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The Highland News INVERNESS, Saturday, 13th Feb., 1897. SCOTLAND'S EQUIVALENT. The debate in the House of Commons on the second reading of the English Education Bill opened on Thursday. The event has little interest for the Highlands or Highlanders except as illustrative of the Tory method of helping their friends. Indirectly Highlanders will be called upon in their tea and tobacco, and some of them in their whisky, to pay for this further endowment of the Church of England; but this argument is not likely to have attention paid to it. Indirect taxation has always worked Tory finance; the masses they think can be trusted not to see further than their noses. Two millions per year for five years was given last year to the agricultural interests, which in plain language means the landlords, and now upwards of £600,000 annually "for ever" as Mr Balfour put it, is to go to the Church of England schools, and all out of the poor taxpayer's pocket. And yet the Parliament that is doing all this is a people's Parliament, a Parliament elected by an overwhelming majority of working-class votes. Assuredly the Tory party are justified in their estimate of the intelligence of the working man. But if Scotland, and in a proportionate degree the Highlands, has no direct interest in an English Education Bill, every Scotsman is interested in seeing that Scotland gets its just equivalent for the grant to voluntary schools in England. Up till the meeting of Parliament and the introduction of the Government's educational proposals, no one appeared to doubt that Scotland would get the usual 11-80ths which has been her portion since Mr Goschen, who was "lent" to the Tories in 1886, invented grants-in-aid. Mr Thomas Shaw, Q.C., M.P., the ex-Solicitor General for Scotland, actually employed his leisure moments when rusticated at Kingussie in writing an article to the "Nineteenth Century" telling the world at large what Scotland was going to do with its Equivalent Grant when it got it. But there is no sounding the depths of meanness of the English Treasury particularly when a Tory Chancellor is installed at the receipt of custom. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, in quite a casual fashion on the debate regarding the Government's motion to appropriate £615,000 to the voluntary schools, remarked that Scotland was not to get her equivalent. In reply to a question he said it was not a case where an equivalent applied; Ireland had already got more than her equivalent for education; as for Scotland, an equivalent had never been recognised in connection with education. As it happened the Chancellor of the Exchequer was wrong both in his argument and his facts. Because Ireland may have received more than is no reason why Scotland should receive less, and as to fact it is a matter of common knowledge that Scotland has never received a grant-in-aid, but much to her credit she has insisted upon some portion being devoted to education. This refusal of the Treasury to recognise Scotland's claim to an equivalent is more than ordinarily mean inasmuch as it is notorious that under the arrangement fixed by a Tory Government Scotland is receiving far less than her fair share of what by the blessed wisdom of Tory financiers is collected with the one hand and disbursed with the other in

varying proportions to England, Scotland and Ireland, the former acting the usual part of the big brother by retaining the biggest hunk. Not satisfied, however, with giving us less than our fair share a Tory Government propose to deprive us of any share whatever! It is not surprising, therefore, that there have been protests from Scottish members of Parliament on both sides of politics against this iniquitous proceeding upon the part of the English Treasury. From the non-possimus attitude the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been brought by easy stages to, first, consideration of Scotland's claim, second, a promise of fair aid to primary education in Scotland, which by the way, is already provided for—the Chancellor's reply being therefore an evasion—and finally, a promise to give aid to education in Scotland without the limiting word "primary." The Treasury citadel has not, however, yet been stormed, and the educational agencies of the Highlands as well as throughout Scotland might do worse than strengthen the hands of the Scottish representatives at Westminster instead of looking quiescently on. With the £60,000 or £70,000 a year which is Scotland's just equivalent great things could be done in Scotland not only for Secondary but even for University Education.

BIRTHS. At Braemar Cottage, Clifton, Johannesburg, on the 18th ultimo, Mrs J. D. GARDNER, of a son, the wife of THOMAS HENDERSON, of Glasgow. At Rosella, Fairfield Road, Inverness, on the 5th instant, the wife of WM. WALLACE, Stromeferry, of a daughter. At Thornhill House, Inverness, on the 9th instant, the wife of THOMAS HENDERSON, of a daughter. At the Free Church Manse, Tyndrum, on the 6th instant, the wife of Rev. HUGH FRASER, of a son. MARRIAGES. At Granite House, Stornoway, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. H. S. Hunter, ROBERT M. ALEXANDER, of ISABELLA, third daughter of John Macgillivray, Watchmaker and Jeweller, Stornoway. At the Church of St Mary and All Saints, Bingham, Nottinghamshire, on the 3rd instant, by the Rev. Percy Hovell, M.A., rector, assisted by the Rev. John Standish, B.A., vicar of Scarrington-cum-Aslockton, the Rev. ALFRED BLACK, Egremont, Cheshire, second son of the late Rev. John Black, Liddesdale, Roxburghshire, to MORAG BAIN, second daughter of Murdoch Bain Macleod, Colquhoun, Ross-shire. At 105 Pacific Avenue, East Winnipeg, Manitoba, on the 19th ultimo, MURDO MACKENZIE, Locomotive Fireman (late of Bridge Street, Inverness), to ALICE BRADSHAW, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs F. K. Keder, Winnipeg. At Habost, Ness, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. D. M. Macdonald, M.A., D. Morrison, Stornoway, Mintoona, to ELLA MURRAY, eldest daughter of Donald Murray, Merchant. DEATHS. At 125 Fife Street, Inverness, on the 9th instant, DOUGLAS MACDONALD, Postmaster and Merchant. At 1 Newton Street, Stornoway, on the 5th instant, ALEXANDER MACLEOD, beloved wife of John Macphail, in her 81st year. At Ivy Bank, Old Edinburgh Road, Inverness, on the 9th instant, JOHN NORRIS, Bookseller, aged 64. At Lochburn Home, Glasgow, on the 7th instant, of acute pneumonia, KATHLEEN HALL (Superintendent), second eldest surviving daughter of George H. Hall, Ness Bank, Inverness. At 105 Pacific Avenue, East Winnipeg, on the 10th instant, WILLIAM REID THAI, C.E., Factor for Murkie, aged 71 years. At 5 Watford Villas, Bridge Road, Battersea, London, on the 10th instant, the wife of Frank Mackenzie, H.M. Indian Army, and second daughter of James Macleod, Balnakeil, Nairn; deeply regretted. At Inverness House, Nairn, on the 7th instant, CAMERON, KERR-MACKENZIE, of Dalnagrove, Inverness-shire, Barrister at Law. At 61 Bronesbury Villas, Kilburn, London, on the 3rd instant, the late LAW OF WEST LONDON, Esq., only surviving daughter of the late John Law, Esq., sometime Advocate, Aberdeen, and afterwards Sheriff-Substitute of Sutherlandshire, in her 84th year. IN MEMORIAM CARDS.—New, Chaste, and Beautiful Designs. Large Selection. Samples and prices on application to the MANAGER, "The Highland News," Inverness.

This week's copy of "THE HIGHLAND NEWS" consists of Twelve Pages or Seventy-Two Columns. Readers should see that they get the Four Page Supplement along with the ordinary paper. Mr Andrew E. Macdonald, Inverness, has passed the second General Knowledge Examination held last month under the Law Agents' Act, 1873. Eleven hundred cwt. of coal have this winter been distributed among the poor of the town through the medium of the Provost and Magistrates. Mr Andrew Thomson, who had charge of Farraline Park School during the late Mr J. S. Finlayson's illness, has been appointed headmaster of the institution. During the week Mr John Leopold's Company has occupied the boards at the Theatre Royal, Inverness. The performance of the Orlan Troupe of acrobats is well worth going to see. At noon to-day the subscribers to the Blind Northern Counties Institute for the Blind will meet in the Council Chamber to receive the annual report. Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie Bart., will preside. The Inverness Burgh Ratepayers' Association have decided to send a deputation to meet with the members of the Town Council in connection with the proposed Second Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders, the Under Secretary for War was asked by Mr McLeod where the Cameron Highlanders were to come from, seeing the Government refused to bring in legislation which would keep Highlanders in the country—a Member, "Ireland," and laughter). Mr Brodick—I hope they will come from the same source of recruiting as at present. THE CAMERON SECOND BATTALION.—When making his statement in the House of Commons regarding the proposed Second Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders, the Under Secretary for War was asked by Mr McLeod where the Cameron Highlanders were to come from, seeing the Government refused to bring in legislation which would keep Highlanders in the country—a Member, "Ireland," and laughter). Mr Brodick—I hope they will come from the same source of recruiting as at present. THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE FREE EAST CHURCH.—At the last meeting of the general committee of the congregation of the Free East Church, Mr John Ellis reported that the congregational subscriptions amounted to the gratifying sum of £2029. As a considerable number of the congregation are yet to be called on, it is expected that the total subscribed by the congregation will come up to £2200. It was also reported that the subject was taken up by the old and young, and the committee had every reason to believe that the project would be carried through speedily and most successfully. It is expected that building operations will be begun next month. DEATH OF MR BARCLAY, COACHBUILDER.—One of the links connecting the past with the present generation has been severed by the death of Mr David Barclay, who for many years carried on an extensive business as coachbuilder in Fraser Street. Mr Barclay was born in Perth in 1809, a year of which he was proud to boast that Mr Gladstone having also been born in 1809. He came to Inverness half-a-century ago, and became proprietor of the coach works now carried on by the Messrs Reid. Giving up business about twenty years ago he lived a retired life. Until last year he was a regular player on the bowling green, where his familiar and striking figure will be greatly missed.

Surgeon-Lieutenant J. M. Moir, M.D., the Highland Volunteer Artillery, has been gazetted Surgeon-Captain. The Inverness Burgh School Board election will take place on Thursday, 18th March next. Dr James Macrae, son of Mr Simon Macrae, Attadale Road, Inverness, has taken the triple qualification of the Royal College of Physicians, Surgeons, Edinburgh, and Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow. Among other interesting relics and curios sold by Messrs A. Fraser & Co., Union Street, in the Music Hall, was a plaster cast of the famous Simon Lord Lovat, of the '45, said to be taken half-an-hour after his execution. After a brisk competition it was knocked down for £15, the purchaser being a lady, who, we understand, intends presenting the cast to one of the Scottish museums. The cast, we believe, was one of two which belonged to the late Mr A. T. Fraser of Aberlath.

HOW TO TREAT THE SCANDALMONGER.—On Sunday evening, in St Andrew's Church, Fortrose, the Rev. Spence Ross, preaching from Ephesians iv., 25, 26, and 27, administered some well-merited philippics to the scandalmonger. If, he said, a woman comes to your house to tell you malicious tales about your neighbours or her's, either profess unwillingness to listen, or treat your mischievous visitor so fully that a return visit on a similar mission will be averted. Mr Spence Ross also made a strong appeal on behalf of the famine-stricken in India.

THE FORBES DISPENSARY FUNDS.—At the monthly meeting of the Inverness Burgh Ratepayers' Association held on Tuesday night, the President, Mr George Young, called attention to the discussion on the subject of the appeal by the Managers of the Forbes Dispensary for funds. The discussion took place at the meeting of the Finance Committee of the Town Council, and was reported in "The Highland News" of 3rd January last. The remarks of members had reference more particularly to an item on the discharge side of the Dispensary accounts of £78 18s 6d for legal expenses incurred in connection with a law-suit, the costs of which, it was alleged, the manager concerned had expressed his willingness to pay. It was resolved to put the subject on the business card for next meeting.

U.P. CHURCH LITERARY SOCIETY.—The Inverness U.P. Literary Society, at their last meeting, took up the study of "Hamlet." The characters of Hamlet and Polonius were taken in hand by two ladies, members, while the remaining principal characters, including Ophelia and the Queen, were taken by gentlemen members. The papers, which were limited to ten minutes, were all well written and the various characters ably sketched. This is the second play by Shakespeare which the Society has taken up for a session, and the evenings allotted to them have proved not only interesting, but very instructive. The subject for the next meeting will be a symposium on "Character," when short papers will be read by several members on the various factors which influence character.

A CHANCE FOR OUR HIGHLAND GIRLS.—A London correspondent writes:—Now that it has become fashionable for all who desire to claim any close connection with the Highlands to have a fair knowledge of the Gaelic language, a new field of usefulness is opened to well-educated Highland girls who are familiar with the use of their native tongue. We refer to the many situations that can now be obtained as governesses and such like where preference is given to Gaelic-speaking applicants. We have recently heard of quite a number of Highland families, scattered in this city, who are desirous that the rising generation should learn to speak the language of the people in the midst of whom they spend the summer and autumn of each year, and they have expressed to their surprise and regret that it was next to impossible to obtain tutors or governesses with an intelligent knowledge of the Gaelic language. Now, this is not as it should be, and we hope that the young people of the Highlands will not allow an antiquated and long-expired idea as to the usefulness of writing in their own language to prevent them from doing justice to their mother-tongue, and at the same time materially benefitting themselves.

INVERNESS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—The annual report submitted to the meeting of the Inverness Chamber of Commerce on Thursday evening by Mr P. D. Mactavish, the secretary, showed that the income for the year was £53 6s 1d. The expenditure amounted to £40 11s 9d, thus leaving a balance in favour of the Chamber of £12 14s 1d. The President, Mr E. H. Macmillan, congratulated the members on their satisfactory financial condition. He referred to some of the more important questions which had been taken up during the year—a fact which justified their existence as a Chamber with an intelligent knowledge of the Gaelic language. Now, this is not as it should be, and we hope that the young people of the Highlands will not allow an antiquated and long-expired idea as to the usefulness of writing in their own language to prevent them from doing justice to their mother-tongue, and at the same time materially benefitting themselves.

DEATH OF MR JOHN NOBLE, BOOKSELLER.—His report will be expressed not only in Inverness, but throughout the country, at the announcement of the death of Mr John Noble, bookseller, Castle Street, Inverness, which took place at his residence on Monday evening. The deceased was a native of Inverness, and commenced life as an assistant with the late Mr William Smith, bookseller, who for many years carried on a successful business in Castle Street, where the Christian Association Building now stands. After serving a number of years with Mr Smith, he went to Edinburgh, where he entered the printing establishment of Messrs Oliver & Boyd. Here he secured further experience of his adopted calling, and on returning to Inverness after about a couple of years' residence in Edinburgh he began business in his own account in 1837 in Castle Street, in four premises occupied and owned by him. Mr Noble gradually developed the second-hand book trade, and having established a connection in this line sufficiently extensive to ultimately warrant the issue of a monthly catalogue, he in later years began collecting curios in old china, pictures, miscellaneous works of art, and articles of historical interest—all having, of course, Celtic associations. In this department Mr Noble also made some contributions to literature himself, notably his bibliography of the newspapers and periodicals published in Inverness during the present century, which appears in "Scottish Notes and Queries," but deserves more permanent form. He was also engaged upon a book of reminiscences of Inverness and a considerable portion of the work is in print. Mr Noble entered the Town Council in 1873, and in 1875 he was elected a Bailie. He continued on the Bench until 1879, and after serving a further term as a Councillor, he retired in 1882, having for nine years taken an intelligent and active interest in the affairs of the burgh. Politically his sympathies were Gladstonian and strongly Radical, and he was one of the most active men in bringing forward and returning Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh to Parliament in the spring of 1874. He is survived by a wife, a son, and two daughters. Mr Noble was 65 years of age.

