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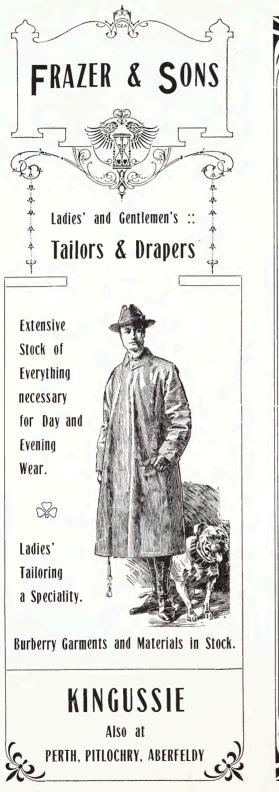
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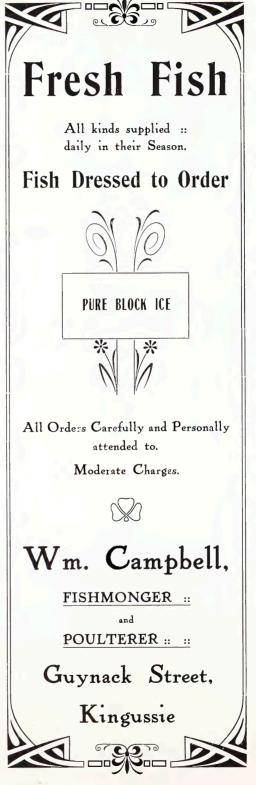
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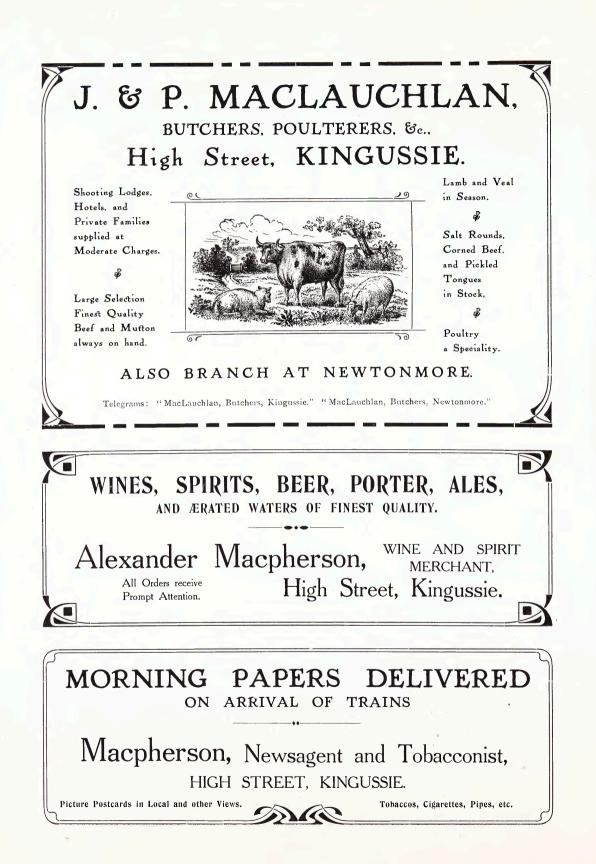
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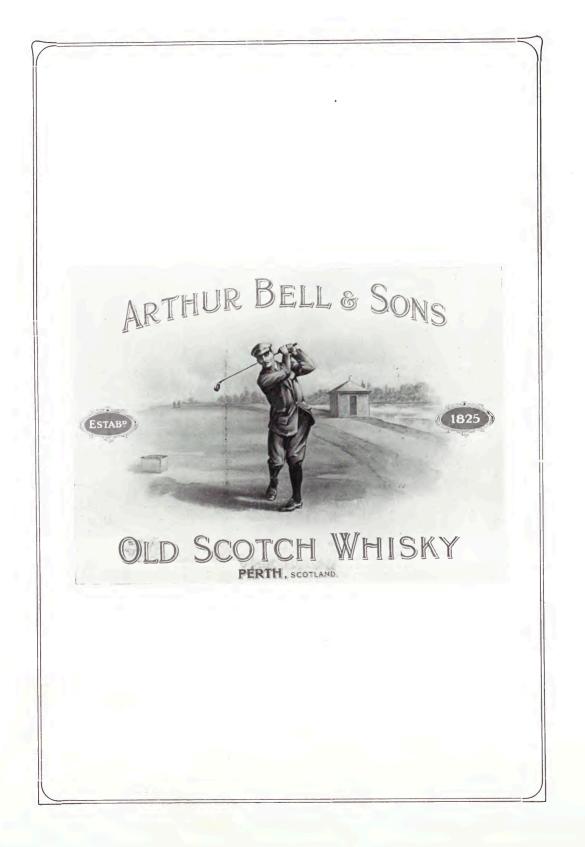
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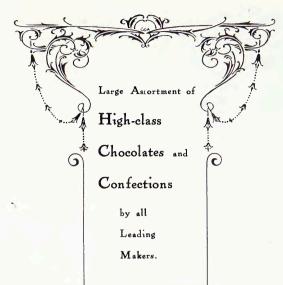
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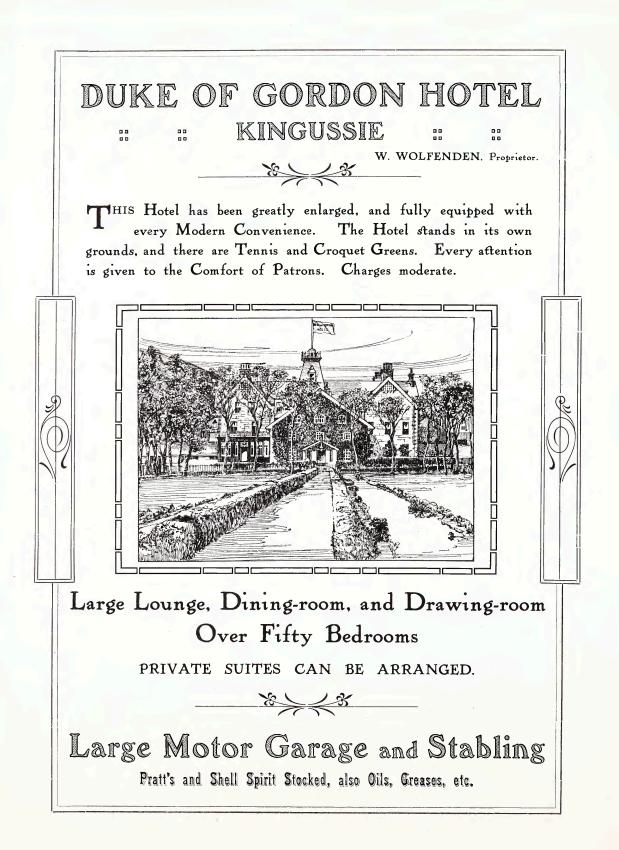


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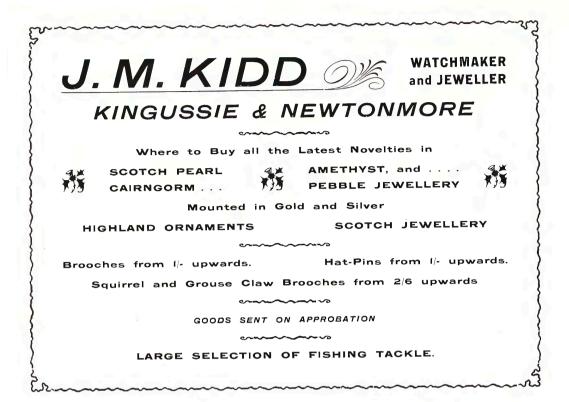
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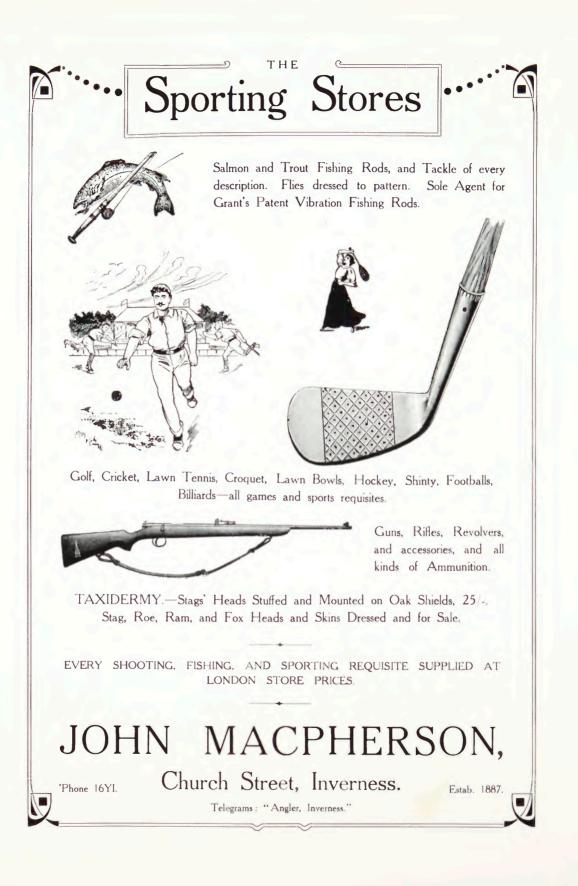
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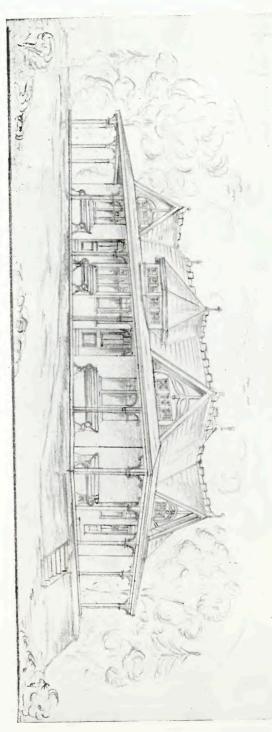
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The Book of Kingussie



THE NEW GOLF-HOUSE

72

[From a Sketch by Alexander Mackenzie, Architect, Kingussie]

Book of Kingussie

The _____

:: :: A Souvenir of :: ::

Kingussie Golf Club Bazaar

:: 22nd and 23rd August, 1911 ::

EDITED BY ROBERT LESTER SHINNIE

JAS. JOHNSTONE Printer KINGUSSIE



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Preface

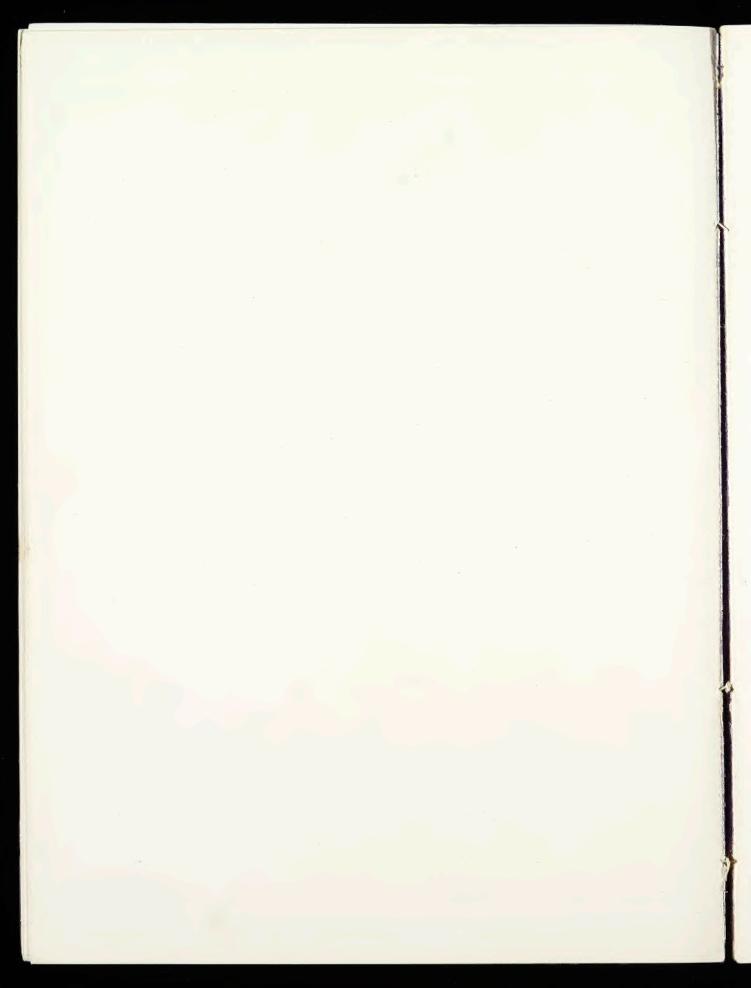
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IN presenting "The Book of Kingussie" to our readers we are conscious of many reasons for humility. Our critics will doubtless point out our many faults, but we are not offering prizes for their discovery. This little book is not meant to be a guide-book. It is simply intended to form a souvenir of the Golf Club Bazaar of 1911. If, however, it helps, even in a very humble way, to bring the claims of Kingussie before those who have never hitherto visited us, we shall feel satisfied.

We desire here to express our thanks to all who have assisted us in the production of the following pages, and particularly the contributors of articles and sketches. We are indebted to Messrs. Valentine & Sons, 1907, Ltd., Dundee, for the block of the Old Golf-house, and to Mr. Jas. Johnstone, our publisher, for the use of a number of his blocks and photographs. We have also to acknowledge the courtesy of the proprietors of "The Inverness Courier," the editor of "The Daily Mirror," and the editor of "The London Magazine" in lending us blocks. We are likewise indebted to Mr. James Mackintosh, Westfield, Kingussie, for his able and willing assistance in procuring old photographs of Kingussie and its Provosts, and also for several of the modern pictures, which he has specially taken for this work.

Our special thanks are due to Mr. Geo. C. Campbell, Secretary of the Golf Club, for his indefatigable labours in securing the advertisements, without which the book could not have been produced profitably.

It only remains for us now to express the hope that our readers will not be merely borrowers, but will heartily expend the small amount necessary to make them owners for themselves, of "The Book of Kingussie."



The Object of the Bazaar

8

IN a nutshell, the object of the Bazaar is to raise a sum of at least £500 for the following purposes: (a) To meet the cost of the new Golf Club-house which has been erected this Spring, and (b) to provide a fund for the further improvement of the Golf Course.

(a) THE HOUSE

About six years ago the original Club-house, which consisted of only one apartment, was replaced by a slightly more pretentious building, providing separate rooms for ladies and gentlemen. Since then, however, the Course has been extended to 18 holes, and many other important changes have been made which have added to its attractiveness. These improvements were fully appreciated, and the membership of the Club so greatly increased, that the accommodation of the Clubhouse during the Summer months yearly became more and more inadequate.

The Golf Course forms one of Kingussie's chief attractions, and it is felt that no effort should be spared to uphold its status, and so maintain the prosperity of the town and district.

At a meeting held in December last the Golf Club decided to proceed at once with the erection of a new Club-house of a more commodious and attractive character than the former one. Plans of a suitable building having been prepared by Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, architect, Kingussie, offers were advertised for, and the following were the successful contractors for the various departments of the work :---Mason, James Macdonald, Kingussie; Carpenter, D. & M. Fraser, do.; Plumber, Hugh Ross, do.; Slater, John Dunbar, do.; Cement work, R. & L. Macpherson, do.; Painter, Dunbar & Macpherson, do.; Grates and range, Ewan Campbell & Son, do.

Operations were commenced early in February, and on account of the exceptionally open weather which prevailed this Spring, the works progressed so satisfactorily that the completed building was formally opened on Saturday, 17th June, by Mrs. Macpherson of Balavil. By the kindness of the architect (Mr. Mackenzie) we are

В

THE BOOK OF KINGUSSIE

enabled to reproduce as a frontispiece to this book a sketch by him of the new Golf-house, showing it as completed. It contains a large central hall, ladies' and gentlemen's club-rooms, committee room, ladies' retiring room, ample lavatory accommodation, kitchen, scullery, and cellar. The total cost of the building has been nearly £500.

(b) THE COURSE

It is also intended to expend during the coming Spring and Summer a large sum in still further improving the Course itself.

Hitherto the Golf Club has made no extraordinary effort to place its finances on an assured basis, but it is gratifying to be able to state that the debt incurred in connection with improvements previously carried out has now been almost entirely wiped off. Although the Club may therefore be said to be self-supporting, we venture to appeal to all interested in the town and district for their assistance and support in realising the object of the Bazaar; and as this is the first appeal of the kind that has been made on behalf of the Golf Club, we have every confidence that it will meet with a hearty response.

> C. B. MACPHERSON of Balavil, Convener. GEO. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary.

Kingussie, August, 1911.

THE BAZAAR

WILL BE HELD WITHIN

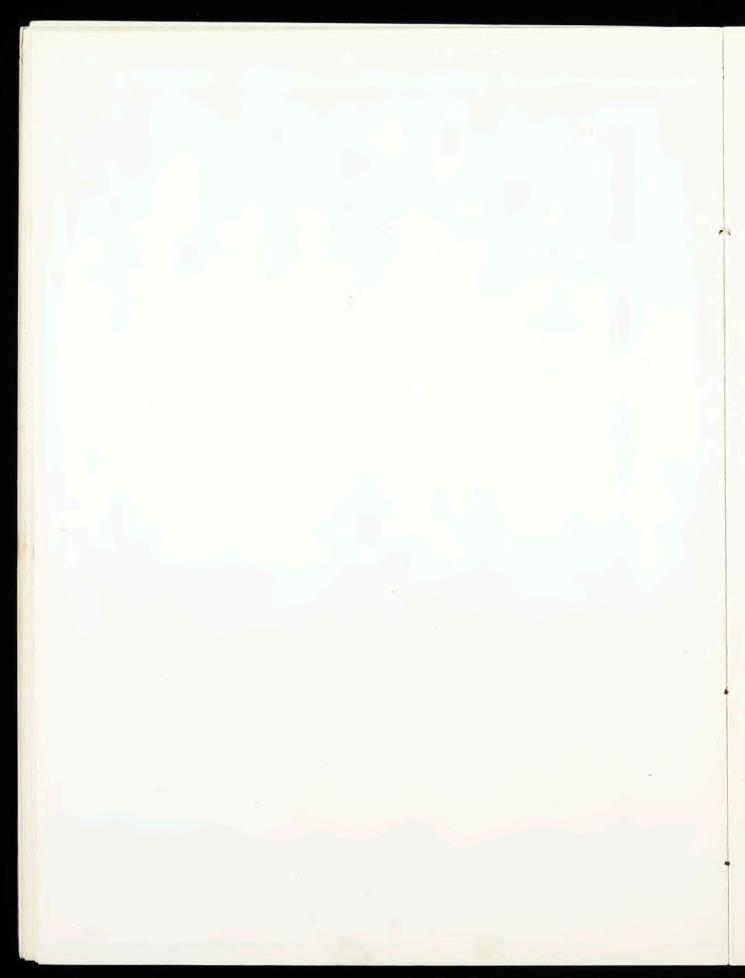
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* The Drill Hall and other Apartments in the Headquarters of the Badenoch Company 4th Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders have been kindly lent for the occasion by The County Association and the Officer commanding the Company, Major John Campbell, T.D.



