

THE TOWER.

Portobello Higher Grade School Magazine

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Editorial.

THE outstanding event in the life of the School this session is the retirement of Mr Mackay, our esteemed Headmaster, which takes effect at the summer holidays. It is with great regret that we bid him good-bye. We are all proud to have been under him, teachers and pupils alike, and can only hope at parting that his period of service since he came to Portobello to be the first Headmaster of the Higher Grade School has been as pleasant as he has made it for others. May he long be spared to enjoy his well-earned leisure. We feel sure that his old pupils will be pleased with the very characteristic portrait of Mr Mackay published in this number. Mr Mackay's very kindly farewell letter on another page, with its picture of school life some forty years ago, will be read again and again.

Our congratulations to Dr Pearson, who came to the School as Science Master along with Mr Mackay, on his being appointed to succeed his old chief. Everyone is delighted.

While we are offering congratulations we

extend the same to the following members of the staff and former pupils who have distinguished themselves at Edinburgh University:

Mr MACFARLANE—Celtic Medal.

Mr MEKIE—Geography Medal, and the Special Silver Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, for the excellence of his work.

DAVID S. GRACIE—Agricultural Chemistry Medal.

STELLA WALLACE—Intermediate German Medal.

CONSTANCE SIMPSON—First Class Certificate and fourth place Intermediate Honours Mathematics.

MARGARET CATTELL-JONES (a former Dux of the School)—Second Class Honours in English.



We offered three prizes of five shillings each for the best story, the best article, and the best poem. The first goes to Ena Brownlee, I.E., for "The Pearl Necklace"; the second to Agnes Ritchie, III.A., for "Things are not always what they seem"; while the third is not awarded, no poem of sufficient merit having been submitted.

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In the Government Service

many of the Examinations for the Civil Service are suspended meantime, and it is impossible to say definitely when they will be resumed. Our pupils have taken the highest places in the Kingdom at these Examinations, and the record is one of which we are justly proud.

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A memorable gathering was held in the School Hall on 20th May, when the Memorial to seventy-two former pupils who fell in the war was unveiled by Mr W. M. Ramsay, member of the Education Authority, who emphasised the ideal of duty for which these men had died and for which those who remained should live. Other members who were present and took part in the proceedings were Professor Darroch, Chairman of the Authority; Rev. R. C. Strang, M.A.; and the Right Rev. Monsignor Miley, who delivered an eloquent and scholarly address. Colonel Robertson, V.C., and Mr Mackay also took part. The Memorial, which is of vellum, bears the names of those who died in the war, beautifully printed in Old English letters by Miss Simpson, our Art Mistress; the oak frame was carved from a design by Mr Mekie, our First Assistant. The Memorial is to be placed opposite the boys' entrance for all to see.



Farewell.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

"At last it ringeth to evensong." For nearly sixty years I have been going regularly to school, and now the time has come when I must depart. So to you all I say, "God be with you and make you a blessing to others wherever you go." In a few years you, too, will have to leave; but whereas my life-work is nearly finished and my view of it is retrospective, your outlook on life will be prospective for your share in the world's work will then be beginning.

A comparison of the School of to-day with that of sixty years ago shows many striking contrasts. You have fine buildings, well-equipped classrooms, workshops, gymnasium, laboratories and domestic science rooms, and your teachers are all adults and thoroughly trained for their work. In the sixties of last century the school building, generally a single rectangular room, was ill-ventilated and badly lighted. It had desks round the walls, and the scanty

equipment consisted of a few wall-maps, pen and ink, blackboard and one or two simple text-books for each pupil. The headmaster's desk was placed in the centre of the room, and in the corners were four or five classes taught by half-trained youths called pupil-teachers. All day the room hummed like a busy market-place with the noise of many voices. Parents enrolled and removed their children according to their own pleasure, for there was no compulsion; and the great majority of the pupils left before completing their thirteenth year, while many went to work in shop or factory at the age of ten or eleven. In the country schools the older pupils attended in winter only; in the summer they worked in the fields. Every Monday morning after the Bible lesson the fees, which formed the chief part of the "maister's" wages, were collected, and the coppers counted and taken to the bank by a pupil-teacher. For the whole of Scotland there were only one or two Inspectors; inspection had little value in consequence, and the teacher was allowed to go as he pleased.

The great day of the year was the Examination Day, when the school closed for the summer session. Then the classes were taught and examined in presence of the parents, who crowded the room to suffocation, and the prizes were distributed. Every boy and girl was dressed in their best—the girls mostly in white—and the school was redolent of roses. Round the walls were fastened specimens of the pupils' work—maps, drawings, writing and arithmetic exercises. It was a great gala-day, and every one was bright and happy for the long summer vacation was at hand.

Almost the only subjects taught were Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, and, as the schools were under the control of the Churches, the principal text-books were the Bible and Catechism. Even the dullards knew the Scriptures. The master's attention was mainly directed towards the

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"youth o' pregnant pairts": others were allowed to travel at their own pace. Yet these schools with all their drawbacks sent forth famous men to do splendid work, and maintain the honour of their schools and of their country.

With all your privileges and opportunities I trust there are among you some who will climb the ladder of fame and bring renown to Portobello.

Try to discover while you are preparing to play your part on the world's stage the rôle for which you are best suited, and having found it may you give of your best, so that your measure may be "pressed down, shaken together and running over."

Whatever niche in the world you may fill, humble or high, your life can never be a failure if you are true and honest, and if at the end you can say, "I have done what I could." "May God bless and keep you all," is the farewell wish of your old schoolmaster,

WILLIAM MACKAY.



THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE School has every reason to be proud of the success of those boys and girls who took part in the competitions at this year's Festival. For months before the various choirs worked hard, but there was not a single pupil who did not enjoy the work, and when the final rehearsal took place in the School hall just before the Festival the unbounded enthusiasm of the competitors was amply rewarded by the reception given to their singing. As many of the senior pupils as the hall would hold were present, and singers and audience were snatched out of themselves and carried away on the wings of song. Those of us who were not competitors like to think that our appreciation helped in a small way to gain the medals and certificates that came to the School.

The Infant Department entered four sections, and carried off three first awards and a second. In the Singing Games Class the children trained by Miss Kerr won the Gold Medal for their spirited rendering of "Oats and Beans," gaining 94 per cent. Miss Murdoch and Miss Bannerman both

entered children for the Action Song (Infant Class). Miss Murdoch's pupils gained first place and Silver Medal for a selection of nursery rhymes. The adjudicator in the course of his remarks said that these children showed they could do a great many different things. "They got over the footlights," that is to say, they communicated their joy to the audience. Miss Bannerman's pupils gained second place and were specially commended by the adjudicator for dressing up—"the bright red Cock-a-doodle-does looked so jolly."

In the Infant Choir Class the children under Miss Philip were equally successful. The test pieces were Henschel's "A Knight of Bethlehem" and the Scots song, "A Highland Lad." The Choir gained first place and Gold Medal. The adjudicator was very complimentary in his remarks and spoke of the understanding and consequent happiness the children showed in their singing—"their faces were like a row of little lit lanterns."

Miss Whitelaw entered two choirs, one in the Juvenile and one in the Junior Class, and in spite of very keen competition (there were nine entries in the former and twenty-five in the latter) not only maintained the standard of last year but bettered it, reaching 91½ and 87½ per cent. respectively, both being above Gold Medal standard, which is 85. Both choirs were placed third, which is no mean achievement among so many entrants.

Miss Aitken's Class, greatly daring and so winning our hearty admiration, entered the "Challenge Choir" Group, and found themselves up against much older singers. They sang very well and scored over 70 per cent.

The children took up their musical studies this year with an enthusiasm which was partly the result of last year's Festival and were justifiably proud of the honour they brought to the School. Their success will act as a spur to reach yet greater heights, not merely as prize-winners but as singers. They may have doubts, like their elders, of the value of some of their school work, but they have not the faintest doubt of the value of being able to sing. Next year they are going to do even greater things, they say. That's the spirit—"Hitch your waggon to a star!"

ORPHEUS.

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THE STAFF.



Back Row—Miss Philip, Miss Forbes, Mr Makepeace, Mr Brown.
3rd Row—Mr Watson, Mr MacFarlane, Mr Lumsden, Miss Nicol, Miss Henderson, Mr Kennedy, Miss Paddon, Mr Watt,
 Miss Kerr, Miss Balfour, Miss C. Mackenzie, Mr M'Cririe, *Janitor*.
2nd Row—Miss Murdoch, Mr Mitchell, Miss Chalmers, Mr Mekie, Dr Pearson, Mr Mackay, Miss Milne, Miss Andrew, Mr Smith.
1st Row—Miss Whitelaw, Miss Turner, Miss Matthew, Miss M. Mackenzie, Miss Meister, Miss Bannerman,
 Miss Sturrock, Miss Simpson.