THE TREASURERS OF THE TOOL AND CLOTHING SOCIETY acknowledge, with thanks, the following donations:—A. S. £1; Mrs Watson, Moyhall, 5s. PRESENTATION.—A special meeting of Court Craig Padraig, the Independent Order of Foresters was held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Tuesday evening. The Court Deputy took the chair, and explained that the object of the meeting was to present Bro. A. F. Mackenzie with a Past Chief Ranges' jewel. Bro. Marshall of London being present, was called on to make the presentation. Bro. Marshall said it gave him much pleasure to be present at the meeting, and to be made the medium of conveying the esteem and "goodwill" of the members to Bro. Mackenzie, of whom he spoke in very high praise. Bro. Mackenzie thanked the members for their kindness, and Bro. Marshall for the kind words he had just spoken. SEQUEL TO AN ASSAULT CASE.—The record has been closed in an action brought in the Inverness Sheriff Court by William Alex. Patillo, clerk, Charles Street, Inverness, against David Macmillan, horse-dealer, Stephen Street, Inverness, concluding for £50 as compensation for an assault committed by defendant on prisoner on 12th November last, by which prisoner was injured in his person, and sustained loss of wages, besides having incurred expenses for medical attendance. For the defence it is alleged that the defendant tendered a considerable sum to meet all claims, and that prisoner failed to accept of the same. The defendant now tendered £5 5s, with £1 1s of expenses, which he considered reasonable compensation to the pursuer in the circumstances, and therefore claims abjovator. HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.—Yesterday a petition was presented in the Inverness Sheriff Court by James Malloch, planemaker, Perth, praying the Court to grant an order for the discharge of Fred Campbell, son of Anthony Campbell, shoemaker, 2 Watergate, Perth, presently serving in the 78th Seaforth Highlanders at Fort-George. It appears that according to an indenture entered into on 8th April, 1895, Campbell became a bound apprentice to Mr Malloch, but having joined the army Mr Malloch decided his own apprentice's return in order to complete his term of apprenticeship. It was stated on behalf of Major S. B. Jameson, commanding the depot at Fort-George, and the other officers, that they would have no objections to deliver the indenture, and that a warrant was accordingly granted for his discharge. SPORTING PROCLIVITIES IN BEAULY.—Yesterday two young men named John Mathieson (18), labourer, Shore Street, Beaulieu, and John Tulloch (19), Beaulieu, Beaulieu, were charged with breaking into the poultry-house at Inchroary, belonging to Mr Roderick Mackenzie, merchant, Bridgend, Beaulieu, on Monday night, and stealing therefrom three fowls. The boys were also charged with having, on the same night, from a shed in the stable yard in Beaulieu belonging to Mr James Maclean, merchant there, stolen one hare, one rabbit, and one ferret. Both the accused pleaded guilty, and Mathieson said that his lordship would deal leniently with him he would behave better in future. Sheriff Scott Moncrieff said the crime to which the accused had pleaded guilty was a serious one. As they were both young men, against whom no previous conviction was recorded, he should impose a fine of £2 each, with the alternative of ten days' imprisonment. POACHING ON BALMACCANN ESTATE.—Yesterday James Macdonald and Alexander Cumming, the former residing with his father at Culnakeil, and the latter at 3 Rose Street, Inverness, were charged before Sheriff Scott Moncrieff with a contravention of the Game Laws on 4th January last on the estate of Balmaccann, tenanted by Mr Bradley Martin. The accused were represented by Mr Colin Campbell, solicitor, and pleaded not guilty. The charge was, however, found proved on the evidence of Alexander Shaw, under-gamkeeper at Balmaccann, who testified to taking a ferret from Macdonald, and finding seven newly-killed rabbits in a hole before which he saw accused previously in a stooping position. The Sheriff imposed a fine of 10s each, with £1 0s 3d of expenses, or to go to prison for fourteen days. THE INVERNESS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND LOCAL RAILWAY BILLS.—At the annual meeting of the Inverness Chamber of Commerce, held in the Waverley Hotel on Thursday evening, the draft petitions were read opposing the Bill now in Parliament to obtain running powers by the Great North of Scotland Company over the Highland Line to Inverness, and in favour of the Bill promoted by the Highland Railway for the construction of a line from Inverness to Fort-Augustus. Mr John Birnie, distiller, stated that he observed in the petition against the application of the Great North of Scotland Company that he would be employed on behalf of the resolution by the Chamber. He asked if the Chamber were to employ and pay counsel. Mr Henry Munro, corn factor, said if the Chamber resolved not to employ counsel, they utilised their position. Mr Birnie moved that counsel be employed. It was really no serious matter at all. But, at all events, he would not like that the Chamber would take up a ridiculous position before the Committee of the House of Commons. To resolve to do a particular thing, and then resolve not to do it, was practically the outcome, he held, of Mr Birnie's motion. Mr James Gossp, Knowlesy, seconded the amendment. The petition, he held, would be sent up by the Highland Railway Company, and lodged in the hands of counsel as part and parcel of the argument. Mr Birnie heard, Mr Birnie—You should pay for that. Mr Gossp—Who should we pay for that?—(laughter). I think your talking is perfectly absurd. Mr Birnie maintained that the position of the Chamber would be supported by counsel other than an advocate directly on behalf of the Highland Company. The President and several members disputed Mr Birnie's contention, and on a division Mr Munro's amendment was carried by twelve votes to seven.

ULLALOP NOTES.—The Communion is being held this week in the Free Church, as well as in the Free Presbyterian Church. Mr Macmillan is assisted by the Rev. Mr Lamont, Snizort, and Mr Macleod, Coigach. Mr Macrae, Fighnabruich, officiates in the Free Presbyterian Church.—Mr Renwick, clerk in the Lochroom Tread Warehouse, was recently met by some friends in the Drill Hall and presented with a purse of money on the occasion of his leaving the district for another station in the South. Major Macrae presided, and in a very complimentary speech spoke of Mr Renwick's enthusiasm as a volunteer, and the readiness with which he engaged in every good work for the interest and welfare of the district. The purse meeting was held in the Drill Hall on Tuesday evening, when the Rev. Angus Macdonald gave a lecture on the administration of public affairs in the parish of Lochroom. The hall was crowded, a number having had to put up with standing room. Mr Macdonald spoke for about two and a-half hours, and delivered a very telling address. He said he could no longer remain silent, for the parish had long been over-ruled by a few individuals, while the poor were over-burdened, oppressed, and wretched. He said, he said, was in some respects a painful one, as he had no personal grudge against any of those whom he meant to attack for their share in the misgovernment of the parish. He proposed that the district should be taken to attack the parish Council, and particularly the School Board, for neglecting the public interest. He believed the railway agitation was a sham and delusion. Although the lecture was very pointed, and the general admiration of the parish was warmly criticised. A committee of ratepayers was appointed to watch over the interests of the parish.

SOLD OUT!

The Manager of "The Highland News" receives every week a large number of letters from parties who complain that they are unable to obtain the paper because it is sold out.

OUR PARLIAMENTARY LETTER.

SCOTLAND NEGLECTED.

A Huge Surplus Expected.

EDUCATION BILL - SECOND READING.

USHING their Bill, is the only description that can be given to the almost indecent haste with which the Government are pushing their Education proposals through the House.

MORE GAG. Preliminary to the debate beginning on the second reading of the Education Bill there was quite a lively time up till dinner with private Bills, questions, and the discussion of a motion by Mr. Balfour to take away Tuesdays and Wednesdays from private members during all the stages of the Education Bill.

A HUGE SURPLUS ANTICIPATED. In this connection I confess I took a very sceptical view of the English Board Schools, necessitous or otherwise, ever getting anything, as with the Government's various financial engagements, military and naval, it looked as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have more than enough to do to make both ends meet.

PETS OF PARLOUR AND PANTRY. The earlier days of this week supplied an opportunity for airing opinions upon subjects so widely apart as the Army, Disestablishment in England, Alien Paupers, and Sunday Closing in England.

GOVERNMENT WHIPS ENGINEERING A COUNT. On Tuesday Mr. Samuel Smith took "the sense of the House" on Disestablishing the Church of England.

OPEN OR SHUT. Wednesday gave Sunday Closes in England an opportunity of moving and supporting the second reading of a Bill having that object.

Of course, it was opposed by the Tory party, defenders of things spurious and spiritual, and the Bill was ultimately rejected, but it did not hinder those in favour of restriction and decency ventilating their views equally with the guardian of the poor man's beer.

SCOTTISH SEA POLICE.

A week or ten days ago it was intimated by the Treasury to the Secretary for Scotland and the Chairman of the Fishery Board that a sum of £11,000 was to be inserted in the Fishery Board Estimates for this year towards the establishment of a sea police for the territorial waters of Scotland.

THE HOUSING OF THE WORKING CLASSES. DENS AND CAVES IN CASTLE STREET. MR WILLIAM GILL AS A PROPHET. The question of providing Corporation dwellings for the working population of Inverness was brought before the monthly meeting of the Inverness Borough Ratepayers' Association on Tuesday evening by the President, Mr. George Young.

PARLIAMENTARY VARIA.

I hear the Government only propose to give £200,000 as a grant in aid of the English Board Schools. If they give in the same proportion as they have given to the Voluntary Schools, the Board Schools would be entitled to £450,000 to £500,000.

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SCOTLAND'S EQUIVALENT.

INTERRUPTIONS AND A MORAL.

SELLAR SERVES A SUTHERLANDER.

The vote on the Report Stage of the Government's resolution to pay out of the public funds over £600,000 per annum to the English Voluntary Schools was taken in the House of Commons amidst a scene of considerable excitement.

Mr. John McLeod (Sutherland), on rising was received with loud cries of "Divide." After a vain effort to make himself heard, the hon. member shouted out, "Mr. Speaker, I beg to move the adjournment of the debate."

Mr. Speaker—I could not put that question—(Ministerial cheers). At the same time I do hope the House will give a hearing to the hon. gentleman—(Opposition cheers).

Mr. McLeod said he desired to call attention to a matter that was of very great, even of supreme, importance to the part of the country from which he came—namely, where Scotland came in in this matter.

It was perfectly clear from this quotation by an authority that could not be questioned that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was entirely wrong in saying that the House were never committed to an equivalent grant for education in Scotland.

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CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.

DINNER AND RECEPTION TO LORD REAY, CHIEF OF THE CLAN.

ON THURSDAY AFTERNOON THIS CLAN SOCIETY gave a reception and dinner to Lord Reay, D.C.L., G.C.I.E., Chief of the Clan, in the Grand Hotel, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

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Mr. J. H. Mackay, in proposing the toast of "The Charitable and Educational Schemes of the Society," stated that he would gladly subscribe £5 to the Bursary Fund—(applause).

GREAT SOCIAL GATHERING.

On the same evening a most enthusiastic social meeting was held in the Grand Hall, Waterloo Rooms, which was crowded.

The Chairman, in felicitous terms, proposed the loyal and patriotic toasts, which were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

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CHEAP BICYCLES.

TUBES MADE BY MACHINERY.

One of the most remarkable developments of the end of the present century has been that of the cycle, in its ever-varying and improving forms, since its introduction into this country as a practical vehicle in the late sixties.

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THE MOD.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE INVERNESS GATHERING.

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Table with 2 columns: Bursary, General. Rows include £501 8 1, £780 5 11.

Table with 2 columns: Total Expenditure, Net Capital. Rows include £3171 14 0, £1371 14 0, £1800 12 7.

Net Capital ... £1800 12 7 as at October 31, 1896. This then falls to be added the amount raised for the Talmine disaster, but to which I make no further reference, as a more eloquent, and from his connection in the administration of the fund, more authoritative classman will speak later on.

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LEWIS.

STORNOWAY OFFICE—3 CHURCH ST. To which complaints as to the defective distribution of the paper should be addressed, and at which orders for advertisements and all Lewis communications may be left.

TIDE TABLE.

Table with columns: Date of Month, Morning, Evening, H. M., H. M. Rows for Feb 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

STORNOWAY.

Mr Wm. G. Russell's clearing sale advertisement will be found on this page.

SPECIAL SERMON.—On Sunday evening, in the U.P. Church, Rev. J. H. S. Hunter preached his monthly special sermon to young men. His subject was—"A young man of promptitude"—Acts 23, 16.

DISORDERLY FISHERMEN.—Before Bailie Morrison, in the Stornoway Burgh Court on Saturday of last week, Murdo Montgomery, fisherman, Rhanish, was charged with having, on the previous day, on board the fishing boat "Brothers" (of Rhanish), committed a breach of the peace and assaulted two fishermen. He pled not guilty, but was convicted on evidence, and was fined 10s 6d or four days.

LEWIS HOSPITAL.—Besides already paying for the expenditure in connection with the patients from Lochs district which she recommended for treatment during the winter at Eishken this season, Mrs Platt has sent this week a donation of 45 to the funds of the Hospital. This renewed token of the generous and large-hearted interest Mrs Platt has exhibited in the Hospital in all stages of its history is most gratefully acknowledged.

PRESENTATION.—On Wednesday morning Sergt. R. M. Alexander, Stornoway, was waited upon by a deputation of his fellow-constables of the Lewis division, and presented with a handsome marble clock, bearing a suitable inscription, on the occasion of his marriage. Sergt. R. M. Smith, who presided, made the presentation, and in doing so said he was very glad the constables of the division showed their respect for Sergt. Alexander on this occasion, and that without in the slightest degree compromising the discipline and duties of the division, Sergt. Alexander replied in feeling terms, and said he appreciated very much the men's kindness to him on this occasion.

PLEASANT SATURDAY EVENINGS.—This series of entertainments was continued on Saturday when a capital entertainment was given in the Masonic Hall. Mr John Mackenzie, shipbroker, presided over a full house. The following was the programme: Chorus, Choir; solo, Mr Bates; recitation, Mr Murray; solo (Gaelic), Mr Ross; quartette, Messrs Ross, Macleannan, Maclean, and Craig; pianoforte selections, Mr Sword; solo, Miss Macrae; male chorus; recitation, Mr D. Murray; solo, Miss Smith; solo, Mr D. Tolmie; quartette, Messrs Macleod, and Macleannan; pianoforte selections, Mr Sword; solo, Mr G. Macleannan; chorus, Choir; and "God Save the Queen."

UP—PARISH COUNCIL.—A correspondent writes:—This Parish Council met on the 22nd inst., to dispose, among other things, of the motion given notice of on the 22nd December, viz.—"That, owing to legal advice, the Council take no further proceedings in the petition against Dr Fraser." A deputation from Carloway, joined by Rev. A. Macaskill, waited on the Council in reference to Dr Fraser's case. The deputation retired on the understanding that, after a short conference, when this case came up, they should be called in to hear it. It was afterwards decided, however, that the deputation should not be called in till everything was finished. The Chairman, in explaining to the deputation what was done by the Council, began by saying that he wished it to be understood as widely as possible that they were not the servants of the ratepayers, but their representatives. They were the servants of the Government, which laid down the law, and that law had to be obeyed. He then proceeded to read the legal advice they had obtained. This was to the effect that medical officers were only bound to attend to paupers. Mr Macaskill remarked that supposing the medical officer had to do only with pauper patients, he would not be bound to attend to the charges related to paupers. To this the Chairman replied that the Council could not look at their complaint if mixed up with other people, and if they did not send in their complaint through the Inspector. In regard to the Local Government Board's reply, proceeded Mr Macaskill, it referred solely to what by statute you must do, and says nothing as to what you may do. You may make any arrangement you see proper with the medical officer over and above his duties to the paupers, and you have the power of dismissing him within six months according to his agreement. The Chairman replied that they did not wish to encourage agitations of this sort, otherwise no minister, or teacher, or doctor, could escape. No one in his parish complained to him of the medical officer but one individual. The meeting thereafter terminated.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR SOCIAL.—In the Free English Church Hall on the evening of Friday of last week the Christian Endeavour Society held their first social meeting and conference. Rev. D. J. Martin, Hon. President, presided, and there were about one hundred and eighty present. The proceedings were opened with prayer and praise, after which tea was served. Excellent arrangements were made for the tea, the hall being laid out with a number of small tables, decorated with pot plants, round which the company sat in groups. Tea over, the Chairman, in course of a few remarks, explained how the conference was to be conducted. There were four subjects to be spoken to, each leader to have five minutes, followed by a five minutes' open parliament on each subject, those taking part being limited to one minute each. His instructions as Chairman were to ring down each speaker at the moment the allotted time was up. As brevity was the order of the evening, he would have to begin by setting a good example. One of the objects of Christian Endeavour, he said, was the training of Christian workers. In the Society the ladies were upon the same footing as the gentlemen as regards taking part in the meetings, and so both were being trained to engage in public work. In conclusion, he expressed the hope that the meeting would be both pleasant and profitable. The conference was then entered upon, the following being the subjects in the order in which they were discussed, with the leaders' names, viz.—"Christian Endeavour Membership," Mr Kenneth Macleannan, M.A.; "The Christian Endeavour Pledge," Mr John F. Macfarlane; "The Christian Endeavour Prayer Meeting," Mr Donald Maciver; and "The Christian Endeavour Consecration Meeting," Mr Donald Mackenzie. The leaders, without exception, treated their subjects admirably, and only on two or three occasions during the conference had any of those taking part to be rung down for infringing the time rule. At intervals during the proceedings the Society's Choir, under the leadership of Mr Donald Mackenzie, sang a number of hymns, which greatly helped to enliven the proceedings, and were much appreciated. Among the hymns sung was "Scotland for Christ," which was composed specially for the first Scottish National Christian Endeavour Convention. After Mr Martin's closing remarks, votes of thanks to the Chairman, by Mr Donald Maciver, the ladies in charge of the commissariat department, by Provost Smith, and the Choir, by Bailie Anderson, followed by the singing of "God be with you till we meet again," brought the proceedings to a close.

LEWIS LICENSING COURT.

TRANSFER OF THE IMPERIAL HOTEL LICENSE.

A Transfer Court was held within the County Buildings on Tuesday in order to deal with an application by Mr Malcolm Macintyre, 11 Jamaica Street, Glasgow (manager at Glasgow with Messrs Rutherford & Co., wine and spirit merchants), for a transfer of the certificate held by Mr Alex. Cameron for the Imperial Hotel, Stornoway.

The following Justices were present, viz.—Sheriff Campbell (pres); Rev. D. MacCallum, Koese; Provost Smith, Stornoway; Dr Mackenzie, do.; Dr Fraser, Garrynahine; Messrs Kenneth Smith, Stornoway; John Mackenzie, do.; Ebenezer Ross, attached to the hotels; do.; J. G. Macdonald, do.; Malcolm Macleod, do.; Jas. P. Helm, Galsion; and John Morrison, Ness.

After hearing a statement by Mr W. A. Ross, solicitor, agent for the applicant, the Sheriff, Mr MacCallum, seconded by Mr John Morrison, moved that the transfer be granted, giving as his reasons for so doing (first) that Mr Macintyre was, at least to him, a perfect stranger, (second) that the applicant had declined to close the bar accommodations, and (third) that, in his opinion, it was not for the benefit of the inhabitants in the district where the hotel was situated that a license should be placed there.