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THE BOOK OF KINGUSSIE

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NOTE.-Since the Bazaar Circular was issued in January last, we have lost two of our Patrons by death. These are the Hon. Edward W. B. Portman, Aberarder, and Alexander M'Hardy, M.V.O., Chief-Constable of Inverness-shire. The former was one of the first to express his sympathy with the object of the Bazaar, and to give us his enthusiastic support. The latter, being "the father of golf" in the North of Scotland, assisted in laying out the first course here, and was most ready and willing to help us at all times. We shall greatly miss both of these gentlemen, and desire here to record our regret.-Ed.

Bazaar Officials

"The time approaches that will With due decision make us know What we shall say we have, And what we owe."—Macbeth.

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Convener

C. B. Macpherson of Balavil

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Provost Wolfenden, Kingussie Duncan Macpherson, Royal Hotel, do. Colonel Ewan Campbell, do. Major John Campbell, do. Alexander Mackenzie, Architect, do. George Masson, Bank of Scotland, do. Edward Roberts, Schoolhouse, do. J. T. Simpson, Solicitor, Kingussie Wm. Campbell, Gynack Street, do. Thomas Macgillivray, Corshellach, do. James Mackintosh, Westfield, do. James A. Macdonald, Glengarry, do. James L. Mackintosh, Dunmore, do. R. L. Shinnie, Gordon House, do.

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Secretary

Geo. C. Campbell, Brookville, Kingussie



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"And every mortal thing I do Brings ringing money in the mart." -R. L. Stevenson

∞

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Kingussie Golf Club

8

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	James E. B. Baillie of Kingussie, M.V.O.
	Provost Wolfenden
	Colonel Ewan Campbell, V.D.

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и): , С	James A. Macdonald, Glengarry, Kingussie	
	C	Archibald R. Dallas, The Mills, do.
	John T. Cuthbert, Failand, do.	
		along with the Captain and Secretary.

Green Keeper, - - - Charles Watt Assistant Green Keeper, - - Duncan Meldrum



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PRESIDENT



Mr. Duncan Macpherson, Captain



Mr. Geo. C. Campbell, Honorary Secretary.



Mr. J. T. Simpson, Honorary Treasurer.

OFFICE-BEARERS OF THE CLUB.



Mr. Thos. M'Gillivray.



Mr. Jas. A. Macdonald.



Mr. James Mackintosh.

Mr. Geo. Masson.



Mr. Ed. Roberts, M.A.



Mr. Wm. Campbell.

THE GREEN COMMITTEE

The History of the Club

By Donald T. Mackintosh, M.A.



Mr. D. T. Mackintosh, M.A., Secretary, 1904-9. IN asking me to contribute to the Book of the Bazaar a short sketch of the history of Kingussie Golf Club, the editor has entrusted me with a task for which I must, to begin with, protest my incompetency. My own connection with the club dates only from the year 1904, and of its history prior to that date I have no personal knowledge, while such enquiries as I have made have not resulted in much additional information. Unfortunately also, as is so often the case in connection with similar institutions, the archives of the club during the first years of its existence have disappeared, while even for the period which the existing minute books cover, they do not contain much beyond lists of office-

bearers, terms of subscription, financial statements, etc., with which I do not propose to weary the patient reader. I wish therefore to make plain at the beginning of this article that I am not writing a history of the club. I am only giving a few notes on one or two points connected with its past career which have a certain interest for me personally. As a matter of fact the club has no history. The course of its existence has been a singularly uneventful one, in which nothing more momentous has ever happened than an occasional agitation in favour of raising the subscription.

The club was, I believe, first instituted in the year 1890, so that the present year signalises its coming-of-age. Just about that time Kingussie was beginning to flourish as a summer resort, and the necessity for additional means of public recreation was making itself felt. Glen Gynack naturally suggested itself as the most suitable locality for a golf course. It was not the only site considered, and as a matter of fact, if other things were equal, it is not the best site for such an institution that offers itself in the district. The Dell, stretching along the river banks, offers distinctly more promising material for the construction of a good course, and would have been much more easily adapted to the purpose. But its liability to flooding put it at once out of the question, and the choice made by the civic fathers of that generation must be approved by their successors of to-day. It would be useless to attempt to enumerate

the names of those who were connected with the movement for the establishment of The lists have perished, and though they might be conjecturally reconthe club. structed, the result would still be incomplete. I shall, therefore, mention only three whose activities were specially evident. The first of these is Mr. Macpherson of Balavil, who has been honorary president of the club since its commencement. Ι cannot say whether Mr. Macpherson was present at the meeting when the project took definite shape, but he was one of its warmest supporters, and gave to the club at its outset the same encouragement and support which he has extended to it at every stage of its progress. The only other names I wish to mention are those of the late Provost Macpherson and Mr. A. F. Fyfe, Clury House. The latter took a specially active part in the proceedings at the foundation of the club, and, unlike several of the other promoters, his interest in its welfare survived the early years of its existence. Mr. Fyfe is no longer a playing member of the club, a fact which is not less a matter of regret to us than to him, but he has not ceased to follow its fortunes with the keenest interest, and there is no inhabitant of Kingussie whose labours on its behalf deserve warmer recognition.



THE GOLF COURSE FROM THE NORTH

The original course was laid out by the late Captain MacHardy, M.V.O., Chief Constable of Inverness-shire, whose well-justified boast it used to be that he

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had laid out more golf courses than any of his contemporaries. It consisted of nine holes, all situated on the west side of the Gynack burn. Of the round as planned by him only the first and last holes now remain. The extreme outmost limit of the course was situated at the present third hole, which was then the fourth. The ground now utilised for the fourth and fifth holes was at that time covered with a dense growth of bracken, which the promoters of the club did not meddle with. Even if they had contemplated a war of extermination on the bracken-no very difficult campaign-the funds at their disposal would not have permitted of it. I am told that the total capital subscribed for the institution of the course amounted to the sum of The amount would suggest that the founders of the club were not very sanguine £8. as to its permanency, and the circumstances of the succeeding year justified their pessimism. For in 1891 the club, owing to a disagreement as to the terms of their tenure of the ground, were summarily ejected, and had to seek a temporary refuge elsewhere. What the causes of this disagreement were I do not know, but I have no doubt the club largely had themselves to blame. Badenoch people have always been, like Allan Breck, "bonnie fechters."

During this period of exile the members were indebted to the kindness of the late Mrs. Pullar, then tenant of Kerrow farm, for permission to establish themselves on ground situated in the vicinity of the Three Bridges, about a mile to the eastwards of Kingussie. The temporary course set up there, however, could not by any stretch of the imagination be called a good one. Generally speaking, one teed on a clump of rushes, and played to an oasis in the middle of a marsh. Sometimes, by way of variety, one teed in the middle of a marsh, and played towards a clump of rushes. But for a whole summer this makeshift course had to answer the requirements of the rising school of golfers in Kingussie. They were an enthusiastic race in those days, and less given to voicing complaints than they are nowadays, but it would be gross flattery to say that their skill was on a par with their enthusiasm. I have dim recollections of one of the early prizes competed for on the course at Glen Gynack being won with a score of 67 for the nine holes, which was considered extraordinarily good golf.

In 1892 the differences regarding the tenure of Glen Gynack were happily smoothed over, and the club returned to its old course on a five years' lease. On its expiry a further extension was secured, and matters remained on this footing until 1907, when an eighteen years' lease was obtained from the Superior of the estate, Mr. Baillie of Dochfour.

It was not until 1898 that the club became possessed of a club-house, and the erection of the building in that year was due to the initiative of Mr. Duncan Macpherson, Royal Hotel, Kingussie, whose connection with our club dates from two

years previously, and who has been and remains one of its most consistently active and enterprising members, having occupied the position of captain on ten occasions, a record which is not shared by any other member. The want of a club-house was severely felt, but it had its compensating advantages. As my friend, Mr. Stevenson, of Glasgow, who has played over the course every year since its institution, remarked to me on one occasion, one could always, at least in those days, tell who was on the course by examining the waistcoats hanging on the birch trees in the neighbourhood of the first tee. The original club-house was a ready-made composite structure, containing only two rooms. It soon began to prove inadequate to the requirements of the club, which increased its membership about this time at a surprising rate. By very extensive alterations in 1904 it was enlarged to nearly three times its original size, and it was thought that the new building might serve for a considerable period to come. The years immediately succeeding, however, witnessed an even more rapid growth in membership than the club had previously experienced. The new clubhouse was scarcely opened when renewed complaints were heard as to overcrowding, and the result has been the erection this year of the present handsome building, which is both larger and more substantial than either of its predecessors. As I survey it, I



THE FORMER CLUB-HOUSE

find myself wondering how long it will satisfy the growing requirements of the golfing community, and when the much-harassed committee will be faced with demands for a still more elaborate structure. If the past history of the club counts for anything, that day will not be far distant.

The changes undergone by the course itself during the club's existence have been neither few in number nor trifling in extent. Reference has already been made to the line of play as originally fixed, with the present third green as its turning-point. The first alteration of this order of things came when this green was abandoned, and a new hole made in the neighbourhood of the present fifth green, but somewhat nearer the burn. At what period this change was made I cannot tell exactly, but I fancy it was about 1897. In 1904, at the time the club-house was being enlarged. further extensive alterations were made on the course itself. Permission was obtained from Mrs. Macgillivray, of Ballachroan, to extend the course over the ground now occupied by the fourth and fifth holes, and by the inclusion of this territory a rearrangement of the remaining holes was effected, which materially added to the variety of the course. In particular it enabled one really good long hole to be included in the nine holes of which the round consisted. This was the sixth, the tee for which was on the site of the present sixth tee, while the putting green was located on the flat beside the well, immediately below the existing seventeenth hole. I have always considered this course as being on the whole the best the club has ever possessed. But it had its drawbacks. The second, sixth, seventh and eighth holes all followed a line more or less parallel, and they were crowded pretty closely together. It is true that the crowding was not more noticeable than in the case of many classic links of world-wide reputation, but people submit without grumbling on classic links to conditions which they are not slow to object to on struggling inland courses. I cannot say that in this case the complaints were without justification, for as the number of players increased, the congestion at times was very troublesome, and it soon became evident that the only way out of this recurring difficulty was the extension of the course to the regulation eighteen holes. The flat ground on the east side of the Gynack was the only stretch available for this purpose, and at that time it did not lock at all promising material to work on. Some difficulty was experienced at the outset in acquiring it, and the club had to wait for a year or two before securing possession. But in 1907 these difficulties were overcome, and an eighteen years' lease of the already existing course and the new ground was obtained from the Superior on very reasonable terms.

In laying out the additional nine holes the club had the benefit of Harry Vardon's advice. For this privilege they had principally to thank their faithful supporter, Mr. A. E. Gilbert, Ardchoile. Mr. Gilbert has always taken a warm interest in the development of our little club, and was an ardent advocate of the extension. I think I am right in stating that he was the originator of it. Certainly he was in the habit of urging it on the committee before I myself considered it feasible. It was on Mr. Gilbert's suggestion that Vardon was brought to Kingussie to advise on the disposition of the extra holes, and a very handsome share of the expenses incident to the occasion was also borne by him.

Opportunity was taken of this visit to arrange a match on the old course at the same time, between Vardon and Herd. The game, played on August 23, 1906, proved a conspicuous success. It found Vardon in one of his great moods, and the 67 which he registered on the double round in the afternoon was from



VARDON DRIVING AT THE FIRST TEE

every point of view a marvellous performance. It is not necessary to go into details here, but it is of interest to note that the great player himself remarked more than once in the course of his visit to the present writer, and to other members of the club committee, that he counted it one of the best rounds of his life. It certainly was magnificent golf, for the old nine holes were a much harder test of golf than anything the present course affords. The *Scotsman* in its comments on the game on that occasion said:

It was wonderful golf. After the first round (a 38), and when he had got the run of the greens, he simply did not make a single blunder. He was particularly careful about his putts, and made no mistake whatever on any of the last twenty-seven greens. Off the tee he pulled his drive at the fifth in the first round into the wood, and had to sacrifice a stroke, but otherwise he kept a perfect line throughout. His 33 in the morning also should have been a stroke less, as the ball in approaching the seventh green caught a little hillock and jumped off into very bad ground. He had not one 6 in the thirty-six holes, and this although eight of the holes he played ran up to 500 yards, and every approach in the round requires thinking over.

The following were the details of his record afternoon score :-

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The previous record for the course was 75, made by Mr. George Robertson, a local player, and Mr. W. Kinloch Anderson, a North Berwick visitor, and the bogey score was 76. Herd's two rounds of 74 and 80 represented a very good long game, and he did some very clever work with his mashie, but he seemed unhappy on the greens, frequently taking three, and even four, putts to Vardon's steady two. He was evidently a good deal put out in losing four successive holes by just lipping the cup.

The principal outcome of Vardon's advice on the laying out of the new part of the course was the inclusion of the present ninth in the scheme. Previous to his visit some of us had had one or two tries in our own amateur way at plotting out the new ground, but none of us considered the ground on which this hole is now placed as at all feasible, for it was covered with a stubbly growth of heather, varied by a plentiful crop of boulders. He, however, fixed on it at once as the very spot for a short hole. The club committee proposed to call this hole by the name of its famous discoverer, but the members, both residents and visitors, have combined with singular and unanimous perversity in naming it Spion Kop. Opinions have varied as to the value of the hole; but it has always been found that whenever any attempt was made to leave it out of the round, the outcry raised by the members of the club was so great as to prove that, however viciously they may speak of it when they have played it badly, they recognise in calmer and saner moments its value as a test of good pitching. Its inclusion added considerably to the length, and



HERD PUTTING AT THE SIXTH GREEN

even more to the roominess, of the succeeding four holes, and, indeed, if the visit of the ex-champion had produced no other results, it would have been more than justified by this result alone. The remaining holes on the old part of the course are not played now exactly as laid down in the original scheme, the reason for the alteration being the difficulty found in bridging the Gynack at the point where the line of play was intended to cross its channel.

On the completion of the new course a second professional match was arranged between Vardon and Herd. The latter on this occasion (August 26, 1908) succeeded in defeating his redoubtable antagonist, by whom in the earlier match he had been beaten hands down, and his score of 70 registered in the afternoon round may rank as a very meritorious performance. For the benefit of those who may be anxious to compare their own achievements with those of the professionals, it may be mentioned that the course played over in this match differed considerably from that in use to-day. It was at least some 400 yards longer, and was a good deal more difficult. Herd's score figures as the official professional record of the course, but as

a matter of fact it was only an approximate score, as he did not hole out on the third green.

Of recent years the club has been indebted to two of its visiting members for the presentation of handsome com-The first of these, petition trophies. the Montgomerie Cup, is the gift of Mr. John Montgomerie, Partick, one of Glasgow's best known citizens, and is played for in July under handicap conditions, the entry being open to members of any club playing on the course during the month of the competition. This vear Mr. C. M. Bain, of Shanghai, a brother of the respected minister of Kingussie United Free Church, has presented us with another cup, to be known as the North China Cup, which is confined to local members. These two trophies have done much to stimulate interest in the game in our neighbourhood. When the club was first founded, for some reason or other it failed to



Challenge Cup presented to the Club by John Montgomerie, Esq., Glasgow.

attract to its membership many of the more youthful section of the population, and it must be confessed that, with one or two outstanding exceptions, the standard of play was not, generally speaking, high. But this state of affairs has been altered. The younger generation are now taking a more lively interest in the game and the affairs of the club, which to-day can put into the field a team of players who need not be ashamed of themselves in any company.

As for the future of the club, its prospects seem to me to be of the rosiest description. It is happy in the possession of a course which, although on the short side, more than atones for this defect by its variety and genuinely sporting character. The word "sporting" is of rather vague signification in some of its applications, and is, I am aware, often used to cover a multitude of sins. But it certainly applies in its true sense to the course in Glen Gynack, no two holes of which are of a similar nature, or can be negotiated in exactly the same way. To those of us who remember what that course was at the beginning, or even a few years ago, the progress that has been made will appear as very great indeed. I am sure that with its present capable committee, and its present active and enthusiastic secretary, the club is now entering on a new era of progress and prosperity. For one thing, it is going to have a good deal more money at its disposal than was the case in the past, and golf courses are expensive luxuries that require a liberal supply of this commodity. I hope it is also going to carry into the future the same spirit of harmony and good fellowship which, I can testify from personal experience, was one of the chief characteristics of its membership in the past.

In Praise of Glen Gynack

By Rev. John Smith, M.A.

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OME, all ye gay golfers—here's luck to your name !— Come, shoulder your clubs, ye that love the old game. And come, I will lead you to Gynack's green glen, Far away from the haunts and the business of men.

Oh, come when the dew-drop lies thick on the grass, When the mist like a shroud hides the dark mountain pass, When the first woodland praise to high Heaven is borne, And the resinous pine scents the breath of the morn.

But first pause on the brae-top adjoining the Mill, And dwell on the splendour of wood, vale, and hill; While the murmuring stream, as it gurgles along With a leap and a dance, soothes the ear with its song.

See, through the green meadow the proud, lordly Spey, Like a thread of pure silver, pursuing its way. See beyond it the sweep of those mighty blue Bens, Flow'ry meads in their bosom, and rich grassy glens.

See Ruthven's grey ruin, as it stands bare and cold, With the spirit that breathed in the heroes of old, Defiant of fate, when the wild slogan cry Called them out to do battle, to dare—or to die.

Then pass 'mong the fir trees, the green, scented larch That stand o'er your path, a triumphal grand arch, 'Mid profusion all touched by some strange magic wand, And you're ushered at length into fair Fairyland.

And, hush! in the stillness a weird, chatt'ring sound, The voices of myriads of spirits unbound, In mysterious converse with those of their kind, As they hover and float on the wings of the wind.

See before you—but no! lifeless words, had they been Those of angels and men, could not picture the scene, As the mist, slowly rising, unfolds to the eyes All the glory, in essence, of first paradise.

Yonder mountain and moorland, there loch, tarn, and stream, The mossy green sward, like some sight in a dream. Here peace and repose, there magnificence wild, Beauty cradled in state like a sweet, sleeping child.

Oh, come when the noon sun shines bright in the sky, When the world's all aglow in the glance of its eye, When the fragrance of honey, extracted with care From the rich purple heath, faintly perfumes the air.

Or come when the cool evening breeze fans the brow, When the tired feathered world seeks repose in the bough, When the bee, heavy laden, returns to its cell, And the shadows flit ghost-like o'er mountain and dell.