MR WILLIAM MACKAY, M.A.

Mr MACKAY.

THIS year the School has reached one of the milestones of its career. Mr Mackay, the first Headmaster of the Higher Grade School of Portobello, retires. Fourteen years ago the Burgh School was classified as a Higher Grade School, there being then about eighty pupils in the advanced department. There are now in this department over 300 pupils—there being over 1100 pupils in the School, with more than 30 teachers.

Before coming to Portobello Mr Mackay had been Headmaster of New Street School and St. Bernard's School, and he can now look back on over forty years of service—thirty as a Headmaster.

Many thousands of pupils have passed through his hands, and yet it is safe to say, so wonderful is his memory, that any who have been under his care for any reasonable length of time are never forgotten. This was particularly noticeable during the war, for he was approached by soldiers who had been pupils as far back as twenty years before, and not only did he in most cases quite easily recognise the boy in the man, but he remembered the kind of boy. Such a trait is invaluable in a schoolmaster, and Mr Mackay has it in a marked degree.

Only those who know well the members of the teaching profession in Edinburgh know the high respect in which Mr Mackay is held. His wide scholarship makes him more akin to the fine old parochial dominies than to the present-day specialists.

His relations with his teachers have been the envy of other headmasters. At no time while in Portobello has there been other than the most harmonious relations between him and every member of his staff. This speaks volumes for his tact, and has formed the basis of the great success of the School.

In the short space at our command we can only hint at the qualities and point out the various interests of Mr Mackay.

He has never taken a prominent part in public life, though always well versed in the affairs of the day, his whole outlook in this regard being founded on strong and true patriotism.

In his younger days Mr Mackay gained distinction as an athlete, being of championship class as a quarter-miler, and one of the best Rugby halves in the country.

Long distance cycling (on the old high machine) and swimming (of which he was a powerful exponent, being a well-known figure at the old Chain Pier at Newhaven) were other activities. In his later years he plays a capital game at golf and at bowls.

It is needless to say that, with all these various sides, Mr Mackay has taken the deepest interest in every phase of the School life, helping and encouraging not only the pupils but also the teachers in their studies.

It will be a sad day for us, the 15th of July 1921, but we must carry on the great tradition handed down to us by this wisest and kindest of headmasters.

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB.

THE Club has now completed the eighth year of its life, having been founded in 1913. Reviewing the work of those eight years, we find much to be proud of, and yet what has been achieved is far from satisfying those who set the club agoing or those who have been most active in its service.

In the first place a great many pass through the School who do not become members, and we would remind such that a hearty welcome awaits them in October. It is mainly for their benefit that these notes are written, in order that they may know what the Club has to offer them. Then it must in truth be recorded that the syllabus this year has not been, to the same extent as last year, carried through by the members; that is not as it should be, but we are glad to be able to say that the committee has next winter's syllabus well in hand, and this defect is being remedied.

Now for what we did, and what we had done for us. Or rather the other way about. We had no fewer than four lantern lectures. Mr Albert Smith delighted his audience with his pictures and reminiscences of "Picturesque and Romantic Yorkshire." As Mr Smith had footed every inch of the way by which he led us, and was able to recover for us the glamour of the past by the wealth of historical detail with which he accompanied his pictures, his lecture was as good as half-a-dozen rambles without the fatigue.

Mr Cairncross, whose second visit this was to the Club, showed us many beautiful pictures of "Dunottar Castle," some of them reproduced from his own paintings, and recalled many stirring incidents in Scottish History.

Dr Campbell, who spent some six months in Spitzbergen, delighted us with views of that land which is in one sense so near at hand, and in another so far away.

□ □ □

Our President, Mr Thorburn, made up for his absence during the first term by his lecture, entitled "Three Thousand Miles West." His easy, colloquial manner gave one the impression that to travel 6000 miles and to prepare something near the same number of slides (pardon the slight exaggeration!) was as easy as to sing a comic song—that is as easy as it is to Mr Thorburn. That lecture was sure some show.

*

The "Musical Recital" by Miss Whitelaw and Mr Smith is an innovation we record with pleasure. The audience was obviously enchanted. Personally we were grateful for the President's comments on the Hebridean songs, and think that with even our limited knowledge of music, we could be rendered capable, by appropriate exposition, of appreciating the music of Rachmaninoff and many other composers whose names we shall not risk misspelling. Now then, musicians, not all at once!

Miss Whitelaw and Mr Smith did excellent work for the Club at several other concerts, and enlisted hosts of friends for our entertainment. The Shakespearean Revue, entitled "The Stew," on one of these occasions was well received, and lost nothing on account of several unrehearsed effects. By general consent the cooks were allowed to be "it"—their weird incantations being worthy alike of the Shakespearean setting and the army menu.

□ □ □

We incline to value most the three papers by Miss Macnab, Miss Joan Strachan, and Miss I. Smith, though the attendances when these were read were the smallest. It may be that long years of teaching have implanted in us a deep-rooted delight in extracting essays from more or less unwilling authors. Be that as it may, we think that the writing of such papers is an essential function of the Club. The subjects were: "A Village on the Edge of the Highlands," "On Choosing a Subject," and "The Short Story."

□ □ □

The Club held two Dances this year, both of which were voted a huge success by those who were present. On 17th December we engaged the Town Hall, and 148 members and friends turned up. The value of the Club in promoting social intercourse was obvious. As is seldom the case when so many attend a dance, one was struck with the easy familiarity of the company. Mr Wyatt, who was chiefly responsible for all the arrangements, is to be congratulated on the success of this, the Club's first public dance.

The second half of the session opened on 28th January with a Social and Dance held in School. The Art Room and the

Gymnasium had both to be used. It was gratifying to the Committee to see so many of the younger members present, as it was for their benefit that this function had been arranged. Similar social gatherings have been arranged for next session, one in School and one in the Town Hall.

A great programme has been drawn up by the Committee, beginning with the usual Social and Musical Evening on 7th October. The "Portobello Players," whose doings are reported in another column, have decided to come out into the open and present a play, "Alice Sit by the Fire" (Barrie), in the Town Hall. A Debate and a Discussion will be held, the subjects being: "That Education which seeks to open men's eyes to evil leads them to commit it," and "The Ideal House." A Parliamentary Election will take place in December, the candidates being Mr Nisbet, Mr Rathbone, Mr Mitchell, and, it is hoped, a lady. Dr Fraser has kindly consented to address the Club on a subject relating to India.



The F.P. Tennis Club is a very live body. Two matches have been played with the following team on both occasions:—Mr Cavaye and Miss Donald, Mr Wyatt and Miss Arthur, Mr Philip and Miss Cavaye, Mr Nisbet and Miss Gunn. We lost to Stairpark, Tranent, by 54 games to 60, on 24th June, and defeated the Staff on 29th June by 10 sets to 4 and 58 games to 41.



The Secretaries of the F.P. Club are Miss Eleanor Donald, 13 Dalkeith Street, and Mr Mitchell.



THE PORTOBELLO PLAYERS.

THERE can be no doubt that one of the most successful sections of the F.P. Club is the Dramatic Section. The work begun a few years ago by Miss Hay has grown rapidly, and last session two plays were staged, "You Never Can Tell" (Shaw), on 26th and 27th November, and "The Title" (Bennett), on 25th and 26th March. The producer on both occasions was Mr Mitchell.

Unfortunately the School does not yet possess a stage, but through the kindness of Mr Collet we were able to borrow one from

Towerbank School. For the first play we contented ourselves with the school furniture, but for "The Title" we laid under requisition the contents of the drawing-rooms of members of the casts, and "the sitting-room in the West End abode of the Culvers" was quite according to the stage directions. The back cloth was supported by all the clothes-stretchers we could commandeer within a radius of a quarter of a mile. The highest praise is due to Mr Wyatt for his ingenuity in devising footlights and a fire-place from the least promising material.

But the play itself is the thing. The audiences, of course, being mainly composed of our own friends, may have "eyed our hopeful years" with partiality but there were several present, qualified by experience to judge such work, who expressed very favourable opinions of the acting. All who took part certainly look back to a winter of intense pleasure and forward to just such another with anticipation.

The following were the casts:—

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

<i>Valentine</i>	. . .	Mr Charles Watt.
<i>Mrs Clandon</i>	. . .	Miss Florence Turner.*
		Miss Edith Turner.†
<i>Gloria</i>	. . .	Miss Ella Landels.
<i>Dolly</i>	. . .	Miss Dorothy Robertson.*
		Miss Nancy Duncan.†
<i>Phil.</i>	. . .	Mr Walter Wyatt.
<i>Finch M'Comas</i>	. . .	Mr Tom Rodger.
<i>Bohun, Q.C.</i>	. . .	Mr Bryce Nisbet.
<i>Crampton</i>	. . .	Mr Cecil Cairns.
<i>William</i>	. . .	Mr Thomas Mitchell.
<i>Parlourmaid</i>	. . .	Miss Annie Ritchie.

