a beautiful sight to see,
A maid they spied
13. Asleep she lay, but even sleeping, she
Seemed to the monk most wondrous
That he saw
14. He gazed with rapture, then he said,
"I ween
I would the lady fair were called *Evangeline*"

15. "But hush," he said, "by all the Saints'
dear sakes,
We'll hear her story
16. So his rough comrades checked their
stories risible,
And softly listened to
17. Then as the maiden woke, she cried,
"It seems
I've been asleep, and I've indulged in
.
18. I dreamed of marriage, while the priests
intoned,
Alas! I'm now an outcast
19. "Nay," said the monk, "fair maid be
not afraid,
I'll change my 'habit' for *Thine*."
20. Little I have to give one so divine,
Yet all I have's for thee for *Thine*."
21. Though lost the world, in thee far more
I'll win,
We'll wed at Shrewsbury, at
22. "Agreed," she said, "but one thing I
desire,
That I may dress myself *To thy ability*."
23. "As wilt," replied the monk, "but oh,
my queen,
Run not for me
24. So they were wed, the maid and holy
boy,
She had as page
25. The soldiers three the press-gang took
afloat
So they became the *Three Merry Men*."
26. So Hymen's blessing o'er our couple
hovers,
Who, wedded now, were once

Nurse Evangeline;

OR, THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"Yes," said the doctor, "the incident I am about to relate happened quite a number of years ago. I had just attained to the dignity of a full-fledged 'sawbones,' and was prospecting around for a suitable locality in which to commence practice, when I was offered the post of *locum tenens* in one of our Glasgow fever hospitals during the resident doctor's absence on holiday. I accepted the post, packed a few things in a bag, and arrived at the hospital one lovely evening in the month of August. Having arrived in the evening I did

not of course take actual duty till the following morning, when, accompanied by the matron, I was introduced to the nursing staff and began a round of the wards.

"Where is Nurse Evangeline?" enquired the matron, having introduced me to the rest.

"In ward 14," was the reply.

"Oh it's all right, we shall come to her on our way. Come, doctor." And off we went, arriving in due course at ward 14. This ward was devoted to children suffering from scarlet fever, and here I met and was introduced to —Nurse Evangeline. Where had I seen this face before! It seemed quite familiar to me. And I am afraid, as she turned her large, soft brown eyes upon me, and said in low sweet tones, "very pleased to meet you, doctor," she must have thought me exceedingly stupid, for I stood like one transfixed, spellbound. Indeed, it was with considerable effort that I shook myself together, for it seemed as if I had come under some magic influence; and as she accompanied me round the different cots with their little sufferers, my heart beat wildly. Why! you ask. I can't tell you.

Every day for a week I met Nurse Evangeline in ward 14; and, as if actuated by some unaccountable human magnetism, her approach, as I entered, seemed to thrill every fibre in my being. And yet, she hardly spoke to me. Indeed, anything she did say was in reference to her little patients, who all seemed to love her. For although she but seldom smiled her manner was so kind and gentle, and there was a sad wistfulness in her face that attracted every one to her.

Nurse Evangeline—the mind travelled at once to Evangeline St. Clair. Where had I seen this haunting face, or who was she at all? I dared not evince any curiosity concerning her, it was outwith the bounds of propriety; moreover nurses, those alleged ministering angels, sometimes display consid-

erable animosity towards one another, and a rancorous ill-feeling towards a favourite, especially the doctor's favourite. However, by the end of another week I had made some discoveries on my own account. I discovered that outside her own ward Nurse Evangeline was not a favourite with her sister nurses, that, indeed, she had but few friends. She was not even liked by visitors calling to enquire for the patients; there was a cold professionalism, a preciseness of fact in her report to them that jarred upon them. But I also discovered that she was the best trained, the most skilful, and most reliable nurse in the institution. And as I watched her trim figure as she met me each morning in the ward, and gazed for a moment upon the beautiful oval face with its large soul-full eyes, I asked myself where had I seen her before!