Oh, come with your "swallow," your "hawk," or your "kite"; Let your "rubber-core" soar unrestrained in its flight. Avoid the dread bunker, the hazard, and still Here you'll find just the course that will test your best skill.

Come, then, for a space; leave the hot, dusty street. At Kingussie a good Highland welcome you'll meet. There is life, there is health, there's romance in the air Of the Queen of all golf links, Glen Gynack the fair!

The Story of Kingussie

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IKE twin sentinels guarding "the run of Spey" stand two grassy mounds or knolls in close proximity to Kingussie. They stand, as they have stood for centuries, one on either bank of the river, bearing witness to the many ups and downs in the fortunes of the ancient Lordship of Badenoch. They have shared, between them, the honour of being its Capital. The hillock on the south bank of the river was for long surmounted by the Castle of Ruthven, of martial memory, about the gates of which clustered a hamlet of the same name. This hamlet, which in its day boasted a considerable importance, formed the "Castletown." The mound on the north bank marked the proximity of the Church, with its own attendant hamlet, which formed the "Kirktown." It might be said that the histories of these two "towns" are so closely bound up together that they cannot be separated, but this is not really so. In their association Ruthven was until the end of the 18th century the predominating partner. Its story has more than once been written already, and by none better than the late Provost Macpherson in his monumental work, "Church and Social Life in the Highlands." Kingussie has, on the other hand, been somewhat neglected by historical writers, and apart from the local guide books* (which have been found invaluable in connection with this article), no attempt was made to tell its story consecutively until the publication two years ago of that delightful volume, "By Loch and River," from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Sinton, of Dores. That book contained a sketch entitled "Annals of the Village," which showed that Kingussie, as the "Kirktown," has ever had an existence quite separate from the "Castletown," and a story of its own.

The beginning of the story is wrapped in obscurity. Before the birth of Christ, and for a few centuries thereafter, it is believed Kingussie held some position of importance in the ancient Pictish kingdom. It lay near the frontier, the range of Grampian Mountains, and yet was but forty miles distant from Inverness, the capital and seat of government. In the new Statistical Account of Scotland it is stated that "the parish of Kingussie contains some Druidical circles." One of these circles stood, it is said, on the top of the mound which now holds the Parish Church and Churchyard. It was known as "the Standing Stones." There is still some dubiety

^{* &}quot;Kingussie and Upper Speyside," published by George A. Crerar, bookseller, Kingussie, 6th edition; "Romantic Badenoch," published by J. Johnstone, stationer, &c., Kingussie, Revised edition,

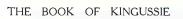
as to what these circles or standing stones signified. That they were in some way connected with the functions of the Druids is well settled. The Druids were the

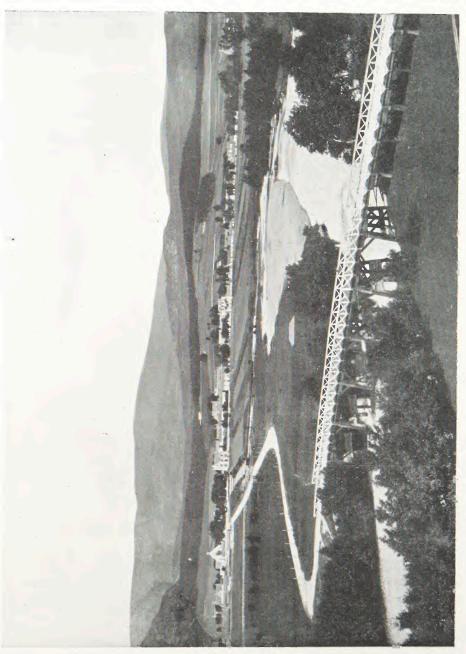


Duncan Cameron, Chief Magistrate 1866-1877.

priests or witch-doctors of the Picts, and exercised a powerful influence amongst the people. The standing stones may therefore have marked the place of worship or sacrifice, or even sepulture; they may possibly have indicated the seat of justice. The standing stones of Kingussie were, during some period of their existence at least, connected with the dispensation of justice, for it has been ascertained that their site was known to our forefathers as Tom a' Mhoid (the court mound). This mound stood on the outskirts of a great fir or pine forest, and so came to be known by the ancient Celtic name Ceann-a ghuibhsaich or Cinn-a ghuibhsaich, which signifies the termination or head of the fir wood. At the dawn of the Christian era the inhabitants of

Kingussie were the ancient Caledonians, who have been described by the Roman They were a fierce people, with thick, red hair, and long, powerful historians. They painted their bodies sometimes with pictures of wild beasts, and led limbs. Spartan lives. They did not herd very much in towns, but led a nomadic sort of existence. They preferred a pastoral life to agriculture, and possessed little attachment to their native soil. They were dangerous fighters in attack, but their lack of cohesion and discipline rendered them incapable of resisting a firm opposition. lt was Cato who said of them that they were devoted mainly to warfare and witty conversation. Their language was Gaelic, and, it is believed, closely resembled that tongue as used in Kingussie to-day. Such, then, were our predecessors in Kingussie prior to 210 A.D. In that year Severus, the Roman Emperor, came to Britain to quell a rebellion, and, it is said, penetrated to the extreme North of Scot-Skene in his "Celtic Scotland" indicates that in his opinion the Roman land. army returned through the heart of the Highlands, and states that there are traces of Roman works within a mile of Kingussie. In the New Statistical Account also it is related that in the vicinity of Kingussie there exists the appearance of a Roman encampment, near which some years ago were found an urn containing ashes, and a Roman tripod. These discoveries have not been confirmed nor, in the light of recent scientific research, can the theories advanced by Skene now be accepted. The traditions of Roman armies and occupations, so far as Badenoch at least is concerned, are now held to be absolutely devoid of foundation. Whether or not the Romans were ever in Kingussie, it is certain that no mark was left by them on the pages





KINGUSSIE (FROM THE SOUTH) 35 YEARS AGO.

These pages for the next three and a half centuries are absolutely of its history. blank, for no further entry appears until the year 565. It was then that Saint Columba made a pilgrimage from Iona to Inverness, to carry the story of Christianity to the Court of Brude, King of the Picts. There is a tradition here that while on that pilgrimage St. Columba himself established a church in Kingussie. This, however, is not absolutely certain. It is more probable that at this time the Saint did not tarry by the way-for only two friends or disciples accompanied him-but hastened on to the Capital, there to place himself under the protection of the Sovereign. Having firmly established his position at Inverness, St. Columba commenced a missionary crusade throughout the whole country of the Picts, and there is nothing more likely than that the chapel on the banks of the Gynack was founded at that time. It has been suggested that the founder of the church here was the learned Adamnan, successor and biographer of the pious Columba, and this is not improbable. Part of one of the walls of this chapel can still be seen at the end of the graveyard beside the Mill. That graveyard is still known as St. Columba's The form of Christianity preached by these early missionaries was, Churchyard. during the lifetime of St. Columba's successor, brought into conformity with that of the Church of Rome, and that faith continues to the present day to find adherents in Kingussie.

Prior to the coming of St. Columba and his followers, the whole country north of the Forth and Clyde was like a vast wilderness, without way or road through the thick, dark woods. Soon, however, the work of the Church began to bear fruit, and the ancient paganism steadily gave way before the civilising influences of Christianity. The country now began to attract the attention of foreigners, and was subjected in the succeeding centuries to numerous invasions and incursions. The Danes and Norsemen came by sea from the north, while Norman and Saxon emigrants entered the country from the south. These latter were welcomed in the Lowlands of Scotland, but the men of the North viewed the coming of the strangers with suspicion, and vainly attempted to repel them.

Caledonia now became absorbed in the Kingdom of Scotland, and thenceforth was known as the Province of Moray. This province was governed by a maormor, who had unlimited power. In the course of successive reigns there were numerous changes amongst the maormors, and those who had, or fancied they had, pretensions to the office, stirred up strife amongst the people. The result was that, after repeated risings and revolutions, the inhabitants of this country were dealt with by a firm hand, and thoroughly brought into subjection. The Crown parcelled out the country anew, and Comyn, a great Norman Lord, was set over Badenoch.

The early story of Kingussie has much to do with ecclesiastical affairs, and so the curtain next rises on the Church here in the 12th century. In the middle of

that century the occupant of the cure of Kingussie was one Muriach, or Murdoch. He was a younger son of a family of some distinction in the neighbourhood, and so had been bred to the church. Upon the death of his elder brother without issue, Muriach became head of his family, and captain (or chief) of Clan Chattan.

He thereupon obtained a dispensation from the Pope (1173 A.D.), and married a daughter of the Thane of Calder (Cawdor), by whom he had five sons. His son Ewan succeeded him in the headship of the family, and as surnames were then being universally adopted, Ewan and his descendants became known as "sons of the parson," or Macpherson. This is still the distinguishing appellation of the clan which predominates in Kingussie to the present time.

The influence of the strangers was now being felt in the administration of the country, and towards the close of the 12th century the Province of Moray was placed under a parochial system. Each district or parish had its resident



Alexander Crerar, J.P., Chief Magistrate 1877-1881.

priest, who was maintained by tithes from the overlord's lands, crops, pastures and fishings. Some of these parishes were erected and endowed by the Crown; others by strangers who had settled in the country. Thus, about the year 1200, Kingussie was created a parish, and an endowment for a priest granted by a certain Gilbert de Katherun, or Kathern. On 25th August, 1203, William the Lion granted a charter confirming to Bricius, then Bishop of Moray, "that presentation which Gilbert de Kathern made . . . of the Church of Kinguscy . . ." In the year 1226 Andrew, the next Bishop of Moray, created the incumbent of the Churches of Kingusy and Inche for all time to be a Canon or Prebendary of the Cathedral The Prebendary of Kinguscy in 1253 was one William of Church in Elgin. Elgin. In an ordination order of 10th December, 1253, the Reverend William is mentioned as binding himself by oath to give twenty marks (£1 2s. 6d.) from his tithes towards the maintenance of a poor writer or notary from Rome, then resident in Berwick. This was remarkable generosity on the part of the prebendary, for we read that in the year 1275 the vicarage teinds of the parish of Kingussie only amounted in annual value to a sum of £6 13s. 4d. sterling.

In 1380 Alexander Stewart, the notorious Wolf of Badenoch, laid claim to certain church lands, including those of Kingussie. The Bishop of Moray of the time opposed this demand, and after many wordy battles the "Wolf" departed from his claim. Perhaps on account of the manner in which the "Wolf" restrained his

followers from violence on this occasion, he was in the following year granted the desirable domain of Rothiemurchus. It is of interest to us to note that at the outset of these negotiations the "Wolf," as Lord of Badenoch, appointed a court to be held (10th October, 1380) at the "Standand Stanys of Kingucy," so that the bishop might produce his *titles* for examination. The vicar of Kingussie in this same year was one Gilbert, who attended at Ruthven Castle during the "Wolf's" deliberations.

During the century which followed religious matters made great headway in Kingussie. On 8th November, 1451, King James II. granted charters erecting the crofts and acres of the Church of Kingussie, and other church lands into a Barony, to be held by John Bishop of Moray, and his successors in the bishopric. About the year 1490 a Priory was founded here by George, second Earl of Huntly. Some writers are of opinion that the Priory of Kingussie stood on



KINGUSSIE IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES (FROM THE NORTH)

the site of the old church of St. Columba on the banks of the Gynack, while others believe it occupied a position in the centre of the town, near the Middle Churchyard. The latter is the more likely theory, as ecclesiastical buildings are known to have stood there until towards the end of the 18th century. In his "History of the Province of Moray," Shaw says that he had not learned of what order the monks were. Contemporary records, however, bear that the Carmelite Friars of Inverbervy in Kincardineshire held the Churches of Kingussie and Dunottar. This connection

was doubtless the result of the relationship which then existed between the Gordon family and Keith, Earl Marischal, whose seat was at Dunottar. We may therefore assume that the monks of Kingussie belonged to the Order of Carmelites, or White Friars. Curiously enough, no information can be obtained as to the identity of the successive priors. This is unfortunate, for it is very probable that more than one prominent man of his time may have occupied this high office.

Early in the 16th century there was begun a connection with Kingussie of a family of divines who, in their way, brought some little lustre to the kirktown. These were the Leslies. On 15th October, 1508, Master Thomas Lesly is mentioned as Prebendary of Kingussie. From contemporary documents, and the records of the Chapter of Elgin Cathedral, the name of Master Gavin Lesly, or Leslie, repeatedly occurs

as Rector or Prebendary of Kingussie between the years 1520 and 1547. Celibacy of the clergy was not then so strictly enforced as now, and so Master Gavin appears to have been a In 1527 there was born to married man. him at Kingussie a son, John. This son studied at King's College, Aberdeen, at Paris, and at Poitiers, and in 1566 became Bishop of Ross. Through his zeal in opposing the Reformation, and his partisanship for Queen Mary, he suffered imprisonment and exile, and died in a monastery in Brussels in 1596. Bishop John was the author of an able history of Scotland, written in Latin.

Mention has just been made of Mary Queen of Scots, and here it is fitting to state that in



William Roberts, C.E., J.P., Chief Magistrate 1881-1883.

1563 Her Majesty resorted to the old Castle of Ruthven in the course of a hunting expedition in the forests of Mar, Badenoch, and Atholl. On this occasion the kill numbered 360 deer, 5 wolves, and some roes, and "the Queen returned to Blair delighted with the sport." From our knowledge of Queen Mary's sympathies, we have little doubt but that she paid a visit to the kirktown while in this vicinity. The parson in residence at that time was either the Rev. George Hepburne or the Rev. Archibald Lyndesay, who successively held the living from 1560 to 1567.

In the years of Reformation, Kingussie does not appear to have played any very active part. Phlegmatic then as now in religious matters, the lay inhabitants allowed events to shape their own ends. A story is told somewhere that, when opinions ultimately divided, a simple solution of the housing difficulty was readily

found by fixing up a stout board in the centre of the church, so that the Catholics might use that portion which contained the altar, while the reformed Protestants used the other end. The first Protestant minister in Kingussie was the Rev. John Glass, who was appointed in 1567. The present parish minister, the Rev. Dugald Macfarlane, is the twentieth in succession.

In the century which followed the coming of Protestantism, the whole North of Scotland was kept in a state of constant ferment, at first by local feuds and risings, and latterly by the warlike invasions of Montrose, and Cromwell, and Dundee. Ruthven Castle was a centre of hostilities during the whole of this period, and Kingussie must to some extent have been affected.



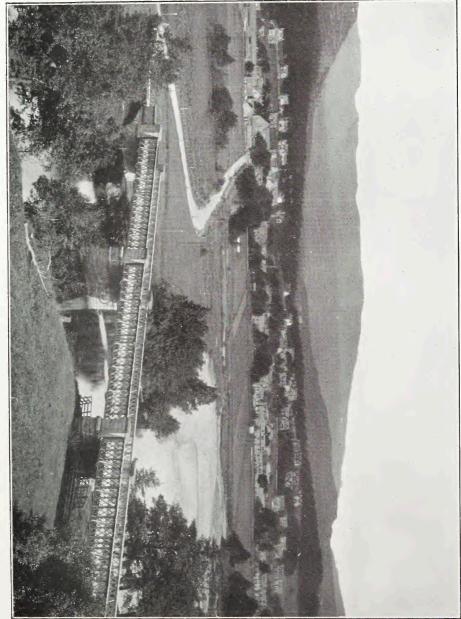
HIGH STREET (LOOKING EASTWARDS)

The Priory and its lands had been resumed by the Gordon family at the Reformation, and now, notwithstanding the storms of war that raged without, the Roman Catholic priest and Protestant minister, or exhorter, were living at peace within. It has been suggested to the present writer that the Protestants must have given up the joint use of the church at the Priory, and restored for themselves the old Chapel of St. Columba; and, after their numbers had so increased that they exceeded those of the Catholics, they returned and evicted the latter from the Middle Church, and occupied it themselves. This, however, is matter of pure speculation, and there may be no foundation for it.

On 3rd September, 1715, the standard of the Chevalier, as King James VIII., was raised at Braemar, and we read that the Cluny Macpherson of that time joined the rising with a considerable contingent of followers. Among those followers were doubtless many men of Kingussie, but of their exploits little can be gleaned. Soon after the rising of "the Fifteen" General George Wade was appointed General Officer commanding in the Highlands during the pacification. He was of the corps of Royal Engineers, and soon after coming to the North he set about using his expert knowledge in the interests of the country. To him is due the credit of having first made tolerable travelling roads through the Highlands. Almost all trace of the old military roads as they approached Kingussie has now disappeared. That from the south came by Dalwhinnie along the present line of county road until the farm of Etteridge was reached, when it turned sharply to the right, through the moorland, past Phones Shooting Lodge and the Milton of Nuide, until it came out on the lands of Ruthven, to the south-west of the farm-house. Continuing round the farm buildings, it descended by the present "Ruthven Brae," at the foot of which it turned again to the right, through the meadow, until it reached a ford in the river, the correct position of which it has been found almost impossible to ascertain. The road through this meadow was joined by another coming from the direction of Gordon Hall, and these united formed a path to the ferry which crossed the river near the site of the present boat-house. The ferryman had a substantial house on the north side of the river, just below the Manse, but the building has now quite disappeared. After crossing the ford and ferry, the road was carried by what is now known as the Manse Road, on to the present high road, until Castle Bhran was reached, when it passed away to the north-east, through the lands of Kerrow. This road was made between 1727 and 1737, but it was of little commercial assistance to Kingussie, as it merely skirted, and did not pass through the village.

In the years which followed, the Highlands of Scotland passed through many vicissitudes. Many of the men of Kingussie were out in the '45, and their descendants can yet tell interesting tales of the terrors of that time. In the successive sieges and evacuations of Ruthven Barracks over the water, Kingussie is not mentioned as having taken any part. It is, however, not unreasonable to suppose that the kirktown suffered to some extent by the carrying on of hostilities almost at its door. Some three or four years ago a large iron cannon ball was dug up in the garden of Churchill, in Duke Street, but whether this was fired from Ruthven towards the Court Mound, or was a misdirected shot of some of the besiegers, who can tell?

In the year 1792 the old Priory Church in the middle of the town was abandoned for a new edifice erected by the heritors of the parish, and this building



KINGUSSIE TO-DAY (FROM THE SOUTH)

continues yet to be used as the Parish Church. The new graveyard was soon afterwards laid out and set apart for its proper purpose, but it was some years afterwards ere it was generally adopted by the inhabitants as a place of sepulture. About this time the estate of Raitts, near Kingussie, was acquired by James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian's works, who changed the name to Belleville, which in its Gaelicised form, "Balavil," it still retains. Macpherson was born at Ruthven in 1736, and after a course at Aberdeen University, returned to his native village, where for a time he acted as schoolmaster. By his works he brought renown to Kingussie, for in the words of Dr. (now Sir James) Cameron Lees in his most readable "History of the County of Inverness," James Macpherson was, "so far as literature is concerned, the best known man connected with Inverness-shire."