"THE TITLE."

<i>Mr Culver</i>	. . .	Mr Cecil Cairns.*
		Mr Charles Watt.†
<i>Mrs Culver</i>	. . .	Miss Helen Cavaye.*
		Miss Catherine Arthur.†
<i>Hildegard Culver</i>	. . .	Miss Peggy Gunn.*
		Miss Eleanor Donald.†
<i>John Culver</i>	. . .	Mr Ian Rathbone.
		Mr Andrew Royal.†
<i>Tranto</i>	. . .	Mr Bryce Nisbet.
		Mr Walter Wyatt.†
<i>Miss Starkey</i>	. . .	Miss Eva Baillie.
		Miss Beth Brown.†
<i>Sampson Straight</i>	. . .	Mr Tom Rodger.*
		Mr Ian Paterson.†
<i>Parlourmaid</i>	. . .	Miss Annie Ritchie.

* Friday.

† Saturday.

The Pearl Necklace.

"Good evening, Ellen," said the Captain with a sharp salute, as Ellen White, the Patrol Leader of the 'Bluebell Patrol,' a pretty sweet-faced girl, entered the little hall in which the 1st Rockwell Company of Girl Guides met every Friday evening at seven o'clock.

"Good evening, Miss Gordon," was the reply, as Ellen returned the salute.

"Well, Ellen," said the Captain, who sat down as the girl approached her, "as none of the other Guides have arrived yet and as I want to talk to you privately, come and sit down for a while—but I must be brief for they will soon be here. To begin with, you know that my sister is seriously ill, don't you?"

"Yes, Miss Gordon. I hope she will soon be well again."

"I am obliged to go to see her and will be leaving here early to-morrow morning. I know you would like to help me, Ellen, and you can do so by taking a very important packet to the Mayor. I will tell you a secret which I trust you will keep. The packet which I will give you after this meeting contains a necklace of priceless pearls. It is the one which is being advertised for throughout this district. Do you remember that yesterday, when we were playing at hide-and-go-seek in Rockwell Woods, I hid up in a tree? Well, I found it in a magpie's nest; but before I came down I hid it, as I did not want any of the girls to see it. When I got home I examined the necklace, which to my surprise I found was the one that the Mayoress wore last week at the Garden Party."

"I am glad there is something I can do to help you, Miss Gordon, and I will on my honour keep the whole thing a secret from everyone; but you don't mind my telling mother?" said Ellen.

"By all means tell your mother; and I know you won't tell anyone else. There is not a guide in the whole company whom I can trust more than you. All I say is remember to carry the packet in a safe place, for as you know it is *very important*."

Just at that moment a girl entered. She

was pretty but at a glance one could see she was bad-tempered. She was the only child of a respectable engineer who worked in the Rockwell Aerodrome on the outskirts of the town of Rockwell, so she got a considerable amount of her own way, like most who are the only child. The girl's name was Katherine Pearson or 'Kitty,' for short.

"The packet is for the Mayor and is very important," murmured Kitty who had been eavesdropping for a part of the time at a window close to where Miss Gordon and Ellen were seated. "What is in the packet, I wonder, to make it important?" she said again. "Evidently the conversation is finished now."

"Mind and explain to the Mayor how and where I found the necklace," whispered the Captain hurriedly, not perceiving that Kitty was near her.

Suddenly Miss Gordon looked up. "Oh, good evening, Katherine," she said, never thinking that Kitty had been listening.

"Goo-ood evening, Miss Gordon," stammered Kitty confusedly.

"The Guides are half-an-hour late to-night. I wonder what is wrong. Wasn't it you Katherine whom I asked to tell the others to come this evening at six instead of seven? If it hadn't been for Madge Stuart looking in on Ellen, she would never have known to come early. It doesn't look as if you had told them. By the way, did you?" said Miss Gordon.

"N—no," murmured Kitty.

"Why?" demanded the Captain.

"I—forgot."

"I am surprised at you, Kitty. I thought you had a better memory than that."

"I am sorry, Miss Gordon," pouted Kitty.

"Very well," replied the Captain; "I will forgive you this time; but it is the other girls as well as you that your carelessness affects. It means that the meeting will end half an hour sooner. Never mind—here is a host of girls arriving. Well girls, you are a bit late. I intended Kitty to tell you to come at six but she forgot, so we'd better make the best of our time. Come girls, let us get the meeting started," said the Captain, rising from her chair.

The Company went through the usual routine of the evening. Just as the Captain was saying 'dismiss' something fell from her pocket. Immediately half-a-dozen girls ran

forward, but Kitty managed to pick it up, feeling it as she handed it to Miss Gordon.

"Oh, it must be that packet," said Kitty under her breath. "My! it feels jolly like a string of beads! Hurrah! Now I know, it contains—at least I think so, in fact I'm almost sure of it—beads of some kind. 'To be taken to the Mayor,' did she say? Ah! those same beads must be the pearls that the Mayoress lost."

"Be quick, girls. Leave the hall for I can't have you loitering about after 'dismiss'," said the Captain. The remark was made specially for Kitty Pearson and some of her chums who always stayed after all the rest had gone, except Mary Stuart, Ellen's loyal chum and second of the "Bluebell Patrol," who waited outside the door till Ellen came, as it was not unusual for her to stay behind with the Captain. After the Captain had spoken to them Kitty and company sauntered towards the door; but before going out Kitty turned round just in time to see Miss Gordon giving the packet to Ellen.

"Good night, dear," said Miss Gordon, "and remember all I have told you concerning the packet."

"Yes, Miss Gordon," said Ellen as she hurried to the door after tucking the letter safely in her pocket.

"Hello, Ellen, I thought you were never coming," greeted her chum.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting, Mary, but I really couldn't help it,"

"I know you couldn't, dear. I just said that for a joke."

"Of course you did," laughed Ellen. "Here we are," she said again as they came to Ellen's house. "Won't you come in, dear? Mother would be very pleased to see you."

"Not to-night, thank you, Ellen," was the reply.

"Very well, then; ta-ta."

"Ta-ta," called Mary as she left Ellen.

"Hello, mother," Ellen said as she entered the parlour.

"Well, dear, how did you get on to-night?"

"Just Al, mother; but before I say any more I must put this packet in a safe place," said Ellen, pulling the packet from her pocket. "Don't you think I should get father's supper?" she said after telling her mother about the pearls.

"Yes, dear, you are right," answered her mother.

Next day was Saturday, so in the afternoon she put on her uniform and set out with the packet under her arm.

Meanwhile Kitty was sitting in her garden reading,—at least supposed to be. No one could make out what was wrong with her. All morning she had been cross and disagreeable to those around her, and her mother had even seen her speaking to two ragged-looking message-boys. "I hope those boys don't make duffers of themselves when the aeroplane lands, although I told them my plans," Kitty said to herself.

"What boys?" the reader will wonder. "Ah! Kitty must mean the message-boys her mother saw her speaking to," you say. Yes, you are right; but what about the aeroplane she mentioned? That, dear reader, you will find out later on.

Ellen proceeded on her journey quite innocent and ignorant of what was yet to happen. Though she was hurrying, she was taking in all she saw—for the Guides had taught her to "use her eyes." One thing she did not see was a couple of boys crouching behind the hedge,—although Guides are supposed to be able to see through a thick hedge or wall. They had chosen the thickest part they could find, which also happened to be near a large gap made invisible to the passers-by by a large tree which stood in front of it.

All of a sudden Ellen felt someone grasp her from behind and another try to pull the little parcel from her, but she held it firmly. It was the two boys whom Kitty had engaged. Ellen had not been struggling for very long when a great whirr was heard. It was the sound of an aeroplane landing near the trio.

"Help!" shouted Ellen.

"Hold yer tongue, ye besom," said one of the ruffians.

"Help!" she shouted again.

"Gag her!" exclaimed the other fellow.

Someone had already sprung from the aeroplane. Poor Ellen! Little did she know that the aeroplane was false too, although the crew acted as if it had been a surprise to them to find two boys fighting with a girl. Kitty Pearson had planned it all for she wanted to get the pearls, for if she got them she could get Ellen into trouble by

giving them to the Mayoress, telling her that she had found them; also there was the chance of disgracing Ellen before all the Guides.

"Stand back, you rascals," roared the man; but the boys as part of the farce held on as hard as ever. "Hey," he shouted to another man in the aeroplane, "open the door of the car and let this girl in."

"Give me that there packet," demanded one of the boys.

"I can't," said Ellen and making a spring she landed safely inside the car and sat down in one of the many seats, for it was a passenger aeroplane.