Mr Donald Mackenzie seconded. Sheriff Campbell made a statement to the effect that while he would vote for the granting of this transfer, he held himself entirely free as to how he should vote were he present at the Court in April. He considered that the drinking saloons attached to the hotels in Stornoway were an absolute abuse of the privileges of hotelkeepers, as they were an inconvenience of those who sought entertainment at those hotels, and they were a very serious temptation—a temptation on which those responsible for the good government in the community should do as much as possible to minimise. He had not a syllable to say against license-holders, for he believed they were acting as honourably and as fairly as they could. Continuing, he expressed regret at a fact that it was owing to the fact that Mrs Cameron's health that Mr Cameron was desirous of disposing of his business, but it was not on that ground he would support the application. In conclusion, he again said he was, while voting for the transfer, holding himself free to vote as he thought fit at the April Court.

In answer to Rev. Mr MacCallum, the Sheriff said the other Justices were also free to act as they saw fit at the April Court although they did not publicly hold themselves free. The following was the result of the vote:—For—Sheriff Campbell, Mr John Morrison, Rev. Donald MacCallum, Mr Helm, Mr Malcolm Macleod, Dr Fraser, Dr Mackenzie, and Mr E. Ross—8. Against—Mr John Mackenzie, Mr Donald Mackenzie, Mr J. G. Macdonald, Mr Kenneth Smith, and Provost Smith—5. The transfer was accordingly granted by a majority of 3.

LEWIS DISTRICT COMMITTEE.

SANITARY MATTERS.

A meeting of this body was held within the Committee's offices on Tuesday evening. Councillor Kenneth Smith, Chairman, presided, and there were also present—Councillors Rev. D. J. Martin, John N. Anderson, Eneas M. Mackenzie, Rev. Donald MacCallum, Dr Macdonald, J. M. Morrison, J. G. Macdonald, John Macleod, Rev. Godfrey Macrae, and Roderick Martin. The principal business before the meeting was the disposal of two motions with regard to the offices of District Sanitary Inspector and Road Surveyor. The first was moved by Councillor John N. Anderson as follows:—"That, in view of the great increase of work in connection with the combined offices of District Road Surveyor and Sanitary Inspector, an Assistant Road Surveyor and Sanitary Inspector be appointed for the Lewis District at a salary of £60 per annum (excluding outlays), or at such other salary as may be fixed by the Committee, to be appointed against the Road and Highways and Public Health accounts; and, further, that a Committee be appointed to report upon the best means of utilizing effectively the services of the present District Road Surveyor and Sanitary Inspector and proposed Assistant Road Surveyor and Sanitary Inspector, and rearrange, if necessary, the duties of the chief Sanitary Inspector of the county as regards the Lewis District." Councillor Rev. Mr MacCallum seconded. The other motion was moved by Councillor Dr Macdonald as follows:—"That, in view of the impracticability of having the offices of Sanitary Inspector and Road Surveyor combined, the Committee remit to a sub-committee to consider what steps should be taken to effect a more satisfactory arrangement." Councillor Eneas M. Mackenzie seconded. A great deal of discussion took place on both motions. Councillor Rev. D. J. Martin (who said he could not agree with either, because, while both asked for the appointment of a committee, one committed them to the appointment of the committee and the other to the disjunction of the two offices) moved as an amendment—"That the matter be remitted to the Public Health Committee to report upon." This was seconded by Councillor Rev. Godfrey Macrae, and the movers and seconders of both motions were in favour of it, and became the unanimous finding of the meeting. The tenders received for the re-construction with iron of the present wooden bridges at Gress and Coll (Stornoway), and Shader and Port-of-Ness (Barvas), were then opened. The tenders for the Shader bridge, submitted by Messrs Thomas Nicolson, Stornoway, being the lowest, was accepted, viz., for Gress, £530 (less 35s for old timber); Coll, £150 (less 41s); Shader, £106 10s (less 41s 8s); Port-of-Ness, £67 5s (less 12s)—total, £905 15s. Councillor Eneas M. Mackenzie then stated that he had received a number of complaints with regard to the condition of a section of the Point Road, and the Surveyor was instructed to write the contractor to have the road attended to; and the Surveyor was also instructed to measure off that part of all the sections of the road in the island which have, according to contract, to be gravelled this year. A copy of a petition passed at a meeting of the inhabitants of Breasclett with regard to the proposed light railway was laid on the table by Councillor J. M. Morrison; and a letter from the inhabitants of Tolsta Chuilish complaining of the condition of the road from that village to Breasclett was remitted to be dealt with at the first meeting of the Roads sub-committee. A letter was read from the Surveyor enclosing copy of a correspondence that had passed between Mr Matheson of the Lewis and himself with regard to sites for fishermen's dwellings, &c., a summary of which we hope to insert in our next issue. On the motion of Councillor Eneas M. Mackenzie, seconded by Councillor J. M. Morrison, the Clerk was instructed to convey to Mr Weir the thanks of the Committee for the great interest he has taken in the matter. A letter was read from Mr Morrison, Postmaster, Stornoway, stating that he had enclosed a petition for the money order and savings bank deposits of the Cross Post Office, Ness, had withdrawn their guarantee, they would be discontinued in future, unless new guarantors were found. It appears that the Parish Council of Ness had accepted a guarantee from the Lewis, and the Clerk was instructed to convey to Mr Weir the thanks of the Committee for the great interest he has taken in the matter. A letter was read from Mr Morrison, Postmaster, Stornoway, stating that he had enclosed a petition for the money order and savings bank deposits of the Cross Post Office, Ness, had withdrawn their guarantee, they would be discontinued in future, unless new guarantors were found. It appears that the Parish Council of Ness had accepted a guarantee from the Lewis, and the Clerk was instructed to convey to Mr Weir the thanks of the Committee for the great interest he has taken in the matter.

WE DON'T KEEP THEM. WE WON'T KEEP THEM. WE CAN'T KEEP THEM.

WE SELL THEM CHEAP.



Boys' Clothing. Youths' Clothing. Men's Clothing. MEN'S HATS AND CAPS. MEN'S TIES AND SCARFS. Gent's White Shirts, 2s 11d, 2s 6d, 4s 6d, and 5s 6d. Gent's Red Gloves, Good and Cheap. Men's Shirts from 1s 10s. Men's Socks, 6d, 8d, 1s, 1s 3d, and 1s 6d. Men's Braces, 4s, 6d, 9d, 1s, 1s 3d, and 1s 6d.

PHOTO FRAMES, Good and Cheap. ALBUMS, 16d to 16s 6d. UMBRELLAS, PURSES, and POUCHES Cheap. Gladstone Bags, Rug Straps, and Iron Boxes Cheap; Chairs, Draught Screens, and Table Cutlery Cheap; Mirrors, Harmoniums, and Clocks, Good and Cheap.

The Gorgesities of Colour and Sparkle are to be seen in our

CHINA WARE, DINNER WARE, BEDROOM WARE, GLASS WARE, FLOWER POTS, Vases, and FANCY GOODS.

High-Class Provisions, Groceries, Jams and Jellies, FRUITS AND CONFECTIONERY. At Popular CASH PRICES, are always in Stock at the Popular Shops known as the

Stornoway Polytechnic.

A. M. MACFARLANE, Proprietor.

MACKENZIE & COY.,

GROCCERS, BEER AND PORTER DEALERS, 8 BAYHEAD STREET, STORNOWAY.

Begin to intimate to the Inhabitants of Stornoway and Country that they will supply BASS'S PALE ALE, Guinness & Co.'s DUBLIN EXTRA STOUTS; COMB & Co.'s LONDON STOUTS, and other Leading Brewers' Beer and Porter in Casks of 5, 9, 18, and 36 Gallons; also in 2oz. Quarts or 4oz. Pint Bottles, and will deliver same to any address in town without extra charge. Prices of all kinds at most Moderate Rates.

BERATED WATERS of all kinds, and GROCERIES and PROVISIONS kept in Stock. All Orders from Town or Country promptly attended to with unerring accuracy and dispatch.

SOLICITING PUBLIC PATRONAGE.

MACKENZIE & COY.

LEWIS BAKERY AND PROVISION STORES.

The SUBSCRIBER begs to announce that he has now MOVED INTO HIS NEW PREMISES, Nos. 11 and 13 CROMWELL STREET, in connection with which a splendid new Bakery has been erected, and all the Latest Improvements have been introduced for the manufacture of Loaf Bread, Biscuits, and Pastries. He further begs to announce that he is making the famous "Hovis"—a Patent Bread of very pleasant Flavour and high nutritive properties. LOAF BREAD, PASTRIES, and FRESH ROLLS Daily, CONFECTIONS, SHIP BISCUITS a Specialty, FEEDING STUFFS, POULTRY MEAL, Flour, Oat, & Biscay MEAL, FRESH GROCERIES of all kinds. All at Lowest Possible Prices. While thanking his numerous Customers in Town and Country for past favours, he hopes by strict personal attention to business to merit an increasing share of Public Patronage.

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At 18 NORTH BEACH STREET

The Undernoted Lines are now being sold at Nominal Prices in order to clear. They must be sold, and no reasonable offer will be refused.

The Goods not mentioned in the List will also be Reduced in order to make the SALE A SUCCESS,

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If you require anything in the following List, you should lose no time in calling, as they are sure to go quickly, if cheapness can do it.

L I S T:—Ladies' Waterproofs, Gent's Waterproofs, Girls' Waterproof Capes.

Ladies' Jackets, Capes, Cloaks, and Mantles.

Wraps, Knitted Shawls, Underskirts, and Corsets.

Men's Fine Boots and Shoes. Ladies' Fine Boots and Shoes. Few Gig Rugs and Door Mats.

Good Linen Towels and other Napery.

The Sale is now on. Terms—Cash. No Booking. During the Sale a limited supply of excellent TBA will be sold at

5s FOR 3-LB. PARCELS.

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SOLE PROPRIETOR AND MANUFACTURER—SAMUEL LAWRENCE, A.P.S., DISPENSING AND MANUFACTURING CHEMIST, 20 CROMWELL STREET, STORNOWAY. Also at ORAN and TAYBULT.

Important Announcement! Important Announcement!! Important Announcement!!!

Sale! Sale! Sale!

— GREAT —

Annual Clearing Sale

AT THE WAYERLEY BUILDINGS, STORNOWAY.

COMMENCES MONDAY FIRST, THE 15th FEBRUARY.

COMMENCES MONDAY FIRST, THE 15th FEBRUARY.

WM. G. RUSSELL has great pleasure in intimating his ANNUAL SALE, which has grown steadily year by year in public favour. These SALES were inaugurated for the purpose of reducing Stock prior to Stock-taking, and HITHERTO THE RESULT HAS BEEN NOT ONLY SATISFACTORY in this respect, but also HIGHLY ADVANTAGEOUS TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

WM. G. RUSSELL is determined to make THIS SALE

— A Memorable One. —

For weeks the Employees at the WAYERLEY BUILDINGS have been busy going over the Stock, and every article in the GENERAL DRAPERY and BOOT and SHOE DEPARTMENTS has been REMARKED AT SUCH UNPRECEDENTED REDUCTIONS that the MOST INEXPERIENCED BUYER CANNOT FAIL TO PERCEIVE THE BARGAINS OFFERED!!

ALL-WOOL FLANNELS from 6 1/2d per yard! FINE TEVIOT BLANKETS 6s 6d per pair.

HEAVY FLANNELLETTE—pretty striped patterns—REALLY RELIABLE CLOTH, SALE PRICE 2s 9d per dozen yards!

BEAUTIFUL PRINTED FLANNELLETTE, suitable for Ladies.

DRESSING JACKETS, BLOUSES, &c., &c., a real SALE GIFT at 4 1/2d per yard!!

STRIPED SKIRTING—quite new—SALE PRICE 4 1/2d per yard!

WM. G. RUSSELL would draw special attention to the REDUCTIONS in LADIES' PLAIN DRESS MATERIALS. This portion of the Stock is quite fresh, and the exceptionally LOW PRICES should effect a SPEEDY CLEARANCE!!

Reversible CARPET SQUARES, SALE PRICE from 4s 6d each.

Great Bargains in HEARTH RUGS, MATS, LINOLEUMS, and FLOOR-CLOTHS!

Great Reductions in PRINTS of all kinds! Reversible CRETONNE 5 1/2d, worth 8d per yard!

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EVERY ARTICLE REDUCED from the most expensive Table Cloth to the unpretentious Kitchen Duster.

Hosiery! Hosiery! Hosiery

Purchase of a large lot of Gent's LAMB-WOOL SHIRTS and PANTS specially for this SALE at 20 per cent discount—TWENTY SHILLINGS WORTH for SIXTEEN SHILLINGS!! A perfect host of Bargains that will be hailed with the liveliest satisfaction!! Plain and Ribbed Pants from 1s 4 1/2d per pair! Special Lot of heavy ribbed Pants, former price 3s 3d, NOW 2s 6d. Another lot of plain Pants, formerly 2s 9d, NOW 2s 2d. A special lot of assorted LAMB-WOOL SHIRTS worth from 3s to 3s 9d, ALL MUST GO at 2s 8d each. A lot of Women's Black Fingering Stockings, former prices 1s, 1s 3d, and 1s 6d, SALE PRICES 9d, 10 1/2d, and 1s per pair. Odd lots of Ladies' Vests and Children's Combinations very cheap. SPECIAL REDUCTION in Yarns: 4-ply Fingering 4 1/2d per 5d, 5-ply at 5 1/2d per 5d, 3-ply Alloa at 1s 9d per head of 4 cuts.

Gent's 1s CAPS, TIES, and BRACES during Sale 10 1/2d each. Ready-made CLOTHING—High-class Garments at desperate prices. A few Men's odd Tops and Ties to be cleared out REGARDLESS OF COST.

Sweeping reductions! Share the Bargains in this Department, as they cannot possibly be repeated! Ladies' E.S. Boots, grain leather, 4s 4 1/2d per pair. Ladies' Glove E.S. Boots, SALE PRICE 4s 6d. One special lot of Ladies' Glove Balloons, all sizes in stock, SALE PRICES 4s 11d to clear, former price 5s 9d! Ladies' Glove Shoes formerly 4s, NOW 3s 4d. Gent's fine Balloons—good reliable Boots—SALE PRICE (just to create a sensation) 6s 1 1/2d per pair! Men's strong durable Lorne Boots (Tacks sparbled), SALE PRICE 7s 3d per pair! Boys', Girls', and Infants' Boots in great variety at KEEN SALE PRICES!

Sale Catalogues now to hand, and will be sent round on Monday. Any party omitted can have a Catalogue by CALLING AT THE WAYERLEY BUILDINGS.

DON'T BE INFLUENCED by this ADVERTISEMENT! Use your own judgment calmly. Come and see for yourselves. COMPARE QUALITIES, VARIETIES, STYLES, PRICES! MONEY IS SCARCE. BE WISE and INVEST at the WAYERLEY BUILDINGS, WHERE RETURNS ARE BEST.

Everybody should visit this Sale, for which great preparations have been made and which should prove

— A Real Success. —

See Windows. See Windows.

Wm. G. Russell,

Waverley Buildings, South Beach Street, STORNOWAY.

January 29th, 1897.

R. M'LEOD'S
Great
Realization Sale
— OF A —
Glasgow Manufacturer's
STOCK OF
Drapery
— and —
Clothing.

- Special Clearing Lot of Drapery.
- Lot 1. 296 Dozen Women's Chemises, Knickers and Nightdresses from 6 3/4 each.
 - Lot 2. 60 Dozen Corsets, in new shapes and colours, from 1 1/4d per pair.
 - Lot 3. 50 Dozen Black Fingering and Cashmere Hose from 4 3/4d per pair.
 - Lot 4. 34 Dozen Black and Coloured Wool and Kid Gloves from 10 1/2d.
 - Lot 5. 100 Dozen Black and Coloured Knitted Shawls from 5d each.
 - Lot 6. 95 Dozen Tartan and Fancy Coloured Shoulder Shawls, 1 1/2d.
 - Lot 7. 76 Dozen Knitted, Flannel, and Plannellette Skirts from 10 1/2d.
 - Lot 8. 56 Dozen Black and Coloured Felt and Tweed Skirts, 1s 1 1/2d.
 - Lot 9. 25 Dozen Striped Winey skirts from 1s 3 1/4d.
 - Lot 10. 49 Dozen White and Coloured Bath Towels from 3 1/4d.
 - Lot 11. 31 Dozen Unbleached and Bleached Linen Towels, 1 1/4d and 2 1/4d.
 - Lot 12. 87 Pairs Scotch and English Blankets from 4s 5d.
 - Lot 13. 500 Single Flannellette and Cotton Sheets from 1s 5 1/2d.
 - Lot 14. 250 Single White and Coloured Bed Quilts from 1s 4 1/2d.
 - Lot 15. 59 Pieces Flannellette, Plain and Striped, from 1 1/2d.
 - Lot 16. 99 Pieces Black and Coloured Dress Materials, 6 1/2d, Double Width.
 - Lot 17. A Manufacturer's Odd Lot of Carpets, Rugs, &c., Half Price.
 - Lot 18. Floor Cloth and Linoleum, all widths, 4 1/2d each.
 - Lot 19. 196 Dozen Print and Holland Aprons from 3 1/4d each.
 - Lot 20. 156 Dozen Children's Pinnafores, all kinds, from 3 1/4d.
 - Lot 21. 51 Dozen Toilet Covers, White and Coloured, 4 1/2d.
 - Lot 22. 45 Dozen Pairs White Lace Curtains, 1s 3 1/4d.
 - Lot 23. A Few Hessian and Tick Beds, 1s 10 1/2d.
 - Lot 24. 60 Dozen Pillow Cases from 5 1/2d.
 - Lot 25. 200 Spindle Yarns (principally Baldwin and Walker's Odd Shades, 3 1/4d and 4 1/2d a cut.