After the '45 and the subsequent abolition of heritable jurisdictions in 1747, the castletown of Ruthven began to lose much of its importance. The suppression of military authority on the part of the landowners diverted the interests of the natives to agriculture and peaceful pursuits. To the former the inhabitants of Badenoch devoted themselves with much enthusiasm. On every holding in the district flax was then to some extent cultivated, and in order to develop the manufacture of lint the Duke of Gordon conceived the commendable idea of erecting mills in This idea was carried into effect by the erection towards the end of Kingussie. the 18th century of a lint mill on a site almost opposite the junction of Duke Street and High Street, while two other mills were set up on the banks of the Gynack burn. In order further to foster the industry of the inhabitants, the Duke had plans of what would nowadays be known as a "garden village," prepared by George Brown, land surveyor in Inverness; and although not absolutely adhered to, these plans formed the only basis of the feuing of Kingussie which has ever been known. In the centre of the village there was to be a large market square, bounded on the south by the feus in South Street, now Spey Street, on the east by Gordon Street, now Duke Street, and on the north by the feus facing the old King's Highway, or High Street. This square never assumed permanent form, and the ground is now included in the gardens to the rear of the houses erected on the several streets. At this time there was set up in the centre of the town a meal mill which occupied the site of what is now known as Granite House. The career of the lint mill was but a short one, and the Duke's well-intentioned scheme came to nothing. The meal mill, on the other hand, had a long and useful existence, and was only superseded by the present one on the east bank of the Gynack when the other became ruinous. About this time also two important institutions were transferred from Ruthven to Kingussie. One of these was the Baron Bailie Court of the Lordship of Badenoch, for the accommodation of which the Duke erected a new tolbooth about midway between the meal mill and the lint mill, on the site now occupied by Sussex House and the Parish Council Offices. The other was the

parish school, which was built at the foot of the *Tom a' Mhoid*, facing the High Street. This building has now been remodelled, and is used to-day as the headquarters of F Company 4th Battalion Cameron Highlanders (Territorials).

With the removal of these centres of activity, Ruthven fell upon evil days. Its streets were now absolutely deserted, and with neglect and the passing of years all trace of it has since disappeared. The old ferry now became superseded by a



Lachlan Mackintosh of Letterfinlay, J.P., Chief Magistrate 1883-1890

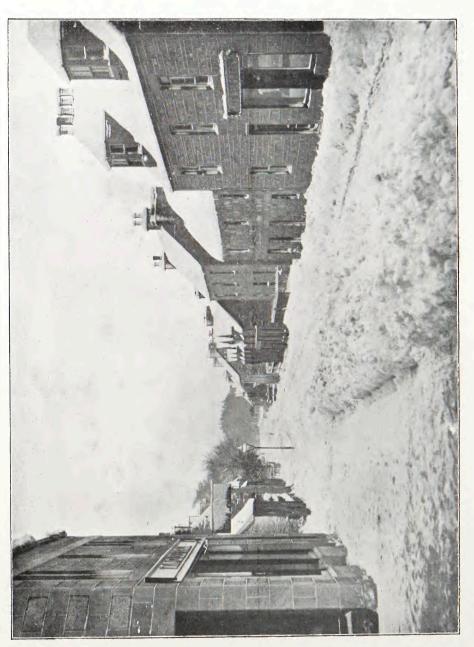
fine wooden bridge over the Spey below Ruthven Farm-house, and a few years later (1813-20) the whole of the roads in the district were remade according to a system then introduced by John Louden M'Adam, an Ayrshire man. A handsome stone bridge was erected over the Spey at Ralia, and the county road brought into Kingussie by way of the village of Newtonmore. Coaches had been plying between Perth and Inverness since the closing years of the 18th century, and Kingussie was a recognised and important stopping place.

After the death (in 1836) of George, fifth and last Duke of Gordon, the estate of Kingussie passed by purchase into the hands Mr. James Evan Baillie of Glenelg, and the superiority of the town is still in this family.

In 1843 came the Disruption in the Church of Scotland, but this event, momentous as it was, does not appear to have greatly disturbed the serenity of Kingussie. Of course a "Free" congregation duly hived off from the Established, and two years later (1845) built for themselves a church on a site near the present Railway Station.

In the year 1861 Kingussie was honoured by a visit from Queen Victoria and her devoted Consort, Prince Albert. In "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," Her Majesty recorded the incident thus:—

We drove along the road over several bridges . . . close below the ruined Castle of Ruthven, which we could just descry in the dusk—and on a long wooden bridge over the Spey to an inn at Kingussie, a very straggling place, with very few cottages. Already, before we arrived there, we were struck by people standing at their cottage doors, and evidently looking out, which made us believe we were expected. At Kingussie there was a small, curious, chattering crowd of people, who, however, did not really make us out, but evidently suspected who we were. Grant and Brown kept them off the carriages, and gave them evasive answers, directing them to the wrong carriage, which was most amusing. One old gentleman with a high wide-awake was especially inquisitive.



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HIGH STREET IN A SNOW-STORM

The old gentleman referred to by Her Majesty was Captain Evans, of the Dell, who was hard to deceive in regard to the identity of the travellers. He, however, was directed by one of the Royal servants to the carriage occupied by the ladyin-waiting, and to Lady Churchill he made due obeisance, believing her to be the Sovereign. The inn at which the Royal party stopped was the Duke of Gordon Hotel, then occupied by Mrs. Hobb, a lady long and honourably known in Kingussie. In her wisdom and knowledge of the country, Mrs. Hobb urged the Queen's courier, General Grey, to dissuade his Royal mistress from going further that night, but the General, fearing a reprimand for any deviation from prearranged orders, would not do so. In consequence, the journey to Dalwhinnie, being full of discomforts, so upset the Royal party that Her Majesty has put on record some scathing remarks about her reception there.

In 1863 the Highland Railway was opened between Perth and Inverness, via Forres, and from the outset proved a great factor in the progress of Kingussie. From this event may be dated Kingussie's rise as a holiday resort. The introduction of the railway seemed to awaken the inhabitants to a realization of the possibilities of the town's situation, and steps were immediately taken to improve its amenity. To make this more effective, and to get the administration of the town's affairs carried out by its own elected representatives, application was made to the Sheriff of the county to have the provisions of the General Police and Improvements Act of 1862 made applicable to Kingussie. This was duly granted in 1866, and of the first elected Commissioners Mr. Duncan Cameron, East End, Kingussie, was appointed Chief Magistrate, or Provost. The story of Kingussie would not be complete if at this point we did not make some reference to Mrs. Cameron, Duncan's wife. She was a woman of great ability and keen business acumen. At the time of which we are writing she was looked upon as the "mother" of Kingussie. To her all and sundry went for advice and direction in difficulties, and it was no secret that with her originated many of the schemes for the improvement and betterment of Kingussie. Mrs. Cameron has had many titles applied to her, but the most comprehensive of these was "Kingussie's first Provost." The Act under which the Police Commissioners exercised their powers enabled them to control the drainage and water supply, and soon the old system of taking water from the mill race, or the few wells sunk about the town, gave place to an up-to-date water supply from Pumps were erected at convenient distances along the streets to the Gynack. accommodate those householders who could not afford to have the water laid on to their houses. At the same time a complete drainage scheme, adequate to the requirements of a rising town, was carried out.

In March, 1867, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, in virtue of his patronage, presented the Rev. Kenneth Alexander Mackenzie, of Lochcarron, to

the vacant pastorate of Kingussie. Mr. Mackenzie came here with some reputation as an educationist, for in the preceding few years he had raised the school of his native parish from inanition to be a flourishing institution. It has been said that it was his zeal for education which reconciled the parishioners of Kingussie to a minister who had been chosen for them by the patron. Five years after Mr. Mackenzie's settlement here the Education Act of 1872 was passed, and with this stimulus the School Board proceeded with the erection of a new school, on its present site. This school was opened in 1875.

In 1877 the Free Church building, which had for some time shown signs of instability, was razed to the ground, and replaced by the present handsome edifice. The following year (1878) saw the institution of the Badenoch and Rothiemurchus Highland Society, which has had a career of unequalled prosperity. Under its auspices are held the annual Highland Gatherings and Games, which are a source of much interest to our autumn visitors.

The want of suitable accommodation for public meetings now began to be felt, and in 1887 the Victoria Hall was built, to commemorate the jubilee of Queen Victoria. The hall is capable of holding 500 persons, and within the building there is a public library and reading room. The total cost was £1500—no mean testimonial to the loyalty of the inhabitants.

The popularity of the town as a summer resort now increased by leaps and bounds, and its area also extended so much that the Commissioners in 1889 found it necessary to introduce a larger supply of water, by gravitation from springs in Glen Gynack, three miles distant. The cost of this was £1100. Most of the street pumps were now discontinued, and householders themselves took in the water to their houses.

In 1892 a new Burgh Police Act was passed, which abolished the old Police Commission, but substituted in its place Magistrates and a Town Council. The Magistrates were a Provost and two Bailies, elected by their fellow-



Alexander Macpherson, F.S.A.Scot., Provost 1890-1902

Councillors. This body numbered nine in all. By this Act also there was constituted within the new burgh a Dean of Guild Court, for the regulation of buildings and other erections. In virtue of a resolution of the Town Council, the Provost holds office as Dean of Guild, while the whole Council sits as his Court.

In 1894 the old wooden bridge over the Spey at Ruthven was replaced by a handsome steel structure carried on piers of solid masonry. A bronze tablet on one of the piers bears the following inscription :---

Seal of

the County Council of Inverness-shire,

RUTHVEN BRIDGE.

This bridge was erected by the Third or Badenoch District Committee of the Inverness-shire County Council. The foundation stone was laid by Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart. of Ballindalloch and Invereshie, Chairman of the District Committee, on 28th September, and opened for public traffic in December, 1894.

Clerk and Treasurer:	Contractors :	Engineer :
John Grant, Grantown.	Somervail & Co., Dalmuir.	Alex. Mackenzie, C.E., Kingussie.
John Paten & Co.,	Builders, Glasgow,	Jas. Macdonald, Builder, Kingussie.

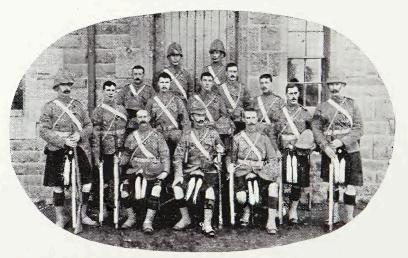
The year 1894 also saw the formation in Kingussie of a Nursing Association for the parishes of Alvie, Insh, and Kingussie. This association has proved most beneficial to those who have had sickness in their homes, and the services of the nurses, of whom there are two, have been greatly appreciated. Almost every householder in the wide district served by the association is a member, and great credit is due to those ladies and gentlemen who have engineered it so successfully.

The young men of Kingussie have ever been keen devotees of the ancient Celtic sport of shinty, and the organisation in 1895 of a Camanachd Association called forth renewed exhibitions of prowess at this game. The Association, which greatly owed its inception to players in Kingussie, presented for competition amongst the Camanachd Clubs of Scotland a handsome silver trophy. This championship trophy was held by Kingussie in the years 1896, 1900, 1902, and 1903, and although local play may have fallen off in brilliancy since the last victory, it is to be hoped that players of another generation may yet bring the trophy home again to the place of its birth.

In 1899 the Town Council had the whole of the street side-walks laid with concrete paving at a cost of several hundred pounds. This improvement has added much to the cleanly appearance of the streets and to the comfort of inhabitants and visitors.

The great Boer War in South Africa evoked in Kingussie, as elsewhere, enthusiastic expressions of loyalty. To prove that the historic military ardour of the Highlander is not yet dead, the local Company of Cameron Volunteers supplied a section to the Service Company sent out by the Battalion to South Africa in March, 1900. The Kingussie section was under the command of Lieutenant (now Major) John Campbell. He was afterwards called upon to assume supreme command of

the Service Company, which saw continuous service at the front until May, 1901. On their return home it goes without saying that the brave lads, who had so well upheld the traditions of their ancestors, met with a magnificent reception. The death of the revered Queen Victoria occurred in January, 1901, and the occasion of the funeral was marked in Kingussie by every sign of the realisation of a great national loss.



Kingussie Section of the South African Field Service Company 1900-1901.

That year (1901) saw the launching of a venture which aroused some difference of opinion in the community. This was the sanatorium in Glen Gynack for the open-air treatment of pulmonary phthisis. The opening of the sanatorium met with considerable opposition amongst the inhabitants, and a public meeting was held to protest against it. Notwithstanding protests and opposition the sanatorium went on its way, and has had such a measure of success that it has in a way enhanced Kingussie's already high reputation as a health resort. Timid persons fancied all sorts of danger from infection: the management of the sanatorium sees to it that no patient comes in contact with the townspeople. Another concern of an industrial nature, started some five or six years earlier, was the Speyside Distillery, which was planted on the west bank of the Gynack, quite near the centre of the town. This was a much more worthy object for the people's hostility, for with its towering smokestalk and ugly range of commercial buildings, it certainly has not added to the amenity of the town. The distillery, like the lint mill of a century before, enjoyed but a faint flutter of activity in the beginning, and for the past four years its doors have practically been closed. The buildings and equipment, which originally cost about £20,000, were recently sold at a public auction in Edinburgh for £750.



On 11th January, 1902, occurred the death of Provost Alexander Macpherson. His funeral was attended by a very large concourse of people of all classes and shades of opinion, for there were few in the whole district of Badenoch who had not, at some time or other, found him a true guide, counsellor, and friend. He is commemorated by a beautiful mural tablet, in marble, in the Parish Church. In June of the same year a local weekly newspaper called "The Kingussie Record and Badenoch Advertiser" was started by Mr. James Johnstone, stationer, High Street. This publication appears now as "The Badenoch Record and Advertiser," and continues to maintain its popularity.

In 1903 an artistically designed chapel was erected on Spey Street to accommodate the Scottish Episcopalians. This chapel is only used in the visitor season, and the



Lieut.-Colonel Ewan Campbell, V.D., J.P., Provost 1902-1907.

pulpit is supplied by visiting clergymen. To the Rev. T. R. Willacy, of Thorganby, York (an annual visitor of many years' standing) is due much of the credit of bringing this building into existence.

On 13th July, 1904, there was formed here the Inverness-shire Sheep Dog Trials Association. This association holds annual meetings, at which dogs from all parts of England and Scotland come to compete, and they are likewise well attended by visitors to the neighbourhood.

In 1906 it was found necessary to again increase the water supply of the town, and to meet the demands of the householders on the upper terraces a new high level reservoir was erected near the springs. This reservoir was

opened with due ceremony in August of that year by the wife of our superior, the Hon. Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour, now Baroness Burton.

In the following year a Burgh Police Court was instituted here. The first sitting was held on 21st May, 1907, when Bailie A. F. Fyfe was the presiding magistrate. The other officials present were Messrs. John Campbell, Town Clerk, as Clerk of Court; R. L. Shinnie, Burgh Fiscal, and Alexander Machardy, Chief Constable of Inverness-shire, with Sergeant Simon Fraser. In the month of October, 1907, considerable additions which had that year been erected to the already large school buildings, were opened by Sir John A. Dewar, Bart., M.P. for Inverness-shire. The school is now up to date in every department, and fulfils all the requirements of the Scotch Education Department as a training centre for junior students. Reference has already been made to the parish minister's interest in education, in recognition of

which he had in 1887 received the degree of LL.D. from his *alma mater* (Aberdeen University). In "Memories, Grave and Gay," published some ten years ago, Dr. John Kerr refers to Dr. Mackenzie's work in these terms :-

He has been thirty-four years minister of Kingussie, where, under his fostering care, the public school is, if not the best, certainly one of the very best schools in the North of Scotland. It is attended by pupils from a wide circuit all round, and from Skye, Uist, and other islands of the Outer Hebrides. But his efforts have not been confined to his own parish. In every educational movement within his reach he has taken a prominent, judicious, and effective part. His untiring and whole-hearted energy in founding bursaries leading from the ordinary to the secondary schools, his influence on the County or Secondary Education Committee, as well as on the Trust for Education in the Highlands and Islands, and the number of students who, thanks to him, have gone to the University and earned distinction, furnish a record which has, I believe, no parallel in Scotland. Of Dr. Mackenzie, as appropriately as of any man I know, it may be said "Si monumentum quaeris circumspice."

In December, 1906, Dr. Mackenzie, who had attained his ministerial jubilee, resigned from the active work of his pastorate, and was presented with a testimonial, subscribed to by friends in all parts of the world. It took the form of a cheque for $\pounds 1000$.

The Town Council having resolved to take over from the feuars the road leading to the Golf Course, on the west side of the Gynack, this road was reconstructed by the unemployed during the winter of 1908-9. The improvement thus effected forms an easy ascent to the west terraces, while the road has been so widened that motor cars and carriages can now be driven right up to the Golf Course. Through the instrumentality of a number of enthusiastic citizens, a juvenile pipe band was formed here in December, 1908. The boys have had the benefit of the able instruction of Colour-Sergeant W. H. Macdonald, formerly of the Cameron Highlanders, who has devoted much time and trouble in training them, and their playing is now of a high order. Their uniform consists of Atholl tunics, and kilts of Royal Stuart tartan, the gift of Mr. Baillie of Dochfour.

In the spring of 1909 there was opened in King Street a handsome new church, which had been built by the United Free congregation, at a cost of over $\pounds 4000$. This building, which contains a beautiful stained glass window (the gift of a loyal son), accommodates the body which adhered to the Union after the adverse decision of the House of Lords in 1904, while the original building, near the Station, still houses the congregation which retained the name "Free Church." When in September of that year (1909) it became known that King Edward was likely to pass through the burgh, on his way from Tulchan Lodge to Mamore, near Fort-William, preparations were at once set on foot to give His Majesty a truly Highland welcome. Floral arches to the number of five or six were erected at intervals along High Street, and every building on the route was gaily decorated for the occasion. Gaelic and English mottoes and words of welcome were greatly in evidence. A guard of honour was supplied by the local company of Cameron

Highlanders, who were accompanied by the regimental band, and the colours which had, but shortly before, been presented to them by the King himself. In the open space in front of the Duke of Gordon Hotel a raised platform was erected, and here His Majesty was awaited by the Provost, Magistrates, Town Council, and representatives of all the public bodies in the district, while the children from the Public School were massed at the junction of the School Road to welcome the King with the singing of the National Anthem. As the Royal motor car drew up at the dais, Sir John Macpherson-Grant of Invereshie stepped forward and welcomed King Edward to the district. Provost James Macdonald was then presented to His



James Macdonald, F.S.A.Scot., Provost 1907-1910.