"I'm afraid those boys will hang around for some time yet, so make yourself at home and pull down the blinds," said one of the men cunningly, "and I will let you land in some other place where the boys won't get you."

Ellen was so tired that she fell asleep. When she awoke, she looked out of the window, only to see the clouds rushing past at a terrific speed.

"Oh! where are you taking me to?" asked Ellen.

"Only for a spin, my dear, since I guess this is the first time you have been in an aeroplane," said one of the crew. Ellen felt in her pocket to see if the packet was still there.

"It's gone!" was her stifled cry. Ellen tried to think what could have become of it. "One of the crew must have taken it," she thought. At last her eyes lighted on what she thought would be a possible hiding-place; and when all the crew were in another compartment having tea Ellen thought she would take the chance and see what the little cupboard contained. On opening the door she saw nothing but a heap of dusters; but after carefully taking them all out she found the packet.

Not long after that the aeroplane came to the ground.

"You'd better get out here, girl!" said one of the men.

"Why?" asked Ellen in astonishment. "Is there something wrong?"

"No, but you have to get out."

"But—but you told me you were only taking me for a short ride. What do you mean by telling me to get out here?"

"This is Shetland; you can stay here

and have a nice holiday," laughed another man.

"Shetland!" gasped poor Ellen, staring blankly before her.

The noise of the aeroplane engines brought her back to her senses. The aeroplane was already running along the ground; in a few minutes it would rise and vanish from her sight among the clouds.

"Thank goodness I've still got the packet," Ellen said to herself. "They must think they've got it still," she said again.

Ellen then set about to find a place where she could spend the night. The first house at which she asked she was welcomed. The lady—Mrs M'Intosh—was a very nice woman. She at once made Ellen feel quite at home and was surprised when she told her how she had come.

Next morning Ellen wrote a letter to her mother asking her to send some money.

In return for Mrs M'Intosh's kindness Ellen helped her with the house-work.

"Are there any companies of Girl Guides around here?" asked Ellen as she helped Mrs M'Intosh to dry some dishes on Monday morning.

"Girl Guides! bless you, no," said the woman in astonishment. "This is too small a place for a company. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, no. Rockwell where I live is not much larger than this village," said Ellen, "and there are two companies there."

"I daresay if there was a company here almost all the girls would join, for they read a good deal about them in the books and papers which the kind people of Edinburgh send us. In fact," said Mrs M'Intosh, "some girls wanted to start one some time ago."

"Did they?" was all Ellen said for she seemed to be thinking deeply.

"Did you say you lived in Rockwell?" asked Mrs M'Intosh.

"Yes, I do," rejoined Ellen.

"Have you heard that the Mayoress of Rockwell is staying for a while in the big house on the hill? Atholl House it is called."

"The Mayoress of Rockwell!" exclaimed Ellen. "She is the very person I want to see. I must see her at once."

Ellen had a long talk with the Mayoress. She told her all about her adventure. The Mayoress very kindly sent a cable to Ellen's mother; she also invited Ellen to accom-

pany her back to Rockwell in a fortnight, when she meant to go home. Till then, the Mayoress asked her to come and stay at Atholl House. Ellen told her how the village-girls wanted to form a Girl Guide Company but that they could not get a Captain. The Mayoress and Ellen arranged to organise one, making it known by putting a notice on the village notice-board saying that a Company of Guides was to be formed and asking the girls who wished to join to come on Thursday at six o'clock.

On Thursday evening Ellen told the girls present at the meeting her plan, asking all those who would like to join to give her their names, which almost every girl did. Ellen arranged that they should meet again on Tuesday at the same time.

The new Captain came on Friday. She had not much to do in the way of arranging the girls in patrols, etc., for Ellen had done that on Tuesday evening.

At last Monday came, the day when the Mayoress accompanied by Ellen was to sail for home. Ellen wondered how the little company of Girl Guides she had left behind her would fare and what it would be like in after years. She remembered, too, how Miss Gordon had said that she wished that her company could have a distant one to correspond with. The boat did not arrive in Newcastle till Tuesday afternoon, and the Mayoress and Ellen had a long train journey far into the country. Ellen was so tired when at last she reached home that she went off to bed immediately, leaving the Mayoress who had kindly called in to talk to Mrs White.

In the morning Ellen told her mother all that had happened since she first set out with the packet under her arm. Mrs White, who had been worrying about her daughter, was very glad to see her home again.

"By the way," said Mrs White, "here is a present from the Mayoress for bringing the pearls safely to her."

Ellen opened the little box which her mother handed to her. In it she saw a beautiful little gold wristlet watch.

"Oh, mother!" said Ellen. "How kind of her! I must write and thank her at once."

"If you are not too tired to-day, Ellen, I would like you to go and see Kitty Pearson," said Ellen's mother. "She has

been very ill lately. Her mother says she has been asking to see you ever since she became unwell."

"I will go at once," said Ellen, getting ready to go.

She had not far to go till she came to the house where the Pearsons lived. She knocked at the door, which was answered by Mrs Pearson.

"Good afternoon, Ellen. I'm so glad to see you again. Just come in," she said, "for I suppose it is Kitty you have come to see."

"Yes, I have. Mother told me how ill poor Kitty has been. I hope she will soon be strong and well again," said Ellen.

"I hope she will, dear," said Mrs Pearson. After taking Ellen to where Kitty lay she left the girls to themselves, telling Ellen that as it was the doctor's orders she could not stay more than twenty minutes.

"How are you keeping to-day, Kitty?" asked Ellen.

"The doctor said I was a bit better to-day, thank you," murmured Kitty quietly. "I am so glad you are safely back again."

The girls had a long talk together. Kitty told Ellen all about the plot she had made against her and begged Ellen to forgive her, which she promptly did.

"Come and see me soon again," said Kitty as Ellen rose to go, having informed her that time was up.

"Very well," Ellen said.

After having a brief talk with Kitty's mother Ellen hurried home.

"Miss Gordon!" exclaimed Ellen as she entered the door.

"Yes, dear, I have just popped in to see you and to thank you ever so much for guarding the necklace so well through all your adventures. My! you'll be able to write a fine book now," said the Guide Captain. "I find that my trust in you is truly justified. I think I will need to be going now."

"Is your sister better now?" asked Ellen.

"Yes, thank you, dear; and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing her, for I have invited her here to stay with me for a short holiday."

"Won't you stay for tea, Miss Gordon?" queried Ellen.

"Thank you, dear, but I'm afraid I must

be going," Miss Gordon replied. "One thing more I want to say to you, Ellen. I think you are a very clever girl to have started a company of Girl Guides away there in the North. It will be a great success, I'm sure. And," whispered the Captain, "I think that some day you may be head over a large number of companies of Girl Guides in Shetland, for it was you who organised the first company there."

Kitty grew stronger every day, till at last she was able to be back amongst her play-fellows. She was not the girl she used to be but a new Kitty, if such could be said. Moreover, she had joined Ellen White and Mary Stuart, so that they now became known as the "Happy Trio."

ENA BROWNLEE, I.E.

□ □ □

"THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM."

EVERYBODY knows the person who is always raving about "just a delightful little quiet place down country, to spend a week-end, don't you know?" But everyone has not tested the accuracy of the glowing description of the same rural Paradise. I am one of the poor unfortunates who have done so, and this tale of woe is meant as a warning to any who may be deceived by these gushing enthusiasts.

Elsie was one of the latter. Ever since she had paid a short visit to a certain small farm in the hills she had talked of it incessantly to me. . . . "There are the dearest little chicks running about the farmyard, and if it's warm you can lie in the hay and listen to the birds and bees. Of course there is always plenty of fresh cream, butter and eggs." I decided to go and inspect the place myself.

A few days later, therefore, I found myself standing alone on the platform of a small and distinctly bare country station. The trap from the farm was to meet me, but the only conveyance in sight was a rickety farm cart. Plucking up courage I marched determinedly to the vehicle and politely inquired of the individual sitting stolidly on the shafts if he could direct me to Hayseed Farm. After submitting me to a careful "once over," he grunted an explanation to the effect that he had been sent for me, but

as the trap was in bad repair he had brought the cart instead, and I had better hurry up and get inside or the boss would be grumbling at the delay. I doubtfully surveyed the rusty cart, guiltless of any paint, and the ancient mangy-looking horse, but decided to make the best of it and hopped in. Perhaps after all, the cart evidently being considered in good repair, I had reason to be thankful that the trap had been left at home.