Was it a dream? Had I been dreaming of some one whose counterpart she was? How often I felt that I would give a good deal to have a chat with her, however brief, and see her sad wistful face illuminated by a single smile, but professional etiquette said "no."

One day towards evening the iron gates swung open, and the institution "growler" rattled up. It was a scarlet fever patient for ward 14, a little girl of perhaps five, accompanied by a very old woman, presumably the child's grandmother. Nurse Evangeline was on duty. But as the old woman stepped out of the cab she was seized by an attack of neuralgia, and requested another nurse to take down the particulars of the case, until she procured something to allay the pain in her face.

An hour later she sent for me to come and see the child, and I imagined as I entered the ward that she was strangely agitated.

"What a lovely little girl," I said, as I looked at the child in her cot, "and what a beautiful head of hair."

"Yes," she replied, "what a pity it must all come off."

"Is it a bad case, doctor?" she asked after a pause, during which she handled the child's golden curls. And I detected a note of anxiety in her voice as she put the question. "I am rather afraid it is, Nurse Evangeline," I replied. "You see it is not at all a satisfactory beginning. I always like to see a jolly bright rash." I noticed that the colour left her face and she clenched her hands, but no words escaped her lips. I endeavoured to draw her into conversation, but further than reply briefly to my questions she would not be drawn. The child's name I ascertained was Eirene Louise St. Clair, and like a flash my mind turned again to "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

As I had foreseen, Eirene's case was a most serious one. She was a most gentle, a most patient, and a most loving child, and very soon endeared herself to those in attendance upon her.

For eight long weeks she bravely fought the fever, and suffered without a murmur; then we got her out of bed, and thought the worst was over. It did not occur to me then, but I have frequently thought about it since, and it might have aroused suspicion in my mind as to who the child really was, that although many parents called daily to enquire for their little ones, no one called to enquire for Eirene Louise. The only friends she appeared to have were within the hospital. Nurse Evangeline I could see was passionately attached to the child, could not be more so indeed were she her mother. And personally I became very fond of her. She was most precocious. And being so long a patient, she used to accompany me round the cots and tell me all about the other little girls.

I frequently spoke to Nurse Evangeline about the child and her possible history, but she seemed to evade the matter.

My term as *locum tenens* was rapidly

drawing to a close, the resident doctor would soon resume his duties, and I should have to quit.

"Just another week, Nurse Evangeline," I said as we foregathered in the little bit of ground attached to the hospital, "and I shall be off."

"So soon," she replied with a start, "I am so sorry—"

"Are you really sorry I am going?"

"Well," she said, with one of her very rare smiles, "I really am. We shall miss you, Eirene Louise and I."

"You seem very much attached to the child."

"How could I be otherwise. I am naturally fond of children; and I am sure you never saw a more patient, a more gentle, a more loving child in your life."

I frankly admitted I never did.

"But Nurse Evangeline," I said after a pause, "have you and I ever met before I saw you in ward 14?"

"How do you ask?" she said quickly, a startled look upon her face.

"I can't explain it," I replied, but somehow I imagine we have met before."

"A mere coincidence," she said.

The startled look vanished, and a warm flush took its place. "It often happens that two people, strangers, can be found as like each other as two peas. I only am like some one whom you know, but there goes the tea bell. I shall have to go, good-bye." And with a smile and a bow she tripped lightly away. And as she went I could not conceal the fact from myself any longer that I was very much in love with Nurse Evangeline.

Next day, to my huge delight, I was requested to retain my position for another month, the doctor having got hurt in a bicycle smash. I made the fact known to Nurse Evangeline in the afternoon, and judging by her face she appeared to be very well pleased. In the few weeks that followed we met frequently, and one evening I declared my love for her.

"You have done me a great honour, doctor," she said sadly, "but I shall never marry, I am not free to marry."

"You are not already married?"

"I am not going to marry," she replied, evading the question, "I am going to devote my life to hospital work, and—"

but the appearance of a nurse coming running towards us put an end to what she was about to say.