- SPECIAL CLEARING LOTS OF CLOTHING.**
- Lot 1. 50 Men's Suits, in Tweed and Wool Serpents, 1s 11d, 1s 14d, 1s 11d, 1s 11d, 1s 11d.
 - Lot 2. 113 Pair Men's Tweed Trousers, worth 8s to 11s 6d, clearing at 3s 11d.
 - Lot 3. 250 Boys' Suits, in Sailor, Military, etc., shapes, 1s 11d, 2s 11d, and 3s 11d.
 - Lot 4. 300 Pair Boys' Odd Knickers, in Tweeds and Serges, 1s and 1s 11d.
 - Lot 5. 52 Youths' Knicker Suits, regular price, 12s 6d to 18s, sale price, 7s 11d.
 - Lot 6. 36 Boys' reefers, regular price, 5s 6d to 10s, sale price, 2s 11d.
 - Lot 7. Remains of Men's, Youths', and Boys' Overcoats at one-third of regular price.
 - Lot 8. 55 Youths' Long Trousers Suits at half price, 9s 11d and 13s 11d.
 - Lot 9. 315 Pair Men's Mole Trousers, all the leading shades, sale price, 3s 11d.
 - Lot 10. 50 Dozen Cardigan Jackets, regular price, 2s 6d to 5s, sale price, 1s 9 1/2d.
 - Lot 11. 40 Dozen Men's Shirts, good wearing materials, sale price, 1 1/2d and 1s 6 1/2d.
 - Lot 12. 30 Dozen Men's L.W. Trousers, cost 3s 6d, sale price, 1s 2 1/2d, and 1s 6 1/2d.
 - Lot 13. 20 Dozen Men's Lamb Wool Shirts, worth 2s 6d to 5s, sale price, 1s 4 1/2d to 1s 9 1/2d.

JOHN SWAN & SONS, LIMITED.
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NORTHERN CENTRAL MART, PERTH.

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STORE STOCK.....FRIDAY.

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MACCALLUM BROTHERS,
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Special attention given to FURNITURE and
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Valuations of all kinds undertaken.
Ample Keep and Accommodation for Stock arriving
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WEEKLY SALES OF FAT AND STORE CATTLE, SHEEP
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CABINETMAKERS AND HOUSE AGENTS,
"THE WHITE HOUSE,"
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We have a Good Stock of Honest, Reliable FURNITURE,
CARPETS, CURTAINS, FLOORCLOTHS, &c., to suit all
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We respectfully invite inspection and comparison.

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Choice Selection of Useful and Inexpensive Articles,
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TEA AND COFFEE DEALER,
QUEEN'S GATE BUILDINGS.

TEAS, 1s, 1s 4d, and 1s 7d per lb. Rare value.
PURE COFFEE, 1s 6d and 1s 8d per lb.
MELONS, 3d per lb.
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HONEY, in Boxes, 1s per Box.
COOKER NUTS, from 4d each.

ORANGES, Apples, Muscatel Raisins, and
Fruits of all kinds, very cheap at Macdonald &
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BUTTER? If not, why not?**

THE "GLENNESS"
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY.

THIS Special Whisky is a blend of Finest Highland
Malts, from well-selected Distilleries, thoroughly
matured in Sherry Wood, and so judiciously proportioned
to produce a mild-flavoured, palatable, and genuine
spirit, clearly indicated by the sincere approval attained
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Per Doz. Per Doz.
Seven Years Old... 42s Ten Years Old... 48s
21s per gallon. 24s per gallon.
Five Years Old, 36s per dozen; 12s per gallon.

CARRIAGE PAID ON TWO DOZENS. CASES AND BOTTLES FREE

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DONALD FRASER
THE GLOBE CENTRAL STORES,
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PASTURE CREAM BUTTER? If not, why not?**

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CHEAPEST AND BEST HOUSE IN
SCOTLAND FOR
BOOTS, SHOES, AND
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ESTABLISHED 60 YEARS.
GOODS DELIVERED FREE—NO
CARRIAGE TO PAY.

Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials from
all parts.

LARGEST STOCK IN SCOTLAND.

Men's Derby Boots, Spar. or Tack..... 4s 6d
"Lorne Boots, Watright Tongues, Spar. or Tack 7s 6d
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"Oxford Shoes, very fancy, suitable for
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Spurs..... 4s 6d
Boys' Strong Rip Lacing Boots, Spar. or Tack
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H.M. The Empress of Russia,
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GENT'S from 3s.
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Your BOOTS and SHOES made New, Serviceable, and Comfortable by First-Class
Workmanship. at Moderate Prices.
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HAND SEWN, PEGGED or RIVETTED.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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BEECHAM'S PILLS
FOR ALL
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SUCH AS
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In Boxes, 9d, 1s 1 1/2d, and 2s 9d each, with full
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THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire

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Efficacious—Economical—
Cleanses the teeth—Perfumes the
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GOOD PRICES PAID FOR GOOD
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2s, 2s 6d, 3s, and 3s 6d per Bot.
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VERY SPECIAL.
JACK'S HALF-CROWN INVALID, 2s.
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Doz. Cases (except the 1s and 1s 3d) Carriage Paid.

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STATIONS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Wick	dep.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Georgetown	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Strathpeffer	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Thurso	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Georgetown	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Holmhead	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bonnyton	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Gaile	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
The Mound	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Lairy	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bonnyton	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Tain	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Forres	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kildary	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Invergowrie	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dingwall	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Wentfords	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Heathly	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Inverness	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

DOWN TRAINS—FROM THE SOUTH.

STATIONS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Dundee	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Edinburgh, via Forth	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Do. Princes Street	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Do. Glasgow, Buchanan St.	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Do. Queen Street	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
London, G.N.	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Do. L. & N.W.	arr.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
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THINGS IN GENERAL.

[By "FEAR-FAIRIE."]

DECAY OF THE SHERIFF-OFFICER.

It would appear from the woeful plaint of the "Scots Law Times" that the crop of Sheriff-Officers is falling off in the Highlands. I am afraid this is a form of agricultural distress which, however it may appear to the sympathies of Mr Chaplin and a Tory Government, will not be received with universal signs of mourning in the North. The "earraid" has never been a very popular figure in Highland history, and no one, so far as I know, has ever claimed that he was picturesque. He came in with landlordism and the feudal law, of which he was the chief corner-stone, if not, indeed, the very foundation-stone. But in these latter days he has become very much of a rock of offence. His he should not complain. Like every one of his class, he has had his day, though now on the high authority mentioned, his days are numbered. But how times are changed! We once used to hear much about the Queen's writ not running in the Highlands. Yet, on closer examination, what did it amount to? Only this—that by the Queen's writ was meant that highly-cultured, legally-learned functionary of the law, the Sheriff-Officer. And yet he sometimes did run. At a pinch he has been known to do his eight miles an hour, that is with a sufficient motive power behind him. Nay, it is on further record that he has partaken of hospitality in the shape of a meal off his own legal documents, with the result that he was ever afterwards afflicted with dyspepsia and kindred digestive disorders. And small wonder either. A writ of ejection is too much legal learning to be profitably swallowed and digested at one meal, as many a poor Highland family have found to their cost. Mark Twain relates how once on a time his mule ate a coat, and survived the process. He further relates how that same mule choked on a manuscript newspaper report, on which he ultimately came in one of the pockets. The statements of "our own special correspondent" were more than the poor mule could swallow. That, however, would have been but a poor feat indeed compared with swallowing a writ of ejection. But in all the circumstances, need we be surprised at the wail of the organ of the Edinburgh Parliament House that the genus "earraid" is dying out. In the name of "the majesty of the law," do they expect to get a man with the fleetness of the mountain deer and the digestion of an ostrich for a paltry six and eightpence? The learned writer in the "Scots Law Times" pathetically adds that "the duties imposed upon the sheriff-officer subject him to unpopularity with his neighbours." That depends, of course; but how does our legal philosopher expect a man to be popular who discharges unpopular duties? I once cherished the delusion that law was nothing if not logical, but I am older now. I wonder if the "earraid" was one of the sacred institutions of "leading" referred to by a certain Glasgow divine in a recent correspondence as having been superseded in Lewis by the wicked "agitator." I wonder also why our learned contemporary has nothing to say about another equally indispensable part of the Queen's writ, namely, "the majesty of the law." Has he, too, not his qualifications—rubicund visage, slouching gait, crouching figure, and general lubricated oleaginous appearance? He always appeared to me to be the most characteristic personification of the entire partnership about an eviction, from the horsehair wig downwards. He was the only man who seemed of a piece with the dirty work. His designation, too, of "concurrent" was always a puzzle to me until these latter times in the Highlands. But great is the science of philology. It shows the true meaning and intention of the law, for is not a "concurrent" one who "runs" with another? And just to think of it, the learned writer has passed him by in silence, and on the other side, I think, however, the Highlands will survive the decay of both the "earraid" and the "heagle."

THE WAYS OF THE NEO-CELT.

I am often astonished at the Neo-Celtic romantic cult. What earthly objection can they have to the Highlander of flesh and blood as he exists before their eyes? Read all the torrents of verbiage that daily flood the market on the subject, and you would

never dream or suspect that the characters were any other than mere extractions, fed on the wind and living in the air. When some tangible human person is met with, he is invariably a gamekeeper, a laird, or a ghillie. I daresay it must go to my obtuseness; but if I knew no better I could only learn from productions aforesaid that humanity in the Highlands was limited to gamekeepers, lairds, and ghillies. Is it high art which I cannot understand, or an eye to the market which I can? And oh, the Gaelic! Shades of Mr MacBain and Dr Gillies! (I beg pardon; shadows I mean, of course). Gaelic, not as she is spoke, but as she is "written." A plentiful supply of "oichs," "achs," and "fuchs," and stick in an "h" wherever you can. And yet no honest attempt to learn a language whose life history stretches back into the ages, yet is at this very moment the thought-vehicle of thousands of people in their every-day life. Possibly, however, this elementary fact is unknown to these superior delineators of Highland life. But a tackling of the language would bring them into contact with real Highlanders who, I beg to assure them, do exist. Of course they would not find them all gamekeepers, lairds, or ghillies, nor either disembodied abstractions floating like Macpherson's Ossianic heroes, on the mountain-mist or looking out from their cloud. They would find also that as well as longings towards the past, the real live Highlanders have decided aspirations for the future; and that, instead of being a fast-perishing race, they mean to plant their roots more deeply than ever into their native soil. I fail to see why the pseudo-Celtic romancer should not weave the woof of hope into the warp of regret in the web of his story. I feel convinced it is coming; and to him who has the courage to tackle it, without fear of the critic or favour of the rich, a great reward is assured in store.

MEDICAL LORE AND PRACTICES OF THE HIGHLANDS.

In a series of three or four articles we intend to place before our readers some interesting facts in regard to the state of medical knowledge in mediæval times in the Highlands, and also an account of popular medicine and surgery as practised till lately there. For the state of medical learning and the story of the M'Beths and Beaton's we are indebted to a series of two papers contributed in 1895 by Professor Mackinnon to the "Edinburgh Medical Journal" under the title of "Gaelic Medical MSS. and their Authors." The latter aspects of medical practices and knowledge we shall take from Dr Fraser of Inverness, who last year edited a series of papers contributed by himself and others in the Caledonian Medical Quarterly. Our first two articles will deal with medical learning in the Highlands of old.

I. MEDICAL LEARNING IN THE HIGHLANDS IN OLDEN TIMES.

The legends of the Gael, says Professor Mackinnon, like those of other nations, credit their heroes, among other accomplishments, with a knowledge of medicine. In old Gaelic tales cures which far transcend the most brilliant achievements of modern science are recorded with all the circumstantiality and picturesque character of the Celt. The Gaelic hero now possesses a magic cup or quartz, the contents of which can heal all manner of disease. Accordingly, when James Macpherson makes his Fingal a physician as well as a warrior, with a knowledge of medicinal plants and herbs second only to Agamemnon, that able man merely put in stately figures what legend and tradition uniformly assert regarding the heroes of the race—
The art of closing wounds is mine;
Of every flower in wood or glen,
I have plucked the ripe heads on the hill,
As they bent before me by the stream,
Under the rocky peaks of secret winds.
—Temora, viii. 320.
It would appear that the early Gaelic missionaries made themselves more or less conversant with the medical knowledge of their day, and that people flocked to the monastery for the cure of bodily ailments as well as for spiritual consolation. Adamnan tells us, e.g., that one day Columba, hearing some person shout across the sound of Iona, spoke in this wise:—"That man is much to be pitied, for he is comin'—here to us to ask some cure for the disease of his body; but it were better for him this day to do true penance for his sins, for at the close of this week he shall die." The incident, it will be observed, is recorded in proof, not of the medical skill of the monks of Iona, but of the prophetic gifts of St Columba.
But among the mediæval Gael, in the Highlands of Scotland as in Ireland, there were regular medical practitioners who devoted themselves to their profession. These men left behind them a large quantity of manuscript written in their own Gaelic tongue, a considerable remnant of which is still preserved. Dr Moore finds that the greatest libraries of London, Oxford, and Edinburgh. Twenty years ago Dr Norman Moore, of St Bartholomew's Hospital, London, read eight manuscripts of this class which are in the British Museum, and printed an account of them in the "Burlington Hospital Reports" for 1876. Dr Moore finds that the larger portion of the documents which he examined is a translation or version of the principal medical works of antiquity and the Middle Ages, especially of Bernard de Gordon of Montpellier, Galienus, and Philometus; and fragments or abstracts of Isidorus, Averroes, Hippocrates, Galien, Aristotle, and others. He has been able to trace and identify the originals of several of these manuscripts, and the others he concludes, with reason, to be of the same character.
The Gaelic collection is peculiarly rich in literature of this class, about one-third of our old Gaelic manuscripts being medical or quasi-medical in whole or in part. In addition to those in the Advocates' Library collection, there are a large paper folio of nearly 700 pages in the library of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries in Edinburgh, an interesting volume in the University of Edinburgh (Laing collection, No. 21), and three volumes, one of them of great value, in my own possession. There may be others lying about in neglected corners. Ninety-five years ago Dr Donald Smith, a physician and well-known Gaelic scholar, examined the two or three medical manuscripts at the time in the Scottish collection. I am not aware that any other medical man of modern times has read one of these documents. The greater number of them belong to the Kilmorye collection. The late Mr Skene and Dr MacLachlan of Edinburgh both looked through some of them, but I do not know another Scottish scholar who has read any of them. Like all old Gaelic writings, especially those dealing with technical subjects, these manuscripts abound in contractions; and my knowledge of medical litera-

"THE QUEEN OF THE HEBRIDES."

[By JOHN MURDOCH.]
No. IV.
BALINABY AND LOCHA-GUIRM.

It appears that much of the improving spirit of "Old Shawfield," before mentioned, showed itself in the son, Captain Walter Campbell of Sunderland. This gentleman was something like the late Sir Alexander Matheson of Ardross, who could not bear to see the soil bad where it could be made good at any cost. He did vastly more good work in the matter of reclamation than was done by the late Duke of Sutherland, although so little was said about it. Well, "Captain Walter," or "An Captein Mor," as so large a man was entitled to be called, turned over every inch of Sunderland, and of Foreland to the bargain, drained and trenched the whole, and grew turpins and ryegrass where snipe were wont to reign. The extending of these operations were brought to a stand on one side by the soft margin of Loch-a-Guirm, a large fresh-water lake, into which a good deal of the western portion of the parish of Kilmoran discharges its superabundant moisture before it makes its way to the Atlantic by Saligo burn, between Balinaby and Coull. It soon struck the eye of the great reclamer that besides facilitating the work he had in hand, the letting out of the waters of Loch-a-Guirm would yield hundred acres of excellent land to skilful husbandmen who had the means to tackle the work. He laid down his plans, and went round to the laird of Balinaby. He was courteously received, and his proposals were listened to with evident pleasure. Indeed, Balinaby even commended the scheme in suitable terms, arriving, however, at the cooling conclusion, gently hinted, that the Balinaby side of the loch should be left as it was. And as it was, it is to-day, no Laird of Balinaby, within the ken of the oldest inhabitant, being possessed of means enough to succeed in the work on which the Laird of Sunderland was bent. The Laird of Balinaby had the eye for his money. I think he has the eye for his enterprise, and I hope he has the courage to take it up. At the least, he can braze the matter to the proprietors of Sunderland and of Kilmoran. If he can do this, the great improvement on the face of the country can be effected at comparatively little cost, and a very considerable addition made to the available soil of the three estates.
Or, if the others do not join him, Dr Macindoe need not wait for anyone's co-operation. He has the right of the property in the loch. He has the right to let it out on his own land. He can proceed to work, and at very little cost redeem land what would yield of crop in one season more than enough to cover the whole expense. Indeed, the least credit of the beautiful and rich little estate is the large tract of bog, and it which so obviously calls for reclamation, and the first step towards that reclamation being effectually carried out is the reduction of the water in Loch-a-Guirm. To some extent it might be somewhat mortifying, and in making this addition to the quantity and quality of his own estate he would be adding to the neighbouring estates. But Dr Macindoe can afford to hold himself above such a paltry feeling, and he is wise enough to succeed in his attempt at first to improve his own property, lest in doing so he might add to the value of the adjoining properties. I think if he made a beginning a generous rivalry might spring up between himself and the Morrison and MacLaren proprietors on the other side of the loch. In the meantime, the improvement of the loch, and the initiative should be taken there.