With a sharp grinding noise the cart moved off. After an hour of solid bumping along hard roads, jolting in and out of deep ruts, we reached the farm. It was a square stone house, with windows set high up from the ground, which made it look as if it were perpetually standing on tip-toe, and—romance at last—a thatched roof. I felt all deficiency made up for by this thatched roof and grabbed at my fleeting visions of delight. I had expected to be greeted by the cheerful bark of a sheep-dog, but was met instead by an abysmal silence. The cart went on to the door, and the groaning of its tortured wheels died down to a depressing quiet. I immediately descended from my perch, pulled my suit-case after me and stepped into the house, where I found my hostess having forty winks. She awoke with a start and told me to take my case upstairs and come down in a little for supper. I did so and remembering that "early to bed, etc.," I went to bed soon after.

After a restless night, due to a lumpy feather bed and hard pillows, I rose next morning and went out into the bright summer morning on a voyage of exploration. After a long search for "the dear little chicks" I discovered three draggled little bunches of feathers not at all up to my expectations. They ran squeaking into the barn at my approach. Disappointed I went into the house again for breakfast. Alas, for the fresh butter! MARGARINE of the stalest and most uninviting nature was to the fore. Another anticipation gone bang! At least there was a pile of hay in an adjoining meadow, and as a last resort I took a book and lay down. Now, if anyone has ever lain long on a haystack he knows that it is not exactly a bed of roses, or rather it is a bed of roses, but the thorns are very much in evidence. This is strictly metaphorical you understand. The sharp, irritating ends of hay kept continually pricking me, and my

book was always sliding down on the top of me.

The only redeeming feature of the place was its quietness. I had never seen a bird or heard a bee hum all day. Then suddenly a horrid slimy frog jumped up on my book. To think it had been near me all the time, gazing at me out of its wicked, bulging eyes. I jumped and fled incontinently. Then a hoarse hoot of a motor horn sounded. It was one of the circular tour motor buses. The place had not even the grace to be quiet and retired! Well, I would take speedy reprisals. I signalled to the driver of the motor, explained that I wished to reach Edinburgh as soon as possible and asked for a seat in the bus. Luckily there was plenty of room, and, dashing upstairs, I got my case, bade a hurried farewell to my hostess and was soon speeding away,—away from that place of disillusionment and disappointed dreams.

I shall never, never take Elsie's advice again, but shall take everything she says with a pinch of salt. SENGU.

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THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

THE identity of the *very* young lady who insisted in the Inters' Exam. that her date of birth was 1921.

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Why certain girls in the third year wore their hair in a new style for a few days and then dropped back to normal.

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Was it the case that a certain gentleman of the staff thought that the winner of the staff golf match was the person with the highest score?

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Does our respected janitor count every piece of lilac blossom on the trees in the garden?

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Who the youth in III.A. is that gravely declaims that "kings are kittle cattle tae deal wi'," and when a demoiselle in the same class whistles "Swanee," states with an air of authority that "Whistlin' maids an' crawin' hens are no' canny."

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Does a certain French student still believe that "se noyer" means "to slip"? If so, and he believes that every time he slips he "se noie," he must have as many lives as a cat. III.A.

A CYCLONE.

CYCLONES do not occur in Britain, but in very warm countries, such as Canada and America, they are very frequent. The one which I am about to describe happened in Canada.

It was on a very hot day in the summer in 1914 that it took place. Huge black clouds began to gather, making the sky almost dark. Everything grew still. Not a person was about, for everyone had taken refuge in their homes, in shops, or in any other place available at the sign of the oncoming storm.

All of a sudden the wind rose. It blew like a fury; and the rain began to fall, first drop by drop, then faster and faster, till at last it came down in torrents so great that nobody could see a yard in front.

The cyclone lasted for almost two hours, doing great damage as it went along owing to the large number of wooden houses. It was not until it had abated that one could really see the vast amount of havoc wrought. Some houses were completely ruined, and no trace left except a scatter of wood and bits furniture where they had been. Others had had their roofs carried clean away, doors and windows blown in, and furniture deposited in a neighbour's garden. The ground was a litter of uprooted trees and lumber of every description. There was not a house but bore marks of the storm.

Though at the time everyone thought that the cyclone had been a great one, it happened to be only the tail-end of another which occurred at Regina about two hundred miles distant. Street upon street there was levelled to the ground, and many lives were lost. Buildings like post-offices, churches and large blocks were utterly destroyed.

If a person is caught in the open, the only means of escape is to lie flat on the ground. It has been found in some cases that this plan is safer than to stay indoors, for houses are liable to collapse overhead.

Anyone having once experienced a cyclone never wishes to do so again.—E.L.B., I.E.

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FICTION.

Bright young man: "Have you a book called 'Man, the World's Ruler'?"

Brighter young librarienne: "Fiction department, sir."

THE HONOUR OF THE SCHOOL.

It was dinner-time, and the whole house was busily engaged in the T-shaped dining-hall, an ancient room whose three-foot oak panelling, carved with innumerable initials, spoke of a memorable past. Conversation was usually carried on in subdued tones, but this day arguments were loudly indulged in at several tables. Was not this the day of the great match—The School *versus* the neighbouring Grammar School?

The School team had not been chosen. Six places remained to be filled. Sickness had compelled four of the regular Fifteen to stand down, the other two were up at the the University sitting Exams. Would "de desperadoes" be included in the team? Tom, Tiftie, Major, Mike, Ginger, Kid, the backbone of the 2nd Fifteen, would fill the missing six places admirably, but would they play to win? This was the much-argued question on the various tables. These "devil-may-cares" had a reputation. Form Masters, House Masters—all knew them. Would they play to win? None knew—save the six themselves. Conversation was suddenly cut short by the House Master rising—a signal for all to do likewise. After saying grace he stood still—a sign that he had an announcement to make. "I will see 'de desperadoes' in my room ee-mediately."

This announcement had been made in the same broken English (for he was a Frenchman) on many occasions with just cause; but to-day the six were in total ignorance, and the face of each one bore that look of injured innocence which only a guilty school-boy can assume.

Slowly they wended their way to the well-known room. He was there to receive them. "You will play in de team to-day. No?" No answer! "You have been chosen to fill de six vacancies—you will play?" Mike gave the lead—"Yes, sir"; the rest followed, and slowly they left the room. They were annoyed—a rabbit-hunting expedition must wait for another day, but that burning question of the dinner-table—"Would they play to win?" Silently they answered it there and then. The completed team hanging on the common-room board was read by eager boys. "De desperadoes are going to play! Ugh! The match is lost!"

Two-thirty was the appointed hour. Of the six, Tom, Tiftie and Ginger were forwards, Mike was at the base of the scrum, Major formed the right wing. "Are you you ready?" followed by a blast of the whistle, and the ball was sent a-rolling. The battle was fast and fierce. No quarter was asked, none was given. Gradually the visitors gained the upper hand, and at half time the School was seven points down,—despite the encouraging yells of "Scho-o-o-o-l" from the touch lines. The second half was even fiercer than the first. In a forward rush the School crossed over the line and five points were wiped off. The battle raged in mid-field now—the visitors were determined to keep their two points lead. The "touch lines" were frantic. "De desperadoes" knew where the blame would fall for defeat. Ginger, seeing red, and ruddier than ever, hauled down a burly forward. Three minutes to go! A scrum on the half-way line. The ball must come out on the School side. Tom, Tiftie and Ginger knew it. They have it! Like lightning they heeled back to Mike. He dodged his opponent and ran on. Carefully he gave the ball to Major. The latter drew the full back and gave it to Kid. The road was clear—25 yards of it. The full back saw his error and gave chase—15 yards—10 yards. Will the full back get him? No! Yes! He has him! Three yards to go! He has him by the jersey. Can he hold him? Can he pull him back? The faithful jersey answered, for it tore from top to bottom, and Kid fell over the line amidst tremendous cheers. "De desperadoes" loved sport for its own sake—but this day they fought for the honour of the School.

JONES MINOR.



AN HONEST LIE.

The sun was shining brilliantly,
And made the water freeze;
And though the air was motionless,
There was a heavy breeze.

The snow was raining heavily,
The streets were very dry;
I took the car and walked it,
And that's an Honest Lie.

YOUNG BILL.

DWARF GROGON.

THERE was once upon a time a wicked dwarf who lived on a hill. His dwelling was far away from everybody, because he had a magic arm which could reach out a mile and seize any person who was walking near his house, which he used as a prison.

Now it happened that Grogon had captured the king's daughter while she was hunting, and the king was very distressed and angry. He had offered heaps of things to the person who could either kill Grogon or release his only daughter, Gazella. Prince after prince had tried, only to be seized and thrust in beside the rest.

But one day a prince called Prince Atholl came and begged the king to allow him to try. The king consented and gave him a beautiful horse, as black as coal but ever so silky, whose name was Firefly. He and the prince became friends immediately. Prince Atholl thanked the old king and set off.

As he neared Grogon's house, he halted, dismounted and tied his faithful horse to a tree. He saw Grogon at the top of the hill gazing down the steep slope.