"Can you please come to ward 14, one of the children has taken seriously ill."

We both ran to 14. It was our pet, Eirene Louise. She had been seized by a fit of excessive vomiting.

"What is it, doctor?" enquired Nurse Evangeline as she stood by the cot in nervous apprehension.

"Nothing serious, I hope, nurse. We must put her back to bed again, poor little child."

"Oh nurse, nurse," cried the little girl, as she entwined her arms round Nurse Evangeline's neck, "it is the fever back again."

"No, no, dear," replied the nurse, but her voice trembled, and a tear glistened on her long lashes. "You will be all right in the morning."

Alas, alas, despite our efforts the vomiting continued, which told severely upon an already damaged heart. Three days later Eirene Louise was very ill, and the nurses, both night and day, were unremitting in their attendance upon her, for the little girl was such a general favourite. Nurse Evangeline went off duty at eight, but she paid the ward several visits before retiring to bed. As a matter of fact, I don't think she went to bed at all those three nights. I saw the child at twelve. She was very ill; but I anticipated nothing serious. But at three in the morning I was called, and hurried to the ward. Too late! The little heart had ceased to beat, and the spirit of Eirene Louise had passed away to that home for little children beyond the bright blue sky. Nurse Evangeline stood motionless by

the cot. I spoke to her, but she made no reply. She appeared to be stunned. Then suddenly, and much to my surprise, she threw herself down by the cot, and burst into a wild paroxysm of tears.

"Come away, Nurse Evangeline," I said, trying to raise her to her feet, "your nerves are overstrung, you have been working too hard, been on duty night and day."

"No, no, doctor," she cried, while the tears streamed down her face, "leave me beside her." But this was impossible in a ward full of little children, and with some difficulty two nurses tore her away from the cot. Then she became more composed and desired to see the child. "You are not yourself, nurse," I said, as she passed, "you must get to bed at once," but she made no reply. She knelt down by the cot, and with clasped hands, remained for a few minutes in the attitude of prayer; then rising, she kissed the dead child passionately, and murmuring "Eirene, Eirene," she passed out of the ward.

"Over work, and overstrung nerves," I thought. "She will be all right to-morrow." But with to-morrow came to me a painful surprise. Nurse Evangeline had gone. Where? no one knew, and from that time till now I have neither seen nor heard of her.

What she was, I know not; who she was, I know not; in what relation she stood to the child I can only conjecture. That same day a firm of city undertakers were instructed to carry out the funeral arrangements, and hoping that I might discover the whereabouts of Nurse Evangeline I followed the remains to the grave, but I was disappointed.

The years have passed, but anyone interested may discover, in a certain cemetery, high up upon the slope, where the sun can shine upon it, a little well tended grave surrounded by a white railing. The marble cross at the head bears simply the name—

EIRENE LOUISE ST. CLAIR,
Born Sept. 8, 18—; died Oct. 29, 18—
and on the base a verse of that beautiful child's hymn—

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in Glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy—
For ever happy there.

EDITH FRANCES CAMPBELL.

Hugh Macdonald

Born April 4, 1817; Died March 16, 1899.

MANY people still living were personally acquainted with Hugh Macdonald, but a considerably greater number, fifty times as many and more, knew of him only by his recorded life and his work as poet and litterateur.

He is especially endeared to the citizens of Glasgow, for there was he born, reared and educated, there lived and laboured, there was cheered and rejoiced; there, too, sorrowed, suffered, died and was entombed. Most of his work pertains to Saint Mungo and the West of Scotland, and for this, in part, is he gratefully remembered. He has earned more than local fame, however, for genius is national, claimed by the universe.