BALINABY STOCK.

I well remember the old stock at Balinaby, in the time of the last Colin's minority, and a good sight of Highland cattle it was. William, who succeeded him, tried hard to get the herd up to its best, and he was likely to succeed. But death put an end to his commendable efforts to redress the wrongs of debt, some of which had clung to him from the time when Donald (the son of James, who appears in the roll of proprietors and wadsetters of Ilay in 1751) borrowed money from "Gallein Dubh" of Carnbeg for the purpose of purchasing himself and a company for the North American war, and the estate in the hands of the lender, Donald died in America, and Balinaby remained with the Carnbeg family, of which "Jilliam Buidhe Chualleirain" was for long the most distinguished member, and from this transfusion became the head of a strong group of the leading families of the island, and hereby hang tales which will have to be taken up as a suitable sequel to C. F. Mackintosh's "Last Macdonalds of Ilay."

OTHER STOCKS.

Dr Macindoe's brother, the late James, succeeded in making up a first-class herd at Balole, and now, in the hands of the widow, that herd is kept up to a degree which leads some to think that there is nothing in the island to beat it. I must not, however, forget that some of the fine old heifers in giving the palm to the stock at Kintra so well managed by the brothers Donald and John Campbell, formerly of Catadale, in the Glen. When I was on the ground, however, the night was fall and I have to accept the public verdict. What James Macindoe managed to do at Kintra, Angus can surely accomplish on rood land which he can call his own, particularly with plenty more means at his command. Not so fret the

MEDICAL CLAIMS OF BALINABY.

The estate has once more fallen into the hands of a physician, who, even if he cannot claim the pre-eminence of being "an ollamh leach," can say that he is an "ollamh leach." Nor is this all, it is declared that his son-in-law, Dr MacLachlan, is to join him at the seat of the old family, whether or not, in the near future, they may overtake the medical management of Kintra so well managed by the brothers Donald and John Campbell, formerly of Catadale, in the Glen. When I was on the ground, however, the night was fall and I have to accept the public verdict. What James Macindoe managed to do at Kintra, Angus can surely accomplish on rood land which he can call his own, particularly with plenty more means at his command. Not so fret the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The new Edinburgh weekly, promised at Christmas, has made its appearance. It is "The Illustrated Evening News." The twenty-four pages of which it is made up are a choice full of serial and complete tales, descriptive articles, news, papers on chess and draughts, interesting columns for ladies, sport, music, and theatrical items, volunteer and cycling paragraphs, and quite a host of tit-bit and many subviva. It is noteworthy that two of the serial tales are from the same pen, although widely dissimilar in theme and plot. The proprietors of "The Edinburgh Evening News" are to be congratulated on their new venture.

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and in Gaelic as "Mac an Leigh," and it is a pity that after the grand examples of love, bravery, and peace which the great missionary in Africa set to the world, he should be hidden under the meaningless name of "Livingstone," while so appropriate and honourable a patronymic as "Mac an Leigh" (the "Son of the Physician") properly belongs to him. Indeed, when such work as is now promoted in Africa by Cecil Rhodes, Dr Jameson, and the high priests of British "trade," goes on the only use of "Livingstone" is to convey ironically that the British public mean to put away the great preacher of unselfishness and peace in dead sea among the obsolete heroes of antiquity who is ignored, while the devil's own game shall be played out in Africa—Christian ethics blotted out, and Mammon elevated to his proper place over the chief portals of Modern British Trade. The whole story of "Clann an Leigh" deserves to be taken up and placed clearly before the world. I know that Mr. Professor A. A. Carmichael began this work, but, suffering, I really think, from a plethora of material for the work, he came to a stand; and I suppose he will hardly return to the subject now until he shall have brought out the great work of precious ancient lore, to which he has devoted the most, if not even the best, part of his life. I am glad to see that little remains now to be done, but the mechanical part of the work, and that is in the best possible hands, those of Mr Archibald Sinclair, of the Celtic Press, Bothwell Street, Glasgow, who will lose no time, I am sure, in saying it for the benefit of the public in the most fitting form. But "Clann an Leigh" must not be neglected, but returned to without loss of time.

THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

A DISSERTATION ON THE CELT AND THE CELTIC SPIRIT—THE MODERN USE OF THE RACE.

"Loch-Aline" lately put to me a number of questions of very great interest to Highlanders. For example, he asks "What the Celtic mind and spirit can impart to the world that no other race can?" "Loch-Aline" goes on to say—"When I see how little some of our young Celts from the West and North are I am convinced that they do not know their own intellectual, why they should trouble themselves and spend time and energy in upholding their race as a race. Show them the good they will gain, and not only them, but the world at large, and then you give us something tangible and substantial to fight and struggle for." This revival of our surely has more in it than patriotism, which spells "prejudice" to some minds.

Now, what can the Celt teach the world?

It must be remembered that I am here writing to young men and young women, who are probably more interested in romance and the doings of this present day than in science, archaeology and the study of Gaelic grammars and treatises. Mr Andrew Lang in this month's "Blackwood's Magazine" advises the Celtic revivalists to go in for old lore, tales of long ago. He almost denies that there is a Celtic race now living. Now, I am not a scientist, and I have not gone round measuring heads and jotting down the colour of hair, but the fact is known to me that there are men and women now living who feel within them the stirring of something which they can trace to their Highland and Celtic forebears. Devotion to the Gaelic language is a beautiful thing, and why Gaelic should not have a place beside Latin and French—in front of these indeed—I have never been able to understand. But I cannot for the life of me see that ignorance of the language of our Celtic ancestors, a man or woman. Language really is a thing of science: the mind behind is the real thing of beauty.

LITERARY NOTES.

Extract from a letter received in Ilay the other day:—"London.—We are lying in the dock here. Alongside is a Yankee craft with a queer sort of Yankee as mate. He is a Nova Scotia man born and bred, who does never been in Scotland, and yet talks Gaelic fluently, and sings no end of Gaelic songs!"

I take a great interest in the work of Mr J. Haldane Burgess, author of "Rasmie's Biddie." I have been reading his latest little work, "Lovera Biglan's Mutch," which is published by the Glasgow Chartist, by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh;—"Ruaraidh MacRath," the first prize composition at Perth Mod; and "Flora Macdonald," by Mr J. Hamilton Mitchell, M.A. The quality of the illustrations is very high-class, and several portraits of noted Highlanders, accompanied by brief biographical notices.

"Chambers's Journal" is the most unobtrusively edited and one of the best edited magazines. I always have felt a difficulty in writing any real notice of it; perhaps the best thing is to say that it should satisfy every eye. It is a magazine of high quality, and is begun in this month's number, and promises well. I notice that the magazine now has the pages cut, as I predicted some weeks ago.

I see that Sheriff Rannin's "History of Moray and Nairn" in Blackwood's County Series is to be published shortly, and that Dr Cameron Lees' work on "Inverness-shire" is well on towards completion.

Mr Wallace, M.P., at one time editor of the "Scotsman" who has suffered the greatest bereavement of losing his wife, is again busy with his Reminiscences, which will traverse to a considerable extent what is set forth in the book of Reminiscences of the present editor of that venerable journal. In this connection I may mention that Mr Wallace's direct authority that Mr Cooper's publication of the meeting with Mr Gladstone of having met the right honourable gentleman, is an absolute fabrication, and Sir William Harcourt also characterises as a lie certain references to himself. The Children's episode is I hear, likely to be heard of yet.

Sir George Trevelyan, whose retirement from Parliament has evoked many expressions of regret from Highlanders everywhere, is at present residing at Welcombe, Stratford-on-Avon. Sir George is understood to be engaged on some literary work. That his biography of the great Lord Macaulay should be classed with Boswell's Dr Johnson is no mean testimonial to Sir George's literary powers. It is my strong hope that the work of the firm of Messrs Gordon & Gollan, grocers, Berwick, and son of the late Mr Donald Gollan, of the firm of Robertson & Gollan, wool merchants, Rose Street, Inverness. I congratulate Mr Gollan on his success.

Now, if you believe anything I have said you will see that there is something strenuous in this spirit—something tending towards a higher life. I have dealt with literature, art, &c., because the Celt is more obvious in them. In what way should the Celtic spirit work in every-day life? That, I presume, is the question "Loch-Aline" desires to see answered. According to my idea it should show itself in a high ideal of life and conduct—in self-respect and respect for others. I am some inclined to rail against the Saxon: God made him. Some, too, back the Celt against the world. That is pure nonsense. The Celt is not perfect; indeed, on his own legs he is rather impracticable. It is the better Celtic elements that we have to treasure. I hear people talk

Our Gaelic Page.

THE "H.N." MOD PRIZE FUND.

We shall be glad to acknowledge in this column any subscriptions towards a fund which we propose raising for the purpose of encouraging the teaching of Gaelic in our schools. The proceeds are to be offered, in connection with the annual Gaelic Mod, as prizes to the schoolmasters who are able to show the highest percentage of passes in Gaelic as a Specific Subject at the annual inspection. This fund, it should be explained, is quite distinct from the usual prizes given by the Mod.

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London Gaelic Class "Ceilidh" ... 1 13 0
Alex. Anderson ... 0 5 0
A. R. Macleod, Stirling ... 0 5 0

Cha luaidh mi ainme do phearsa dhealbhaich Mu'n d'èig mi fàrmad us fearp 'do dhòm God chuir do chearfaidh nam oideachadh Ag a' fàrmad ri fòid fòid sèidh nam tonn.

Do bhuaidh na dùr' an' fhuaidh a' fhuaidh Le ceòradh b'ardhaich an dhan le fonn Cha tuig thu 't'ailleadh gu ruig thu'n sgàthan S mo shoraidh slan le d' chul fainneach donn.

CLARSAGH NAN GAIDHEAL.

Air a Gleusadh le FIONN.
No. 6.—'SO' N' AM SHINEADH AIR AN T-SLÌABH.

The following beautiful is from the pen of the "sweet singer of Rahoy"—the late Dr John MacLachlan. This gifted son of song was born at the farm-house of Rahoy, Morven, in the year 1804. He studied Medicine in the Glasgow University, and practised the art in his native district, where he was beloved by all. He died at Tobermory in 1874. A small collection of his poetic works, edited by Dr Clark, K. Mallie, was published in Glasgow in 1868. A slightly enlarged edition of Dr MacLachlan's songs, with a portrait of the author, was published by the Ardnarmurchan, Morven, and Sunaet Association. All Dr MacLachlan's poems are sweet and musical, and many of them have been translated into English. The following song is set to the air of "Thogainn fonn air log a' fheidh." The translation is taken from the "Celtic Garland." The chorus is to be sung after each verse.

'SO' N' AM SHINEADH AIR AN T-SLÌABH.
(Resting on the mountain side.)
KEY A.—Moderato.
'S 'na' shìneadh air an t-slàbh,
Resting on the mountain side,
'S 'na' shìneadh air an t-slàbh,
Resting on the mountain side,
'S 'na' shìneadh air an t-slàbh,
Resting on the mountain side,
'S 'na' shìneadh air an t-slàbh,
Resting on the mountain side,
'S 'na' shìneadh air an t-slàbh,
Resting on the mountain side,

ORAN MOLAIHDH.
LEIS AN ÙRRAMACH AILBHN MACILLEATHAIN.
FONN.
Ho an clo dubh
Ho an clo dubh
Ho an clo dubh
S' fhearr am breacan.

Uidhist 'hlas nan cradh-cheah?
Tha'n traigh sin fada bh' Aicean
Gad is iomadh lamhach
A dh'fhag o' an cois na mara
S' fhearr a' chuid a' chruinne
S' fhearr a' chuid a' chruinne
S' fhearr a' chuid a' chruinne
S' fhearr a' chuid a' chruinne
S' fhearr a' chuid a' chruinne
S' fhearr a' chuid a' chruinne

ORAN.
LEIS AN ÙRRAMACH AILBHN MACILLEATHAIN,
Do Miss Cairneach, puisth do Mhr Cairneach,
Sagart stannam suaire a dheug ann an Dalriog, Uidhist a Chinne-Deas, November, 1894.

ORAN MOLAIHDH A RINNEADH MAR DHIUALS.
LEIS AN ÙRRAMACH AILBHN MACILLEATHAIN,
Do Mhàistr Mac Macleod, Mair Macleod, Ardnach, do mhacainneach Lochabhis, a thug dha leat-afairinn.

ORAN MOLAIHDH A RINNEADH MAR DHIUALS.
LEIS AN ÙRRAMACH AILBHN MACILLEATHAIN,
Do Mhàistr Mac Macleod, Mair Macleod, Ardnach, do mhacainneach Lochabhis, a thug dha leat-afairinn.

GAELIC SONGS AND POEMS.

"Dain agus Orain," le Dòmhnall Mac Bechann, Dùn-Èideann.—"Songs and Poems" by Donald MacBechann, Edinburgh.—There is novelty and freshness about the matter of this book which we do not meet with sufficiently often in the Gaelic publications which come before us. The themes do not all consist of those in vogue, and the style of treatment is out of the common. Some of the poems have been mentioned with commendation in our columns already as compositions of "Am Bard Suidheach," the non-de-plume over which the author used to write his contributions to "The Gael." It is a long time since the period to which we refer, and it seems to us that the bard, having been hibernating all these years, has been stirred into new life by the warm wave of zeal for Gaelic literature which is passing over our race at this time. Now that he is awake once more, we trust that he will redeem his word given in the preface, to produce poetry of some worth, without loss of time. At the present time we very much need such as Donald MacBechann to help in the promotion of the Gaelic movement. We need to have old songs re-modelled, and new ones made to old melodies. We need some one with less regard for form, and more for matter, to put a spark into our songs, and we think our author well qualified to undertake part of this desirable work, which is the duty of every Gael who possesses the bardic faculty. It calls us to see a writer of Gaelic such as our author is wasting his power making words to Lowland melodies, while the tunes of his native land are sung so often to words barren of thought and beauty. The book is divided into three sections. The first is devoted to original compositions, nearly all of more than average merit, and some very good indeed. The second consists of translations of a few well-known Lowland Scotch songs, which are of fair merit. The third consists of "scraps" of verse in English, which go to show that the author has a pungent wit. We think the author has arranged his compositions very neatly in the order of merit, and we cannot refrain from putting before our readers the closing poem which contains some fine thoughts in felicitous language:—

not such as they now are, the journeying would spread over a number of days. He seems to have reached his destination, and, having promptly executed his business, he set off on his return journey laden with his purchases. Ann, however, whom he left at Kishorn, regretted his departure, and her thoughts which imagination clusters round the first stages of married life, died suddenly. Of this sad occurrence William was informed on his return home. His feelings, sad, but not sur, expressed in—

'Sann bha mi 'san tigh fhairte
'Nuair shaoil mi do bhannas bli ann,
Can be entered into with a degree of sympathy by the experienced:—
Fhuasas maidheadh air Di-ciadain
Dh'fhag mi d'bhàrach, fo l'gairneir, mo chùirt;
S' fhuasas mi d'bhàrach, fo l'gairneir, mo chùirt;
B' e mo d'bhàrach, mo thachair a' chais, Mu Ann' fhineadh nighean Chaillein,
'S do ghaol bhithneas maireannach dhòmh'—
Ach gur mise bha c'as deth
'S mi ri amhàrad do chàradh fo 'n fhòd.
O 'se do chàradh 's' chiste,
Dh'fhag na doir ch' tric le mo 'chruaidh.
Is beag mu bh' fhearr mo mhiseachadh
Eadh 's bh' fhuasas mi d'bhàrach bhàrach,
Is mi gu faoin air mo leabaidh,
Right! gu aotrom air chadal mu'm luaidh;
Is mi ri smaoinnean na slighe
Far an robh mi is thu muillinn uair.
Dh'ol Di-dòmhnach do 'n chlachan,
Tha mo chridhe fo ghlas ann am pein.
Is gur e 'n'heudaidh air m' airmas!
Nach do dh'ann an p'rasan a' gheilil;
'S e m'heud 's' fhuair mi d'he t-urram
Dh'fhag air duigh mi ri d'heudaidh na deur:
'S am fear is fhad a' fuireach
Gur e bhann a bh' dol as do dheidh.
O Right! gu muladach tha mi,
Lum-lan toima, gun mhàran ach bròn,
Is beag mu feairdàn drasda mi
Meud a' ch'ion sa' thar mi o'ig.
Is e mise dh' fhuasachadh a' radh
Gu robh an cumunn sin p'at' gu leòr—
Mo shian duileag, mo chridhe fòid,
'San chur iad thu an clàr chiste bhòid.
'San air a' bhòid air a' sineadh
Chaidh bean nan grua—mhain, dhearg, mar an ròs.
Dh'omha 'b' aithein sin eis nois.
Bha thu iriosal, suaire, 's' n' ann,
Dh'fh'as sin silteach mo ghruaidhean le doir;
Is o'ch nan o'chan! 's' mo chruaidh!
Rinn a' naidheadh a' fhuaras mo leòn.
Is tric a bh' mi agus thu
Siubhl' air àirdh, 's'air bruthach nan gleann;
'S gu'm bheil mi nise na d' chunnaibh,
Cho mòr ri t-ann phùthar 'san bhann.
Ach d'fh'as an cearradh an cearradh
Chaidh mo 'chomradh' glan bhann air ch'ill;
'S 'san bha mi 's' air tigh fhairte,
'Nuair a shaoil mi do bhannas bli ann.