"Ah," thought Atholl, "this is my chance," and seizing a stone he flung it with all his might to the top of the hill. It struck Grogon but did not hurt him, though he got such a fright that he rolled down the hill making a dreadful noise. On and on he rolled, and being unable to stop himself he went on for miles. The people in the little village heard the noise and rushed off to see what it might be. They thought it quite probable that Grogon had got tired of keeping his prisoners and had started to kill them. As Grogon was nowhere in sight, the people rushed up the hill, but, alas! too late—Grogon was once more on his feet and was stretching out his arm, climbing towards them a mile at each stride.

Grogon seized some of the people, but those who escaped rushed back again to their village. Grogon, however, had captured the king, and the people were unhappy and angry. Luckily Prince Atholl had escaped, and, giving his horse a pat, said, "Well, Firefly, what are we to do now?" To his surprise Firefly answered—"Go to the Man in the Moon's shadow; it will help you. Jump on my back and I shall take you."

So Atholl jumped on Firefly's back and

rode off. Very soon they came to a little house which looked so dark that it could hardly be made out amongst the trees.

"Go and knock," Firefly told him.

Prince Atholl dismounted and knocked. Immediately the door opened and a shadow loomed across the trees.

"I am the Man in the Moon's shadow. What can I do for you?" said a low voice.

"I wish you could help me to kill Grogon and release the poor people he has captured, please," answered the prince.

"That is a hard task, Prince Atholl," replied the Shadow, "but if you go to Mother Wind she will help you as well. When you want me say, 'Help me, Man in the Moon's Shadow,' and I shall be with you."

Prince Atholl thanked the Shadow, and mounted Firefly who rode over mountain and fen to the house where Mother Wind lived. At every mile he felt the wind getting keener and stronger, until at last he was hardly able to breathe. As the wind whistled round him a voice cried, "I am Mother Wind. What do you want?"

Atholl turned round to see whence the voice had come, but he saw no one.

"I am invisible, Prince Atholl," cried the voice.

"Oh! are you? Well could you help me to kill Grogon and set his prisoners free? The Man in the Moon's Shadow said you would if I came to you."

"Ah yes, I will try, but it is a hard task, my son. However, I shall think it over. Go back to Grogon's hill and when you want me, call, 'Help me, Mother Wind!'"

Prince Atholl thanked her and rode back. He had an idea which he meant to carry out. He saw Grogon once more standing on the top of the hill, but this time the wicked dwarf had spied him and was making his way towards him. Quickly Prince Atholl said three times, "Help me, Man in the Moon's Shadow." Suddenly there was complete darkness and Grogon was unable to see where Prince Atholl had gone. Then he said, "Help me, Mother Wind," and immediately there was a great strong wind which blew the wicked dwarf over to a huge rock and crushed him against it. Prince Atholl then ran over to the house, unlocked the doors and let all the people out. As soon as all were free, a knight and a beautiful lady came over to him.

"We must thank you," said the knight; "I was enchanted by this wicked dwarf Grogon along with my sister, Sunbeam, because we refused to guard his house and prisoners while he was away. I was the 'Man in the Moon's Shadow,' while my sister here was 'Mother Wind.' We were to obtain our freedom and natural form whenever we could help some one who was willing to die if only he could kill Grogon and release his prisoners. It was a hard task, for Grogon was always on the look-out for us. Ever so many tried, as you see, for all these princes there tried but were captured by Grogon and thrust into his house. Then his arm was a magic one given to him by a spirit for helping him to capture the Fairy Queen, Titania. Now he is able to stretch it out a mile, and it was no wonder that few people attempted to slay him. We nearly gave up all hope until you came."

Then the king and his daughter, Gazella, came forward and thanked him. The king offered him his throne and the hand of his daughter. Prince Atholl had already fallen in love with Gazella, who was the loveliest lady in the land as well as the nicest.

Their marriage was a great affair, and all the villagers were invited as well as those who had been captured.

After the wedding Prince Atholl ruled, as Gazella's father was getting too old, and he made an excellent king.

Everyone loved him and his beautiful wife, Gazella, and they lived happily ever after, as Grogon was dead. Their faithful Firefly lived in the best stable, and carried his master through many battles safe and sound.

CERISE.

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THE CASTLE.

A castle grand of silver sand
I built upon the shore one day;
The rippling waves crept up the bay
And beat against my castle gay,
Until the tide swept it away.

Methought this castle bold am I,
And all that mighty ocean, Death.
The waves of Time come ever nigh
And beat against my battlements
And slowly, surely, sweep away
Atoms of this narrowing day.

C. M. (F.P.)

THE COLDINGHAM CAMP.

It was with great glee that we heard from our former English master, Mr Scott, now the Rev. James Scott of Coldingham U.F. Church, that he could put up our camp in his church hall.

Twelve boys and three masters spent a glorious fortnight, wandering along the fine Berwickshire coast, bathing in Coldingham Bay, playing cricket, eating Berwick cockles, and otherwise having a jolly good time (*très bien, n'est-ce pas?*).

The good fairies, presided over by their gracious Queen called by mortals Mrs Scott, and including nearly everyone in Coldingham not forgetting the baker who "kept us in hot water," overwhelmed us with kindness. We got rabbit-pies and custard (separately) and meal and jam and all sorts of scrumptious things given to us.

We had all to our own selves a special service in the grand old Priory. There were seventeen of us including the ministers, but the singing of the hymns was done solo. Who the soloist was is still debateable, but certainly if the other sixteen sang at all they sang so softly (please give credit for avoidance of awful pun) that only "one clear call" could be heard—or perhaps they sang *as one man*.

The competitions were a special feature, and the results were as follows:—

Boxing—Leslie Skipworth.

Cricket—James Bowie (carried his bat all the fortnight).

Snoring—George Barclay (thought at first to have a concealed trumpet).

High Temperature—H— W— (score equal 102° F.). (*N.B.*—This score thought at first to be due to a very fine case of S.P. or at least S.F. but local medical man pronounced it T.M.P.) Key—S.P. = Small-pox; S.F. = Scarlet Fever; T.M.P. = Too much pudding.—"ONE OF THE BHOYS."

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A "MOOSE."

Two Scotsmen who had gone to Canada with the idea of taking a ranch were walking with a Canadian, who gripped one of them by the arm and exclaimed: "See, there's a young moose." "A mouse?" said Sandy. "Come awa' hame, Jock. If that's a young mouse what like will an auld rat be?"

THE TEMPLE CAMP.

SOME thirteen—oh, unlucky number!—Third Year girls spent ten days last July under canvas at Temple. Notwithstanding the rainy season we had a very enjoyable camp. To the majority sleeping in a tent was a novelty, but in spite of the rain we would have scorned the suggestion of changing from our ground sheets to feather beds. Who can condense our joys into a paragraph—the joy of keeping fires going in spite of rain—of going for milk when we seemed just to have fallen asleep—of bathing parade—of racing Chang Mêng round the field at night—of helping (?) the students to pitch the tents, or, greater task still, feeding them—or watching the rabbits? These are rhetorical questions, and, as we learned at School, are not meant to be answered, but can anyone answer the following?—Who dodged water-carrying? Who said her mother did not like her to go out in the rain? How many qualified for a handsome husband at the Minister's tea-party?

“NUMBER THIRTEEN,”

A NOBLE RESCUE.

MOTHER said that I was too young to look after Dorothy. We were playing at such a lovely game keeping house, and when mother's back was turned I put on Dorothy's hat and took her for a long walk. We passed through beautiful fields and gathered some flowers till after a while I saw a stream and the banks were a mass of yellow primroses. We hurried to the bank to gather the flowers, which I did as soon as I had left Dorothy comfortably. I had quite a big bunch when I turned round and saw Dorothy in the water. My heart stood still! Whatever would I do? I could not go home without her. I saw her golden hair floating in the water. I thought her face was beginning to look white and queer. Then I rushed to the side screaming, and tried to reach her. I waded in, but the strength of the water nearly carried me off my feet. Then I saw a boy on the other side who was also trying to reach her; the water was too deep on his side also, but he got a long branch and drew her to a shallow place and waded in to her. Then he laid her in my arms. Oh, the joy and delight! I felt as if I could sing! But when I looked into her face I burst out crying, because my new doll was spoilt.

LILY WARWICK.

THE LEGEND OF DEER.

IN 1860, while rummaging among old books, the librarian of Cambridge University discovered an interesting manuscript which had lain neglected on the library shelves for a century and a half. It consisted of 86 pages, six inches long by four and a half wide, closely written on both sides in two languages—Latin and Gaelic. This was the “Book of Deer,” interesting to us because it is the second oldest book of Scotland and the oldest in the language of the people which at that time, about the beginning of the 12th century, was Gaelic. The book receives its name from the monastery of Deer in Aberdeenshire, and, besides giving us a glimpse of the customs of the old Celtic Church and the early land system of Scotland, contains the following legend, here literally translated, relating to the founding of the monastery by Columba.