His work is of a high order, some of it permanent, at least there is no exaggeration in opining that it will continue to be appreciated, read with increasing interest, pleasure, even delight and assured profit during the next hundred years. A little of his history, together with some characteristics of the man, cognomened "The Rambler," may be gleaned by perusal of his two chief volumes entitled "Rambles round Glasgow," published in 1854 and dedicated to the then editor of *The Glasgow Citizen*, the now venerated Dr. James Hecklerwick, and "Days at the Coast," first issued in book form three years later, 1857. By the way, it may be observed that

Macdonald chose "Caleb" as a *nom de plume*, to which friends courteously prefixed "gentle," and also by this appellation, simple or attributed, was he widely known, oft designated.

To afford opportunity of forming independent opinion, or in order that readers may be in touch, so to speak, with the ways, the style and method of the subject of our theme, it is deemed advisable to dispense with all becoming formality and now give illustrations of his accomplishment, i.e., an example of his prose and poetry. Well then, like a luminary on the literary horizon appears "The Bonnie Wee Well!" Its home is on the bosom of a steep brae that overlooks "Gleniffer's dewy dell" (a much loved haunt made famous by the poet Tannahill) where all are welcomed, gladdened, held captive by its song. If you would, in meet company, fairly look upon this enchanting stream, drink of the clear refreshing water, rest beside and lingeringly listen to its dainty melodious notes, immediately prepare to accompany Caleb, already accounted for the goal, with customary staff in hand and vasculum slung on shoulder, on a beautiful September day as he rambles to familiar richly towered Gleniffer and Elderslie. Description of route and incidents by the way, fleeting time and intervening space may be overlooked. The vantage ground is high. The genial Caleb leads the way and thus pictures the scene.

"Our way is now up hill, and as we advance the prospect gradually widens and becomes more interesting. The character of the vegetation also becomes altered. Flowers which are unknown on the rich flats below, here bloom profusely in all their native loveliness. The bracken, the heather, and the myrtle leaved blueberry lend a kind of Alpine feature to the swelling knolls; while fringing the margin of the path we have the delicate wild pansy, the fairy blue-bell, and the graceful bed—

straws white and yellow. Passing a comfortable-looking farm-house with a few fine umbrageous plane trees by its side, one of which has an immense hollow in its trunk, we at length, in a bend of the road, arrive at a little natural fountain trickling from a green bank by the wayside. The gush is small, but unfailing in the highest noons of summer, and the water is deliciously cool and clear. Full many a crystalline draught are we indebted to that tiny well. Oft in our rambles over these braes, alone or in company with valued friends, have we come for rest and refreshment to this secluded but commanding spot. Many are the blythe groups we have seen circled around it, while each individual in turn dipped his beard in its stainless bosom. Fair faces, too, have we seen mirrored in its waters—white rosy lips have met substance and shadow on its cool dimpled surface. Were we a rich man we should gift thee a handsome basin thou well-loved little fountain; but silver and gold have we none so thou must ever content thyself with a humble poet's honest meed of praise."

THE BONNIE WEE WELL.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
That skinkles sae cauld in the sweet smile o' day,
And croons a high sang a' to pleasure itel!
As it jinks 'neath the bracken and genty blue-bell.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
Seems an image to me o' a bairnie at play,
For it springs frae the yird wi' a flicker o' glee,
And it kisses the flowers while its rattle they see.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
Wins blessings on blessings fu' monie ilk day,
For the wayworn and wearie all rest by its side,
And man, wife, and wean a' are richly supplied.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
Where the hare steals to drink in the gloamin' sae grey,
Where the wild moorlan' birds dip their naks and tak' wing,
And the lark weets his whistle ere mounting to sing.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
My memory a' haunts thee by night and by day;
For the friends I ha'e loved in the years that are gane
Ha'e knelt by thy brim, and thy gush ha'e parts'en.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
While I stoop to thy bosom, my thirst to allay,
I will drink to the loved ones who come back sae mair,
And my tears will bat hallow thy bosom sae fair.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
My blessing rests with thee, wherever I stray;
In joy and in sorrow, in sunshine and gloom,
I will dream of thy beauty, thy freshness and bloom.

In the depths of the city, midst turmed and noies,
I'll sit hear with rapture thy lone trickling voice,
While fancy takes wing to thy rich fringe of green,
And quaffs thy cool waters in noon's gowden sheen.