Majesty, who signified his willingness to receive a loyal address from the inhabitants of Kingussie, to whom, through the Provost, the King sent a most gracious reply. There were also presented to the Sovereign—Bailie John Mackenzie, Bailie (now Provost) William Wolfenden, Colonel Ewan Campbell, V.D., and Major John Campbell, Town Clerk, who was likewise in command of the Guard of Honour. After a stoppage of but a few minutes the Royal cars glided away to the West to the accompaniment of rousing cheers from the patriotic assemblage.

Early in 1910 the Post Office was removed from its former habitation at the west end of High Street to a neatly designed and modernly equipped building which had specially been

constructed for it on the south side of Spey Street. At this time, too, the local troop of Boy Scouts, which had already been in existence for upwards of a year, was formally constituted under a local committee, consisting of influential gentlemen in the town and neighbourhood. In May, 1910, the news of the death of King Edward was received in Kingussie with much regret, for His Majesty's visit to the burgh some eight months previously had brought the Sovereign very near to the hearts of the people. Some days later his successor on the throne, George V., was proclaimed with due ceremony from the doorway of the Court-house, by This was the first known occasion on which a Provost James Macdonald. monarch was proclaimed in Kingussie, and so it was attended by all the formalities and trappings of a state occasion, not even omitting the guard of honour. The funeral of King Edward was observed by a united memorial service in the Parish Church on 20th May, 1910. All the local boards and societies, including the Territorial Force and the Boy Scouts, marched in procession from the Victoria Hall to the Church, headed by the military pipe band playing "The Flowers

of the Forest," and other appropriate airs. In July of that year the town of Kingussie sustained a great loss through the accidental death of Bailie John Mackenzie, Tullachard. Bailie John was one of the most popular men in the whole district of Badenoch. He was liked and respected by all classes of the community, to whom his early and sudden death came as a great shock.

On 10th June, 1911, there passed away, after but a short illness, the senior minister of the parish, Dr. Mackenzie. To him reference has already been made in these pages. His place in the community will be hard to fill. On 22nd June the Coronation of King George was celebrated by a picnic and games in Glen Gynack, preceded in the earlier part of the day by a joint religious service in the Parish Church.



William Wolfenden, Provost 1910-

In the month of July it is proposed to open a new fountain, which is now being erected near the Station Square. This fountain is a gift to his native town by Peter Alexander Cameron Mackenzie of Tarlogie, Ross-shire, Count de Serra Largo. His Excellency's father was for long Session Clerk of the Parish Church, and was likewise postmaster of Kingussie for upwards of forty years. It is rumoured that another son of Kingussie who has had a successful commercial career abroad proposes to emulate the Count's example and present the burgh with a clock tower. If this proposal takes permanent shape, it will add greatly to the attractiveness of the town.

According to the Census taken in April of this year the population of Kingussie consists of

1171 persons, made up of 515 males and 656 females. Of these 403 are Gaelicspeaking persons, although all have English also. In 1901 the population of the burgh was 989, the nett increase being 182. The dwelling-houses are 292 in number, classified as follows:—(a) inhabited, 252; (b) unoccupied, 37; (c) in course of erection, 3. The total value of buildings within the burgh is now estimated at about £150,000.

From what has been said it will be seen that Kingussie is not a town of mushroom growth. Its rise has been steady and gradual. From the days when it was but a group of wattle huts on the edge of a great pine forest, its inhabitants have combined enterprise with caution; and to-day they still bear in mind the injunction, "Follow closely the fame of your fathers," which is the English rendering of Kingussie's Gaelic motto, *Lean gu dluth ri cliu do shinnsear*.

R. L. S.

A Tribute to Kingussie

By the late Professor John Stuart Blackie

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Tell me, good sir, if you know it; Tell me truly, what's the reason Why the people to Kingussie Shoalwise flock in summer season?

Reason? Yes, a hundred reasons: Tourist people are no fools; Well they know good summer quarters, As the troutling knows the pools.

Look around you; did you ever See such sweep of mighty Bens, With their giant arms enfolding Flowery meads and grassy glens?

See that kingly Cairngorm From his heaven-kissing crown, On the wealth of pine-clad valleys Northward looking grandly down. From his broad and granite shoulders, From huge gap and swelling vein, Through the deep snow-mantled corrie, Pouring waters to the plain.

Thither mount with me; and, standing Where the dun-plumed eagle floats, In God's face, who heaved the mountains, Bid farewell to petty thoughts!

Or, if feast of nature please thee, In her rich and pictured show, Come with me to lone Glen Feshie When the grey crags are aglow.

Come and learn the joy of working In God's vineyard fresh and fair, In the place which He appointed For your youthful service there.



A Soldier's Return

By Lauchlan MacLean Watt

Author of "The Grey Mother," &c., &c.

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I was a poor little patch on the machair that Gormuil Mackenzie, widow of Black Duncan Mackenzie, tried to woo into giving her potatoes for herself and her only son. The hut she lived in was a poor, tumble-down thing, whose walls of stone and clay, and whose roof of dripping thatch could hardly be called a shelter. There were, indeed, multitudes of caves in which primitive men had cowered with greater comfort than Gormuil and her son had known.

It was a quiet enough corner Black Duncan had chosen for his house, except when the wind blew from the west, driving the tide over the level machair, till the cry of the fierce gusts rang among the hills, and the dash of the waves threatened to come up to the door in the dark. But when the moonlight stole like silvery gossamer over the sleeping waters, sighing in their sleep along the shore, then Gormuil—"blue-eyed," named from some old Norse ancestress—looked abroad and felt the glamour of a ghost-magic filling the earth and air. She forgot Black Duncan breathing heavily through his beard in his sleep behind her, and little flaxen-headed Colin lying in the ozier creel that was his cradle. Then she would shut the door quietly and come in again, and kneel down close to the warm peat that smouldered on the hearth. And she would croodle over the sleeping babe, saying, and wondering all the time if she said it with her lips, or only in her heart, "O Colin, innocent love, sleeping in the shell of dreams, what shall ever separate us, little calf of my heart?"

Alas, how the time ran on like the tide past the Skerries! How the years wrestled with one another out beyond the graveyard, along the way that knows no returning! And joys went from Gormuil's heart and were forgotten as the light of the stars that shone last winter. Big Black Duncan lay down to rise no more, and was carried out feet first—four strong men at the carrying—on a wild day of wind and rain that shrieked across the loch, sweeping the leaves of the graveyard trees into the shallow grave they were digging for him, as though it were grudged to him. Then night became filled with voices saying strange things to her; and she often looked out upon the white foam stealing along the shore

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like voiceless music, and heard the breath of the dark like the swish of the skirts of unseen visitants move among the heather, and through the void above the dreaming waters; while, in the house behind her, Colin, the lad that was growing, creeping on to the days that were above him and the hope that ran before him, lay sleeping without a sound.

Nobody thought then of the great big world away beyond the hills. The newspapers, red-hot with tidings of things that men were doing and saying and thinking, had not, for a hundred years yet, found their marching track through the glens. There was scarcely a road except the trail that feet had made to the peats, or to the Church, or to the graves, or that the little children had beaten out through the grasses and the heather, going to the black house where the crooked soldier taught the Gaelic Psalms. For us to-day to dream of the quiet which crowned and clothed and filled that glen beside the waters is quite beyond our powers. Up through such a stillness as scarce any Highland child to-day can



[By kind permission of Proprietors of INVERNESS COURIER Black Duncan's Cottage.

know, yet a stillness filled with brave names of old heroes of poetic fancy, climbed the growing mind of little Colin; and Gormuil, his mother, never went to rest without opening the door to look whether it promised well for the morrow; and, early in the morning, the first thing she did was to look out again, and see if the day were to be fine for Colin's bare feet to run across the moor to school. Few came near her, and her lonely sorrow made her the more remote to her fellows as the years passed by; but she who could see what to most was unseen, grew accustomed to the lonely road.

Away out in the great world men were fighting with one another, nations were at war; and a cry went through the glens for the Highland fire that in men of old had made the blood warm in fights when other men's blood was freezing. Seaforth, exiled, landless, nameless, had come into his own again; and, at his call eleven hundred and thirty men gathered to go over the waters and fight the enemy of Britain under the old name. Colin, by this time a strong, straight, young man, as handsome as a birch, but as quiet as the quiet machair on which he had grown, had heard of the marching through the glens, and the gatherings in far-off places. So, without a word of goodbye to the mother who had prayed for him and watched, with all the love that was in her, over his growing, he set off with the rest of them, and was lost in the great world. History knows what happened to that strong corps of splendid men. Before they touched at St. Helena, Seaforth, their Chief, had died upon the ship; and, ere they reached Madras, two hundred and thirty of them had been committed to the deep, while, out of the eight hundred and eighty that crept ashore only three hundred and ninety could carry a musket. The sun beating upon them, and the memory of the privations through which they had passed, made shipwrecks of many a noble constitution.

Years crept on, and the widow on the machair still wore out her lonely life; but still the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning she opened the door and looked along the track towards the mountains, searching for she knew not what. Never, even on the brightest night, was the lamp untended, burning in the little window towards the moor.

Gormuil the blue-eyed became dim of vision. Years came to her not singly as to other people, but crowding together; and, like bad tenants who cannot be troubled carrying their own loads away in the morning, they left behind them burdens and cares and accumulated sorrows and regrets, which bowed her down daily.

One morning she rose with aching bones, as usual, and in her heart the old, dumb, undefined desire. All night the snow had been falling—in the moors it lay unbroken. The hills were white, while the wind blew up the drifts quietly together, laying the hand of winter on the mouth of all the glens. She opened the door to look across the moor, and just for one moment was startled; for there, standing in the falling flakes, without the least sign of recognition in his eyes, gaunt and hungered-looking, with the tattered remnants of some regimental garb upon him, bonnetless and almost shoeless, was the wreck of her own son Colin.

"Praise God !" she said beneath her breath, then stepped aside, and the tall ghost-man entered. He sat beside the fire, while with trembling fingers she hastened to make food for him, which he ate with the feverish haste of some starving raven; then lying down upon the floor, he fell suddenly over the brink of consciousness into a deep, unbroken sleep. Never a word of intelligent meaning came again from those lips. Nobody except the minister ever crossed the threshold, and he learned no more than the furthest off in the parish.

But the children going to school, and people passing on the track between the villages, could never help turning an enquiring eye to the tumble-down cottage on the machair. There, when the mists were heavy, or when the wind was wild, and the white rain sweeping over the water and the land, they would see the tall, erect figure, with grey hair waving in the breeze, shouting against the voice of the storm words of military command, which seemed called out of the dark caverns of forgetfulness at the back of remembrance, as if he had heard them somewhere in loud, tumbling battle, ere his reason went crash into ruin. And when the sun was shining, and the land and the water lay swooning in the glory and heat of summer, there they could see Colin chasing his shadow—running after it, not with laughter, but like a bushman tracking down a foe, till on some sunny bank he would throw himself upon it, only to lose it in the grasping. Then he would send across the machair a wail and cry of the most soul-startling pain, until he saw about his feet once more the enemy, and the old pursuit and disappointment would be his again !

There is just a green mound down beside the sea, that marks where Gormuil's cottage once was standing. It is pitiable, as in all ruins, to see how the nettles crowd up where the fire was, where many a time she had knelt in the darkness and prayed, just as if they were the fruitage, the bitter fruitage, of her tears.

Up in the graveyard among the rude stones and boulders that namelessly recall where dust that once was dearly loved is lying until Christ's whisper wakes it there these two are sleeping.

There are still some who remember what their fathers and grandfathers have told them of Colin who chased his shadow, and Gormuil who every morning opened the door looking for the sorrow that came to her, with many another story that has tears in it, of the Highlands—the lonely places, from which still westward to-day the young are flocking after hope, until soon there will be nobody left of the ancient race but the dead that are sleeping in their graves.

The Old Order Changeth

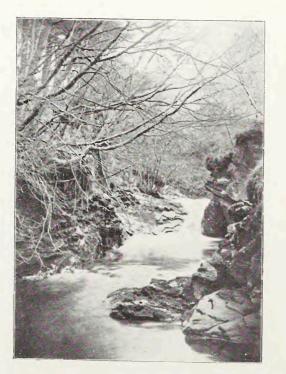
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A SHORT time ago a young friend put this question to me: "In what respect has Kingussie changed most in your memory?" This question is a most difficult one to answer. There are so many respects in which Kingussie has changed in the past seventy years that one hardly knows where to begin. Some of the changes are so patent that they require little comment. Such, for example, as the greatly extended area which our "town" now covers, or the modern equipment of our houses, with their hot water circulations and acetylene gas installations.

Seventy years ago visitors to Kingussie were seldom, if ever, seen. The residenters were mostly natives or related to natives. That alien element which, "for pleasure or profit" now predominates in our midst, had not then made its appearance, and the annual influx of holiday-makers could never have been anticipated by our forefathers. Gaelic was the only language spoken in Kingussie in those days, and if two persons were heard in the street conversing in English, they were regarded as something extremely odd. Our lives, then, were very simple. Newspapers were a rare treat. A certain popular weekly journal, from which our industrial classes are supposed to imbibe their political views, had not then been started, nor did we ever see Summer and Christmas numbers, with their tales of dukes who marry mill girls, or their romances of notorious criminals. There was then no railway, with its attendant stir, nor had the village been erected into a burgh, with its Council to watch over the water supply, drainage, and police. Tea did not form such an important item in our food bill, for it was indeed a great luxury. Smoking was not so common as to-day, for tobacco was very costly, and cigarettes had not been introduced to sap the strength and vitality of our young men.

Considering all things, however, I think the most remarkable change is to be found in the social life of the people. If I say that seventy years ago the people were more sociable than they are to-day, I do not mean that modern residenters in Kingussie are in any way behind their predecessors in maintaining that high reputation for hospitality which from time immemorial has ever been held in Badenoch. The stranger within our gates is still, as ever, sure of a hearty welcome. The change to which I refer is in the spirit of good fellowship which formerly existed in the village, recalling the Scriptural injunction as to bearing one another's burdens. In those days every one in Kingussie knew every one else, from the minister to

the lowliest hind. In times of trouble and sickness there were always many willing helpers. Good deeds were daily done in a quiet and unostentatious way. If our lives were simpler then, they were also harder than to-day, and money was not so plentiful. To take but one example, the cutting and carting of peats, which formed our principal fuel. This was begun early in May. The inhabitants, both male and female, would be astir at five o'clock in the morning, and ready to start off for the peat moss—four or five miles up the Glen—pushing their big peat barrows before them. The work did not cease until after six o'clock in the evening, and the wage for such a day was only ninepence. When peats were to be carted home, the workers would start as early as three o'clock in the morning, to enable them to bring home three loads in the day. The daily wage for this, including horse and cart, was but 4s. 6d. In the evenings, too, friends would foregather by the fireside, the women folk with sewing or knitting, a man of musical inclinations with his fiddle, or, it might be, the evening would be passed in friendly conversation and



[By kind permission of Proprietors of INVERNESS COURIER Falls on the Gynack near The Sanatorium.

discussion. Refreshment would invariably be proffered, and often accepted, before the parties betook themselves to their own homes and repose. This was the Ceilidh in its most literal, its truest sense. When the hand of Death was laid upon any household, there was always a neighbour ready to come in and relieve the grieving relatives of all household duties, and to superintend the obsequies. It was with a sincere regard for the bereaved ones that visits were paid to the house of death. for such visits were generally paid under cover of the darkness, to avoid vain This custom is to show. a certain extent still maintained, but it has nearly lost

its real meaning. Nowadays people go in bread daylight to view the remains of departed ones, not because they knew or cared for them in life, but simply because

it is believed to be the correct thing to do. The days of doing good by stealth are fast waning, and yet we do come across an occasional example even in these unsympathetic days. Of such an example I was an unwitting witness not long ago. It was in one of our side streets, and the evening was dark. As I walked along I became aware of a figure moving silently towards the door of a house in which I knew there was then a case of sickness combined with respectable poverty. As the figure passed a lighted window I recognised a leading lady in our little community, and I observed that she carried a large basket under her arm. In the darkness she stopped by the house door, knocked gently, and, when it was opened, passed in the basket with a few whispered words, I have no doubt, of comfort to the suffering ones. Such actions are now, alas! becoming more and more rare.

How was this spirit of camaraderie more prevalent in by-gone days than now? The reasons are many and impossible to enumerate, although I might mention one or two. In the first place there were fewer divisions among

the people. It is true that there were then actually four schools within the village. These were (1) the infant school, better known as "The Lodge School," because it met in The Lodge, a large building erected by the last Duke of Gordon for the purpose of entertaining his numerous tenant farmers to an annual supper and ball. This building occupied the site of the present County Build-(2) The Trust School, ings. which was taught by a Mrs. Scott. (3) The Parish School, which stood on the site of the Territorials' new Drill Hall; and (4) after the Disruption of 1843 the Free Church School, which, however, only enjoyed a short existence. After the passing of the Education Act, all the schools



On the Gynack in Winter.

were merged into one. The number of schools, however, did not take away from the solidarity of the community, but rather fostered a spirit of healthy rivalry among the children, which later developed into good business qualities.

Seventy years ago there was only one church in Kingussie (the Church of Scotland) whose minister at that time was the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, a son-in-law of a former and popular pastor. There were besides, a few Baptists, whose meeting place was in King Street, but they were never strong enough in numbers to form themselves into a church. At the time of which I am writing, too, there was neither a Bank nor a Sheriff Court in Kingussie, so that there was no summary means of enforcing the strict letter of the law. Such enforcement itself might be said to have had something to do with the undermining of the foundations of good fellowship between man and man. With the advance of things generally, the Sheriff and Banker appeared almost simultaneously a little later.

I remember the first Sheriff Court held here. The Sheriff sat in the old Baron Bailie Court-house, which had for long been disused. When his lordship had taken his place upon the bench, Big Bain (the sheriff officer) announced in a loud voice: "Notice. In Her Majesty's name and authority, and in name and authority of the Sheriff of this county, this court is hereby fenced, and any person impeding or disturbing the same will be put to the door. Once; twice; thrice!" In this connection there used to be a story told, and with it I must close. An old man who lived at Torcroy one day met Captain Macpherson, of Ruthven, who said to him, "We will be all right now, Gregor, since we've got a Bank and a Sheriff Court." "No, no," replied Gregor; "the banker will ruin us with bills we cannot pay, and the Sheriff will put us all to —— for false oaths, so there you are, Captain."

These may have been the good old days, and they may have been bad ones, but it is to be hoped that the many changes which Kingussie has seen in the past seventy years are changes for the better in every way. D. C.



The Disputatious Pines

By Robert Louis Stevenson

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THE first pine to the second said: "My leaves are black, my branches red; I stand upon this moor of mine A hoar, unconquerable pine."