GAELIC NOTES AND QUERIES.
TRANSLATION.—Has the verses "I'm wearin' awa', Jean," ever been translated into Gaelic?
JEAN.
SONG.—Who is the author of the song, "Thogainn fonn air log a' fheidh"? Is it an old song?
ORAN.
MUSIC.—Can any of your readers give me the melody of the well-known song, "An dubh Ghleannach"—in either notation?
FIONN.
DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE.—Can any one tell me the maiden name of the bard's wife—"Mair bhàn o'g"? When and where did she die?
MAIRI.
ALLISTER MACDONALD'S RAID.—Will any of your readers kindly give the date of Allister Macdonald's raid into Argyllshire, and the cause of the raid? I should also like to know who Michael was that I find so many place-names dedicated to his memory throughout Argyll?
ADRISHAIG.
ANSWERS.
OLD SAYING.—According to Sheriff Nicolson, the origin of the phrase "Clach air m'uin Clach Mhic Leoid," is attributed to the Macdonalds, who were frequent rivals of the Macleods.
ANNA.
ANN, AGNES, NANNIE.—The name Ann or Anna is from the Hebrew; it is the same as Hannah, and means "grace." According to Miss Yonge, Nannie is a pet form of Ann. The name Agnes is quite different; St Agnes was a Roman lady who seems to have derived her name from Latin "agnus," a lamb. The lamb is her symbol. There is a leaning on the Greek "agnos," pure, in the history and meaning of the name. Nannie of Burns' song "Nannie, O," is said to have been really an Agnes.
A. B.
M'GILLIVANTIC.—This is a Lochaber name. I find in 1806 a Don. Macdonald or Macgillivantic in Craichie of Laggan. They were, and are probably, Macdonalds, as the above entry suggests. The name means the "stammering fellow"—the lad with the "mant." The word "gille," or lad, is very often used in medieval Gaelic times for personal names, and especially patronymics. Here are a few:
M'Ghille-bhàin: English, M'Gilvane or Whyte.
M'Ghille-dhuibh: English, Black, M'Gillewie, M'Alldowie, M'Illduo (1745).
M'Ghille-dhuinn: English, Brown.
M'Ghille-ruaidh: English, Gilroy.
M'Ghille-bhuidh: English, M'Thowie, Buie.
M'Ghille-bhàin: English, M'Kilwraith, M'Ilriach.
M'Ghille-ghurim: English, Blue.
M'Ghille-chrum: English, Crum.
M'Ghille-chlais: English, M'Glasahan.
M'Ghille-naomh: English, M'Niven.
M'Ghille-mhòil: Mhàlan.
M'Ghille-lùbhir: M'Luire (son of leaper?).
In the old records we meet gille compounds in mòl, molach, ciar, gobhach, garbh, odhar (M'Luire?), &c.
A. BENSON.
DONALD, DANIEL, DAN.—Donald is a native Gaelic name; in fact, a Celtic name. In Old Irish it is Domallus, in Old Welsh, Dummagwal, which point to a Celtic Dummoval. This means "World-ruler" the latter part being the same as in Teutonic names ending in -wald. The first part is Gaelic "domhan." Daniel and Dan are Hebrew; Daniel means "El or God is judge."
A. B.
LATHURNA.—In English this is Lorn or Lorne. The place-name arises from the tribal name Ciel Loarn, "Race of Loarn," whose seat was in Lorn. They were descended from Loarn, son of Eow, King of Dalriada. Loarn, as a personal name, simply means "fox," the same as the Breton "lonarn," fox. Dr Stokes suggests an early Celtic Lupernus. An early Gaulish King (about 100 B.C.) bore the name of Luernius or Luernius.
PHILOLOGIST.
'GLEANN SMOOIL'—In reply to "Gleann Smoil" and others, I beg respectfully to state that "Gleann Smoil" is certainly in Loch broma, as "Braonach" says, but as Lochbroma is rather wide, and consequently the term too

indefinite, I may state that this interesting place is on the Dundonnell estate, and in Auchincive. "Braonach" is somewhat in error in stating that "Muracladh ruidh nam bo" was a tenant here. "Muracladh ruidh nam bo" was a tenant, with others, in Ceapach, in Strathbeg. This township was situated between "Bordhuic" Graveyard and the sea. "Muracladh ruidh," like the other tenants, had the privilege of sending their cattle up to Auchincive and Strathbeg for three months every summer, but he had no residence there other than the "Bothan Airdh." I know the whole place well, and when quite a youth had the privilege of daily meeting and conversing with the very last of the old natives of Auchincive and Strathbeg, namely, Alasdair Mòr MacLeod and his wife Ealasaid (in 1861). From these, then, I learnt the history of the place. The Grumard River rises in Lochyenet, as they pronounce it there, "Lochnieid" and passes through the whole glen until Larach-an-ghloir-Mhoir is reached, where it joins another stream, when both fall into Lochnessail, from which the Almuinn Mhoir runs to the sea. "Gleann Smoil" is, therefore, not in Strath-nasail at all, since that strath terminates at Aulthiue, as the march between Strath-nasail and Auchincive is called. The distance between Dundonnell and Auchincive, which contains the famous "Gleann Smoil" is about five miles of a country road. I still remember every ben, hill, crag, scuar, and waterfall of it, as also their respective names. The "Ceapach" is about seven miles from "Gleann Smoil," and Scorrag, where the second Mairi Loachach was composed, is at least ten miles from "Ceapach," seawards. The house then occupied by "Fear Scorrag" is still in good order, but used as a general store for Mr Maciver, merchant, there.

ANOTHER BRAONACH.
LIGHTS AND SHADES OF HIGHLAND CHARACTER.
[A Paper read before the Glasgow Sutherlandshire Association by D. MACLEOD, H.M.L.S.]
No. II.
GAELIC THE KEY TO HIGHLANDER'S HEART.
The language of a people is a key to their history. In Gaelic there are many quaint sayings that throw an interesting light on Highland character. Of course a language loses in the translation, and only intimate acquaintance with Gaelic enables one to grasp the delicate and subtle meaning of such sayings.
In Assynt no one ever dies; he changes. "Chaochail e" ("he changed") is the expression used in connection with human beings. "Bhàisach e" ("he died") invariably refers to one of the lower animals. "Bhàisach e" means life is ended; but "chaochail e" is not "death." It is only a change from one state or world to another. The expression is a pretty one, and implies belief in immortality.
When the Highlander pays a compliment, or gives a snubbing, he frequently does so in mystical or allegorical language.
'Cha deach fhogheach rium an robh beul orm' ("I wasn't asked if I had a mouth") means in plain English "I wasn't offered anything to eat." A crofter's wife once entered a neighbour's house when the family were at dinner. The visitor was not offered a share of the meal, and, rendered somewhat uncharitable by such inhospitality, she said on departing, "Gu ma fad' agabhsa leithid 'sa thug sibh" ("May you long have as much as you gave me"); to which the equally ready hostess retorted, "Gu ma fad' sibhshe an urraidh ris" ("May you be long limited to the same amount").
The Gael seldom commits himself to a definite reply when he is asked a question. "How are you to-day?" usually gets the answer, "There is no reason to complain." "Will you take another cup of tea?" "Well, I don't mind if I do." "How is your hand?" "It might be worse." These are specimens of the answers one gets all over the Highlands.
The Highlander shows the greatest contempt for the elements. Neither wind, rain, nor cold appears to affect him. He may be seen going to church on Sunday, or to his usual occupation on a week-day, without any covering but the ordinary garb. No matter what the weather is like he seems to carry an umbrella, and his bare neck is often quite exposed even during a snowstorm. An old fisherman whom I remember very well went one cold winter day to fish in a small boat with several others. In pushing the boat off the shore he fell into the sea. Fortunately he was pulled on board not feeling any the worse for his cold bath; but in a short time, as flesh and blood could hardly bear sitting idle in such a condition, his teeth began to chatter violently. This was evidently a new sensation for him, for he quietly, and in all seriousness, remarked to his friends, "Cha chreid mi nach 'eil mi fuair'" ("I don't believe but I am cold!").
Despite this indifference to personal comfort the Highlander lives to a good old age, but certainly often the victims of such bodily ailments as rheumatism and asthma.

Many little customs, insignificant enough in themselves but regarded as of considerable importance by the old Highlander, have passed away. Snuffing was one of these. Not so very long ago tobacco was practically unknown in many parts of the Highlands, but snuff was widely used. It was carried in the pocket in the snuff-mill or "scrogag," as it was usually called. This consisted of the lower part of a good-sized horn beautifully polished. The pointed end was turned round in the form of a spiral, and the whole was often mounted with silver. It had also a silver lid. Passing round the snuff-mill had much the same virtue as tasting-salt has at the present day among Orientals, or smoking the pipe of peace among American Indians. Two Highlanders met and sat down for a talk. The subject of conversation might be anything from the potato crop to the question at last Communion. After a time one begins to press some point strongly on the other. As he does so his right hand wanders, apparently unconsciously into his waistcoat pocket, from which it immediately issues containing the mull. The latter is then passed in the same abstracted manner into the left hand, by which it is held carefully between the two first fingers and the thumb. It then receives two distinct but rapid taps—no more and no less than two—with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand; it is then opened, the spoon is taken out laden with the proper dose, which is applied to the right nostril, vigorously drawn up through that aperture by the two fingers and thumb of the same hand. The well-known well-washed figure, the conventional garb, the flowing silver hair, and the eagle eye will not soon be forgotten. For you this apostle of the Celts will long live green in your memories. For all his life, so full, so loving, so beloved, will act as an inspiration, and an incentive to high endeavor. The lecturer was thoroughly appreciated by all present.

A QUESTION FOR COOK!
Go into any kitchen and ask the cook what Corn Flour she uses, and in nine cases out of ten you are sure to be told "Brown & Polson's," as it is the best." Then ask her has she tried their Paisley Flour, a new preparation of Corn Flour, the use of which is being rapidly extended throughout the country. Experience shows that one part of Paisley Flour added to six or eight parts of ordinary flour, mixed and baked in the usual way, produces a result which is not obtainable from other material is used for raising purposes. It makes bread digestible even when new. Soups and cakes will be better and lighter than usual, and their colour will be greatly improved.
A sample can be had for the asking, if you mention the name of this paper. Address, Brown & Polson, Paisley. The article is stocked by all the better class grocers in the town and district.

LECTURE ON PROFESSOR BLACKIE
TO AIRDRIE HIGHLANDERS.
Under the auspices of the Airdrie and district Highland Association on Wednesday Mr William Thomson, B.L., solicitor, Airdrie, gave a lecture on John Stuart Blackie in the hall, Market Buildings, before a good turnout of the members. Mr G. D. Shearer, solicitor, hon. president, occupied the chair. Mr Thomson gave a very lucid and interesting account of the breezy Professor's life, at the conclusion of which he said—"But dear as is Blackie's memory to all, it is made more dear to you by his enthusiastic efforts in behalf of your Highland homes, your Highland peasantry, your native tongue. By tongue and pen he has inveterate your native hearts and hills with an increasing charm. His voice was ever loudest and most powerful in securing for the crofters an amelioration of their life of ceaseless toil, unrelieved by any hope of brighter days. By his persistent labours, largely unaided and alone, he has rescued your musical tongue from oblivion, and gained for it an imperishable life. For four years he laboured in the cause, and secured £12,000 for the endowment of the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University. Of his labours in this matter, the Senator bears excellent testimony. Such was Blackie—poet, patriot, philosopher, scholar, lecturer, orator, a man of many parts, whose soul was as fearless, energetic, and aspiring as his quick step and ever upturned gaze betokened. The well-known well-washed figure, the conventional garb, the flowing silver hair, and the eagle eye will not soon be forgotten. For you this apostle of the Celts will long live green in your memories. For all his life, so full, so loving, so beloved, will act as an inspiration, and an incentive to high endeavor. The lecturer was thoroughly appreciated by all present.

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IMAGINATION.
The imaginative faculty common to all Celts is highly developed in the Highlander. He is full of imagination. Ordinary incidents when related by him are apt to become exaggerated; not from any desire on his part to mislead, but owing to a natural, though unconscious, tendency to give some imaginative colouring to the reality. As a consequence it is often the case that what appears to be a startling piece of news when traced to its source, commonplace and insignificant, like the famous story of the "Three Black Cows." Ghost stories may often be attributed to this habit. But the imaginative character of the Gael is shown in his every-day language. The crofter uses figures of speech to impress his words more vividly on the minds of his hearers; the mother tells extemporised stories of ghosts and fairies to the lisping babe on her knee, listening intently with feet and hands on the floor, his blue eyes; and the minister in the pulpit by graphic word-painting brings up the most realistic pictures before the minds of his enraptured congregation. No people are more susceptible to the powers of oratory than Highlanders, but with this distinction, that you must first hear a wordsmith of the State. He only can be successful and popular leader of Highlanders who knows, and takes advantage of, this trait in their character. Herein lies the secret of the extraordinary influence wielded in the North by such men as the late Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall and Dr. Mackay of Inverness. Sir Colin Campbell could not have addressed a Highland regiment more effectively immediately before the charge than he did when he used the well-known words "We'll hae name but Hielan' bonnets here!"

The imaginative faculty is closely akin to the poetical, and we find, as we would expect, that the Gaelic language is a very poetical one. Not only do the words lend themselves easily to poetry, the ideas underlying ordinary expressions savour much of the poetical. Take, for instance, such common sayings as the following, which are literal translations of the vernacular:—"The mouth of the night," "the mouth of the winter," "the fragrant morning," "as white as the mountain snow," "calf of my heart," and it is said of a man who has been ears that "he can hear the grass growing." These are expressions that are used in ordinary conversation by the most illiterate crofter.

HUMOUR.
It is rather difficult to define Highland humour. It is never boisterous; never bright and sparkling like that of the Irishman. In ordinary circumstances he does not indulge in smart sayings, but make any remarks that reflect on his race, language, dress, or anything that concerns him personally, and his words become as sharp as his claymore. His humour is then pointed, insinuating, and caustic. He is so proud of everything exclusively Highland that his sensitive nature cannot tolerate even banter. "Donald," cried an English tourist who had lost his way on a Highland road, to a mere looking chafin on having a large pile of luggage that lay on deck removed to enable her to get at a handbag that she had mislaid. The sailor tried to show her how impossible it was to carry out her wishes; but the old lady persisted in her request. At last the sailor lost his temper and told her to go to Jericho or anywhere else in the same direction. The lady complained to the captain, who insisted on the sailor making an apology. Jack calmly entered the cabin during dinner hour, and seeing the lady seated at table, called out, "Are you the lady I told you to get to Jericho?" "Yes," was the reply. The captain says you need not go to Jericho at all then," roared the dour seaman as he marched loftily up on deck.
A Highlander had been employed by the minister one day about the manse, and at night the ministers wife asked Donald to go and have some refreshment as sharp as he willingly did so, and was surprised to see the lady half-fill a very small glass with whisky, and then fill it up with cold water. However, he took a small sip, and innocently asked, "Please, ma'am, did you put the whisky or the water in first?" "The whisky first," replied the astonished lady. "Oh, then, I may come to the whisky by and by."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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A QUESTION FOR COOK!
Go into any kitchen and ask the cook what Corn Flour she uses, and in nine cases out of ten you are sure to be told "Brown & Polson's," as it is the best." Then ask her has she tried their Paisley Flour, a new preparation of Corn Flour, the use of which is being rapidly extended throughout the country. Experience shows that one part of Paisley Flour added to six or eight parts of ordinary flour, mixed and baked in the usual way, produces a result which is not obtainable from other material is used for raising purposes. It makes bread digestible even when new. Soups and cakes will be better and lighter than usual, and their colour will be greatly improved.
A sample can be had for the asking, if you mention the name of this paper. Address, Brown & Polson, Paisley. The article is stocked by all the better class grocers in the town and district.