The Memorial Fountain, with fringe medallion portrait of the poet and suitably inscribed, originally set at Gleniffer, is now placed near the People's Palace in Glasgow Green where it

"Wins blessings on blessings fu' monie ilk day."

WILLIE WINKIE.

LINES IN MEMORY OF JOHN GRAY.

GATEKEEPER AT GARTNAVEL.
Born 18th April, 1847.

Died 19th February, 1905.
Gently blow, ye western breezes!
O'er the heaving deep-blue sea,
Jura! Sound the note of welcome,
For thy son returns to thee.

Not from fields of war and carnage
Lays he down his weary head,
But from fight was fought right bravely
Comes to claim a Highland bed.

In that idle that brightly gleameth
Like a gem on ocean's breast,
In the glen, beside his father,
We would lay him now to rest.

There he passed his youth and childhood,
Gentle, manly, kind and true,
Giving earnest of his future
And the good he lived to do.

In a cosy Highland bothie
Grew this eldest scion free,
Stalwart son of stalwart father,
Here, too, learnt to bend the knee.
For a heart most rich in wisdom
Watched that planting rising fair;
Many a helpful word she gave him,
Many a hope and many a prayer.

When she found mid bitter sorrow
That her work as wife was done,
Then she learnt, and aye more surely,
What it was to have a son.

Early did he place his shoulder
Neath the yoke, and day by day,
Strove to be a loving brother,
And the widow's joy and stay.

What he did he did so gladly,
Heavily, with spirit bright,
All he did he did in earnest,
With "both hands" and with his "might."

Later, when his comrades bantred :-
"Still no mate to crown thy life?"
With a smile, "I'm wed," he answered,
"Married to my father's wife."

And when days of pain and anguish
(Combated alas! in vain)
Fell upon him, he was ready,
Firm to stand the fearful strain.

Trained along the path of duty,
Pure and strong in heart and soul,
He went marching like a soldier,
Uncomplaining, to the goal.

Now, at last, is reached the haven,
Now, at last, is run the race,
And, as with each man of mettle,
No one quite can fill his place.

Many a stranger at the portal
(That he kept by night and day)
And many a friend will miss the handclasp
And the face of kind John Gray.

But let those who deeply mourn him
As a brother, as a son,
Dwell upon the thought: their loved one
Has received the glad "Well done!"

Gently blow, ye western breezes!
O'er the heaving deep blue sea,
Jura! Speak the words of welcome
To thy son who comes to thee.

From the brats the whaup is rising
With his note both sad and sweet;
Flow'rets catch the falling dew-drop,
Among the heather at our feet.

Bathed in glory stand the mountains
(Emblems of Eternal Love!)
Capped with snowy, fleecy cloudlets,
And the heavens are clear above.

Then receive him as we leave him
(Is it not his ain countrie?)
With his people, on thy bosom,
Jura!—He is dear to thee.

E. Y.

Alice and Bertha.

Two sisters, Alice and Bertha, were beloved by their maiden aunt, and the kind maiden aunt gave to each sister a beautiful bird in a beautiful cage. Bertha loved and tended her bird, Alice bethought her that the beautiful plumage of the beautiful bird would look very well in her hat.

And so it came to pass that Alice's bird disappeared, and that its plumage appeared in Alice's hat. Alice had great taste in hats, and knew how to smile from underneath the plumage of the beautiful bird.

The maiden aunt waxed wroth with Alice, but was pleased with Bertha. Still Alice smiled, and, after two years had passed, Alice was the possessor of a beautiful husband, nicely caged and quite tame, while Bertha was still tending her beautiful bird in its beautiful cage.

The moral is that a bird in the hat may be worth two in a cage.

SARAH.

A Parrot Story.