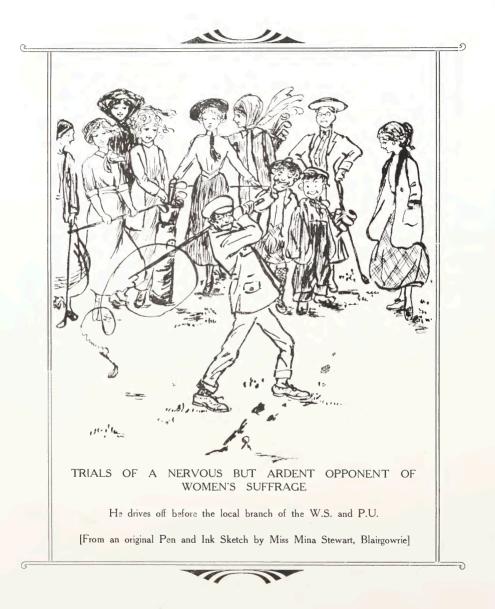
> The second sniffed and answered: "Pooh! I am as good a pine as you."

"Discourteous tree," the first replied, "The tempest in my boughs had cried; The hunter slumbered in my shade A hundred years ere you were made."

The second smiled as he returned: "I shall be here when you are burned."

So far dissension ruled the pair; Each turned on each a frowning air, When flickering from the bank anigh A flight of martens met their eye. Some time their course they watched, and then They nodded off to sleep again.

The foregoing verses are taken from a little volume entitled "The Graver and the Pen, or Scenes from Nature, with Appropriate Verse," by Robert Louis Stevenson. The volume is undated, but it bears on the title page the following note:—"It was only by the kindness of Mr. Crerar, of Kingussie, that we are able to issue this little work—having allowed us to print with his own press when ours was broken." The Mr. Crerar here referred to was the late James Crerar, stationer, a brother of our townsman, Mr. George A. Crerar, to whom we are indebted for a perusal of one of the very few copies, now in existence, of this rare work. Stevenson, it may be mentioned, spent a summer in Kingussie before his departure for Samoa. While here he occupied his time in constant writing. The little book of poems from which we have quoted is one of these productions. It is illustrated by the author's own sketches, and what adds to the interest of the work is the fact that the blocks for these illustrations were cut by his own hand; hence the title "The Graver and the Pen." It may interest our readers to know that the pines referred to in the verses actually exist, They stand by the side of the river Spey near the old boat-house.—Ed.



Dr. Sent-to-Try-Us

By Rev. Walter Shaw

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R ECENTLY there died in a remote, country place a Doctor of Medicine, who was known for miles around as "Dr. Sent-to-Try-Us." But this strange name implied no disrespect, for the bearer was neither an irritating person nor an unskilful physician; as a matter of fact he was the kindliest as well as the most learned of men. Strange, is it not, that people will often bestow nicknames upon the men they love most? And in this case it was a pet-name. Also, the people were not to blame for it, but the Doctor himself. "Sent-to-try-us" was the phrase that described all his philosophy; it was constantly in his mouth, and so came to distinguish him from all other men.

The story of this old man's life is well worth telling, for he was a personage in many ways unique. Tall and thin, and slightly stooping, he carried his seventy years with a vigour and cheerfulness which did one good to behold. His hair was white, but his cheeks were always ruddy, and his eyes sparkling. It was said that the brightness of his eyes was a witness to the brightness of his soul; for Dr. Sent-to-Try-Us was one of those rare men who had learned the secret of living. To him nothing ever came wrong-weather poverty, illness, or death. "This is a stormy day, Doctor," a countryman would salute, in a biting wind or blinding rain. "Stormy day it is, Smith; but it takes all kinds of weather to make the British climate, and it takes the British climate to make Britons. Don't complain; at its worst it's only sent to try us, to see whether the old blood is still in us." Or, again, a young girl would blanch visibly at the thought of having a tooth extracted-for the only doctor was also the only dentist for miles around-then the operator would charm away her fears with the simple and serious assurance that the extraction of a tooth was really one of the finest tests of fortitude. "No doubt, it's a pity to lose the tooth," he would philosophise most tritely; "but even a young lady may become more beautiful by what she considers to be a deformity. It all depends upon the spirit in which we meet our losses, the loss of a thousand pounds or the loss of a tooth. Yes," the doctor would add slowly, "and the loss of the nearest and dearest friends whom we ever have had." It would be noticed that when quoting the last instance, the old man would look upwards into space, and then resume his work with a soft sigh.

Now although the good doctor has been described here as owning all the virtues, it must be chronicled also that he had one little weakness-a love of delivering in as many places, and as often as possible, a certain lecture composed by himself. Throughout the scattered country villages the passer-by might read a small printed bill announcing that "A Missionary Lecture" entitled "Beneath the Southern Cross" would be delivered by Dr. ---- on such-and-such a date. In regard to this lecture, however, there were two faults which the most ignorant farm labourer could point out. First, the address did not deal, as it purported to do, mainly with missions; and, second, nearly every man, woman, and child in the county had already listened to the address on an average three times a year. The latter complaint had become so real, and the decline in the audiences so marked, that a new line of attraction was ultimately added to the hand-bill: "Illustrated with Lime-light Views." It was a tribute to the lecturer rather than to the lecture that many men and women, chiefly of the observant and sympathetic kind, would put off any other engagement whatever in order that Dr. Sent-to-Try-Us might have as large a number of listeners as possible.

How vividly can one recall that scene! A month in advance the aged physician had requisitioned the services of a local gentleman—sometimes the landowner, sometimes the clergyman, sometimes the schoolmaster. To their praise be it

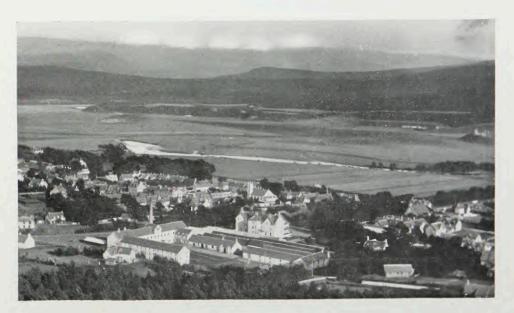


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF

These Views when joined together

said, each of these chairmen played the part as if he had never played it before. No mention was made of the fact that the lecture was the same that had been delivered only a few months previously. No; the "opening remarks" were simply a statement that Dr. — had kindly agreed to address the community, under the auspices of the So-and-so Society; further, that the community would be charmed to hear that the learned Doctor had chosen as the subject of his address "Missionary Enterprise, or, Beneath the Southern Cross"; and the chairman, in concluding, would take it upon himself to promise a treat to all who paid attention, especially as their *beloved* friend had personally visited the climes he was now about so graphically to describe. (The word "beloved" often dropped unconsciously from the chairman's lips in an otherwise stereotyped utterance.)

And next, the old man, to the accompaniment of sincere and hearty applause, would rise slowly to his feet, bowing his acknowledgments for the welcome. No less formally than the chairman he would begin. Believing that there were many in the village who might wish to know something of the heroism of Christian missionaries, both men and women, especially amid the Southern seas, he had decided to put together a few jottings, gathered chiefly from personal observation. (A stranger would have thought, without doubting, that the lecture was being delivered for the first time.) Then followed a rapid sketch, which stated with truth that



KINGUSSIE FROM CRAIG BEG form a Panorama of the Neighbourhood.

foreign missionary enterprise on the part of the British churches was almost unknown until the beginning of the 19th century. But any shrewd hearer, even a stranger, could detect that the doctor had not yet reached his real theme. What the theme was, became apparent only when the lecture had ended, and people had asked themselves, "What really did the doctor mean?" Well, having devoted fifteen minutes or thereby to missions, the speaker would begin, with greater warmth, to describe the magnificence of the scenery of the South Sea Islands, employing language as magnificent as the scenes themselves, and with a relish for his own rhetoric all unconcealed. But gradually the words would become simpler and sweeter by far, and more vivid still—sparks were being struck now from the furnace of a glowing heart-until at length the old doctor was expressing his soul with the simplicity and sincerity and the truth and beauty of inspiration-all about a certain little island "beneath the Southern Cross," where the trees and the waters were waving green, and in which God Himself might have delighted to dwell. All about a certain little island; and the old man spoke as through a vision; and when his words were ended he would stand for a time as one transfigured; and when he sat down it was amid a thrilling silence-for these good people knew their beloved doctor, and he knew them.

It was only recently that the doctor died. He left no relatives, neither wife nor child; but he had drawn up a "last will and testament," of which the following is an extract, abbreviated:—"I desire to be buried in the Island of —, beneath the Southern Cross, for there the love of my youth is sleeping. She and I were engaged to be married, when I was a student and she a girl of eighteen. At her own urgent request I agreed that she might spend two years as a missionary amid the Southern seas; also it was arranged that when I had graduated I should go out and bring her home as my bride. I set sail on my voyage the day after I had qualified, and the ship that bore me seemed to sail slowly. But when at last I had landed, a British officer intercepted me, and said that my love could not see me, nor speak with me, nor even hear me. I stared at my informant, thinking he was mad, and discovered a great pity shining in his eyes.

"'Is she dead?' I asked, and trembled.

"'No, not dead,' he answered; 'and indeed she has sent you a message.'

"'What is it?' I cried, as if I had been stung: had she deserted me?

"But the officer, old enough to be my father, laid his hand upon my shoulder. 'Young man,' he said, 'bear up; the young lady who was to have been your wife asks you to bear up; and she says that you will find strength to do so, as she did, by praying to Heaven. Some things are sent to try us.'

"'But why will she not see me?' I demanded. 'I am a doctor.'

"'She cannot see you,' he replied, 'because she is blind."

"'Dear God! And may I not speak with her?"

"He shook his head: 'My poor lad, I feel for you as for my own son;—the lady is both deaf and dumb."

"I hid my face in my hands and sobbed aloud. 'Is she-, is she-?' but I could not ask the question, beyond pointing to a house isolated upon a hill.

"'Yes,' the officer answered huskily, and caught me in his arms as I fell, 'your sweetheart is now a leper. May God give you strength to bear up!"



[Photo. by Douglas Davidson, Kingussic THE GREEN-KEEPERS, KINGUSSIE GOLF COURSE

Kingussie Pipe Band

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By the courtesy of the Band Committee and Col.-Sergt. W. H. Macdonald (the Instructor), Performances will be given by the Band on both days of the Bazaar



KINGUSSIE PIPE BAND Col.-Sergt. Macdonald is on the extreme left of the Group. Inset—Mr. Hector F. Whitehead, Honorary Secretary.

My First Golf Match

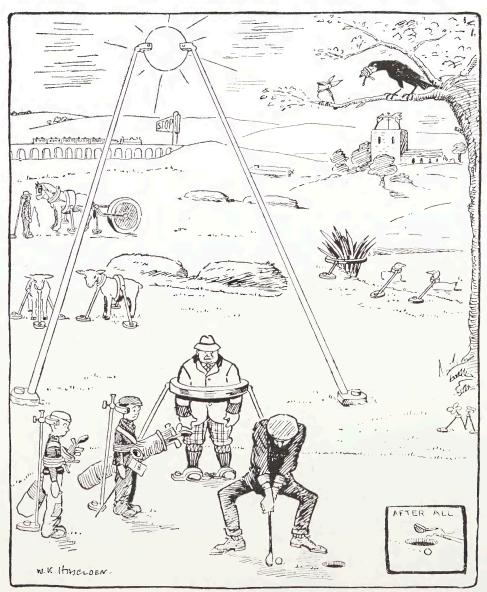
By John Campbell

Author of "Letters by Rory."

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7ISITORS to the Highlands of Scotland, and particularly those from across the Border, sometimes have rather hazy ideas concerning the customs and manners of the inhabitants of the northerly portion of the kingdom. They imagine that one of the great comforts of living in that part of the world is that there are no stringent rules to be observed in the matter of attire. The visitor, they think, is not required to wash his face oftener than once a week, and if he should happen to go about minus hat, collar, or jacket, with beard half an inch long, and his boot-laces trailing, that nobody will take the slightest notice, or criticise his appearance in the least. In short, contempt of personal appearance is supposed to be supreme in these parts. The country, in the imagination of some who have never been there, is usually pictured as an excellent school for acquiring a knowledge of certain attainments-of shooting grouse and deer, of fishing, of drinking drams and pledging toasts with Highland honours. It may be quite possible that such a view is not very far-fetched-although one need not be wholly unskilled in some of these directions before visiting the Highlands. But be that as it may, the visitor does not take long to discover that to such accomplishments has to be added a knowledge, more or less limited, of that wonderful and fascinating game called golf. It may not be necessary that the visitor, while living in the Highlands, should appear in frock coat, etc.; it may not even be necessary that he should shave religiously every morning, but it certainly is absolutely necessary that he should play golf. Some people take golf very seriously, and it certainly does provide good practice for those who would cultivate the virtue of patience. There's uncle, for instance, who, I am convinced, would not consider life worth living were it not for golf. To him it is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," and when he asked me one day to accompany him round the local course, I could not find it in my heart to refuse. Naturally I felt a trifle nervous, not knowing anything about the game, except, of course, that a wee, white ball and a dozen or so of clubs were required in connection with it. Being aware that the Golf Course was situated among the hills, I was not quite prepared for the big array of people we found at the starting-point, most of them apparently waiting their turn to commence the round. I was on the point of beating a hasty

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WHEN McFOOZLE PUTTS

By W. K. Haselden

retreat, but uncle assured me that there was nothing to fear, and that it was possible, although not likely, that I might make quite a decent shape. From remarks that had been passed I was led to understand that the round of the course would occupy almost a couple of hours, and therefore I was not a little surprised to hear uncle make a distinct reference to the "disgraceful tea," and to the fact that we should have brought a "caddie" with us. In my innocence I hastened to assure him that really I didn't feel a bit inclined for tea, but that if he wished it, probably the shepherd, whose house stood at no great distance, would be able to let us have some. It was only when I observed the smiles of the spectators that I realized that I had yet a lot to learn as far as golf was concerned, and that I had opened my mouth only to put my foot in it. Uncle proceeded to explain in a whisper that his forcible remarks were addressed to that part of the ground from which he was to drive the ball, and which did not appear to be in the condition that he would have liked. He also gave me to understand that a caddie was an attendant, usually chosen on account of his youth, inexperience and patient nature, to carry the clubs on such occasions. Having delivered himself of these explanations, uncle proceeded, with great gravity of countenance, to drive off.

Now, I must ask to be allowed a slight digression here, while I attempt to explain the process by which the wee, white ball was induced to leave its resting-place on the little pile of sand where, with loving care, my uncle had placed it. Being the next to play, I watched with close interest the preliminary waggle with the club that I am assured is absolutely necessary before the ball can be struck properly. Placing his feet in what one might call a tug-of-war position, and gripping the club firmly with both hands, my esteemed relative proceeded to waggle it backwards and forwards over the ball, something after the style of a clock pendulum, and then screwing his features into an expression such as is usually seen on the face of a person afflicted with great pain, he let drive at the ball and-missed it. Being well aware that uncle didn't usually employ strong language, I was more than astonished to hear his remarks, but as this was my first experience of golf, I took it for granted that such terms were necessary. "Better luck next time," said I, and encouraged by these words, uncle gave a further display of his powers, and after another painful look, sent the ball a long distance, as straight as an arrow. It is generally a very easy matter to criticise, but when it comes to doing a thing, it's not always quite so easy as it looks. At anyrate that was my experience when I tried, to the best of my ability, to imitate my opponent's style in hitting the ball. I put myself into the proper attitude, which, by the way, I felt sure could not be improved upon, and was preparing to have a mighty swipe, when uncle called me to attention by saying "Waggle, man, waggle." The truth of the matter is that, in my excitement, I quite forgot to go through the preliminary movements, in this way disregarding one of the principal rules of the game, and what was

more, indicating plainly to the spectators that my knowledge of golf was indeed elementary. However, I again got into shape, and after giving a few swings with the club in the most approved manner before putting on full steam, didn't I hit the ball with the backward stroke, causing it to come with considerable force against uncle's shins, he being at that moment standing on my right? Result more strong language, unparliamentary of course. To my own credit it has to be said that I kept my mouth shut, probably because I was afraid to open it. There and then I vowed, under my breath, that with the next shot I would either do or die, and this I did, for on the next attempt I hit the ball on the top of the



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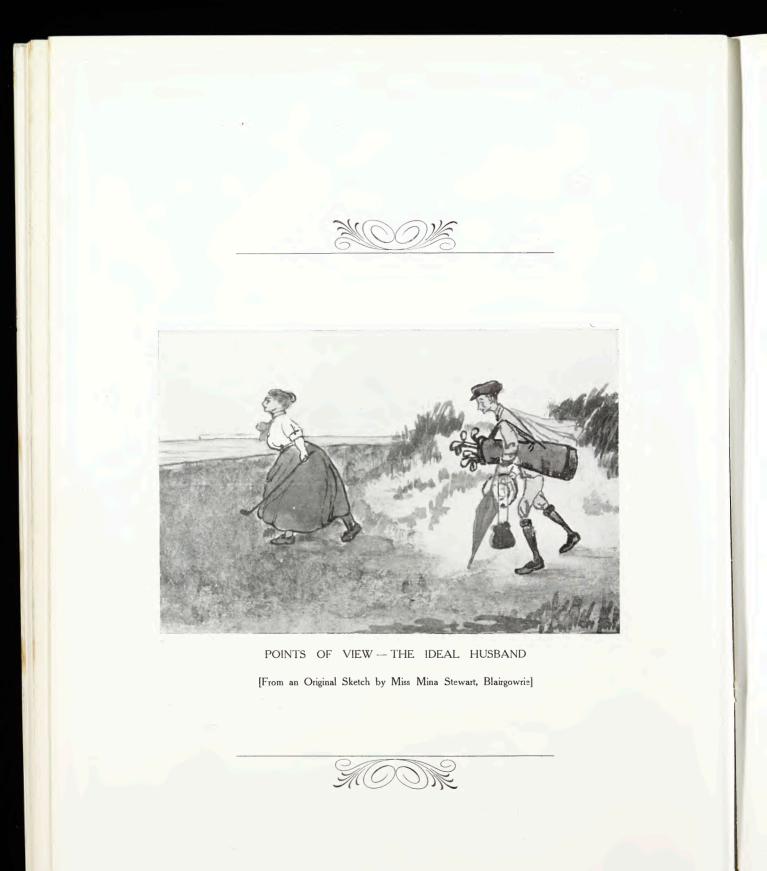
"UNCLE PROCEEDED, WITH GREAT GRAVITY, TO DRIVE OFF"

[Cartoon by Tony Sarg]

head, and sent it a distance of about thirty yards. Although pleased that I had managed to hit the provoking little thing, I was disappointed to think it had not gone farther, for I felt confident that, had it received the full force of my club, it must at least have gone half a mile. Bad as this attempt was, the next was worse, for in my anxiety to do well I managed to lift a piece of turf, and at the same time to break the head of uncle's brassie (or whatever he called it), which

Result-more strong remarks from uncle. After a few more awk-I was using. ward accidents, we at last got to the green, where our troubles began in earnest. Uncle explained that the idea was to get the ball into the little hole in the middle of the green, and after two attempts he succeeded in accomplishing this himself. Thinking it looked so easy, I made up my mind to hole the ball with one shot, but it seems that I used rather too much strength, the effect of which was that the ball went past the hole like an express train. On the next attempt I drove it back, Altogether I took about half a dozen strokes before I with the same result. managed to hole the ball. We had got to what uncle called the fifth hole when something happened that nearly brought our match to an untimely conclusion. In shooting from this hole to the next, we had to drive across a burn, a feat which we found required considerable judgment and nerve. Uncle got the ball away all right, but, alas, it was not given sufficient strength, and flop it went into He rushed down a gravel bank to recover his ball, but found that the stream. it had stuck behind a boulder in a small pool. In a foolish attempt to observe the rules of the game, uncle set himself to lift the ball from its resting-place with Placing his feet upon two stones in the middle of the stream, uncle his club. endeavoured, to the best of his ability, to strike the ball in such a way as to cause it to reach the green to which it had been first directed. It was quite evident that he was not at all unanimous in his movements, for while in the act of swinging the club, his feet, or rather the stones on which he stood, suddenly resolved to move in an opposite direction. A man thus divided against himself cannot stand, and the consequence was that poor uncle fell. It was with considerable difficulty that I effected a rescue, but beyond the wetting he appeared none the worse of Although I suggested the advisability of returning home, he would his immersion. not hear of it, but persisted in finishing the game.