LECTURE ON PROFESSOR BLACKIE
TO AIRDRIE HIGHLANDERS.
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HECTOR MACRAE:

A STORY OF THE WEST.

By Hannah B. Mackenzie, Author of "The Factor's Daughter," &c.

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

In the prologue the reader is introduced to a young woman residing at Peterhead named Ara. She has evidently been deserted by her husband, who in a letter making the cruel announcement that he has gone to the Far West, signs himself "Edward."

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

The flush deepened and darkened. Hector's eyes turned away from those soft ones, and for a moment he made no answer. When he did so, it was in a carefully suppressed tone.

"I'll be very glad to be at your service at any time, Miss Carruthers; but you will be occupied with visitors at Kiskock now that the Twelfth is so near, I am sure."

"Oh, I don't know whether we are to have any visitors at Kiskock at all; you see Mr Chisholm is a comparative stranger to civilisation, and he does not know what is expected of him as a Highland laird," said the girl, a slight tone of mockery in her voice.

"How could he refuse? especially as that tide of almost delicious joy that bounded through his veins as she spoke left him only half master of himself and his own will. He answered at last—

"I'll be too happy to show you the path any time you like, Miss Carruthers." He paused a minute, and then something in him, over which he had no control, made him add in a lower tone, "It will be my greatest honour and happiness to do anything I can to please you."

"That is very nice," said Val, with a little smile. She turned aside for a moment so that Hector could not see her face; but they were close to the road now, and almost within earshot of Andrew.

"Suppose we say next Monday? my ankle will be all right by that time, surely. Next Monday at two o'clock—what do you say? then we shall have a nice long afternoon before dinner."

Strangely enough it was the mention of dinner that fell like a heavy leaden hand on Hector's burning happiness and passion. It brought him back to the realisation of the gulf which stretched between the poor, humble inmate of Hugh the elder's hut, and the dainty ward of Douglas Chisholm.

"Goodbye, and thank you again and again for all you have done for me. But I shall be able to thank you more afterwards. Goodbye."

She did not utter his name, and it seemed to Hector, when he recalled her words afterwards that there was something which should have thrilled him at the time that omission. He helped her into the carriage, lifted his cap, and stood watching it as it rolled away; then he turned his back on her, and returned to the Black Inn and recovered his fishing rod and the basket of fish he had secured before Val's cry disturbed him.

"That I might speak my mind And tell her to her face how much I hate Her presence!"—Edmund.

The laird and his ward, whom the inhabitants of Torran now knew well enough as Miss Carruthers, came clattering along the Torran road in the hot morning sunshine; and there was not a window or a door in all Torran that had not a female head thrust out of it surreptitiously as soon as the backs of the riders were towards them.

"That she is, woman," Janet agreed. "The girl of her bonny hair is like the sunlight over the kintira like a daff lassic."

"But they're saying, Bhean, that it's not canny the lassie is," whispered Morag in a still lower key. "You're not hearing that, Bhean, but it's what they're saying at Kiskock, and moreover—Morag looked cautiously round to be sure no one but Janet and Barbara, at the kitchen door, were within earshot—'Mr Matheson himself will not be denying it.'"

"Maister Matheson!" retorted Janet, with a scornful smile. "What does he ken about it? Morag, my wammion, tak' my advice, and dinna gie an ear to any o' thee havers; they're fish an' sin'it' bath. The lassie is like a fair lassic, an' she's a rare bonnie yin as father's I ken. Noo, let's awa' in."

and my mother"—Barbara seldom called her mother "the bhean" or "the caileach" ("the mistress" or "the old wife"), as most of the Torran youth did when speaking of their maternal relatives—"has gone to ceillidh (Anglicised, to gossip) at Morag Macrae's."

Hector followed her into the kitchen, where he hung the basket of fish down beside the fireplace. In less than two minutes he would have imagined possible Barbara had one or two cleaned and in the frying-pan, frizzling into a beautiful brown. Then she "set" the little kitchen table with oxtokes, scones, and fresh butter, to act as accompaniments to the fish, and the inevitable brown teapot, which is always on the hob of a Highland fireplace.

Hector fell to with all the zest of a strong, hungry young man. He was able to enjoy his meal, notwithstanding that wild now fever that had come into his blood. His appetite belonged to the strong physical part of him; his passion to the less developed spiritual personality.

Barbara fingered about him, serving him with a maternal fondness, but her devotion not often seen in Highland women, notwithstanding their sense of inferiority to the sterner sex. Hector was very silent, absorbed with his own thoughts; but when the meal was over he rose suddenly, and approaching the girl, who was standing by the fireside, laid his hand on her shoulder, saying—

"Barbara, is there anything wrong between you and Donald? Maybe I've no right to be asking such a question; but you know, lass, he and I were always friends, and I wish him well. I'd be sorry to think you two had quarrelled."

Barbara, who had started a little when his hand touched her, stood quite still as he spoke. Her face was turned from him, and he could not see the pallor that came over it, nor how her throat suddenly swelled, as if with some intense emotion. She did not answer for a few moments. When she did, it was still without turning towards him.

"I'm not knowing anything about Donald, Hector. He can do as he likes. If it's angry he is at me, what harm will it do me? He must just please himself. I'm not caring."

"But I thought," said Hector, and then paused; he had never been assured in so many words of the settled arrangement between Donald and Barbara, and hardly liked to allude to it. Yet, he felt sure such an arrangement had been made. He caught her hand behind her back and held it closely. "Bab, won't you trust me? I'm your brother, remember; there's nothing I would not do to help you."

She moved a little, and Hector felt the hand clinging tightly to it. At that moment it was the girl's heart to turn and passionately fling her arms about him, press her head to his breast and confess all, wildly, madly, beseeching him to help her to save her in the only way he could—by returning her passionate love a little! It was the kind of wild impulse which seizes most women at times from the high-born and the low-born sister, but which almost every woman repulses the next moment with terror and dismay, realising that it would shame and injure her womanhood for ever. And Barbara Macrae, too, daughter of the people, with her heart-civilised Celtic nature, and rude, primitive ideas, recognised the sacred disability of her sex, and respected it.

At that moment, as if to aid her, the heavy step of the elder sounded in the next room. Barbara, feeling she must escape, dragged her hand from Hector's.

"She had escaped from the kitchen before she needed to finish her incoherent excuses. And Hector, only wondering a little—for is not the blindness of men towards all that pertains to woman's feelings almost stupendous in its stupidity?—at her sudden departure, sauntered to the door, there to smoke his pipe, and recall the memories of the past days.

But that night, long after the other inmates of the elder's cottage were wrapped in deep sleep, even Hector himself, Barbara lay on her little bed in the attic near the stars still undressed, her hands pressed across her aching eyes, moaning aloud in the loneliness of the night, "Hector! Hector! O God, help me! 'Mo chridhe! ghaill mo chridhe! my love! love of my heart.'"

"That I might speak my mind And tell her to her face how much I hate Her presence!"—Edmund.

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No wonder though such verdicts were pronounced on Valentinia Carruthers; nothing more gracefully daring, more horsewomanlike, than she ever appeared on Torran streets before. She wore a dark green riding habit, and a coquettish billycock; her slight figure was carried with that ease and grace which only a perfect horsewoman can possess; her golden hair gleamed and shimmered in the sun, her usually pale face had a glow of colour in it, her wonderful eyes were as bright and flashing as the waters of Loch Torran beneath the morning sun. Her companion, attired in the rough grey suit of a country gentleman, carried himself well also, but his dark, determined face with its watchful eyes, was an unpleasant contrast to Valentinia Carruthers.

Simon Glas, strolling along the village street in his broad wideawake, was so great a favourite in the village that the people did not wonder to see him deliberately stopping the laird on his way, and doffing his hat to the young lady. Mr Chisholm reined in his horse, a magnificent high-stepping thoroughbred.

great difference in Torran and Kiskock since we were here before, Mr Chisholm?" "As that is twenty years ago, Mr Cameron, naturally there is a slight change."

"Ay, indeed!" it's only twenty years ago that the railway here was opened, Mr Chisholm. An old fogie like me can remember the old days when the mail coach ran from Liversness one day and then back again the next. We got our newspapers on the third day, and not even then sometimes. It's well I remember an evening I spent when the coach was late, and we thought there had been an accident—how we all collected at the inn to await its arrival. It was the time of the Crimean War, and public excitement was great. When the coach came at last, we tore the parcel of newspapers out, and rushed in to the bar, where some one read the news—it was RORY MACGREGOR, the merchant, Mr Chisholm, read it aloud. Ay! we got our goods by the Clan Chattan steamer, and she came once a fortnight to Rolsco—Kyle. It was John Macrae, the stout cooper, Mr Chisholm, used to write for his goods to Glasgow, and he would tell them to address them, 'Mr John Macrae, shoemaker, Torran, b—Rolsay Kyle. And stop there!'"

Mr Cameron passed to chuckle, and Mr Chisholm, who had been listening with a laughing and a rippling, "insouciant" laugh—the laugh of young unthinking merriment.

"Any more stories, Mr Cameron, in your repertoire?" she asked.

Simon Glas, vastly pleased, made a momentary pause, then he said, "I would like to tell you a story, and when he came back the people asked him what kind of weather he had been having. 'Deed,' says John, 'I couldn't be seeing the weather for the folk.'"

"You'd agreed again, but Mr Chisholm shook his head."

"Good morning, Mr Cameron. I suppose I will see you at the meeting in the school-house."

"Without fail, Mr Chisholm," and again the wideawake waved.

On again clattered the horses' hoofs. The fishermen on the shore or the road lifted their caps as the laird passed, the women dropped a courtesy. The Torran Inn was the laird's destination, for there the horses were to be put up.

It was a substantial building, somewhat begrimmed by time and weather, at the end of the village. The innkeeper, honest John Maciver, came out with uncovered head to salute the laird, and Mr Chisholm, himself dismounting, helped his ward to do the same.

"I'm going to make a tour of investigation through the village, as I told you before," she retorted coolly. "I wish to make the acquaintance of the high-born and the low-born to the inn when I am tired of doing that, and wait until you are ready. I can stay in your parlour, can't I, Mr Maciver?" she said, turning to the Boniface with her bewitching smile.

Mr Maciver was overwhelmed by her consideration. He could only bow and murmur unintelligible words. "Very well, I shall set out on my tour now."

And Miss Carruthers, gathering up her long train on her arm, and taking her riding whip in her hand, departed.

She walked leisurely back to the point at which the houses of the village once more began. There were a few stonies on this end, looking quite imposing among their more picturesque, if less important, neighbours of thatch and whitewash, the latter often yellow and weather-beaten with the combined effect of rain and sun. She did not mean to go in there. On a very low-roofed and dilapidated hut, a child of two years old was crawling about on the side-walk; an ancient crane, with a red handkerchief tied over her head, sat half-dozing on a bench near the child.

"I shall go in here," said Val.

She found the interior of the hut a true specimen of West Highland homes—a kitchen with an earthen floor, several stoves, a wooden table, a bed in the recess of the wall, and a peat-fire burning brightly in the centre of the room. An untidy woman was baking oatcakes at the table.

Val introduced herself, with her usual "sang-froid," and sitting down, prepared herself for a chat. But here, as in the other houses she visited, she found her ignorance of the language of the people, and her inability to converse, interposed a barrier to friendly intercourse. The inmates, excited over the visit of so great a personage, were less able than usual to explain themselves in English; and Val's southern accent rendered her almost incomprehensible to them.

"I don't think I shall be a success as a Lady Beneficent in Torran," thought Miss Carruthers, making a very face, as she stepped out of one of the dark little huts into the brilliant sunshine, wondering how human beings could live in houses which, though in every respect picturesquely an artist's point of view, were comfortable inside beyond expression.

Half-way through the village, Valentinia Carruthers suddenly paused, a slight smile on her lips, a gleam that did not come from the sunlight in her eyes. She had reached an opening in the wall, looking down towards the shore, she saw two young men stooping over a boat, evidently examining it attentively. One was an ordinary fisherman, in fisher's attire; the other was Hector Macrae.

He looked up as she looked down, and with a sudden start, he looked down towards the boat. Val paused, and stood by the roadside, still smiling, and evidently waiting for him. Hector, with a word to his companion, who had also, with the native courtesy of a Highlander, unbuckled, left the boat, and, with one look at the girl, returned to the boat.

THE MURDER AT NUMBER THIRTEEN:

A Romance of Modern Life. BY JOHN K. LEYS, Author of "The Lindsays," &c. &c.

SUMMARY OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Ida Braithwaite is a very pretty girl and well connected, and as a matter of course she has many admirers. These include Charles Protheroe, Lord Omildale, and the Frenchman, Pierre Vincent. His friend, Freeman, the most persistent in his wooing, and the most to be feared in his temperament. These two do not appear to get along as well as they should. The Frenchman is a young lawyer of Epsalliff. Early one morning Vincent is found lying on his back under a tree in the grounds of the house. The discovery is made by a Major Bond, who has a weakness for acting the part of amateur detective, and with a display of no small ability too. The rooms in the house were searched from top to bottom, as if the visitor had been in search of some document of importance. Charles Protheroe is known to have visited the house No. 13 on the night of the murder, and to have left it at an early hour the following morning. He is arrested, and taken to the police station on the evening in question, but, as the Frenchman was not in, he decided to wait for him. He was left alone in the room, and he was not to be seen until the early hour of the morning and seeing no one, he left the house for his own apartments. Further information he declines to give, but he is, however, detected by his friend, the Major. On examination of the lawn where the unfortunate Vincent was found, there were observed fresh marks such as the tracks of a dog, and the soft soil. Clavering finds Miss Braithwaite's umbrella to be marked in a manner which leads to a suspicion that she has been in the grounds on the night of the murder. Miss Braithwaite asks Clavering not to betray her, and on the following day Ida's friend and companion, Miss Menteth, calls on Mr Clavering. This lady tells Clavering that Miss Braithwaite possessed a revolver similar to that shown at the inquest, and that the revolver is now in the hands of a man named Dangerfield. Meantime Miss Braithwaite is prepared to give her evidence, if desired, at the inquiry.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

This was my strong point; and I adopted the theory that the surgeons who had said that the wound could not have been self-inflicted were wrong, and that after all the deceased had committed suicide.

I saw that one or two of the magistrates favouring this idea, and I pressed down my horse as strongly as I dared. I knew that it was only acting in accordance with Charley's wish in refusing to screen him at the expense of incalculating Miss Braithwaite. But I made up my mind that if he were committed to take his trial, I would not let him go until he had given the best defence of Miss Braithwaite so far as to endanger his own life. At the trial the whole truth must come out, even if I had to turn informer myself.

It was half-past twelve when the bench of magistrates retired to their room to deliberate as to how they would deal with the case, and I believe that there was not a man in the court but wished that they would dismiss it, while Charley was hardly a man who did not expect that the prisoner would be committed for trial.

As I crossed the threshold, I heard a step on the gravel behind me. I wheeled round and found myself face to face with Superintendent Smith, one of his constables.

"I think we had better step inside, too," said he, with a grim half smile.

I saw Charley clench his fist, and in another moment the Superintendent, big as he was, was leaning stretched on the doorstep; but before he had struck the blow, he had once or twice lifted his hand or foot to interfere, his hand dropped at his side. We had heard inside the sound of a heavy fall, and a woman's shriek rang through the house.

CHAPTER XI.

THE POLICE OUTWITTED. CHARLEY and I dashed into the house, with the police officers at our heels.

A door was open on our right, and we heard Miss Menteth crying out for help. Rushing into the room, we found Mr. Braithwaite either lifeless or in a dead faint, while Miss Menteth was kneeling beside him, and supporting his head in her arms. A letter lay beside him on the floor, close to his right hand.

We lifted him on to a couch, and I told Charley to wait for a doctor—only a lived close by—while I tried to bring back the patient to consciousness.

I was still busy about this, when I heard Superintendent Smith say to one of the servants— "Where is Miss Braithwaite? You had better tell her what has happened."

"I don't think she can be in," said the girl, staring at the presence of the officer, "or she would have run down at once. But I'll see."

She went upstairs, and returned in a few minutes saying that her mistress must have gone out.

"Do you know where she has gone?" "No," answered the maid, staring harder than ever.

"Certainly not. Isn't my business to know about my mistress's comings and goings?" "Who can tell me?"

"This is no time to be bothering with questions," said the young woman, turning away from me with her nose in the air. The Superintendent accepted the snub in silence, and, going outside the room door, he waited in the hall.

"very true, as a general rule, but I should have thought that there were occasions— It is no matter, we can discuss it at some other time."

"One moment," said the Major, laying a steady hand on my arm. "I thought he might have something to say for my private ear, and I bent down to listen."

"You will be glad to know," said he, in a hoarse whisper, "that the unpleasant consequences you foretold would follow for myself, in consequence of my giving information to the police, are not, in Superintendent Smith's opinion, likely to happen. The Superintendent thought you were quite mistaken. He thought that if it did become known that I had played a rather important part in this affair, it would rather rebound to my credit than otherwise. But I made him promise to keep my name out of it for the present. Mind you do the same."

The man's egotism sickened me. I tore my sleeve out of his grasp, and without so much as looking at him, went over to the corner where Charley was sitting.