PARROTS are not all kept in fine cages like the parrots at Gartnavel. In the Zoological Gardens, numbers of parrots may be seen living on perches, and held captive by a light chain attached to the leg or foot. A lady bought a parrot which was kept on a perch. The man who sold the parrot to her said it was a good speaker, but when she took it home with her, it spoke not, and the lady was disappointed. She went back to the man from whom she had bought it, and he explained to her that when the parrot was sulky all she had to do was to pull the chain attached to the parrot's foot. The lady then invited some of her friends to hear the parrot speak. She pulled at the chain, but still the parrot spoke not. One of her friends suggested that she should pull harder, so she pulled harder. The parrot could bear

it no longer, and screamed out, "Stop pulling at that chain, you silly fool, or you'll pull me off the blooming perch!"
HARRY.

Cricket Fixtures.

SEASON 1903.

May 2—Opening Game.
.. 9—Hartfield C.C.
.. 16—Unitas.
.. 23—Barlham.
.. 30—Anderson College Medical School.
June 6—Dennistown.
.. 8 & 9—Hamilton Cres. XI. W.S.C.C.
.. 13—Gartloch at Gartnavel.
.. 15 & 16—Bearsden C.C.
.. 20—Richmond.
.. 27—Golfhill.
July 4—Lennox Castle.
.. 11—Keams.
.. 25—Barrhead.
Aug. 1—Johnstone.
.. 8—Gartloch at Gartloch.
.. 15—Victoria.
.. 22—Ravenna.
.. 29—King's Inch.
Sept. 5—Claremont.

Dr. Goldie-Scott has kindly supplied above list of fixtures for the GAZETTE. Anderson College, Bearsden, and Lennox Castle teams have not hitherto played here. Most of the members of last season's team are expected to be available on behalf of Gartnavel.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

ADVICE AND OTHERS.—Please write on one side of paper only.

MINA.—You are not late. "Angels rush in," &c.

MARIE.—"The ship" will do very well—at some future time.

E.Y.—Your wishes are complied with, and the verses appear in this issue.

6 ALBERT GATE.—Thanks for letter. The necessary permission has been granted. Kindly send whatever you consider suitable for publication.

VERA.—Your joke appears. The verses are held over in the meantime as they require some attention from the Chiroprapist.

TRUTH.—It is frequently necessary to keep the truth to yourself. Most of our readers prefer fiction.

B.W.—Many thanks. One of your articles appears in this issue, the others are held over for future use.

D.T.—It is not customary to look a gift horse in the mouth—not till you get round the corner at any rate.

Letters to the Editor.

THE "Letters to the Editor" column might in fairness be called the column for anonymous grumblers. Still, if they do not go over the mark, grumblers can have their say. It is also a column for conundrums, and the conundrums are sometimes of a serious kind. Here is one:—Why should a gardener with long service to his credit not get a fortnight's annual holiday—same as tradesmen and attendants? Mr. Murphy says it is because gardeners get so many holidays or idle days by reason of frost, snow, and wet weather; but perhaps this explanation does not always apply. Another correspondent wants to know whether there is to be a golf tournament this spring. The letter appearing below speaks for itself.

Sir,—I write a few lines to say that I would like to see more dancing at Mr. Airie's concerts, and I hear many others saying the same thing. When the singers are encored the dancing is curtailed. Perhaps if the number and names of the dances could be clearly indicated on the programme it would be an improvement. We would then know exactly what dances to expect, and there would be no disappointment. Unless there are more dances, I am not able to give each of the lady singers a dance, and you know they are all eager to dance with

Yours truly, "Hewy."

Gartnavel, 12th March, 1903.

Varieties.

CONTRIBUTED BY VARIOUS RESIDENTS.

A lady complained to Douglas Jerrold that her hair was turning grey from using essence of lavender. Jerrold asked her "whether it was not essence of thyme."

Mamma said, "Now, Tommy, if you will keep quiet and be a good boy for ten minutes, I will give you a penny." "Very sorry," replied Tommy, "but the Amalgamated Good Boy Society prohibits members from doing more than three minutes for one penny."