Columba and Drostan, the son of Cosgreg his pupil, came from Hi (Iona) to Abordoboir (the modern Aberdour in Aberdeenshire) as God had directed them. Bede the Pict was at the time Mormær or Lord of Buchan, and he gifted to them that town in freedom for ever from Mormær and “toiseach” (chieftain). They came after that to another town, and it pleased Columba, for it was full of the grace of God, and he asked Bede to give him that one too, but he refused. Then a son of him took ill on his refusal of the clerics, and was all but dead. Upon that the Mormær came to entreat the clerics that they would pray for the lad that he might recover his health, and he gave them in offering the land from the stone of the well to the stone of the homestead of the son of Garnait. They offered a prayer, and health came to him.

Thereafter Columba gave that town to Drostan, and he blessed it and he left on it the word, “Whoso cometh against it, let him not be many-yeared victorious.” Drostan's tears (*deara*) came freely on parting with Columba, whereupon Columba said, “Let Dear be its name from this onward.”

TWO ON A MULE.

An Irishman who was mounted on a mule at riding drill was getting on quite well until the mule began to jump. In some way the mule's foot caught in the stirrup, and Pat, noticing this, called out, “Hoi, masther, if this lad be coming up here it's high time I was getting down!”

A PRESENT from PORTOBELLO ~ ~

When you visit the "Brighton of the North," we say to parents don't leave the town without taking a toy for the kiddie at home. If you have more than one kiddie you will need more than one toy; but all your requirements will be amply met in this respect by a visit to

F. BURNS' FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSE,
Brighton Place and Bath Street, Portobello,

where, in addition to toys, happy souvenirs, crest china in great variety may be had at moderate cost.

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22 Joppa Road, PORTOBELLO.

AGENT FOR PULLARS' DYEWORKS.

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GHOST'S HAUNT.

"ELLA, put on your coat and go down the village for some flour."

My grandmother, who was a cheery but superstitious old woman, woke me up from my book with a start.

"Yes, Grandma," I answered, hastily slipping into my raincoat and sou'-wester. "I am sure to be back in about an hour."

With this answer I was walking towards the door when my grandmother called me back.

"Do not go through the Ghost's Haunt when coming back," she said; "I have heard many stories about that awful place."

I laughed merrily. "Grandma, how can you be so ridiculous! Fancy believing in all the silly country stories you hear."

"If you are wise you will take my advice," she said, shaking her grey head, "especially on a stormy night like this."

I went out laughing at grandma's silly fancies. The rain was coming down in torrents and the wind roared dismally through the trees. Nevertheless I reached the village quickly enough. I went to the store, purchased the flour and started off home. I stopped at the stile which led to the field named Ghost's Haunt. I could go home much more quickly by going through Ghost's Haunt than by keeping to the main road; still the field looked so eerie and that great oak tree standing in the middle made me feel creepy.

"Nothing can hurt me," I said to myself. "There is nothing in grandma's silly stories." So, casting my fears to the winds, I jumped over the stile. The rain still poured down and the wind moaned and shrieked more dismally than ever.

These sounds brought back to my memory grandma's warning and the awful stories which were associated with the field in which I was now walking. I shivered, drew my cloak more tightly round me and walked faster. I looked towards the great oak tree which loomed now quite near me. "Ah!" I stopped still. A white spectre seemed to

be coming towards me. I sank to my knees! I felt my blood turn cold! The sweat stood out in beads on my brow and I was trembling in every limb. A queer feeling came over me. I rose to my feet and walked towards the white spectre as though in a trance. I went nearer and nearer, till at last I was within an arm's length of it. I slowly put out my hand and touched it. "Ah!"

The touch seemed to bring me back to my senses. I screamed and rushed towards home madly.

The touch felt cold and clammy. I felt it still cold on my fingers.

I reached the house at last, burst open the door, rushed into the room and sank trembling into a chair.

"What is the matter?" said grandma, hurrying towards me.

"It's a—a ghost in Ghost's Haunt," I managed to say with trembling lips.

"We must get a search-party at once," said grandma. "Come and help, Ella."

"No, no," I moaned; "I can't go to that awful place again."

"I'll go and get a party myself, then," said grandma, who was a brave old woman when the time came.

"No, no," I shrieked; "not yourself, Grandma! I'll go too."

Together we went and gathered a few country people, who brought lanterns and cudgels. We all walked huddling together towards the great oak.

There sure enough was the ghost, dancing and whirling as before. We all stopped and, shivering, watched it capering and dancing.

Suddenly one of the men of our party strode towards it knife in hand. A scream came from all the party. We watched him advance towards the spectre. We saw him go right forward and *cut the thing from the tree*.

He brought it to us and held it towards me. I took it and to my surprise I found it to be a sheep-skin, wet and clammy with the rain.

"I hung it up there yesterday," he said, "and I would have forgotten all about it if you had not been lucky enough to find it."

Many jokes are now made about my ghost, but all the same I will never again venture into Ghost's Haunt on a stormy night.

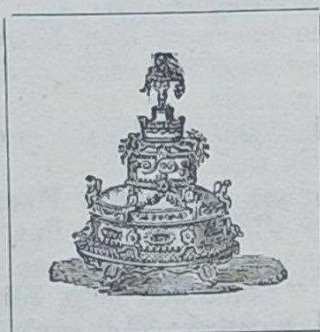
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HOCKEY XI.



A. RITCHIE. D. M'CONDOCHIE. G. SINTON. G. DOW.
J. DUNCAN. A. CARMICHAEL. J. GALL, *Capt.* J. MAYER. J. MACKENZIE.
B. TAYLOR. E. PICKEN.



INFANTS' CHOIR.—Gold Medal, Second Edinburgh Musical Festival.



"I WILL KISS YOU."—Silver Medal, Second Edinburgh Musical Festival.



"BRAVO!"—Gold Medal, Second Edinburgh Musical Festival.

ATHLETIC NOTES

HOCKEY.

THIS season has been a record one for the Hockey Club. Great enthusiasm has been shown, and we have had a membership of no less than fifty. Unfortunately we had no practice ground, but, nevertheless, made the best use possible of the rather limited space provided. We were glad to see that several of the first and second years had joined the Club, and there is a hopeful prospect for next season's team.

We played many successful matches, one of the most enjoyable, despite a rather boisterous wind, being our return match with Juniper Green Eleven. The last match we played was the annual fixture of the Staff v. Team. It was the best and most keenly contested game of a long season.

Miss Eddie played centre-forward and, supported by her forwards, Mr Watt, the wing, in particular, was a force to be reckoned with. Mr Lumsden as goalie was a formidable opponent, and saved the Staff's goal from many fine shots from our forward line. What the girls gained in speed, however, they lost in weight, and the score at full-time was 5—3 for Staff.

The School was represented in the majority of matches by the following players:—

Goal—E. Picken.

Backs—J. Mayer, J. Mackenzie.

Half-Backs—G. Dow, J. Duncan, B. Taylor.

Forwards—D. M'Condochie, J. Gall, A. Ritchie, A. Carmichael, G. Sinton.

We were fortunate in our goalie, whose footwork could not have been better. Our full backs, too, hit out splendidly, and often saved the goal from imminent danger. The half-back line, often the weak point in a team, never failed us. They passed out to the wing at every opportunity, and they neither lagged behind nor followed up too closely. The forward line was very good. The wings, especially

the right, were exceedingly swift, catching the passes, dribbling up to the goal, then centring lustily, where the two inners and the centre-forward were quick to avail themselves of the opportunity to score. The left inside tackled very well, while the footwork of the right inside (Captain) was very effective. The centre-forward (Secretary) kept the balance of the team very well. The general combination of the team was excellent.

The matches were as follows:—

<i>Opposing Team.</i>	<i>Goals.</i>
Broughton H.G.	Won 4-0
Juniper Green	Won 3-1
Gillespie's H.G.	Lost 2-0
Gillespie's H.G. (2nd XI.)	Won 5-3
Boroughmuir H.G.	Drawn 1-1
Juniper Green (return)	Won 5-2
Boroughmuir H.G. (return)	Won 4-1
Boroughmuir (1st XI.)	Lost 1-0
Gillespie's H.G. (2nd XI.) (return)	Won 6-1
"BULLY OFF."	

GIRLS v. MASTERS.

At Warriston.

Teams:—

Girls.

Goalkeeper—J. Duncan.

Backs—J. Mayer and J. Mackenzie.

Half-Backs—G. Dow, B. Taylor, and E. Picken.

Forwards—M. M'Condochie, J. Gall (Capt.), A. Ritchie, A. Carmichael, and G. Sinton.

Masters.

Goalkeeper—Mr Lumsden.