Our difficulties did not become easier as we went along, for between bunkers, hazards, rocks, etc., it proved anything but a pleasant experience for me. However, I learned enough to impress me with the fact that playing golf is not nearly so easy as it looks. One thing that I could not help observing specially is the peculiar position that golfers take up after driving off the ball. To be a successful golfer you must invariably rise upon your tip-toes and gaze earnestly into the distance. Of course you don't see anything, but the idea seems to be that the ball goes better if you freeze yourself into this attitude. I have heard that the best golfers are those who can keep this rigid position longest. Truly, golf is a game at which great gifts are needed, and therefore I do not think it likely that I shall ever have the honour of winning the open championship.



A Character-study of the Gael

By-J. W. Mackay

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THE resplendent Highlander who figures at Highland gatherings or clan society functions seldom succeeds in arousing Celtic enthusiasm, for the kilted holiday Highlander who sometimes appears in the more accessible Highlands, is usually a Lowlander in disguise. The Garb of Old Gaul only makes a material Highlander, whether it is worn by a high-spirited son of the hills or by an equally high-spirited, though perhaps weak-kneed, son of the Lowlands. A true Highland heart will beat as warmly beneath an ordi-

nary tweed outfit as of yore beneath the tartan. But a real Gael, the embodiment of a Celtic soul, who can express with his tongue the feelings and longings of his heart in the language best adapted

to that purpose, is seldom met with. There may still survive, in some lonely glens or islands, far from the scenes and incidents of modern life, representatives of the Gaelic race who retain unimpaired their national characteristics in speech and manners; but neither such relics of antiquity nor modernised Highlanders, who are changing beyond recognition from the type of the "auld oreeginal," exhibit with force and clearness what the character of a real Gael is. The prevalent opinion is that the barbarian Gael of the past has been subdued and tamed, and that under the increasing influence of modernism he has given way to a fairly respectable

type of citizen. Most Highlanders of the present day assent to this opinion. When the decay of past ideals is deplored, the modern Highlander is the first to object to the theory that the Gael must change with the times. This separation from the past, however, does not elevate the character of the Gael; the change which has come over him is a harsh and destructive modification, and not the natural growth and development of national character. The loss to use and memory of his national language, and all that it means to him, is an unfortunate change. But when the Gael realizes this loss without regret or concern, and has so far separated



from the past that he has forgotten it, there must be something wrong, or else his national spirit has become very poor indeed. While indifference is the attitude of the Highlander, curiosity rather than enthusiasm is the attitude of the Lowlander to all things Gaelic, and so it might appear that, since the Gael has long ago ceased to be a nuisance, his Gaelic has now ceased to be an object of general interest. It is not so necessary to ascertain whether there has been in Gaelic character anything essential and permanent, and therefore valuable, which in its present state of change may be lost or obscured, as to ask why this change is taking place. Much that is sublime, and more that is ridiculous, has been written about the qualities and defects of the Gael. He has been studied in a spirit of



hero-worship more frequently than he has been critically examined in relation to the forces which have formed his character. Character-value is difficult to estimate, but it is finally settled by the verdict of history, and the expression given to racial genius in literature and life. An examination of the Gael's history and literature will show why he is at present changing, whether the change makes for growth or

decay, and whether it will put an end to the Gael and his Gaelic, or produce in the future a worthy representative of the past.

The proud, patriotic, pugnacious, predatory spirit of the Gael is well revealed in his history. His wild and warlike spirit is seen in its primitive turbulence in the Celtic tribes inhabiting Central Europe hundreds of years before the beginning of the Christian era. It is no less noticeable in their descendants, the Picts and Scots, from a fusion of whom the Gaels of Scotland are descended. It is seen in full activity during the reigns of the Gaelic and Stuart kings of Scotland, under the lordship of the Isles, and the chiefs of the clans. It required Harlaw and Culloden to make its turbulence and unrest amenable to the discipline of settled and established government. War and unrest being so common, and intervals of peaceful social development so few and far between in the history of the Gael, his martial character had a full and free development. Endowed with a brave, free spirit, he had at all times an intense hatred of injustice and oppression, and a no less intense love of country and of freedom. To a turbulent and liberty-loving disposition, the setting up of ordered and settled national institutions would not be a congenial task, and to this disposition no less than to his lack of opportunity for solving problems of government may be due the failure of the Gael as a nation. A genius for government and for dealing with the practical side of life is more fully developed in the present representatives of the race, and can hardly have been awanting in their more martial ancestors. There is a story told about a chief who was called upon to hand over the smith of his clan to a court of justice, on account

of some serious offence. The chief was very reluctant to do so, and offered to hang two weavers instead. His crude notion of individual responsibility does not prove a lack of a sense of justice in him so much as that that sense was blinded by his appreciation of the services of his skilled mechanic. The success of the Teutonic race and the failure of the Celtic in setting up the machinery of government does not prove that the Celt lacks a capacity for governing, or a less perfect conception of what justice is. Liberty and justice are not so perfectly established in the institutions of government set up by the Saxon that the Celt need have any regret at not being called upon to help in the beginning of the work. When reform is needed, the Celt is ready to demand it, and usually has a practical plan of effecting it.

Social organisation was forced on the Gael from without—not developed from within, and this explains some of his social habits. His predatory habits were not due to a barbarian instinct which resisted law and order. The bands of Highland raiders

that plundered the Southron do not quite deserve to be stigmatized as thieves and robbers or common brigands. The cattle-lifting clansmen only put into practice the political economy which they considered best. They held that land and cattle and sheep were not private property, but belonged to the whole clan. They regarded the property of the Southron just as they regarded the property of their own and neighbouring clans, liable to be seized for use when required. Breac a linne, slat a coille, 'is fiadh a fireach (a fish from a stream, a wand from a wood, and a stag from a forest) are three thefts of which a Gael never felt ashamed. Such was his view of the matter at a time when afforestation schemes were undreamt of, and when the relative



importance of men and sheep and deer was different from what it became in later days.

Culloden and Prince Charlie are too prominent in the common view of the character of the Highlanders, and cast over it a gloom of melancholy which is common to Jacobitism as to all lost causes. Culloden must not be looked upon as the final defeat of a race in its struggle for existence or liberty. After Culloden the national spirit of the Gael, still active and vigorous, entered on a new phase of its development. His martial genius found scope for its exercise in new directions. Before the close of the 18th century Chatham could boast in his place in Parliament that he had seen high military merit among the Scottish mountains, and had called forth from their recesses to the service of the country "a hardy and dauntless race of men, who had conquered for it in every quarter of the globe." The 18th century, from its beginning to its close, was an Augustan age of Gaelic

It is in this period one may find the best realization of Highland ideals literature. in life, pictures of which may be seen in the "Poems and Letters from the Mountains" of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan. The Highlanders of that time were in the main a contented and comfortable people, but the peaceful development of the Gael never continued very long without interruption. The soldiers who went forth to fight Britain's battles abroad returned home in greatly reduced numbers, and found new conditions awaiting them on their arrival. During the 19th century evictions and emigration gave rise to the serious problem known as the "economic state of That stream of emigration, necessity and ambition have kept the Highlands." flowing for almost one hundred years. Little wonder that the Highlands became poor. Poor in respect of wealth it may always be. The primary rock and peatmoss are too plentiful in the Highlands to make it a place where wealth accumulates, or even to make it industrially self-supporting. This only adds to the seriousness of the economic question, on which some chapters have yet to be In character the people have become poorer, their martial ardour has written. been dulled, and their spirit is less vigorous in all its activities. When so much that is sad comes up to memory of the past, its appeal to the present grows less and less, and Gaelic and the past are in danger of passing out of the life of the The Celt has been too much the victim of the misunderstanding which Highlands. regards the history and government of this country as English rather than British; and unless the principles of liberty and justice are established on a broad enough basis to satisfy him, he will fail to give of his best in the service of the Empire.

There are signs of a renaissance in the movements of the young Scot and of the young Gael. But no revival would suffice, not even a revolution—a resurrection would be necessary to restore Gaelic to its former place and power. While Gaelic was considered a bar to the progress of the Highlander, as it separated London more effectively from Skye than three thousand miles of ocean separated it from New York, his development was bound to be slow. But the policy which regarded the Gaelic as so insuperable an obstacle did not even try the bilingual solution of the difficulty to make the progress of the Gael easier. The result was that the transition from Gaelic to English became more difficult, and hastened the

> loss of the native language. Now that the old tongue has almost passed out of the life of the Highlands, it has in recent times received official recognition, like a worn-out veteran who has

waited for his medal from the War Office for many long years, and is at last awarded it, to remind him that his day is almost ended.

Emotion and sentiment are strong in the Gael, but are not the only or the predominent

qualities of his mind, although in disposition he is effusive and enthusiastic rather than formal and reserved. The heathery hills and rocky glens of "Caledonia stern and wild" have afforded the Gael a less congenial climate for a high development of epic and dramatic literature and the plastic arts than the Greek enjoyed in vinebearing and sunny Attica. The Gael has done penance for this deficiency in his mental output by a long and deep devotion to the classics. The Gaelic mind is no doubt a mobile quantity, but lack of balance and steadiness are not characteristic of In politics the Celt may be Radical, as a result of the modern conditions of it. his existence, but in matters of taste and feeling, in culture and creed, he is conservative. In regard to changes his attitude is often expressed by saying, Se an seann fhasan is docha leam (I prefer the old way). In a crisis, or in looking to the future, he says, Lean gu dluth ri cliu do shinnsir (Be true to the tradition of your ancestors). It is in this quality of mind more than in his sentimentalism or his revolt against the despotism of fact, that danger lurks. The ancient Gaels at all times showed themselves adaptable to new conditions, and ready to accept any change which made for their material or moral improvement, as well as eager to preserve the good attained in the past. But when the blood of the Gael runs colder, this conservatism may reveal itself in a retrograde tendency, and in a withering formality which preserves the letter but kills the spirit of the past, and may upset the correct adjustment of past to present and present to future which hitherto the Gaelic mind has successfully maintained. The rapidly changing and hustling conditions of the 20th century are unfavourable to the genius of the

Gael, and render it difficult for Gaelic to renew its youth. The flood of time and change has transformed his character, and the loss of his national language is only one of the features of a changed type of Highlander. The Gael of the present is much less imaginative and emotional than the Gael of old; he is duller and more prosaic, though still sometimes



peculiar. Contact with the Lowlander, and the necessity of acquiring the English language for the market and public meeting, have rendered his Gaelic characteristics a source of trouble to him. A Gaelic mind could only express itself in broken English, with a Highland accent, for the Gael could not acquire the Saxon tongue with the same readiness as the Highland echo. A Highland ghillie once expressed his amazement at hearing the voice of his English master re-echoed from the rock as clearly and distinctly as his own. He had never in all his life heard of a similar feat by *mactalla* (the echo). The Gaelic-speaking Highlander is very apt to mix his metaphor when he essays the English idiom, and his inflection and phonetics sound peculiar to modern ears. The desire to appear "no so Hielant" has helped the other causes which render him apathetic to the survival or decay of his language. The gospel of getting on appeals to him more strongly than the genius of his

ancestors. But though Gaelic should become dead in the letter, it would be well that the proud, emotional, vigorous spirit of its past should survive to make the Gael of the future a worthy representative of those who have made Tir nam beann, nan gleann 's nam breacan (the land of bens, and glens and tartans) as famous as it is. The Gaelic grit and determination which have been nurtured in the Highlands of Scotland have made the Scots a ruling race. This explains why the cry of the name of Mac on a river boat in China, or in Africa, or at a meeting of company directors the world over, will usually get an answer. Yet that grit may be impaired for the service of the Empire if the emotional fire of the Gael should burn low. Human happiness and success are to a great extent conditioned by temperament, and the inherited temperament of the Gael may become dormant on account of the loss of his language, and all the treasures of song and story it contains.

Thig crioch air an t-saoghal Ach mairidh gaol is ceol.

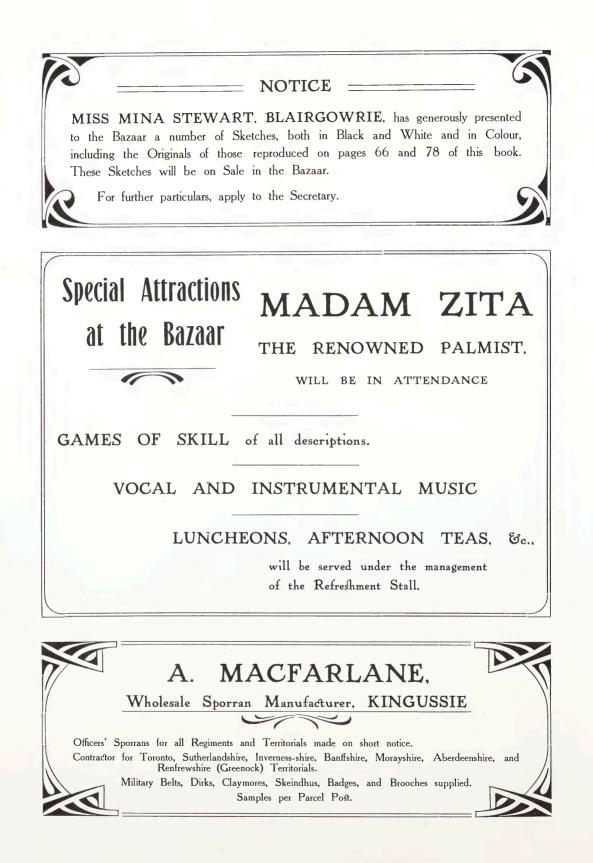


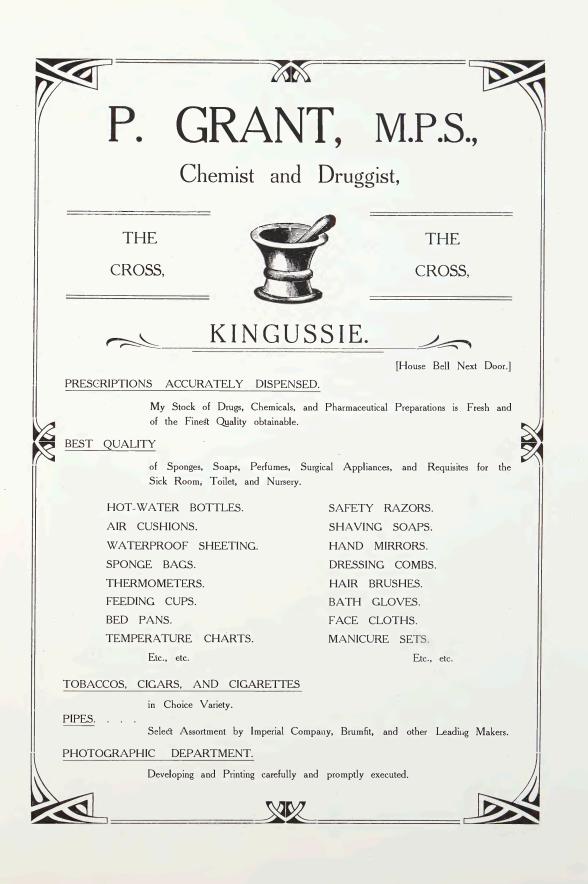
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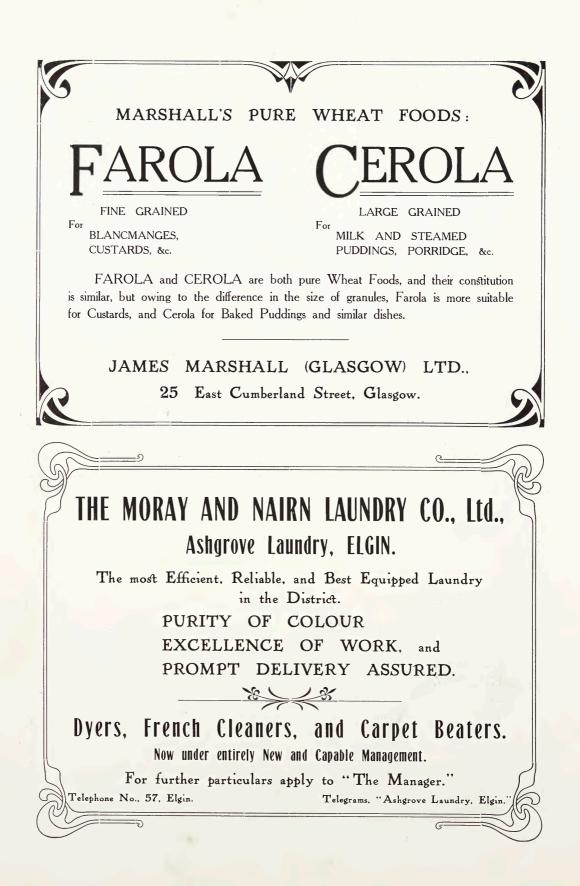
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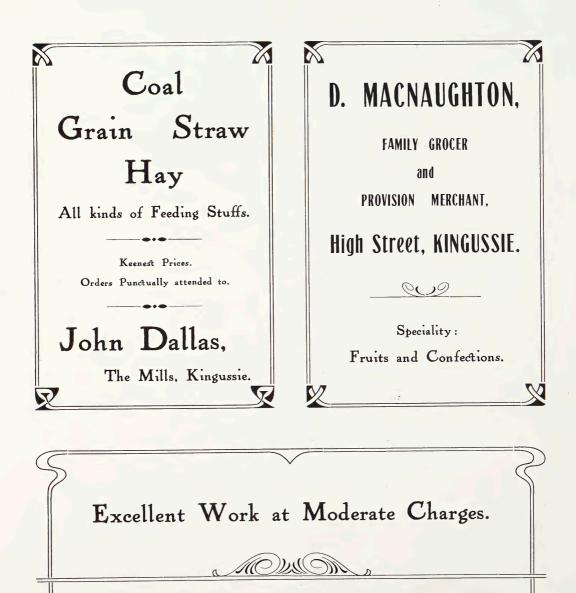
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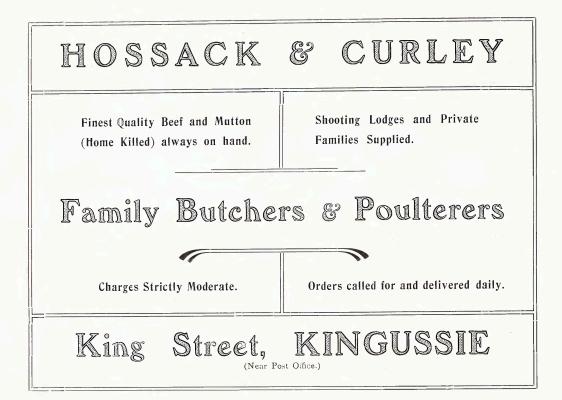