A country vicar discovered that one of his male servants was in the habit of stealing his potatoes. He mentioned the fact to his curate, and asked his advice. "Well," replied the curate, "the Bible says, 'If any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.'" "I see," mused the vicar; "then in this case, as the man has taken my potatoes, I shall have to give him the sack."

An Irishman was wearing a new coat, and his friend, criticizing it, remarked that it was too short. "Well," said Pat, "it will be long enough before I get another."

A cabman was engaged to take the Bishop of Sodor and Man to a certain place. The bishop duly appeared and entered the cab. Still the cab did not start, and after waiting for some time, the bishop enquired the reason. "Oh," said cabby, "I understand you are the bishop, but I was waiting for the man!"

H.N.R.Y.

LOCKS OF HAIR.

He asked for a lock of hair, and she, being very witty, said, "Which lock do you want? Pick the lock." "There is no need to pick the lock," said he; "'Love laughs at locksmiths.'"

Lord Dundonald possesses a lock of Napoleon's hair. It was given by the great Napoleon to Captain Cochrane (grandparent to the present Lord Dundonald) in 1817. When Napoleon gave this lock of hair he is reported to have said, "This is all your country has left me to give."

WHO IS THIS?

Long may he live and happy be,
Still in my mind his form I see;
I mind his voice and style sae weel,
He steppit oot and cried "Quadrille."

He was a fav'rite with the dancers,
He'd clap his hauns and cry oot "Lancers,"
Or wag his programme and cry "Waltz,"
And yet he was na' free from faults:
One fault stuck to him all his life—
He ne'er would make a woman "wife."

Mr. J. says that the pipe is the idle man's companion.

Mr. Ramsbotham says he expects to receive his Congo very soon.

A SMALL d (in French).—Don't all guess at once! Ladies first. Supply the missing word: *Place aux* —.

In a Montana hotel there is a notice which reads:—"Boarders taken by the day, week or month. Those who do not pay promptly will be taken by the neck."

An American restaurant-keeper put up a notice reading—"You can't BEAT our dinners at fifteen cents" (8d.) Some wag scratched out the B.

ADVICE GRATIS.

That advice may be good or advice may be bad
Is a statement that can't be denied;
If you try your own plan, the result may be sad,

You can never be sure till you've tried.

If you fix on your partner for weal or for woe,
In the firm bonds of wedlock allied:
It may turn out all right, or a very poor show,
You can never be sure till you've tried.

Though the sweets and the tarts may look tempting indeed,
It may hap they wont suit your inside.

It is not easy knowing what stuff we should read,
You can never be sure till you've tried.

FROM MRS. H.

I tried to write for THE GAZETTE,
These lines were all that I could muster;
But though I'm clumsy with a pen,
I'm very handy with a duster.

A penitent who was a member of the Free Kirk, on his death-bed sent for his minister. Asking his minister the question, "if his position in the next world would be improved by his leaving all his money to the Free Kirk?" he received the reply, "According to our standards we daurna gie a guarantee, but it's an experiment weel worth trying."

Recently a man who was offered a job refused it on the ground that he was engaged to march with the unemployed.

The minister was taking Janet to task about subscribing to missions for the heathen. "Aweel," said Janet, "last time I gave a penny, I am sure the heathen didna get it, for the vera same penny came back to my shop."

D.S.

On Tuesday, 3rd March, a trooper's horse bolted in Great Western Road. Riderless it came to the gate, and tried hard to get in. The place is more and more in request, but this is the first instance recorded of a horse trying to obtain admission. The Gartnavel poet says that "horses rush in where angels fear to tread."

TAM O' SHANTER (AMENDED).

Weel mounted on his grey mare Ann—
A better ne'er before had ran—
He skelpit on through dub and mire,
Neither dreading rain nor fire,
Until he neared the auld clay biggin',
And saw the reek come oot the riggin'.

Cosmo.

WHO CAN READ THIS?

Ev'ry lady in the land
Has twenty nails, on each hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet:
This is true without deceit.