Backs—Mr Mitchell and Dr Pearson.

Half Backs—B. Allison (III.A), Mr Hill, and H. Paton (III.A).

Forwards—Mr Watt, Mr Makepeace, Miss Eddie (Capt.), Mr Kennedy, and Mr Brown.

Referee—L. Darling, III.A.

Miss Eddie won the toss for the Masters, and they were soon down on the Girls' half. Persistent pressure, however, only brought a corner, J. Duncan saving well. After the Girls had visited the Masters' goal, the latter's forward line again got in motion. Receiving a pass from "Jones Minor," Mr Brown had no difficulty in scoring the opening goal. The Girls soon wakened up a bit, forcing two corners, which, however, were fruitless. Some brilliant jazzing by Mr Lumsden followed fine clearances by Dr Pearson and Mr Mitchell. Then the Masters' attackers swooped down on the Girls' defence, and "Jones Minor" passed forward to Mr Watt who repassed to "Jones Minor," who scored. Keeping up the pressure and following an annulled goal, the Masters scored their third, through Mr Brown. Shortly afterwards the whistle blew for half-time, the score being 3-0 for the Masters.

After the usual half-time refresher the teams started, a little re-arranged. It was now the Girls' turn to come down with a rush, A. Ritchie scoring the best goal of the match with an almost unsaveable shot. This compelled "the jazzer" to lower his colours. Then the Masters replied with a hot shot by Miss Eddie, but the Girls returning, G. Dow, after robbing Mr Watt of the ball and eluding another opponent,

passed to A. Carmichael, who made no mistake. Again the Masters replied by scoring a goal which was not only a "Watt" but also a *hot* shot. Following up a high clearance by J. Mackenzie, the Girls tried in vain to score, but instead "Jones Minor" did the trick. When the Girls returned to the Masters' citadel it was only to see the dexterity, perhaps luck, of "the jazzer" save G. Sinton's shot, but after "Jones Minor" struck the post with a "corker," the Girls had the better of the exchanges. A. Carmichael scored her second goal as a result of persistent pressure. Then they strove gamely but vainly to reduce the leeway. In spite of the shouts of the Girls' Captain, "the jazzer" kept his charge intact, and a rattling good game ended in mid-field with the score 5-3 for the Masters.

□ □ □

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The outstanding feature of the game was the plucky uphill fight of the Girls. "The Jazzer" was the most prominent player. "Jones Minor" & Co. were a little lucky to win, and I feel that I cannot finish my account better than by giving three cheers for the losers.

"PIERSHILL."



F. M. MACKAY SCOTT

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor,

196 High Street, PORTOBELLO,

Supplies the School Outfits at Keenest Prices.

BLAZERS, CAPS, STRAW HAT BANDS, BELTS & TIES.

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SWIMMING.

OUR swimming during the present year has greatly improved. Last year the boys' team was the sole representative of Portobello Higher Grade School, but now we have a number of girls who form a reliable team to oppose the girls of other schools. The girls' team—A. Tait, M. Gordon, E. Watson, and R. Montrose—won the School Board Shield, and each received a silver medal. The boys' team, C. Reddington, R. Little, W. M'Craw, and J. M'Laren, went in for the Team Race at Central Baths, Edinburgh, but lost by barely twelve inches. R. Little, however, made up for it by winning the Diving Competition. A. Tait won the School Board Medal for fifty yards, and also received a medal for herself. A boy also went in for the Breast Stroke Championship. He did very well, considering that he was up against a boy twice his size. We won nearly every event we competed for, the two exceptions being—(1) Boys' Team Race, (2) Boys' Breast Stroke Championship.

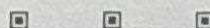
Two of the girls from the School are competing for the 50 yards and 100 yards East of Scotland Championship. It would be a great honour for the School if they each got the Championship that they are in for. We have a promising young swimmer in R. Little. Just recently he, along with Miss L. Steele and Miss B. Dalziel, gave a sensational exhibition of trick-diving, which was greatly appreciated by the audience. Another excellent swimmer is C. Reddington, who has an almost perfect crawl stroke which takes him through the water at an astonishing rate. M'Laren is another swimmer whom we may regard as an expert. J. M'Kenzie has a peculiar stroke of her own, which is neither trudgeon nor crawl but a little of each. A. Tait can beat the East of Scotland record by one second, her time being thirty-seven seconds for 50 yards. E. Watson's speediest method of swimming is the trudgeon, in which she shows remarkable ability. R. Montrose is a very good swimmer, considering that she only learnt a year ago. We hope that in the future our members will always triumph in the galas as the boys and girls of this year have done.

ONE OF THEM.

CRICKET.

THIS year, our fixtures being very few, we started a Class League, which is succeeding very well. The leaders of this League are I.E. and III.A.; rather curious this, the classes being top and bottom dogs. There is a Class Championship which is also promising well. This is a knockout competition, and the semi-finalists are III.A., I.E., I.B., and I.C. The winners of the Championship are to be presented with prizes, and this, of course, made the boys all the keener. Our first School match was with James Gillespie's, at Warriston, and we started very well, dismissing our opponents for the small score, as we thought, of 29 runs. Then did we come down with a wallop—all out for 15 in fact. There is this to be said in our favour, however,—the bowling was peculiar. It was slow, very slow, and our men, being used to fastish stuff, played the ball the wrong way and paid the penalty. We made a rare discovery in this match, a batsman, J. G. Miller, who knocked up a splendid 8, more than half the total. Last year's XI. defeated the Masters by 11 runs, and we are hoping to emulate this feat, and we will do it, too, if Jones Minor makes another duck.

"MIDDLE STUMP."



A FINE FRENZY.

THESE are the eight we have sworn to obey—
"Hamilton" (Janet), who smiles all the day,
Equally happy at work or at play.

P is for "Paton," the shortest of all,
R is for "Rosie," so sweet and so small.
Ever heard tell of a fellow called "Alastair
Forrester"? "Lizzie" helps him at the
baluster.

Easily first in demureness is "Aggie
Carmichael." Confound it—the only
rhyme's Maggie!

THESE are our Prefects, along with the
twain,
"Sinton" and "Skipworth"—that's Beauty
and Brain.

FAIRY ANN.

A HEALTH!

There was a young man of III.A.,
 Who wrote with a "Swan" all the day;
 You must know him because
 He was dubbed "Grubby Paws"—
 (Dear old Grubby!—it's quite impos-
 sible to do him justice within the limits
 of a five-line limerick.)
 Here's his health! May he live till he's
 grey.

□ □ □

A WAIL.

Shade of Sir Walter Scott, appear!
 Lend me thine aid:
 Convince my teachers here
 Poets are born, not made.

MINNIE REID, I.B.

THE RETORT.

Minnie, ma bonnie lass, I'm thinkin'
 There's mony a bardie wearies clinkin'
 The bits o' rhymes that aye keep jinkin'
 Ahent his back;
 But thrum awa' and they'll come linkin'—
 Ye've got the knack.

We a' maun creep afore we gang—
 Your wee bit stave's no juist a sang;
 But, i' your lug, gin ye'd keep thrang,
 My pawky kimmer,
 We'll hear your pipe yet, clear and strang
 As bird's in simmer.

T. M.

PLAYING THE GAME.

Two golfers sliced their drives into the
 rough and spent some fifteen minutes in
 a vain search for the lost balls. At length
 a dear old lady, who was sitting near by on
 a tree-stump and who had been following
 their movements with kindly, sympathetic
 gaze, ventured in a sweet small voice to
 remark, "I hope I'm not interfering,
 gentlemen, but would it be cheating if I
 told you where they are?"

:: :: ::

THE MASTER MIMIC.

The teacher had asked her young pupils
 to be able to mimic some animal, and when
 the competition came off there were more or
 less realistic imitations of bulls, lions, sheep,
 etc., etc. At last she turned to a small boy
 who was very quiet and said, "Now, John,
 it's your turn." John, however, did not
 respond and the teacher asked, "Why,
 John, what's the matter?" "S-s-s-h!"
 was the reply given in a warning whisper;
 "I'm a hen, an' a'm layin' an egg!"

:: :: ::

BEFORE THE SPORTS.

Teacher: "Tell me five of the most
 important races of mankind."

Likely Champion: "The 100 yards, the
 200, the quarter-mile, the mile, and the
 hurdles."

VISITORS TO DUDDINGSTON should not miss having their
 Tea in

SMITH'S TEA ROOMS

Their walk will then be a pleasure, and they will go home rejoicing after the cup that
 refreshes and the rest in Smith's cool and dainty Tea Rooms.

Every Convenience. :: Charges Moderate.

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*Something Sweet in
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Nothing but real quality can produce the wholesome tastiness of these delicious dainty pieces of creamy toffee. Each piece neatly cut and separately wrapped.

Obtainable either with or without the addition of nuts.

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