"Come out at once," I said, shortly. He saw by my face that there was something wrong, and followed me at once out of the restaurant.

"Now, then, what is it?" said he.

"Charley, dear old fellow, you must brace yourself up, for I am going to read you a dreadful blow. Innocent or guilty, Miss Braithwaite is in the greatest danger. I have known for some time that beyond a shadow of a doubt she was at Number Thirteen, Sea View Gardens, between ten and eleven o'clock on the night of the murder. She was seen setting out, seen going and returning, and she left a trace on the ground itself—a scrap of lace, which has been fitted into the lace of her dress."

Charley stood still on the pavement, folded his arms, and set his teeth, and looked me straight in the eyes.

"Besides, the revolver— I stopped short, remembering that as far as I knew the police were as yet in ignorance of the most damning fact of all, and that there was no need to repeat it to Charley.

"What of that?" he asked, in a voice that frightened me.

"Oh, there's no time to go into all the details," I cried, impatiently. "The point is that I have just heard that the police are now in possession of these facts. There cannot be the smallest doubt that Smith will think it is his duty—and unquestionably it is his duty—to swear affidavits and apply for a warrant at once. Miss Braithwaite may be arrested at any moment. The questions, what are we to do?"

"Do! Why, we must prevent their arresting her, that's all," he said, and he took to his heels, and there, running as hard as he could, he disappeared in the direction of Vingrove House.

Luckily, I was as good a runner as Charley for a short distance, perhaps a trifle better.

You wouldn't be so mad as to attempt a rescue single-handed, or, indeed, under any circumstances," I whispered, as I panted along beside him.

"No—only going to warn her."

The distance was not great, but I was not in training, and I was heartily glad when we reached Mr. Braithwaite's gate. A four-wheeled cab had crossed our path once or twice—that was the only disgusting circumstance I had seen.

We walked to the door as fast as we could, and rang the bell.

"Is Miss Braithwaite at home?" I asked the maid who opened the door.

"If you will step inside, sir, I'll enquire," said the girl.

As I crossed the threshold, I heard a step on the gravel behind me. I wheeled round and found myself face to face with Superintendent Smith, one of his constables.

me, and no wonder! in so short an interval, it is not in my power to give you any information, but I will be glad to say for my private ear, and I bent down to listen."

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MARRIAGE IS NEVER A FAILURE IF YOU GET YOUR WEDDING INVITATIONS PRINTED AT 'THE HIGHLAND NEWS' OFFICE, INVERNESS.

THE Highland Home.

BY MORAG.

TO MY FAIR READERS.

AS a respite from my usual weekly article, Housewife Hints, Literary Queries, &c., I present my readers this week with a short story and various other interesting and instructive items. Next week shall tell them of the many savoury ways in which potatoes may be placed upon the table, and shall resume my usual notes.

I should like my readers to understand that in any matter of doubt or difficulty I am always willing to help them. If a reply is desired by post, a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

MARGARET'S REASONS.

"Stop a moment, Margaret. Stop. Just remember that the happiness of two lives hangs on your answer."

"That is the reason, my friend, that I feel forced to reply—no."

"But, Margaret—"

"Please take my answer as final, Ralph," was the quiet response. "I appreciate the honour you have done me, but—"

"Both the honour," cried the young man angrily, "just tell me why you won't marry me. I love you—"

"But I do not love you," Margaret replied, gently.

"I'll teach you, darling, I'll teach you," and Ralph's voice was very low and tender.

"How?"

"How? Why, by loving you as no woman was ever loved before. You couldn't help loving me," and he smiled persuasively.

Margaret shook her head. "Unless there was some foundation for my love, you would not be successful. If there is not sympathy and respect, joined to a similarity of tastes, there can be no true love," she said finally.

"But there is all that between us, Margaret. I adore the very ground you walk on," and Ralph reached out his hand, and tried to take hers. To his surprise, she did not withdraw it, but, closing her little fingers about his, drew him to a full-length mirror which adorned one end of the room. "Look," she said, and, gazing into its depths, he saw two figures—a man's and a woman's. The man was tall, and very dark, his hair, eyes, and complexion being most pronounced. A crisp black moustache shaded, but did not entirely conceal, a somewhat weak mouth, which was the index to the man's character. As he stood there his eyes were bent in loving adoration upon the woman by his side, and a somewhat amorous smile parted his red lips. Faultlessly dressed in the height of fashion, to the casual observer he would have seemed a very handsome man, but to one accustomed to look below the surface, he was little better than a fine-looking animal.

His companion presented a decided contrast to him. Also tall, her slender figure bespoke grace in its every movement, and her dark brown hair was arranged so as to display the shape of her well-poised head. Her eyes glowed with intelligence and spirit, and there was something about the firm chin and beautiful mouth that indicated unusual strength of character.

"Look, Ralph," Margaret repeated. "See how different we are. Two people so different in character should never marry."

"But I love you," Ralph persisted.

"Please stop repeating that; it does no good. Can't you present a better argument? Listen a moment," she continued, turning away from the glass and facing him. "Who is your favourite author?"

"I never did care much for reading, you know that," Ralph replied, impatiently; "but let's get back to the original question. 'Why won't you marry me?'"

"You are not fond of music, are you?" Margaret continued, not paying any attention to his interruption.

"No; I hate it, unless it's some popular song. But, I say, what are you driving at?"

"Unless I am mistaken, you have stated that you thought that a wife should have no interest outside of her home; that she should sink her personality entirely in her husband's."

"Well, yes, I have said that, and I think she ought," Ralph rejoined, somewhat sulkily.

"Then, were you not the greatest delight in my music. All of these things yield you no pleasure. The Bible injunction about not being unequally yoked with unbelievers applies to the mundane things of life as well as to religious matters. Like you, Ralph, dear. We have grown up from childhood together, but because of it, I cannot consent to wreck your life as well as mine. I am too true a friend for that."

"All this nonsense comes from your reading so much, and then writing," Ralph cried savagely.

"Perhaps, although it seems to me I could have thought these things out for myself, without anyone else's aid. Were all women of the same opinion as I, many unhappy marriages would be averted, and lives that are now burdened with sorrow, free and untrammelled. Marriage is too serious a matter to be entered into heedlessly. It is not an affair of the moment, but we must abide by our choice as long as we live, unless death releases us, and even then the traces of our married existence always remain."

"You think that a woman should never marry, then?" Ralph asked moodily, for all the world seemed dreary to him just then.

"No, indeed. Far from it, for in the love of the right husband lies woman's truest happiness. What I do hold, though, is the necessity of being certain that the right man is found."

"You'd want an angel straight from heaven," was Ralph's somewhat childish answer.

"Now, Ralph, don't be silly. You know I am not so foolish. I do not expect, or even want, perfection in the man I marry, for he would become very much dissatisfied with me. Neither do I expect perfect happiness. Some clouds must arise on every domestic horizon. I see, my dear friend, you do not comprehend my reasons for refusing you, and perhaps you never will, but in time you will recognise their truth, and thank me for the stand I have taken."

But it was impossible to convince Ralph of the truth of her arguments, and he left Margaret in anger, determined that he would forget her in the rush and turmoil of the great city where he carried on his business. His was a delicate nature, and although he was confident that he could never love another as he had loved Margaret, who had always been his ideal, he was soon surprised to find himself strangely interested in another young acquaintance ripening rapidly into friendship, and then into love. This new friend was one of the clinging sort, a timid and rather shallow

little beauty, whose very timidity appealed strangely to Ralph.

Two years later, when Margaret met him in Glasgow, she found he had fulfilled her prediction; his golden-haired bride was hanging on his arm when he met his old friend, and he told her before his newly-made wife that he realised that she was much too good for him, and concluded with—

"I suppose, Margaret, I am as far as ever from comprehending your reasons, but I am awfully glad you had them, for if you hadn't, I'd never met Nell here, and she and I hit it to a T. I tell her often that she owes her husband to your reasons."

FIONA'S LETTER.

MY DEAR MORAG,—As the reign of currants and lemon peel is now, I hope, happily over, it is quite refreshing to get back once again into the reign of plain diet. I have often wondered why feasting should occupy such a prominent part in the joys of life. I suppose since man was created feasting has held sway, and will continue to do so. If any girl wishes to make a man happy let her set a well-cooked meal before him and see how he enjoys it. I am talking from experience. The effect of a good meal is truly wonderful. Before he saw the well-laid table he was grumpy and cross, but after genial and happy. Now, if any woman wishes to add to the comfort of say father, brother, or husband, then, in order to do so she must have some idea of more than household work, viz., cooking. As I said, the reign of currants and peel has gone for another year. Let us now turn to more substantial diet, such as Scotch broth, soups, milk pudding, and the homely porridge. For a working man, or indeed any man with a healthy constitution, what could be more sustaining than a plate of well-made porridge and a bowl of sweet milk, cup of tea or coffee, and good bread and butter? I insist that every item of food should be of the best quality, and, believe me, it will be cheapest in the end. In these cold days a hot dinner is most desirable, say a basin of broth, a plate of meat and potatoes, as a vegetable I recommend mashed turnips. How many of our workmen, for want of knowledge or laziness on the housekeeper's part, are served with a plate of cold meat bought at an adjacent shop just five or ten minutes before his arrival, together with a cup of coloured water called tea or coffee? There is nothing attractive or enticing there for workmen, and little wonder the drinkshops have such allurements for them when they feel faint and weary after a hard day's work. Now, for tea, I should say tea, bread and butter, with fish of some kind or another. Fish is almost daily to be got in the market in great variety. By visiting the fish market one can purchase much more cheaply than can be done elsewhere, and do away with that system which has of late been so apparent among our housekeepers, that of buying from the carts. Just try the process I have been talking about with your breadwinners, and consider their comforts, and I am sure it will repay you all the trouble. Another thing which I think cannot be too much insisted upon is that every mother should bring up their daughters in a thorough knowledge of the duties of a household, so that they may when occasion arises be able to relieve her of some of the many responsibilities she has long and honourably fulfilled. How many mothers do we hear saying nowadays "Oh, the trouble telling Elsie is more than doing it oneself," or again, "Mary could not soil her fingers or dirty her pinafore, you know she is on music and painting." Both these occupations are good and good enough, but do not neglect to teach her the essentials of life, and then by all means teach her art. Poor mother, in too many cases, becomes the family drudge, and many grows up an imitation fine lady with her music and painting merely in the way. At any moment a thorough housekeeper is sought after. The demand, indeed, is greater than the supply, and what could be nobler work for any woman than to be able to adorn a home and make it look bright and attractive and the inmates happy? I know, dear Morag, you are always doing your little best in that direction.

Skating has undoubtedly been the favourite pastime during the past few weeks, and Loch-Sannais the most popular resort. There you— and old, rich, and poor, all gathered together to while away the time under the most pleasant circumstances. The pond, as viewed by me the other afternoon, was an interesting mass of humanity—in pairs, trios, and quartettes, if they may be so styled, going hither and thither all bent on enjoyment. "Caste," so conspicuous in almost every gathering nowadays, was, in my humble opinion, abolished on the pond, and every one met was in the best of spirits and in readiness to assist anyone that came their way. The youthful, wily skater, his gentleman friend in attendance kneeling by her side adjusting her skates, or screwing them more firmly, was a sight fit for the gods; or, again, the favoured fair one in the trios, surrounded by her stalwart admirers, was in itself a just reward for her long distances travelled in many cases. The graceful manoeuvring of several skaters was delightful to witness, and impressed upon me the idea that the sooner I became an accomplished skater the better. To watch the progress of the journey, who, by the way, looked quite professional, was very amusing. The antics of a conceited little fellow, who gave one the idea that all came up specially to see him perform, was indeed most laughable. However, I enjoyed myself immensely, and on leaving the pond, and looking back on the merry party, I echoed the words of the well-known rhyme "See how merrily the skaters go." Your affectionate cousin,

FIONA.

MAKING DRIPPING.

The fat from corned beef is not supposed to make good dripping, yet it is really one of the best things for frying purposes. The practical housewife does not empty the water in which corned beef has been boiled as soon as the meat has been taken out, but she sets the pot away until cold, and then removes the crust of pure grease that has collected. It is most excellent fat for frying potatoes or meat.

In boiling fresh meats the same plan should be followed, and the fat should all be carefully skimmed from the top of the water when cold, as with the corned beef, and saved for cooking purposes.

The surplus fat from fries should be poured off into the dripping cup before putting in the flour to make the browned gravy.

In roasting meat, if it is at all fat, pour the grease out of the pan several times during the roasting process before it gets burnt. This, and the fat poured from the fries, will make clear dripping; but that from boiled meats should be "tried out" and skimmed before using.

"The public should be on their guard against 'doctored' cocoa, of which there are many in the market. Cadbury's Cocoa, being absolutely pure, stands all tests, the Medical profession and Press proclaiming its superiority as a delicious beverage and nutritious food. It should always be borne in mind that Cocoa must be pure and unadulterated—like Cadbury's—to impart the utmost benefit. The Medical Annual says:—'A perfectly pure Cocoa, of the highest quality. The name CADBURY on any packet is a guarantee of purity.'"

SUNLIGHT & LIFEBUOY SOAP COMPETITIONS.

£66,156 IN PRIZES OF CASH BICYCLES WATCHES BOOKS GIVEN FREE during 1897.

1. Competitors may enter EACH or EVERY MONTH for EITHER or BOTH "Sunlight" or "Lifebuoy" Competitions, but must SEND IN the "Sunlight" or "Lifebuoy" Coupons in SEPARATE PACKETS carefully marked on the outside of the postal wrapper "SUNLIGHT" or "LIFEBUOY."

2. In this Competition the United Kingdom will be divided into 7 Districts, and the prizes will be awarded every month during 1897 in each of the 7 districts as stated below.

3. Competitors to save as many "SUNLIGHT SOAP" or "LIFEBUOY SOAP" Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper, containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP" or "LIFEBUOY SOAP" Enclose with these (called "Coupons") a sheet of paper stating Competitor's full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, and forward same (see Rule 1) postage paid to Lever Brothers, Limited, Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner) with the NUMBER OF THE DISTRICT Competitor lives in, and the word "SUNLIGHT" or "LIFEBUOY" whichever coupons the packet contains.

4. The competition will CLOSE the LAST DAY of EACH MONTH. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

5. All parcels on which Postage has not been fully paid WILL BE REFUSED.

6. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealers' stock will be disqualified. Employees of Lever Brothers, Limited, and their families are debarred from competing.

7. A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors in about 3 weeks after each monthly competition closes.

8. Lever Bros., Ltd., will endeavour to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that ALL WHO COMPETE AGREE TO ACCEPT THE AWARD of Lever Bros., Ltd., as final. LEVER BROS., Ltd., Port Sunlight, nr. Birkenhead.

PRIZES FOR SUNLIGHT COUPONS.		Total Prizes in all Districts during 1897.
1. The 1 Competitor in each District who sends in the largest number of Sunlight Coupons from the District in which he or she resides, will receive £33 cash.	2. The 2 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive carriage paid, at the 10 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £2 2s.	£1,764 0 0
3. The remaining Sunlight Competitors will each receive a Good Quality Book, or a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £1 1s.	4. The 20 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £2 2s.	17,640 0 0
5. The remaining Sunlight Competitors will each receive a Good Quality Book, or a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £1 1s.	6. The 20 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £2 2s.	14,112 0 0
7. The remaining Sunlight Competitors will each receive a Good Quality Book, or a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £1 1s.	8. The 20 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £2 2s.	10,000 0 0
9. The remaining Sunlight Competitors will each receive a Good Quality Book, or a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £1 1s.	10. The 20 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £2 2s.	243,516 0 0
Total Prizes for Sunlight Coupons during 1897		243,516 0 0
PRIZES FOR LIFEBUOY COUPONS.		Total Prizes in all Districts during 1897.
1. The 1 Competitor in each District who sends in the largest number of Lifebuoy Coupons from the District in which he or she resides, will receive £21 cash.	2. The 2 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive carriage paid, at the 10 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £2 2s.	1,764 0 0
3. The remaining Lifebuoy Competitors will each receive a Good Quality Book, or a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £1 1s.	4. The 20 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £2 2s.	8,820 0 0
5. The remaining Lifebuoy Competitors will each receive a Good Quality Book, or a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £1 1s.	6. The 20 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £2 2s.	7,056 0 0
7. The remaining Lifebuoy Competitors will each receive a Good Quality Book, or a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £1 1s.	8. The 20 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £2 2s.	5,000 0 0
9. The remaining Lifebuoy Competitors will each receive a Good Quality Book, or a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £1 1s.	10. The 20 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Roll of Good Quality Wash, price £2 2s.	22,640 0 0
Total Prizes for Lifebuoy Coupons during 1897		22,640 0 0
GRAND TOTAL of all Prizes given for Sunlight and Lifebuoy Coupons, 1897		£66,156 0 0

*These Bicycles are the celebrated Holland Special Tube "Premier" Cycle, 1897 Pattern, manufactured by the "Premier" Cycle Co., Ltd., of Coventry and 20, Moaburn Viaduct, London, fitted with the finest and most durable "Premier" Saddle, and accessories.

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