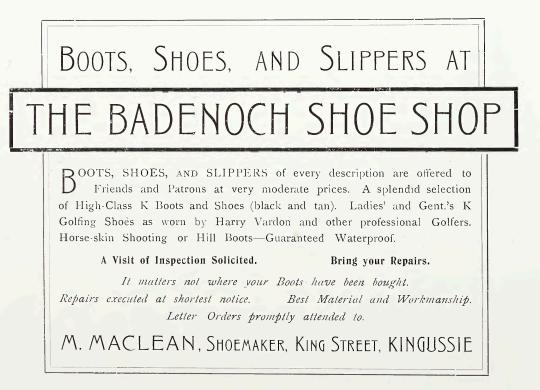


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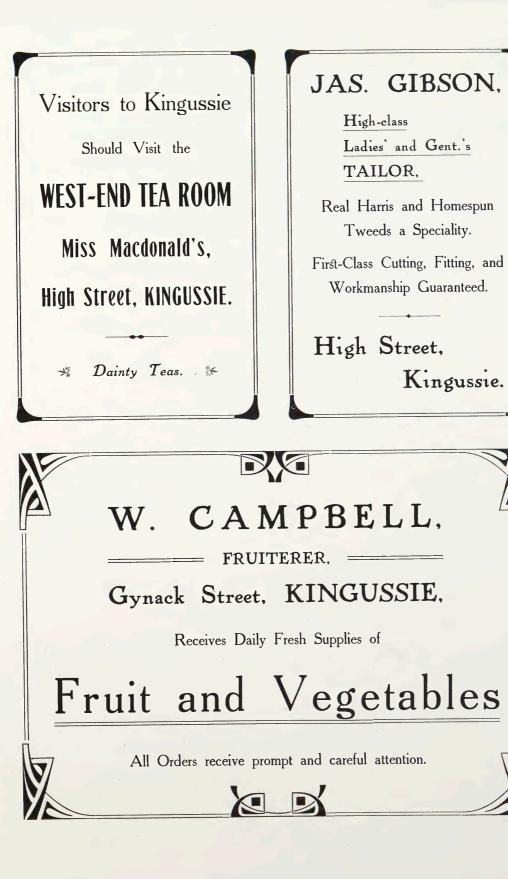
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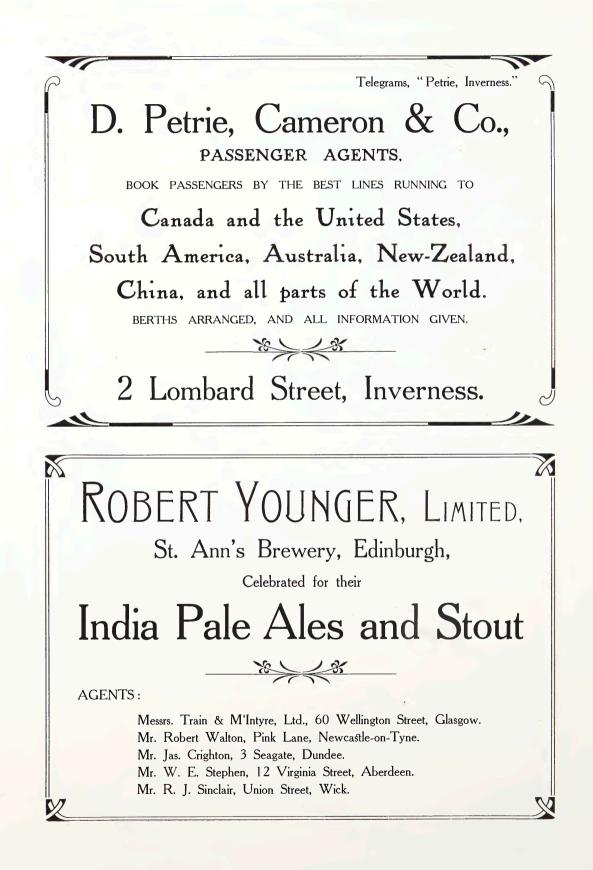
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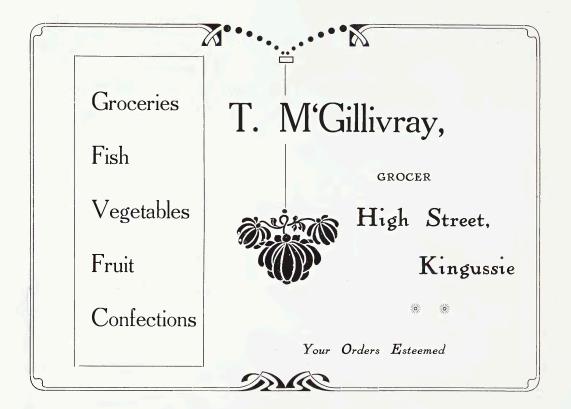


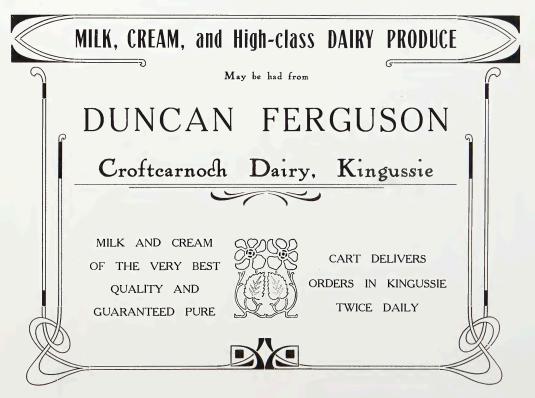
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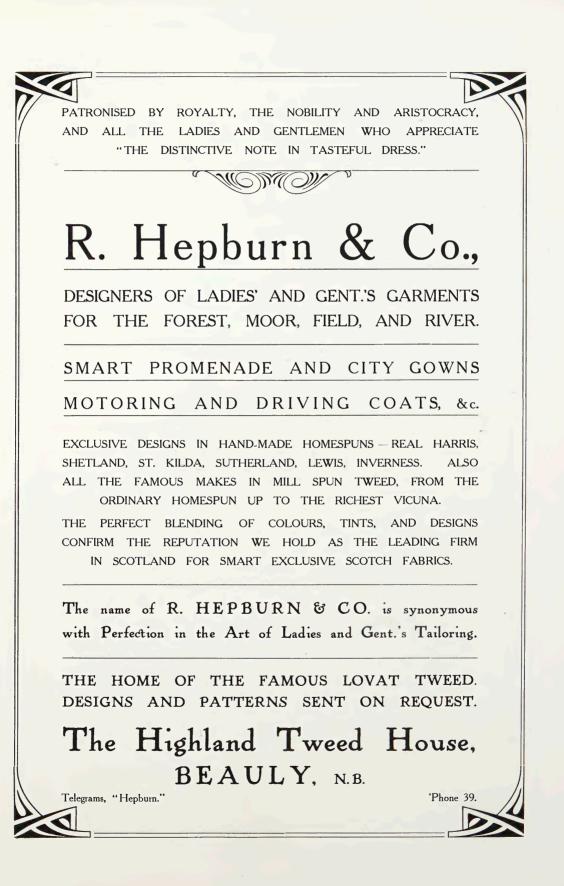
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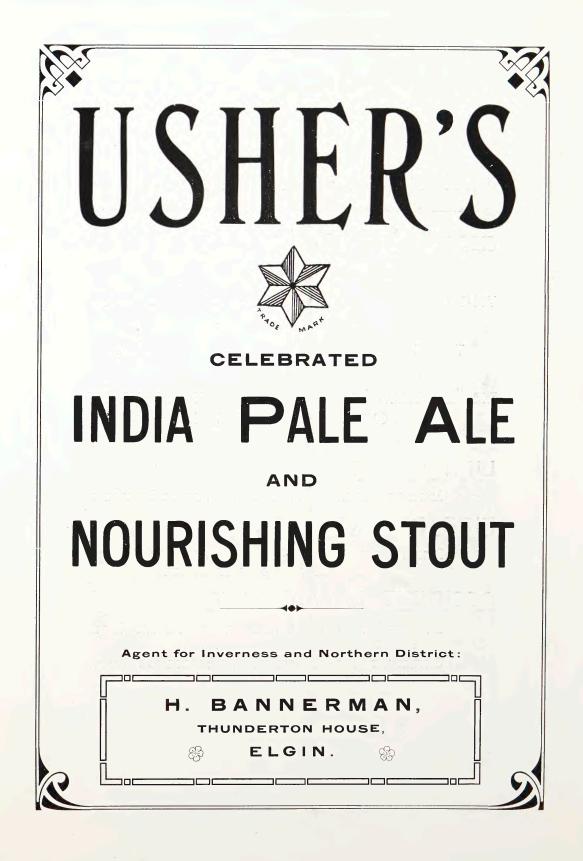
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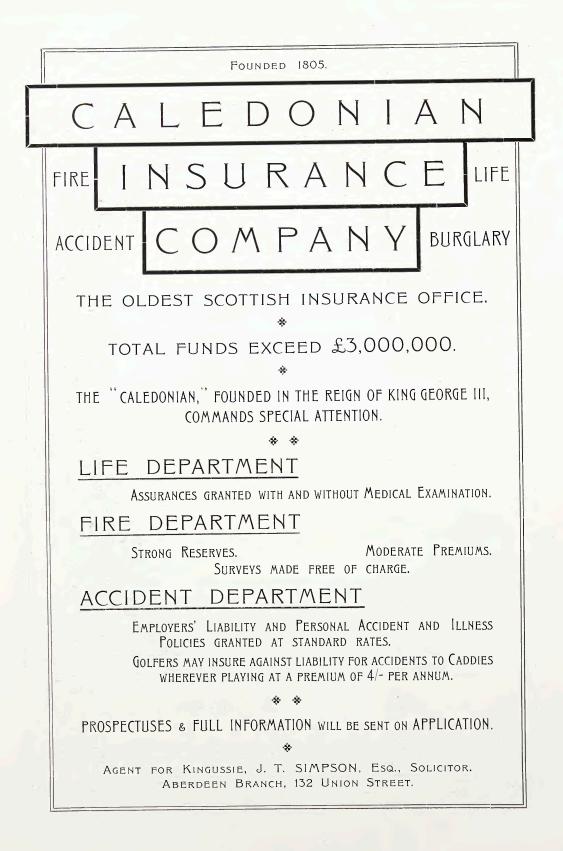
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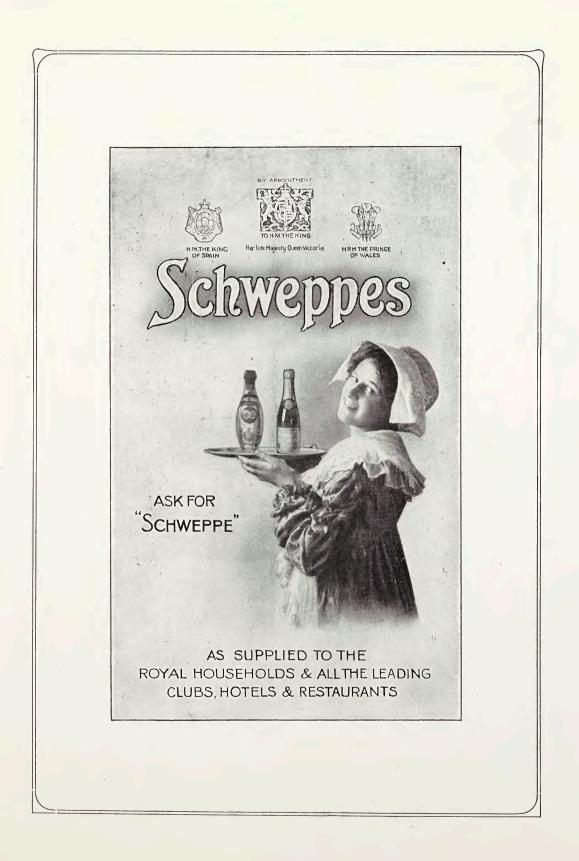
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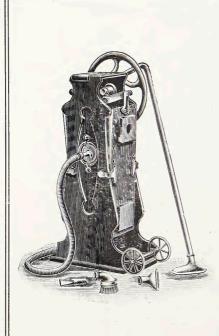
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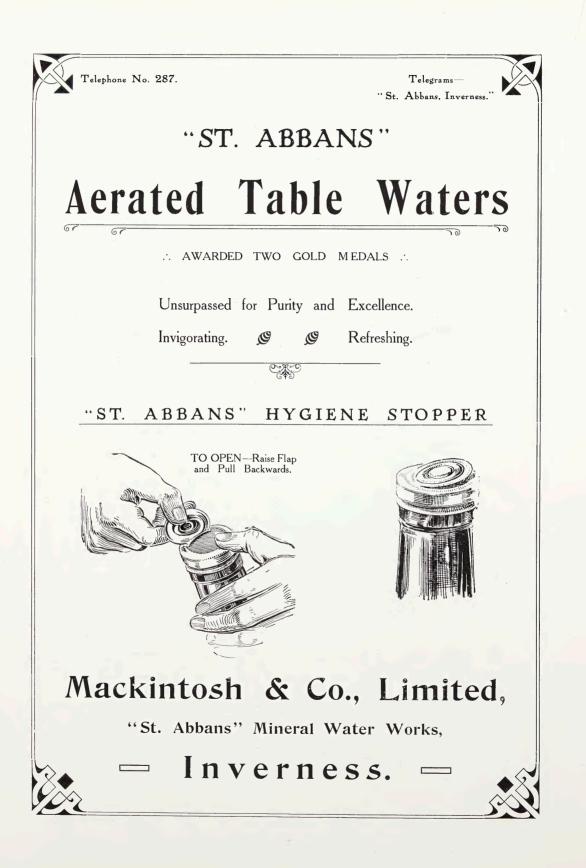
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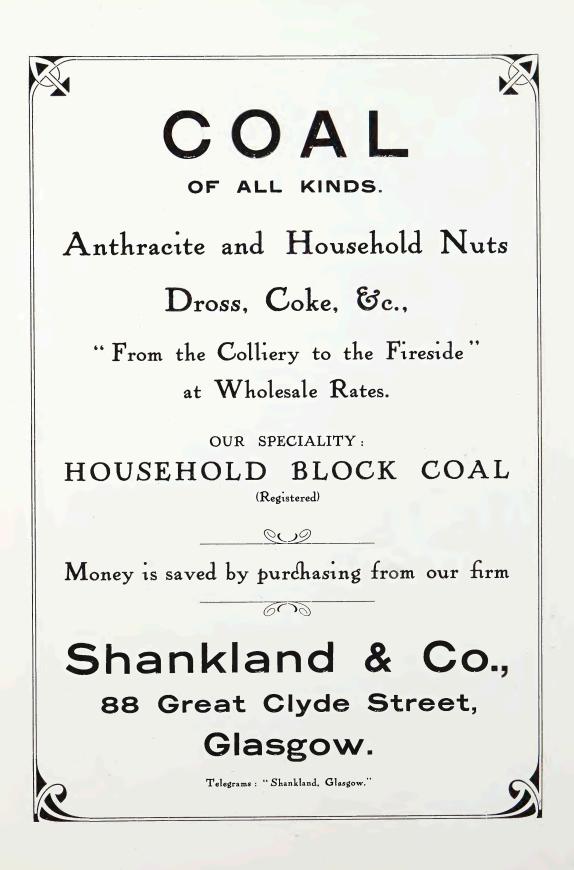
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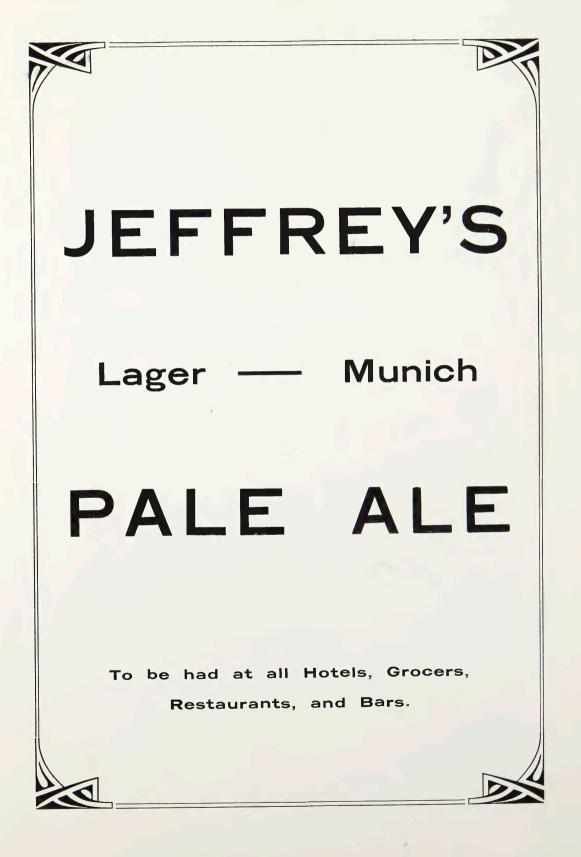
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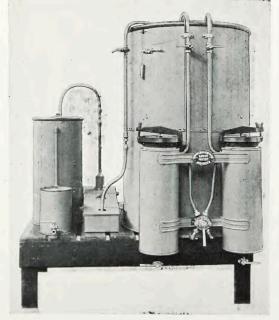
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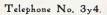
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